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THE SORROWS OF YOUNG WERTHER

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I

THE Frankfort diligence stopped at the 'Geist.' A German student set down his luggage, astounded the innkeeper by refusing dinner, and rushed toward the Cathedral like a madman. The sextons, as they watched him climb the tower, looked at each other anxiously. He was handsome and well dressed, but his gesture was wild and he muttered to himself.

The gabled roofs, in waves, topped the dry, the pure lines of the castle of the Rohans. Under the noon sun flashed the Alsatian plain, pricked with villages and vines. At the very moment, in every hamlet, girls were dreaming, women hoping. As he looked at the virgin canvas, where already his desire sketched so many various and happy visions, he sipped the joy of amorous hope, the expectation sweet and vague, so keen in youth, so obstinate in age.

He often returned to the tower. The roof overhung its supports. He might have been floating in the blue. At first there was a little dizziness. Still morbid and nervous from a sickly boyhood, he dreaded heights, and noises, and the dark. He must cure his weakness.

The vast plain was a tablet without message for his heart, but slowly it marked out memories and names. Now, at a glance, he saw Zabern, where Weyland had brought him, and Drusenheim, whence stretches, on lovely meadow, the path to Sesenheim. And there, in a peasant parsonage set among gardens and smothered in jasmine, lived charming Frederica Brion.

Behind the castle turrets, behind the hills, off on the horizon, the dark clouds were heaping. The student's eye descended to the moving figures which wound through the alleys a hundred yards below. How he longed to penetrate their lives! Outwardly, to be sure, they were different lives, but inwardly they joined in mysterious unions. To lift the roofs from the houses! To be the unseen witness of those surprising secrets by which man can alone be understood! The day before, at the Marionetten-Theater, he had seen the legend of Doctor Faust. Now, as he watched the hurrying clouds climb the

steeple above him, it was as if Faust himself were snatching him up.

'What should *I* do? If the Devil offered me power, and treasures, and women, in change for the oath, should I sign?' And, trying his conscience freely and briefly, 'I should not sign,' he whispered, 'to own the whole world, but to Understand — yes, I should sign. My friend, you are too inquisitive.'

It began to rain, so he went back to the narrow winding staircase. 'Write another Faust? There are lots of them already. But Spiess and poor old Widmann are not much good. Their Faust is a cheap rascal, damned by his baseness from the start. Hell is cheated, for it would have got him anyway. But mine — mine would be great. He would be a sort of Prometheus. He might be beaten by the gods, perhaps, but at least he would have tried to grasp their secret.'

Below, the glass poured into the Cathedral a sombre and velvet light. Here and there a woman knelt in the shadow. Vaguely, touched by a gentle hand, murmured the organ. Goethe looked up at the vault. He felt often that he was one with a beautiful tree, that he entered its perfect scheme, and his thoughts would rise like sap, spread to the branches, break forth in leaves, in flowers, in fruit. The vast unanimous arches of the nave called up the same manifold and magnificent fancy.

'Everything here has its purpose, its proportion, as in the work of Nature. Ah! to write books like cathedrals! If only you could utter all that you feel! If you could fix upon paper that fire which courses through you!'

As soon as he drew back thus within himself, lo! here was a whole world. He had just discovered Shakespeare; he admired him as a man measures his rival. Why should he not be the German Shakespeare? He had the genius; he knew he had the genius. But how could he chain it, or to what shape could he force the spirit? He longed to see his emotion captive at last, firm as the mighty vaults. Their architect too, long before, had doubted and despaired among those dream cathedrals which precede the true.

He would not lack subjects: the story of Chevalier Götz von Berlichingen, Faust again, idylls, German and rustic, in the tone of a modern Theocritus. . . . Perhaps a Mahomet. . . . Perhaps a Prometheus. Any hero would suit through whom he could challenge the world. Nor did he dread the titanic task of copying his heroes from himself, or giving them life with the breath of his own spirit. . . . Perhaps a Cæsar.

One life would not be enough for so many plans. Herder, the Master, had told him he had the 'character of a fluttering bird.' But to fill out the beautiful empty frames one needed memories and passions. One must live, and live a thousand lives. 'Not the being,' he repeated to himself, 'but the becoming, the becoming *everything*.'

Not to *be* anything? Not even husband of the charming Frederica? . . . No, not even that.

Then he thought of her tears. After all, had he the right to leave her when he had shown the world that he would marry her? When even her father, the pastor, had welcomed him as a son?

'The right? All is fair in love. After all, the adventure was as amusing for her as for me. She must have known that Councilor Goethe's son could never marry a pretty farm-girl. Does she think my father would ever have consented? Could she have been happy in a sphere so different from her own?'

'Sophistry! Betray her, but betray her frankly. The Councilor's son is no better than the pastor's daughter. My mother was poorer than Frederica. And as for the "different sphere," she

was superb this winter when she danced on the waxed floors of the ballrooms of Strassburg.'

'You are right, but what is there to do? I cannot, no I cannot marry her. I should imprison myself. One's first duty is to develop one's character and capacities. I must remain Goethe. And when I speak that name I mean all that it prophesies. My virtues, my failings, all of them are good, because they are all natural. I was right to love Frederica, because then love was in my heart. But if one day I must escape, to better myself, escape will still be Goethe, and will still be right.'

At that he thought of Frederica, crying by the road, and himself, his head sunk, riding off without daring to look back.

'What a scene for a *Faust!*' he thought.

II

A parchment with a red seal made a lawyer of the student. Frederica, who had been deserted, wept. Doctor Goethe's horse trotted toward Frankfort, where skating and philosophy would quiet his uneasy conscience. When spring came round, Herr Councilor Goethe felt that a bench in the Imperial Tribunal at Wetzlar would be the final crown to his son's legal studies.

The chief princes of Germany maintained embassies to this pompous and sordid ghost of an oracle, and thus created in its provincial town a small, a pleasant, and an idle society. When Goethe reached the Kronprinz Inn, he found a table d'hôte noisy with young attachés and secretaries. From their first words he found himself among the mental scenery that was dear.

Europe was passing through one of its crises of intellectual unrest. For nine years its kings had lived in peace; its antique constitutions were still able to avert revolt. But from the contrast between the yearnings of the young and the stagnation of the old was springing a wave of impatience and disgust, that melancholia of the eras of peace and transition which was called then, as it is called now, the Curse of the Age. The young attachés of Wetzlar were afflicted like all their contemporaries. They sought in their numerous books, in Rousseau, in Herder, the course their hearts should follow. And while they waited for the answer, they drank.

Doctor Goethe delighted them. He was like them, but superior to them. Like them, he repeated at every turn, 'Nature. Respect Nature. Live in Nature.' For Nature was the keyword of the time, as Reason had been in the generation before; as Liberty, then Sincerity, then Violence, then Justice, were to be in the generations ahead. But to Goethe Nature was more than a word. He lived in Nature, he joined himself to her, and received her with a sort of reckless joy. While his new friends, the diplomats and lovers of letters, locked themselves in their rooms to pretend, at least, to work, Goethe, boldly publishing his contempt for the Imperial Tribunal and his firm purpose of learning the Common Law only from Homer and Pindar, set out each morning with a book under his arm for the fair meadows of Wetzlar. The spring was divine. On the fields and in the lowlands the trees were great nosegays of white or pink. Lying in the tall grass beside a brook, Goethe dreamed about the countless little plants, the insects, or the blue sky. After the torments of Strassburg, the hesitation and remorse of Frankfort, suddenly came an astounding calm, an unheralded vigor.

He opened his Homer. The modern, the human side of the tale absorbed him. Yonder girls round the fountain were Nausicaa and her virgins. A woman

was cooking green peas and beef in the kitchen of an inn; that was the banquet of the suitors in the kitchen of Penelope. Men do not change; heroes are not marble. Their skin is hairy and furrowed, their hands are swollen and mobile. Within the hands of the Olympians, we, like the godlike Ulysses, drift at sea, hung in a little skiff above the gulf. How fearful that thought, yet how sweet, when you lie on your back amid the caressing grass, and search heaven with your eyes!

Soon it became the great delight of the Kronprinz Table Round to hear Doctor Goethe tell the day's discoveries. There might be a verse of Pindar, or the laborious sketch of a country church, or the beautiful lindens of a village square, or some children, or a pretty farm-girl. He had the gift of charging his stories with an almost childlike excitement which made the smallest detail interesting. As soon as he entered, the pace of Life seemed to grow fast. Conversation so wild and so impetuous would be unbearable from anyone else, but how could they resist this torrent or withstand this whirlwind? 'Ah, Goethe,' one of the young men told him, 'one is forced to love you.' Before long all Wetzlar wished to know him.

Two of the secretaries, bachelors, dwelt at the outer borders of the Table Round. One, a youth of great beauty, whose eyes were blue, and soft, and sad, bore the name of Jerusalem. He kept himself aloof, they said, because of an unlucky love for the wife of one of his colleagues. Once or twice he called on Goethe, who was interested in his pessimism. But Jerusalem was so very reserved as to prevent any lasting friendship.

The other hermit was Kestner, from the embassy of Hanover. When his friends spoke of him, they always called him 'The Fiancé.' In fact, he passed as being engaged to one of the girls in town. He was extremely serious: his chief thought well of him, and, in spite of his youth, left him large responsibility. So he could not often come to dine at the Kronprinz. At first, because the wits of the diplomatic circle lauded the newcomer, Kestner mistrusted Goethe. But on a day when he happened to be walking through the country with a friend, they found Goethe under a tree. At once the conversation became profound, and after two or three meetings even Kestner owned that he had met a genius.

Admired by his comrades, free of temporal or scholastic care, enraptured by the beauty of the spring, Goethe was happy. As a shiver skims a quiet lake, sometimes a fleeting trouble touched his delight. Frederica? No, it was not the memory of her that passed over the quiet warmth of his thought. It was, again, an expectation, an anxiety. He gazed at Wetzlar from the hills, as once, from the Cathedral, he had gazed at Alsace. 'Will it come to me to tremble one day when I open a door? Shall I ever forget the verses I read in the vision of a distant face? Under the moonlight, when I say farewell, will absence ever seem too long, or dawn too far away? Yes, all that will come, I know. . . . And yet . . . Frederica.'

He noted down something he remembered: 'In the days when I was little, I chanced to plant a cherry tree. I loved to watch it grow. Then the spring frost killed its buds. I had to wait for another year before I could see ripe cherries on my tree. Next the birds ate them, then a greedy neighbor. And yet, if ever I have another garden, I shall plant a cherry tree again.'

That is how Doctor Goethe roamed beneath the buds, afire with his new love. He knew all about it, except the lady's name.

III

In the fine weather the young people at the legations would organize barn dances. Some came on horseback, others drove the damsels of Wetzlar to the village inn where they were to meet. The first time Goethe was invited to one of these festivities it was agreed that he and two girls should stop for Fräulein Charlotte Buff, whom they all called Lotte. She was the daughter of old Herr Buff, officer of the Teutonic Order. She lived in the pleasant white cottage where the Order had its headquarters.

Goethe got out of the carriage, passed under the stone doorway, and crossed an almost baronial courtyard. Since no one was about, he went into the house.

A young girl was standing among a group of children. She was giving them tarts. She was blue-eyed and blonde, but her features were not regular. A strict judge might hardly have found her pretty. But all his life a man pursues among the race of women the type which, however mysterious the reason, alone can move him. What struck Goethe was a rustic grace, a sort of intimate and domestic lightness. From Strassburg, Frederica had already proved a bucolic muse. Now Nausicaa, laundress and princess, might likewise continue that virginal prolific lineage.

What Charlotte said on the way out, her response to the presence of Nature, her childlike pleasure at the dance, and the competence with which, during a storm, she calmed her companions by little games, completed her conquest of the Doctor. To his delight he recognized that he had just found the woman he had loved for a fortnight. Lotte, too, saw that she had pleased him, and was happy. For a month her friends had spoken of no one but this magnificent Intelligence. She was the flirt an honest woman alone can be — a dangerous flirt.

Later on in the evening Kestner, who, as usual, had been delayed by his work, — for he was meticulous, copying every letter and never letting the Hanover post go without reading over and signing his dispatch, — rode out to join his friends. By his attitude and the girl's, Goethe understood that Lotte Buff was the famous fiancée. The discovery took him aback, but he mastered himself and continued to dance and to amuse himself and the others.

The dance lasted till sunrise. Goethe brought his three companions back in silence, across misty woods and fields refreshed from the storm. The others slept, but Charlotte and he sat erect. 'But please,' she begged, 'don't put yourself out for me.'

He looked at her. 'While I see your eyes open,' he answered, 'I can never close my own.'

After this they did not speak. When Goethe moved, he would brush the girl's warm knees, and the slight contact was one of the greatest pleasures he had ever known. The beauty of the dawn, their astounding happiness, and the somewhat absurd slumbers of the others made them feel like confederates in some delightful plot.

'Unquestionably,' thought Goethe, 'I love her. But how is that possible? Even now, at Sesenheim — What of that? One love withers, another blooms, and it is Nature's course. But if she is Kestner's fiancée, what hope have I? Do I even need hope? Seeing her, watching her move among the children, speaking to her, hearing her laugh — that would be enough. What will come of it all? Who can say? And why try to foresee the end of anything? One must live like a running brook.'

Finally, when the carriage stopped before the Order's headquarters, he was bewitched.

IV

The next day he called on Nausicaa and made the acquaintance of Alcinous. Old Herr Buff had lost his wife a year before, but he had eleven children, over whom Lotte exercised a benevolent tyranny. As might have been expected, Goethe won the hearts of the patriarch and his children at this very first visit. He told stories, he invented new games. In all that he said or did there was something boyish and persuasive which captivated them.

When he left, all the little clan begged him to come back soon. A smile from Lotte confirmed the invitation. Goethe returned the next day. He had no office to keep him away. There was no greater joy than the presence of Lotte and he was not the man to refuse pleasure when he could take it. They saw him morning and evening. In a few days he became a permanent guest at the house.

Charlotte's life did make a spectacle worth watching. Goethe found in her just what he had so liked in Frederica: an energy practical because of its purpose and poetic because of a sort of easy lightness in all that she did. She worked from morning till night. She washed the small ones, she dressed them, she taught them games, at the same time that she directed, ably and modestly, the studies of the older ones. She took Goethe into the orchard to pick fruit; she set him to work shelling peas and stringing beans. At sunset all the family met in the living-room, where, at Charlotte's command, — for she never left her friends uselessly idle, — Goethe tuned the harpsichord.

Lotte was not sentimental. She was sensitive, but was too busy to have either time or desire to toy with sentiment. Her talks with Goethe were instructive and serious. He spoke of his life, of his religious beliefs; sometimes, too, of Homer or Shakespeare. She was wise enough to see the merit of the companion who had attached himself to her daily life. In all that he said she sensed emotion and even love. That pleased her, but did not disturb. She knew that her own heart was fixed.

As for The Fiancé, he was a little sad. His devotion to diplomacy kept him away almost all day long. When he did reach Lotte's house, there was Goethe sitting at her feet and holding a skein of wool. Or else he would find them in a corner of the garden, choosing flowers for a bouquet. They picked on energetically and included him in their conversation. Nor did his arrival even produce the silence of guilt. Nevertheless, Kestner divined that Goethe was not overhappy to see him. *He* would rather have stayed alone with Charlotte, but Goethe, fortified by a standing invitation, was in no hurry to go. Since they were philosophers and friends, they hid this deplorable feeling, but each of them was on his guard.

Kestner was the more dismayed because he was modest. He admired his rival greatly. He considered him handsome and witty. What was worse, Goethe had leisure, and it is a great advantage in the eyes of those eternal hermits of the home to be always at hand to save them from restlessness and fret.

The Fiancé would have been assured if he could have read the secret thought of his rival. Ever since his first visit he had known he would never be loved. A woman like Lotte does not sacrifice a Kestner to a Goethe. He could count on amusing them; that was a good deal. What else could he have asked? To marry her? That, to be sure, would make happiness certain. But it was a happiness he did not envy. No, he was satisfied as he was. In sitting at Charlotte's feet, in seeing her play with her young brothers, in

expecting her smile when he had done a favor or turned a phrase, in getting a little tap, light as a caress, when he had ventured too bold a compliment — in all the ordered, the limited life, he found a joy that had no limit.

The spring was warm. Everyone lived in his garden. In Goethe's diary all the incidents of this calm and pure love appeared as little scenes from an idyll. He was building up. Not the masterpiece, perhaps, not the cathedral, but charming little Greek temples, strewn on a lovely landscape. What would come of it all? He had rather not think. More and more he accepted his own conduct as a natural phenomenon.

The evenings became even milder. When Kestner came the three friends would sit on the terrace and talk late into the night. Sometimes they walked under the moonlight through the orchards. They had attained that quality of perfect trust which gives such charm to conversation. No subject seemed trifling. They had for each other that affection, that mutual regard, which alone excuses naïveté.

Goethe talked most. Kestner and Lotte basked in the brilliance of his wit. He described his friends at Frankfort, Fräulein Von Klettenberg and Doctor Merck, a strange man, of evil eye and oily tongue, who delved for formulæ in the books of the mystics. He told how they had read the alchemists together and peopled the universe with sylphs, and water nymphs, and salamanders. A long time ago he had admired the Pietists. They had seemed less bound to vain rituals, more eager than others for a real and intimate faith. Then he had tired of them. 'They are people of mediocre intelligence who imagine nothing but religion exists because they are ignorant of the rest of life. They are intolerant; they wish to make other people's noses like their own.'

Goethe himself held there was no truth in the theory of an external God: 'Believe that God is always beside you? That would embarrass me. I should feel as if the Great Elector were always there. I believe that God is inside me.'

Next to love, religion is the favorite topic of women. Lotte followed these conversations with a lively interest.

Often, after having left their friend at her house, Goethe and Kestner roamed on through the empty streets of Wetzlar. The moon threw down its hard shadows. Toward two in the morning Goethe, sitting on a wall, would declaim the most insane of verse. Sometimes they heard footsteps, and a moment after caught sight of Jerusalem. Slowly, alone, his head bent, he tramped along.

'Ah!' said Goethe. 'The Lover!'

And he burst out laughing.

V

Spring gave place to summer and tenderness to passion. Lotte was too lovable, Goethe was too young. As they trod the narrow alleys of the garden, sometimes, for a moment, their bodies touched. Sometimes, as they unwound a skein or picked a bud, their hands met. The memory of such moments kept Goethe awake through long nights. He could hardly wait for the morning, which would lead him back to her. In every subtle shade of their sympathy he repeated the tremors he had once suffered from Frederica, and this returning calendar of love dismayed him.

'When love comes back, it destroys its own quality, which is the expression of the Eternal and the Infinite.' Since they too would come back, the life of man was only the comedy of a weary mortality.

When the heavy days of August cut

short their little common tasks and left him for long hours at Charlotte's feet, he grew bolder. One day he stole a kiss. Like an impeccable fiancée, she told Kestner.

The grave and tender secretary was in a hard position. He might have lost all by rebuking Lotte's unconscious flirtation, by misplacing a single word. But Kestner, with the last perfection of a lover, could be tactful. He merely put his trust in Charlotte and left her, as she herself asked, the duty of leading Goethe back to the paths of propriety. That evening she begged the Doctor to stay after Kestner and warned him not to mistake her sentiments. She still loved her betrothed. She would never love another. Kestner, waiting for Goethe, saw him come sadly out, with head hanging, and felt that he was very happy, and very good, and very merciful.

From then on a strange and sweet confederacy united the three friends. Like Goethe, who repeated everything, Kestner and Charlotte began to disclose their feelings with the greatest liberty. Goethe's love for Lotte was the topic of long and delightful chats on the terrace. They spoke of it as a phenomenon of Nature, at once dangerous and exciting. Goethe's birthday was the same as Kestner's. They exchanged presents. Kestner gave Goethe a little pocket Homer; Lotte gave him the pink ribbon she had worn at her bosom the day they met.

Kestner had considered sacrificing himself. He did not mention his scruples to the others, but noted them in his diary. Goethe was younger and more handsome and more brilliant than he. Perhaps he could make Lotte happier. But Lotte herself had sworn that she preferred him and had felt that Goethe, with all his spectacular charms, was hardly made to be a husband. And doubtless Kestner would not have dared, for he was deep in love.

Behind his gay and carefree air, Goethe suffered. His conceit smarted at her clear and immutable choice. Under the long temptation of their common life, his desire awoke. In moments of violent passion, even before the indulgent Kestner, he would seize Charlotte's hands and cover them with kisses and tears.

But in the darkest moments of despair he knew that under this zone of heartfelt sorrow slumbered deep layers of calm where one day he might take refuge. As a man beaten by storms still knows that the sun is bright above the clouds and still reserves the coming of its ray, Goethe in his torment foresaw that soon he would conquer his woe, and even, in recalling it, would thrill to some bitter and sombre joy.

VI

The evenings became shorter and cooler. The rose of September fell. Goethe's satanic friend, the brilliant Merck, came to Wetzlar. He met Charlotte and found her charming. But he did not tell Goethe so. With a shrug of indifference, he counseled flight to other loves. The Doctor, a little nettled, agreed that the time had come to tear himself from a fruitless and waning passion. To the man it was still delightful to live in Charlotte's shadow, to feel the rustle of her dress at night, to win from her tiny proofs of affection stolen under the silent vigilance of Kestner, but the artist was sated with his redundant emotion. He had drawn spiritual riches from his sojourn; he had collected some lovely landscapes full of sentiment, but the lode was exhausted, the harvest reaped, and he must go.

'Must I depart? I change my mind like the vane on the steeple. The world is so fair! Happy he who can savor it

without effort. Often I regret that I cannot, and preach myself sermons on the art of enjoying the present.'

But the world called him: the world, of infinite promise. 'Do not try to be anything; try to become everything.' He had his work to do, his cathedral to build. What would it be like? The answer did not come. It was veiled in the mists of the future. And it was to this uncertain image that he was to sacrifice his present joy! He forced himself to choose the day of departure. His decision being fixed, he could abandon himself with delicious fury to his passion.

His friends had agreed to meet him in the garden after dinner. He waited for them on the terrace under the chestnuts. They would come with gayety and friendliness; they would treat this evening like an ordinary one. But it was the last! Goethe, Captain of Fates, had decided; nothing could change his decree. It was painful to go, but it was sweet to find one's self inflexible.

From his mother he had inherited so intense a horror of scenes that he could not bear the idea of a formal good-bye. He wished to pass this last evening with his friends in a calm and sober gayety. He savored in advance the pathos of their conversation, where two, in ignorance of the real situation, would unwittingly wound the third, who, being alone aware, could alone be hurt.

He had been drifting among such fancies for some time when he heard on the sand the steps of Charlotte and Kestner. Running up to them, he kissed her hand. They walked together to a dark pocket of verdure which terminated the alley, and sat down in the dark. Under the pale moonlight, the garden was so beautiful that for a long time they were silent. Then Charlotte said, 'I never walk in the moonlight without thinking of death. I believe that we shall rise. But, Goethe, shall we meet? Shall we know each other? What do you think?'

'What are you saying, Charlotte?' he answered, in agony. 'We shall meet. In this life or the next we shall meet again!'

'Do the friends that we have lost,' she pursued, 'know anything of us? Do they realize all that we feel as we think of them? My mother's face is always before me in the evening as I sit peacefully among her children, among *our* children, and they cluster round me, as they did round her.'

She went on in a voice soft and tender as the night itself. Goethe wondered if this unfamiliar melancholy were due to some strange foreboding. He felt the springing of his tears. The emotions he had tried to suppress seized him. Disregarding Kestner's presence, he seized Charlotte's hand. What matter? It was the last day.

'We must go in,' she said gently; 'it is time.'

She tried to withdraw her hand, but he held it forcibly.

'Let us agree,' said Kestner brightly, 'that the first of us three who dies shall send the two survivors news of the other world.'

'We shall meet,' said Goethe. 'In whatever body, we shall meet. Farewell, Charlotte. Farewell, Kestner, we shall meet again.'

'To-morrow, I suppose,' she said with a smile.

She rose and turned toward the house with her fiancé. For a few seconds Goethe still saw the white gown gleaming in the shadows of the lindens, then everything faded. For some time after Kestner had gone the Doctor wandered alone in the lane from which the front of the house could be seen. He saw a window light up. It was in Lotte's room. A little later the window grew black again. She was asleep. She knew nothing. Romance was satisfied.

The next day, when Kestner went to his house, he found a letter from Goethe:—

He has gone, Kestner; when you read this message, he will have gone. Give Lotte the note I enclose. I was adamant. But your words yesterday tortured me. For a while I can tell you nothing. Had I stayed with you a moment longer, I could not have borne it. Now I am alone and to-morrow I depart. Oh! My poor head!

Lotte, I do hope to come back, but only God knows when. Think what my heart suffered, Lotte, when you spoke! It knew I was looking on you for the last time. But I have gone. What led you to such a topic? . . . Now I am alone and can weep. I leave you happy, and I linger in your hearts. Yes, we shall meet. But to-morrow never comes. Say to my rascals, 'He has gone.' I cannot go on.

Early in the afternoon Kestner brought this letter to Lotte. All the children of the family echoed sadly, 'Doctor Goethe has gone.'

Lotte was sad, and tears rose to her eyes as she read.

'It is best that he should go,' she said.

Kestner and she could talk of nothing but him.

Some visitors came. They were astonished at Goethe's sudden departure and condemned his rudeness. Kestner hotly defended him.

(*To be continued*)

THE JOINTS OF TIME

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

I

The reason that the year begins on January 1 is a 'pretty reason,' as Lear's poor fool would say. Julius Cæsar, when he reformed the calendar in the year 46 B.C., evidently had in mind to begin the year with the shortest day. The winter solstice at Rome occurred in that year on the twenty-fourth of December of the Julian calendar; consequently the first day of the year would have fallen on December 25. But he delayed it seven days out of regard for prevailing customs and the superstitions of the people. As they had been accustomed to a lunar calendar, they would be better satisfied if the first year of the new calendar came in with the new moon. Accordingly the mean new moon was carefully computed and the new calendar had its beginning on the first of January, 45 B.C., at sixteen minutes past six in the afternoon.

Among all peoples, in all ages, it has been the custom to start the year, whether civil or ecclesiastical, with either the winter or summer solstice or the vernal or autumnal equinox. These times seem to mark the natural beginnings for reckoning the circuit of the seasons. The result of Cæsar's little stroke of diplomacy is that our year now has no relation to astronomic fact or logical reason. It has relation only

to superstitions and political considerations which no longer exist.

That this year is 1926 A.D. is an opinion that would be questioned by few. But there is very good reason to feel dissatisfied with these figures. The church chronologist who set to work one day in the sixth century to find out how far back it was to the birth of Christ made a mistake of about four years.

The custom of numbering the years in the present manner did not, of course, begin immediately upon the birth of Christ. His birth and life made so little impression upon the world in general that the Greeks continued to count the years from the time of the first Olympic games, and the Romans from the mythical date when their city was founded. These dates represented their ideas as to what constituted the most memorable events in their history. As the centuries passed the world's ideas changed; and in 527 A.D. Dionysius Exiguus, who compiled the first regular ecclesiastical code for the Western Church, conceived the idea of dating time with reference to the birth of Christ. In this connection an error was made. Herod died in the seventieth year of his age and in the very year in which Jesus of Nazareth was born; and this has been discovered to have occurred four years earlier than the date from which our chronology is reckoned, or the year 4 B.C. It seems rather inconsistent to say that Christ was born in the fourth year B.C.; but chronologists quite generally agree that such was the case. The present number of the *Atlantic* pretends to be making its appearance in 1926. It ought to be dated 1930.

If both the year and the epoch are so open to question, we need hesitate no longer to ask what is the matter with the months. What happened to them that some should have thirty-one days, while others have thirty, and one veers between twenty-eight and twenty-nine?

Here also there is a reason. The Romans believed there was luck in odd numbers; and seven of the months have thirty-one days each out of a desire to have as much good luck as possible. When Cæsar abolished the old lunar calendar and established in its place the form of calendar which we now have, he was adopting the absolute solar calendar of the Egyptians. In this calendar the year was made up of twelve months of thirty days each; and a supplementary period of five days, which was accounted a time of festival, completed the 365 days. To the Roman mind, here were twelve unlucky months. In their old, or lunar, calendar, which was supposed to observe carefully the phases of the moon, all the months but one had been given an odd number of days. They had twenty-nine or thirty-one days each; and this in spite of the fact that the moon knows nothing whatever of a thirty-one-day period of revolution. They had tried to disagree with Nature for the sake of good luck; and the final result was such utter chaos and confusion in the keeping of time that they had to throw over the lunar scheme entirely and try the calendar of the Egyptians. As this was one hundred per cent unlucky, they proceeded to alter the month-periods somewhat to correspond to the old calendar. They took the five festival days and distributed them among the months so as to give five of them thirty-one days each. Then two more lucky months were created at the expense of February, thus making the number of thirty-one-day months which we now have. They did not hesitate to reduce the Egyptian number of thirty days to twenty-eight in the case of February because that had always been an unlucky month with them. It had originally been left

with only twenty-eight as a matter of arithmetical necessity in making all the months odd.

There were two months to which the odd number of days was most important — July and August. July was named in honor of Julius Cæsar; and he saw to it, of course, that that month was made lucky. His successor, Augustus Cæsar, needed to have a month named for him; his birth-month was therefore called August and given thirty-one days. Not a great while after this distribution of days was made it was found that there was too great a disparity between the quarters of the year; and in the new shifting about to remedy this defect it was proposed to take a day from August. Augustus Cæsar put his foot down promptly on the idea. He would have no unlucky month named after him. Consequently a day was taken from September, which had been given thirty-one in the first distribution, and transferred to October. It is because of such considerations as these that seven of our months have thirty-one days each, and four of them thirty, while February 'hath but twenty-eight.'

Openly and flagrantly wrong, or else mysteriously mistaken, are the names of the months. September is the ninth month; but a little knowledge of Latin is sufficient to inform us that it lays claim to being the seventh — from *septem*, seven. Likewise October, November, and December announce themselves as being the eighth, ninth, and tenth months respectively; all of which they are not.

The reason for this discrepancy between name and number is that the old Roman year, having some regard for the spring equinox, began in March. When the calendar was changed, and a new sort of year was begun, the old months continued to run in their accustomed succession, and mostly with their old names. The new solar year, breaking in at a certain stage of the moon, fell on the first day of their eleventh lunar month, which was January. January thus became the first month of the newly adopted year. February had been their twelfth month under the lunar calendar; and it was because it occupied this position that it lost its days. When days were needed by the other months, it seemed logical to pick them off the end of the year.

Our months are not lying to us; they are simply remembering the truth as it was in the old lunar calendar. While our present calendar, in all its various details, comes down to us from the forty-sixth year before Christ, the names of the months and their relative places run back to a time still more remote — so ancient, in fact, that it is a most uncertain period of history.

The month of January was named in honor of Janus, the god of beginnings. He is the god of two faces, looking behind and before. All gates and doors were under his sacred jurisdiction; so were the morning, the opening of all solemnities, the month of January, and beginnings generally. Of his two faces, one is youthful, the other aged. The aged countenance, looking behind, reflects upon the past; the youthful one looks forward and smiles, seeing happiness in the future. How appropriate to have the first month of the year named after such a god! It is a most striking symbolism, perfect in its poetry.

The reader who has been watching my statements closely will note in this connection that they do not hang together very well. Did I not say that January came from the old Roman year, and that it was the eleventh month of that year? How then do I get this artful appositeness to the beginning of the year?

This is just one more thing that

has a reason. The month was originally dedicated to Janus because the labors of the husbandman in Southern Italy began anew at that time. This was a beginning that was quite as important as the beginning of the year. And so it becomes evident that the one month of our year whose name seems perfectly appropriate is only so by chance. In the very places where the calendar seems to run with an oily smoothness the time is most sadly out of joint.

When the sun was made the standard of measurement of the year, the moon, along with the lunar year, was thrown utterly aside. Since that time she has been wandering through the months in the lost and aimless way that is familiar to anyone who refers to the calendar on the wall. The ancient Greek or Jew or Roman had a much easier time with the moon than we have. The new moon always fell on the first; and the full moon came in on the fourteenth. These facts, written as plainly on the sky as print on paper, constituted the calendar itself. Nowadays it takes an expert to tell us on which days of the month the principal phases of the moon are going to occur. And in consequence of this abandonment of the moon to her own peculiar notions of timekeeping, those church festivals whose dates are determined by the phases of the moon have had to go wandering with her. Hence the Movable Festivals.

Easter, in reference to which all the other movable festivals are determined, comes on the Sunday following the first full moon of spring — which is to say, the first full moon after the twenty-first of March. The Book of Common Prayer, in those first few pages which contain all that a rector needs to know about arithmetic, tells us about the Golden Number, the Dominical Letter, and the Epact, and furnishes therewith a table by which to ascertain the time of that first full moon of spring. And, strange to say, the results are usually wrong when compared with any reliable calendar. In this connection the prayer book makes mention of a fact which would seem important to take heed of: 'But *Note*, That the Full Moon, for the purposes of these Rules and Tables, is the Fourteenth Day of a Lunar Month, reckoned according to an ancient Ecclesiastical computation, and not the real or Astronomical Full Moon.'

It is not the actual moon in the heavens, nor yet the mean moon of the astronomers, that determines the time of Easter; though it is theoretically so. It is an altogether imaginary moon. But yet it is not wholly arbitrary when you consider that it comes in two or three days after the real full moon.

The reason — or at least one reason — for this way of computing the phases of the moon was to keep Easter from falling on the same date as the Jewish Passover. In an early day the Eastern Church contended that Easter had the same date as Passover, and they celebrated Easter as if the two holidays were identical; but the Western Church did not approve of this practice. The authorities favored the observance of the Sunday following the full moon which marked Passover. It was no doubt necessary in an early day to take some step to keep converts from getting the two festivals and their significance confused.

The Jewish Passover comes in on the fourteenth day of the month Nisan, which date, being the middle of a lunar month, marks the time of the full moon. It is the first full moon of spring. So it would seem that the early Church, by setting Easter for the Sunday *following* the springtime full moon, would be effectually avoiding the

Jewish holiday for all time. But it so happens that if the Christians were to go by the regular astronomical calendar while the Jews continued (as they still do) to go by the old lunar, or Metonic, calendar, Easter would frequently fall on Passover in spite of such arrangement; hence the following of the ancient Ecclesiastical rule which pays little attention to the real moon in the sky. Notwithstanding all this care, the two festivals sometimes occur together. They will come on the same date in 1927, on the seventeenth of April. After that they will not come together again till 1981.

I think I have now said enough about the calendar to satisfy, or rather to dissatisfy, any rational reader. Certainly anyone must have come to the conclusion by this time that the calendar is in need of reform. And there is such a large element of human nature in it, rather than mere arithmetical error, that reform would seem to be the right word for what is needed.

II

But what man or body of men is going to decide what changes are advisable, among the many plans proposed, and then enforce observance upon the nations? Heretofore the sweeping changes of calendar correction have been accomplished only under some supreme mental or military authority of general acclaim. The Metonic calendar came in with Pericles; the solar calendar found its sponsor in Julius Cæsar; the corrected solar calendar was proclaimed by Gregory, a still powerful Pope. These names stand for the Golden Age of Greece, the Golden Age of Rome, and the great intellectual reawakening of the Renaissance. They are the high points in history. There seems, indeed, to be that in the nature of the calendar which requires for its making and its adoption all the activities and forces of a people at their best. War, conquest, mental and material progress — and then, at a point or pause in history when peace and prosperity give opportunity for intellectual stock-taking, and the times are dominated by some vigorous character or new racial spirit, a new calendar is born. But these are not the days of universal empire or of nations knit together by sentiment or religion. What would be needed now would be a congress of nations; or some body of men, not merely scientific or political, but of general prestige. Put in that way, the question suggests its own answer — the League of Nations.

That calendar reform should come under such jurisdiction would seem inevitable; and such is the case with the calendar at the present time. The League of Nations, acting through its Economic Section, which has been working in coöperation with the International Chamber of Commerce and taking advice from ecclesiastical authorities who are versed in the requirements of the church calendar, has been making progress toward some final recommendation in regard to calendar reform.

The League began with a Calendar Inquiry Committee appointed in 1922; and this committee confined its activities in 1923 chiefly to consultation with officially appointed representatives of ecclesiastical authority — Roman Catholic, Eastern Orthodox, and Anglican. The year 1923 was made notable in calendar history by the decision of the Russo-Greek and other Eastern Orthodox authorities to forsake the old-style Julian calendar and adopt the one in general use in the rest of the world. Russia, clinging religiously to the Julian calendar, was thirteen days behind the rest of the world. Commercial transactions and

communications between Russia and other countries had to be carried on under a double set of dates. The official church sanction of the change came subsequent to the decision of the Russian (Soviet) Government to abolish the much-cherished old calendar, regardless of its effects on saints' days, and adopt the corrected form. Accordingly, September 30, old style, was immediately followed by October 14, new style. Thirteen uneventful days had brought themselves to pass in one night, and thirteen needless numbers were dropped quietly overboard upon 'the sea of time'! Thus was healed a great cleavage in chronology, and the Gregorian calendar, already adopted in China and Japan, has become almost universal. The Soviet Government, if it has nothing else to its credit, may be said to have put Russia in step with the sun.

The League invited proposals for calendar reform to reach Geneva by March 1, 1924. Of nearly one hundred proposed plans, from twenty nationalities, which were carefully grouped and analyzed in the following three months and largely rejected by the committee as being manifestly impractical, two seem to have taken the ascendancy; and these two are now making rival claims for final approval.

The so-called Astronomer's or Swiss Plan, taking account of the fact that our year consists of fifty-two weeks and one day, abolishes the one day, or keeps it out of the reckoning, by making it January 0. By this simple step the week days are kept from rotating through the year. The same day of the week occurs on the same day of the month every year, which at present it does not.

As the calendar now is, every year ends on the same day of the week that it began on. This is due to the one day over the fifty-two weeks. As a consequence, each regular year begins a day later in the week than the one before, and is, of course, different all the way through. And as every fourth year, or leap year, has still another day at the end, the days of the week rotate through the years in a still more complicate way. But if the year consisted of an unbroken number of weeks, each year would begin on the same day of the week and thus be the same all the way through; and the calendar in that regard would become perpetual. The extra day of leap year would be taken care of by inserting it to follow June 31 as a summer holiday. As such it would be given a name but no date.

Another advantage of this plan would be to make the year divisible into exact quarters, not only in days but in unbroken weeks. With 365 days in the year and our present distribution of thirty- and thirty-one-day months, this is not the case. A year consisting of fifty-two weeks is exactly divisible by four, giving quarter-years of thirteen weeks each. The fifty-two weeks contain 364 days, and this number of days is exactly divisible into quarters of ninety-one days. The next problem is to divide the months of the year into quarters that shall be equal. As this ninety-one-day period could be made up of two thirty-day months and one of thirty-one days, it is proposed to adopt such a uniform distribution of month-lengths and do away with our present illogical system. It is considered desirable to have the year begin on Monday, which it would do if it were inaugurated, for instance, in 1928. This calendar could be printed in such form as to be perpetual. The equal quarters would present a desirable mathematical ideal for the purposes of the business man, accountant, or renter, or whoever has to do with quarter-years.

An objection to the plan is that it

does not meet the ideal of having the month made up of a certain number of unbroken weeks. Like the present calendar it breaks up the weeks in relation to the beginning and end of the month. Another undesirable feature, especially from the religious standpoint, is that, by setting aside the extra days of the year and making a fiction of them, the continuity of the weeks, which has so long been kept inviolate, would be broken.

In this plan it is also proposed to revert January 1 to the time of the winter solstice. Beginning the year with December 22 would cause the seasons and the quarters to coincide more exactly than they do now. Julius Cæsar, had he not been preoccupied with public sentiment toward the moon, would no doubt have given January 1 a different position with regard to the seasons, reverting the date to the time of the shortest day. This new beginning of the year would be ideal from the astronomer's standpoint, but it would have no practical advantages to recommend it very strongly to the business man or the general public; and it is doubtful whether this break with the past would not make it unwelcome to the nations. However, the rest of the plan does not necessarily include this. The other features may be considered upon their own merits.

The other plan, which has strong partisans in both America and Europe, is known as the International Fixed Calendar, or the Equal-Month Calendar. Here we have thirteen months of twenty-eight days each, accounting for 364 days of the year. The extra day of the regular year would be put down as January 0 or considered simply as an international Sabbath or stock-taking day. Leap year would have a midsummer holiday with no name; that is, it would come in between two regular week-days — like Capulet's daughter it would 'stand in number, though in reckoning none.'

In this plan the calendar for each month would be the same as for every other month throughout the year. The whole nature of the plan, with its more apparent advantages, may be seen at once by looking at its model month: —

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

The advantages claimed for it are as follows: (*a*) In every year, each of the 365 dates would recur on the same day of the week as in every other year. (*b*) Yearly, half-yearly, and quarterly events could be permanently fixed on recurring dates. (*c*) The year's fifty-two weeks would be twenty-six in each half-year and thirteen each quarter-year. (*d*) Appreciable economy would be gained in printing and circulating calendars.

In explaining the Astronomer's Plan I pointed out that the dropping of one day from the regular year not only made the year divisible into quarters of equal length but also caused each year for all time to begin on some certain day of the week.

The present plan, by having months of equal length, and with no remainder of broken weeks to lap over from one month to another, carries this advantage even further. Supposing the year to begin on Monday, every week, every month, and every quarter-year would begin on Monday for all time. If the reformed year came in on some other day, a corresponding consistency would hold. As for the claim of economy in the printing of calendars, I think this needs no emphasis. It is likely that most of us would have the simple scheme of the month so thoroughly memorized that reference to a printed

calendar would be hardly necessary. For the consolation of the printing fraternity it is pointed out that diaries would continue to be used. But as no one keeps a diary very long, and a new one has to be bought every year under the old system, this consolation is of little avail. The same diary would do for any year.

The principal objection to this plan is that thirteenth month. Human nature does not take readily to such radical invasions upon long-established custom. And when it is found that a transposition table (which has already been worked out) will be needed to put the time into joint again and show us our true relation with any former date, the people might rebel. Furthermore it is feared by those who have this plan in mind that the world may not take kindly to the number thirteen! Whether this will be enough to stop the League of Nations I cannot say; but it would be enough to give a Cæsar pause.

That the calendar could be improved is a growing opinion among business men belonging to associations affiliated directly or indirectly with the Economic Section of the League. 'The International Chamber is on record favoring reform of the calendar, including a fixed date for Easter.' So the secretary of the American section of that organization informs me. The matter has been given favorable consideration by the United States Chamber of Commerce. There are, too, societies in this country and Europe organized purely upon the basis of calendar reform.

What, let us now ask, are the prospects that some final solution of this perplexing problem will be arrived at? Are we the generation of generations to whom future peoples will look back when they tell the story of the calendar?

III

The question leads us to a reconsideration of certain fundamental facts. The history of the calendar is a struggle between human nature and arithmetic, the former not wanting to give in to the conclusions of the latter. This history, philosophically considered, not only serves to give us our bearings with regard to the problem of time measurement, but is a subject of considerable interest in itself.

A year consists of 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 45.51 seconds. From the standpoint of one who is trying to equip the universe with some practical system of time measurement, this sort of year is manifestly ridiculous. In a practical system of measurement each larger unit should be exactly divisible by the smaller unit next below it.

A month has a mean length of 29 days, 12 hours, 44 minutes, and 2.7 seconds. This is equally absurd. We cannot very well deal with months and years which begin and end with such utter disregard of the smaller units that we have these fractions of a day on our hands.

What, then, is a day, let us ask. That it is not an acknowledged part of a month or a year is a fact which the above figures make sufficiently plain. Nature did not intend it to be such. A day is a day. It is sufficient unto itself, and it is wholly unconcerned about any other unit of time.

In a foot there are a certain number of inches of equal size; and in a bushel the pecks are of like content. But what is a month? There are said to be twelve months in a year, but this statement means little when you consider that the months do not fit into the year except by being altered to a variety of sizes!

As man did not make days, months, and years he is not, of course, to be

held accountable for them. But he did make hours, minutes, and seconds, and so it would seem that as a matter of convenience and common sense he would have chosen such smaller time units as would fit in with and be a common divisor of the units already established. And no doubt he would have done so if he could. But evidently there were difficulties in the way; for when we state the length of a year or of a month in fractions of a second we are simply saying that these larger units are not divisible into any sort of time that man has been able to discover or invent.

Doing as best he could, man divided the day into parts which were equal but which fitted nothing further; and while his work might seem careless, inconsistent, and entirely incompetent, it is not so bad by comparison. For neither do days fit into months, nor months into years, nor years into any astronomical cycle which the heavens exhibit. It is all as bad as our English system of weights and measures; and the whole world knows how illogical and inconsistent and altogether incompetent that is.

Contrary to what any mortal member of any Academy would expect, the heavens are *not* constructed on the metric system! They do not countenance or make possible any such mechanical notions of perfection upon the part of man. Consequently the time is out of joint; and as man is a measuring and record-keeping animal there has been constant challenge to his intellect to set it right.

The whole truth of the matter is that Nature has offered us three different standards of time measurement — the day, the month, and the year. We have got to make a choice and abide by it. We may not accept them all as if they were harmonious facts and parts of a heavenly clockwork. That is just what they are not. Sun and moon revolve and rotate as they please; each is true to its own appointments. But the sun takes no care that years shall be divisible into months; and neither does the sun or moon time its evolutions to fit in with that standard of measurement which we call a day.

And this is a fact which is totally unacceptable to the mind of man. There is something about it which is obnoxious to human nature. If man, instead of God, had made the universe he would surely have made months that were exactly divisible into the year. This is a safe assertion in view of the fact that for ages he stuck to the moon as a standard of measurement while at the same time he tried to drive the chariot of the sun. We like to think that the universe is all working together, cogged and clocklike, with wheels that are proper multiples of one another — the whole acting as one big time system. If it is not so, then it ought to be so, and it is for us to bring the stars into harmony.

Of course there is but one way. That is to assume that they rotate and revolve thus and so. Consequently we have made the year a convenient length; and we have invented a system of leap years, leap months, and leap centuries to put us periodically into step with the facts. Finding ourselves compelled to deal in fractions of a day, we borrow from time, or extend credit to it, and then set things approximately right on a clearing-house system. We save up our scraps of time till we have enough to make a day, and we add it to a year; but as this is too liberal we pause once in a hundred years to take a day back; and as this is just a little too parsimonious we remember every four-hundredth year not to take the day that was coming to us. And for this temporizing with time we are hardly to be blamed. For the day and the

year are each important to us; and when each insists upon being the sole standard of measurement, what else are we going to do about it?

Up to the time when our present form of calendar was adopted, all peoples, with the exception of the Egyptians, went strictly by the moon. A month was a month, an average duration of 29½ days; and it was of no very vital concern to them that twelve of those months amounted to only 354 days instead of a proper year.

To a people adopting a form of calendar the exact length of the year seems to be of no great importance. The year, with its four seasons, is supposed to bring a progressive change of climate; but when we consider that mere spells of weather make irruptions upon the seasonable climate and set the year backward or forward by days and weeks, an astronomer's information as to the exact number of days in a year would seem to be of mere academic interest.

But an exact foreknowledge of the phases of the moon is of immediate and practical importance. Besides lighting the way for travelers and holy pilgrims, and thus making itself of prime importance in the regulations of religion and commerce, the moon was so obvious a timepiece, and so easily determined in its comings and goings, that it naturally became the first standard of measurement. A discrepancy of a week or two between twelve lunar months and the length of a solar year would appear to make no great difference in practical life.

But such a discrepancy is cumulative. The error keeps growing; it adds to itself year after year; and pretty soon it amounts to months. The inevitable result is that the months rotate through the seasons. And no people, whether herdsmen or planters, can afford to go by dates that are completely out of harmony with the solar year.

It was a puzzling prospect that opened up before the eyes of our forefathers when, after much effort to construct a satisfactory calendar, they discovered the true nature of the difficulty. They made use of months that lasted from moon to moon; but no particular number of moons fitted into a year! When they tried twelve there was a considerable remainder of time which that twelvemonth did not fill out; consequently, their first month of the year, starting eleven days before the actual solar year was ended, would cause a falling behind of the season with regard to the supposed date. Each year would fall farther behind, the result being that the months revolved rapidly through the year. The practical effect of this was that a winter holiday, such as our Christmas, would get around to midsummer; and all the while they were carefully observing its month and date! And a summer festival would work its way, perforce, to the middle of winter! This was very embarrassing. It not only made an undesirable state of affairs with regard to religious and other holidays, but it was confusing to the planter, a certain day of the month meaning nothing in his line of endeavor.

This harassing state of affairs prevailed among the early Greeks and Romans and troubled the mind of the world generally. It continued to work confusion at Rome up to the time the present form of calendar was adopted. When Julius Cæsar took over the solar year from the Egyptians, computed time at Rome had gained eighty days on actual time. And yet the priests had been accustomed to throwing an extra month into the year whenever it seemed to need it, after the manner of a crew dressing the ballast in a ship.

One might easily suggest that, if a

lunar twelvemonth is eleven days short of the actual year, it would only be necessary to add these eleven days to the end of the year or distribute them among the months. This suggestion is really foolish. It would put the month out of step with the moon; and what use would a lunar calendar be in that case? It must be borne in mind that a calendar must go absolutely by the moon or absolutely by the sun, else it will run completely astray and be no calendar at all. The ancients managed very cleverly so far as the moon was concerned. A complete lunation is approximately 29½ days. Their months therefore had twenty-nine and thirty days alternately. By following this rule strictly they struck an average that kept in close step with the moon and only needed a day thrown in at long intervals to correct the slight error. This was the practice of the Greeks. The problem was to find a way to correct this calendar to correspond with the annual journey of the sun and yet not get out of step with the moon. They could have lunar months which rambled through the seasons in a most confusing way, or they could have a year which was fairly true to the sun, but with months that had no relation to the moon. And it is not in human nature to be satisfied with either.

It was a great day in the history of humanity when the astronomer Meton, of Athens, made his observation that once in nineteen years the sun and moon come round to the same relative position in the heavens. This means that the new moon, or any other phase of the moon, falls upon the same time or season that it did nineteen years before.

Here was an astronomic fact that was due to be taken advantage of. In this total time of nineteen years he counted just 235 lunations. This was a happy coincidence for the purposes of a lunar calendar. At last it was found that the sun does do something, complete, in exactly the same time that it takes the moon to do it. As a matter of fact, the 235 lunations take nineteen years and two hours; but the coincidence was sufficient for the purpose.

The problem had always been to get the moon into step with the sun without breaking a month to do it, and thus getting out of step with the moon. And when it is noted that any certain number of lunations equals any certain number of solar years, the problem is on its way to solution.

The period consisted of 6940 days. All that remained was to divide this period into years of twelve and thirteen lunar months. As twelve lunar months are less than a solar year, and thirteen are in excess of a solar year, either one is approximately correct. And the problem was to mix these years in such proportion that their total would come out even with the lunisolar period. It was found that by having seven of these thirteen-month years, or leap years, distributed among the nineteen the proper total was made up. Through all these years, whether of twelve or thirteen months, the moon was strictly followed by the alternation of twenty-nine-day and thirty-day months, except at intervals when an extra thirty-day month was used by way of correction.

To the modern mind such years would be far from satisfactory; for twelve of them in each nineteen-year period had 354 days, while the seven leap years had 384 days, due to the extra thirty-day month. But they were not trying to have solar years. This is a mathematical impossibility so long as you are observing lunar months. Their problem was simply to have a system of correction, on a true astronomical basis, which would hold them in an approximate relation to the sun and

would keep their months from rotating through the seasons.

Heretofore a month had been but an uncertain craft for a man to trust himself to upon the sea of time. It had a way of floating clean off its bearing so that man and month were lost together. And when the date belied the season there was no certain and set formula to bring them into some recognized relation again. But this nineteen-year coincidence — a recurring basis of correction — was like having a row of stakes driven for you all across the blue of eternity. It was only necessary to figure out a formula for getting from one to the other; and this was done by having the thirteen-month years to hold the months and the seasons in approximate relation till the nineteen-year goal was reached. After that the formula could be repeated, and the problem was solved forever!

This calendar, a memorable invention, was made public at the Olympic games on July 16 of the year 432 B.C. and acclaimed by the people. Thereafter the number of each year, from one to nineteen, was engraved 'on pillars of marble in letters of gold'; and in church calendars after the beginning of the Christian era the Metonic number of each year was printed in golden ink. It is the same Golden Number which we find in the modern prayer-book in connection with the rule for finding the date of Easter. The calendar-maker could hardly get along without it.

The Jewish calendar is essentially the same as this old Greek calendar, being based upon the Metonic cycle and the alternating months of twenty-nine and thirty days. It differs a little in the management of the leap years and common years, there being three lengths of each; but the end attained and the principle are the same. The Mohammedans cling to it religiously.

The Romans, if they had strictly observed the rules of the Metonic calendar, instead of altering figures upon the basis of superstition, would no doubt have found it fairly satisfactory. But they made a complete mess of it; and Julius Cæsar solved the problem by adopting the Egyptian method, which makes the sun the standard. When this was done the moon was cast utterly aside — necessarily. A solar calendar cannot serve two masters.

In establishing the solar calendar Cæsar took advice from the astronomers at Alexandria and made the length of the year $365\frac{1}{4}$ days, which is slightly in excess of the true period. In 1582 the error of about eleven minutes per year had accumulated until it amounted to ten days. This shifting of the date away from the season became undesirable because it brought Easter and all the other movable festivals at a wrong time. Pope Gregory XIII corrected it, making the fifth of October the fifteenth, 1582. And in order that the error might not grow to such size again he ordained that every year of even hundreds should not be counted a leap year, excepting every four-hundredth, beginning with the year 2000. In Catholic countries the change was promptly adopted; but in the Protestant world the people refused to take advice from the Pope even though he was dealing with a mere matter of arithmetic. It was not till 1751, after nearly two centuries of inconvenience, that Great Britain and her dependencies gave in. By that time the error was eleven days; and September 3, 1752, was called September 14.

IV

Viewing our present proposals for calendar reform in the light of history, we cannot but be struck by the fact that there is no call for astronomical

correction. Our scheme of time measurement, substantially the same as it was in the year 45 B.C., and only slightly corrected in 1582, is astronomically perfect.

When Julius Cæsar made months of thirty-one days purely upon a basis of superstition, it really was no great matter from a scientific standpoint. The month was no longer an astronomical unit; the moon had utterly passed out as a standard of measurement. Of our present proposed plans, that known as the Astronomer's has great standing in Europe; and that has a thirty-one-day month in every quarter. Its advantage over the present calendar is that a difference of from one to two days in the lengths of the quarter-years is done away with; and that is all. It is a difference which would probably be taken account of by statisticians or in certain business transactions. While many of the features of calendar reform win our assent at once, we scarcely know what attitude to take when we find the continuity of the week broken into and our relations with the past again put out of joint. The length of the month is of no importance astronomically; it is purely a matter of taste or business convenience. Astronomically the calendar is perfect; and it was made so by astronomers who had no observatories in the modern sense, and who made all their discoveries with the naked eye.

Of the great naked-eye astronomers I hardly know whether to give my admiration to Meton, who made the moon practical for human use, or to Hipparchus or to Copernicus. Meton was very useful to the world, but beyond his connection with the lunar calendar we know little about him. Hipparchus, who lived in the second century before Christ, was the first of whom we have reliable record; and he is accounted the founder of scientific astronomy. He explained the precession of the equinoxes, and was the first to discover from direct observation of the sun that the length of the year is somewhat less than $365\frac{1}{4}$ days. Copernicus was of the modern speculative type, which strikes out and concerns itself with God's own business. Purely in his mind's eye, and with no proof beyond appearances that were open to all, he saw a world-machine which, as was proved by later discovery, was very much like the one which God Himself had invented.

We are so accustomed to think of astronomy in connection with the modern observatory that when we read of Copernicus and his discoveries we naturally see him viewing the heavens through a telescope — forgetting, of course, that he never heard of such a thing. It is difficult for us to imagine an astronomer as mere 'unaccommodated man' standing forth and searching the sky on his own two feet, as it were. Even the astronomers who helped Gregory XIII to correct the system of leap years in 1582, when Shakespeare and Cervantes were living and Luther had not long been dead, had no notion of such a thing as a telescope. Their only lenses were the ones God gave them; and so it was with all the great astronomers who lived and died before them.

Consider well, then, the calendar on the wall. It came down to us, just as it is, from the days of paganism! It owes little to modern astronomy and nothing whatever to the telescope. And, except for the fact that Cæsar did not start it on the day of the winter solstice, it is astronomically perfect!

TAKING THE PROFIT OUT OF WAR

BY BERNARD M. BARUCH

[The February issue of the *Atlantic* for 1925 carried a paper by Mr. Sisley Huddleston dealing with the general subject of 'taking the profit out of war,' which Mr. Huddleston called 'An American Plan for Peace.' The first-quoted phrase was put into the language by the War Industries Board toward the close of the World War through its efforts to eliminate all war profits. Mr. Huddleston's article came to the attention of Mr. Bernard M. Baruch, chairman of the War Industries Board and administrator of the non-profit plan, and (as he writes us), since it seemed to indicate a growing interest in the idea, induced him to invoke practical means to bring about a full comprehension of taking the profit out of war in the various great countries of the world. To this end he responded to a suggestion of Mr. Owen D. Young, of the Page School of International Relations at Johns Hopkins University, that he establish a course of lectures there to expound the War Industries Board plan in detail. Later he will proceed to make similar arrangements at leading universities in Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and Japan. Agreeing with Mr. Baruch that the subject calls for public knowledge and discussion, it was natural for the *Atlantic* to turn to him for the following paper. — THE EDITORS]

I

WAR was once described as Prussia's most profitable industry.

It needs only a scant examination of history to learn that other countries were open to the same indictment. The methods of the Robber Barons did not pass with the end of feudalism. Annexation by conquest did not cease. But when America entered the World War, President Wilson fathered a doctrine that shall always govern us — that never a foot of territory would be added to our boundaries by force.

So, as America has taken the lead toward making impossible national profit through war, it too may be America's privilege to point the way toward making impossible individual profit through war. To take the profit out of war is to take a long step toward creating an economic detestation of war. The experience of the United States in the World War affords a basis for the belief that the plan herein discussed is practical. In fact, it is more than a belief — it is a certainty, although not widely known.

The world is such a busy place, and the radius of human activity has been so greatly enlarged because of modern inventions, that it is not strange that there are but few people who are conversant with what was quietly but effectively taking place in this country in the mobilization and use of its material resources in the World War — a process that would have eventually eliminated all improper profits.

Strength is given to the public advocacy of industrial mobilization made

by both President Harding and President Coolidge — Mr. Coolidge as recently as last October in his Omaha speech to the American Legion — by the fact that the plan they advocated as a part of the regular national war-agencies had once been set up and successfully operated under the War Industries Board.

Preceding the President's recent clear exposition of this subject, some degree of public interest had been engendered by an exchange of letters between Owen D. Young (of Dawes Plan fame), in behalf of the Walter Hines Page School of International Relations, and the writer. The correspondence resulted in the establishment of lectures at the Page School (of Johns Hopkins University) on this theme. Previously the *Atlantic Monthly* printed an article by Sisley Huddleston, who pointed out that Europe saw great strides toward peace in the American idea of 'taking the profit out of war' in a systematic way. His basic reference was to the plan of the War Industries Board.

The resources of a country might be referred to as the five M's: (1) man power; (2) money; (3) maintenance or food; (4) material resources (including raw materials, manufacturing facilities, transportation, fuel, and power); and (5) morale. The intelligence with which the first four are directed and coördinated as a whole will determine the fifth, the morale of the community.

In the war emergency it early became evident to those who were charged with the responsibility of mobilizing the resources that there was a just sentiment among the people against profiteering. Profiteering might be willful and profit-making might be involuntary; but, whatever its form, there was a just determination it should cease. So it became necessary to fix prices where the supply was limited.

Wherever the Government created a shortage by its demands, prices were fixed, not only for the Army, Navy, and the Allies, but for the civilian population as well. And, in addition to price-fixing on war essentials (such as steel, wool, copper, and so forth), the balance, after the war programme had been filled, was rationed or distributed according to the priority needs of the various civilian demands. In other words, where the price of the product of an industry was fixed, that industry had to deliver the part which the Government did not need to the civilian population, not in the way the industry chose, but as the Government directed.

It must be remembered that when the war came there was no adequate preparation. Indeed it is doubted by the best authorities whether any effective form of preparation then known would have been of much avail in view of the widespread and engulfing results of the war and the lack of knowledge of the various instruments of destruction which were being devised and which it became necessary to combat.

Our own Army had several divisions competing one with another for materials, transportation, housing, and so forth; on top of that there prevailed the demands of the Shipping Board, with the slogan that ships would win the war, and of the Food Administration, with the slogan that food would win the war; further, there was the Railroad Administration with its need for matériel and labor; and finally there was the feverish quest for labor and supplies on the part of the munitions-makers — all competing for labor, money, materials, transportation, fuel, power, and each insisting on the greater importance of its activity. All this while the labor supply was being lessened by the flow of men into the Army.

While an endeavor was being made to bring order out of chaos, the great

undertaking had to go on. Men, ships, munitions, food, matériel, had to be provided. Old organizations, bureaus, and traditions had to be met and changed, but not destroyed until the new was set up. The wonder of it all is, not that there were so many mistakes, but that so much was accomplished.

At the time we entered the war, prices were at their peak, and tending higher because of the war's insatiable demands. The problem was not alone to secure the materials and labor and to stop the confusion, but to do it in such a way that the morale of the people would be maintained. The prices of some things, like steel and copper, were fixed far below prevailing rates, and the wages of labor in those industries were standardized. The more highly organized an industry, the easier it was to arrange. Order did not commence to appear until the Army funneled its needs through one man sitting with a section of the War Industries Board, and until the Navy, Shipping Board, Allies, and Railroad Administration did likewise. Each department satisfied its requirements through a central authoritative body. This was called the War Industries Board, controlling and directing all materials and coördinating through its chairman the whole system of governmental and civilian supply and demand. It was created by executive order in March of the year 1918.

Briefly, this Board endeavored to mobilize the industries of America so that the fighting forces of the Allied and Associated nations could draw from the United States — the last reservoir of men, materials, and money — the things needed for the winning of the war at the time the things were needed and with the least dislocation of industry and the least disturbance of the civilian population.

II

The War Industries Board was organized like any other supervisory committee, with a chairman, vice-chairman, members in charge of various activities, bureau chiefs, and subordinate workers. It surveyed and sought to arrange the whole industrial war-field under the plenary powers conferred by the President and the Congress. How well it did this is a story for others to tell. What it did is the basis of the plan I am here drawing.

It was comparatively easy to fix prices and to distribute materials, and indeed to stabilize the wages of labor in those industries in which prices were fixed. The labor situation, however, became increasingly difficult, particularly when General Crowder found it necessary to withdraw men for the proposed campaign of 1919 after 4,000,000 soldiers had already been taken.

Much has been said about the profiteering of labor. It is an unjust accusation. It is only fair to say that this condition was primarily brought about through the inexperience of the organization within our own governmental departments and by the furious bidding of munitions-makers and shipbuilders for services. That situation, together with the increased prices of the things that labor had to buy with the results of its work, made it inevitable that labor must get higher wages.

So it became evident that the price-fixing programme had to go even further, and the War Industries Board, when the Armistice came, was proceeding with a campaign to fix the prices of all the basic things that labor had to buy. Some had previously been fixed. I speak of labor in a much broader sense than manual labor, for the unorganized so-called 'white collar' part

of our community — clerks, teachers, government employees, professional men — were less able to meet the situation than labor in the narrower sense. For the protection and relief of such groups certain plans were devised. To illustrate: —

One of them provided that manufacturers, jobbers, and retailers of shoes could make and sell shoes only of a specified quality at a fixed price, effective July 1919. No one who did not have a card of the War Industries Board in his window could sell shoes, and only the standardized shoes could be sold. No jobber or manufacturer would sell shoes to anybody who did not have this card. The shoes were to be stamped Class A, B, or C, and had to be of the quality prescribed and sold at the price fixed. The country was so organized in every district that there could be immediately reported to Washington the name of any shoe retailer who did not carry out the regulations of the War Industries Board as to price and quality. Through restrictions on his labor, money, raw materials, and transportation, no manufacturer would have been permitted to sell to any dealer violating the regulations. The Armistice stopped the execution of this plan.

Another plan of this nature: the manufacturers of men's and women's wearing-apparel had in 1918 been called to Washington, together with the retailers of various goods, and notified that regulations would have to be made in regard to retail prices and standardization of clothing.

The rulings by the Board were made known through the issuance of official bulletins at irregular intervals, and were widely distributed by the press, which coöperated in this most necessary work with a whole-hearted purpose that gave to the orders of the War Industries Board the instant and broad circulation they required.

Mr. Hoover already was doing much to perfect his control of food products and prices. There was also talk of fixing rents, and in some cities this was done.

If we were to start, in the event of another war, at the place where we were industrially when the World War ended, the President, acting through an agency similar to the War Industries Board, would have the right to fix prices of all things as of a date previous to the declaration of war when there was a fair peace-time relationship among the various activities of the nation. It would be illegal to buy, sell, serve, or rent at any other than these prices. Brakes would be applied to every agency of inflation before the hurtful process started. An intelligent control of the flow of men, money, and materials would be imposed, instead of having the blind panic heretofore ensuing on the first appearance of the frantic demands of war. The Draft Board would have before it the rulings of the Priority Committee, together with the estimated needs of every business and profession in its relationship to the conduct of the war, and men would be selected accordingly. The Draft Board could more intelligently decide, with the advice of the Priority Committee, many of the problems with which it would be faced. There would be no sending of men to the trenches who were needed for expert industrial war-work and then bringing them back again. Businesses not necessary to the winning of the war would be curtailed. The Draft Board would have that information before it.

The prices of all things being fixed, the Price Fixing Committee would make any necessary adjustments, as was done during the war. Under the system used in 1918 these prices were made public and adjusted every three months, so that any consumer or

producer had his day in court when he considered prices unfair. Those who complained that during the war prices were too high had this ready recourse to hand.

In the meantime all the industries of the country would have been mobilized by the formation of committees representative of each industry, as was done in the World War. Over them would be placed a government director or commodity chief. The various government departments would appoint committees representing their requirements, so that on one committee the resources of the nation would be represented and on the other the demands of the Government. The government director would stand between to decide, in conjunction with the Priority Committee, to what department supplies should go.

Money would be controlled and directed like any other resource. 'Taking the profit out of war' is not synonymous with 'conscription of wealth,' as it is sometimes regarded. The latter is a theoretical project, prohibited by our Constitution, contrary to the spirit of our social and political institutions, and impossible in practice. Taking the profit out of war is an orderly and scientific development of the economics and conduct of modern war, necessary to the effective mobilization of national resources and indispensable to equalizing the burdens of war among the armed and civilian population. Born of experience and proved by practice, it removes some of the most destructive concomitants of modern war — the confusion and waste incident to wartime inflation.

This term 'conscription of wealth,' used by so many, has created a hope among those of socialistic tendencies, and a fear among those who, like me, believe in our system based upon personal initiative and reward, of a taking of money, without payment, for the use of the State. Neither the hope nor the fear is justified by the recommendation herein contained or by our experience in the war. The use of money should be controlled and directed in a national emergency. A man should no more be permitted to use his money as he wishes than he should be permitted to use the production of his mine, mill, or factory except through the general supervising agency. This was being done toward the end of the war.

During the final phase of the World War no man or corporation or institution could raise money without the approval of the Capital Issues Committee of the Treasury Department, which committee in turn would not permit the borrowing of money unless the War Industries Board approved the use to which it was to be put. Thus the City of New York was not permitted to spend $8,000,000 for the building of schools. The City of Philadelphia was prevented from making improvements that in peace time would have been necessary but in war time were not. Various states, counties, and cities, and a vast number of private concerns, were denied the use of money and materials for purposes not necessary for the winning of the war. Each part of the community had to adjust its wants to the whole great undertaking.

III

There have been a great many bills introduced into Congress on the subject of industrial mobilization, some sponsored by great organizations like the American Legion, and others by newspapers and publicists; but it is surprising how little knowledge there was, on the part of those who drew up the bills, of the practicability and feasibility of so mobilizing our resources that it would be impossible to make as much profit in war as in time of peace.

Take into consideration the fact that the following things were being done in 1918:—

General Crowder, who was in charge of the draft, had asked the chairman of the War Industries Board where he could obtain additional men needed for the Army in France with the least possible dislocation of the war-making industrial civilian machinery, and we were in the process of replacing male labor with women. By a system of priorities, the Board was allocating to our own Army and Navy, to the Allies, and to the essential war-industries, the things they required. It was making priority rulings as to transportation, and they were being followed out by the Railroad Administrator. The Fuel Administrator distributed fuel only on the rulings of the War Industries Board. The Board was engaged in disentangling and removing the many conflicts and competitive efforts involved in labor and buildings that had previously occurred because of lack of any co-ordinating agency. It was allocating power and making regulations for the hitching-up of scattered units of power. It was changing munitions orders from congested to less congested districts. It had actually carried into effect an order that no building involving $2500 or more could be undertaken without the approval of the War Industries Board. No steel, no cement, no material of any kind could be used for any purpose whatsoever unless the War Industries Board permitted it. No steel company could sell over five tons of steel unless approved by the Director of Steel. The Treasury would not permit the raising of money for any industrial or financial operation unless it was approved by the War Industries Board. The President issued an order that no commandeering should be done by the Army, Navy, Shipping Board, or Food Administration without the approval of the chairman of the War Industries Board. Every raw-material industry, and indeed practically every industry in the country, was organized through appointment of committees, and none of these industries would do any business except under the rulings promulgated by the Board. Standardization in every industry was rapidly proceeding. These rulings were made known through the issuance of official bulletins at irregular intervals, and were distributed by the press. We were endeavoring to arrange it so that the fighting forces were to receive those things which they needed and no more, so that whatever was not actually required at the front was left to civilian purposes. Industries were curtailed, but never destroyed; skeletonized, but never killed. Indeed, the use of men, money, and materials was rapidly being brought into exactly that condition which I have previously stated to be necessary in case of another war.

If, in addition to this, the President in the future has the authority to fix prices and distribution of materials and labor, rent, and the use of man-power, transportation, fuel, and all the things necessary for the conduct of the war, any rise in prices will be prevented, even in anticipation of war. There are many who claim that war is caused primarily by the desire of profit. I am not one of those; but if there is anything in this contention this plan will remove the possibility of anybody urging war as a means of making profits. Even if there are no men who desire war as a means of making profit, the fact that profits would be less in war than in peace, and wealth and resources would be directed by the Government, might have some active deterring influence on men of great resources. Instead of being passive, they might become active advocates of peace.

There are many people who are, for various reasons, afraid to discuss the subject during peace time, and prefer to wait for war. There are also some great manufacturers who oppose any such plan because they were seriously interfered with during the war time. Indeed it has been the experience of some of those responsible for the industrial mobilization in the World War to remain the objects of venomous attack begun during the time that the necessities of the nation made it imperative to control activities and profits. Some critics were prominent manufacturers who said: 'Tell us what the Government wants, and we will fill the orders; but don't interfere with the sale of the part of our product that the Government does not want to use.' That was unthinkable. President Wilson decreed that fair prices for the Government were fair prices for civilians. I must say, however, that the vast majority of American manufacturers rose to the situation in such a splendid way as to bring the following commendation from Woodrow Wilson: 'They turned aside from every private interest of their own and devoted the whole of their trained capacity to the tasks that supplied the sinews of the whole great undertaking. The patriotism, the unselfishness, the thoroughgoing devotion and distinguished capacity that marked their toilsome labors day after day, month after month, have made them fit mates and comrades to the men in the trenches and on the seas.'

There are many men who are afraid that the adoption of this plan by Congress would give an impetus to socialism or communism or sovietism or whatever they may call it, because, they say, 'if you show it can be done in war time, there will be a demand that it be done in peace time.' It cannot be done in peace time. There can be no great undertaking without a strong moving cause. In peace time the moving cause is personal initiative and payment for services performed. The substitute for that in war time is the common danger.

The War Industries Board was the foremost advocate of price-fixing and distribution, and it had great power in this field; but when the Armistice came it recognized that peace conditions were being restored, and it was the first to change the war-time order of things and to leave to the people themselves the readjustment of their affairs. I am satisfied that it is impossible for the Government to do in peace time what I am advocating, although it becomes absolutely necessary in order to conduct a modern war successfully and to conduct it on a non-profiteering basis.

The application of this plan, besides making the nation a coherent unit in time of war, would impress upon every class in society a sense of its own responsibility in such event. If it were known that this universal responsibility would be enforced, no class — social, financial, or industrial — could fail to understand that, in case of war, it would have to bear its fair share of the burdens involved, and would have to make sacrifices of profit, convenience, and personal liberty correlatively with those made by the soldiers in the field. To this extent the plan would act as a positive deterrent to any hasty recourse to force in an international controversy.

One thing that has definitely come from the war is the necessity of arranging affairs so that a portion of the population shall not be sent to the front to bear all the physical hardships and their consequences while others are left behind to profit by their absence. If applied at the outbreak, the War Industries Board (as it was functioning at the close of the World War) would prevent this, and lessen, if not remove, the social and economic evils that come as the aftermath of war.

NOTES ON THE ENGLISH CHARACTER

BY E. M. FORSTER

First Note. I had better let the cat out of the bag at once and record my opinion that the character of the English is essentially middle-class. There is a sound historical reason for this, for, since the end of the eighteenth century, the middle classes have been the dominant force in our community. They gained wealth by the Industrial Revolution, political power by the Reform Bill of 1832; they are connected with the rise and organization of the British Empire; they are responsible for the literature of the nineteenth century. Solidity, caution, integrity, efficiency. Lack of imagination, hypocrisy. These qualities characterize the middle classes in every country, but in England they are national characteristics also, because only in England have the middle classes been in power for one hundred and fifty years. Napoleon, in his rude way, called us 'a nation of shopkeepers.' We prefer to call ourselves 'a great commercial nation,' — it sounds more dignified, — but the two phrases amount to the same. Of course there are other classes: there is an aristocracy, there are the poor. But it is on the middle classes that the eye of the critic rests — just as it rests on the poor in Russia and on the aristocracy in Japan. Russia is symbolized by the peasant or by the factory worker; Japan by the samurai; the national figure of England is Mr. Bull with his top hat, his comfortable clothes, his substantial stomach, and his substantial balance at the bank. Saint George may caper on banners and in the speeches of politicians, but it is John Bull who delivers the goods. And even Saint George — if Gibbon is correct — wore a top hat once; he was an army contractor and supplied indifferent bacon. It all amounts to the same in the end.

Second Note. Just as the heart of England is the middle classes, so the heart of the middle classes is the public-school system. This extraordinary institution is local. It does not even exist all over the British Isles. It is unknown in Ireland, almost unknown in Scotland (countries excluded from my survey), and though it may inspire other great institutions — Aligarh, for example, and some of the schools in the United States — it remains unique, because it was created by the Anglo-Saxon middle classes, and can flourish only where they flourish. How perfectly it expresses their character — far better, for instance, than does the university, into which social and spiritual complexities have already entered. With its boarding-houses, its compulsory games, its system of prefects and fagging, its insistence on good form and on esprit de corps, it produces a type whose weight is out of all proportion to its numbers.

On leaving his school, the boy either sets to work at once — goes into the army or into business, or emigrates — or else proceeds to the university, and after three or four years there enters some other profession — becomes a barrister, doctor, civil servant, schoolmaster, or journalist. (If through

some mishap he does not become a manual worker or an artist.) In all these careers his education, or the absence of it, influences him. Its memories influence him also. Many men look back on their school days as the happiest of their lives. They remember with regret that golden time when life, though hard, was not yet complex; when they all worked together and played together and thought together, so far as they thought at all; when they were taught that school is the world in miniature, and believed that no one can love his country who does not love his school. And they prolong that time as best they can by joining their Old Boys' society; indeed, some of them remain Old Boys and nothing else for the rest of their lives. They attribute all good to the school. They worship it. They quote the remark that 'the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton.' It is nothing to them that the remark is inapplicable historically and was never made by the Duke of Wellington, and that the Duke of Wellington was an Irishman. They go on quoting it because it expresses their sentiments; they feel that if the Duke of Wellington did n't make it he ought to have, and if he was n't an Englishman he ought to have been. And they go forth into a world that is not entirely composed of public-school men or even of Anglo-Saxons, but of men who are as various as the sands of the sea; into a world of whose richness and subtlety they have no conception. They go forth into it with well-developed bodies, fairly developed minds, and undeveloped hearts. And it is this undeveloped heart that is largely responsible for the difficulties of Englishmen abroad. An undeveloped heart — not a cold one. The difference is important, and on it my next note will be based.

For it is not that the Englishman can't feel — it is that he is afraid to feel. He has been taught at his public school that feeling is bad form. He must not express great joy or sorrow, or even open his mouth too wide when he talks — his pipe might fall out if he did. He must bottle up his emotions, or let them out only on a very special occasion.

Once upon a time (this is an anecdote) I went for a week's holiday on the Continent with an Indian friend. We both enjoyed ourselves and were sorry when the week was over, but on parting our behavior was absolutely different. He was plunged in despair. He felt that because the holiday was over all happiness was over until the world ended. He could not express his sorrow too much. But in me the Englishman came out strong. I reflected that we should meet again in a month or two, and could write in the interval if we had anything to say; and under these circumstances I could not see what there was to make a fuss about. It was n't as if we were parting forever or dying. 'Buck up,' I said, 'do buck up.' He refused to buck up, and I left him plunged in gloom.

The conclusion of the anecdote is even more instructive. For when we met the next month our conversation threw a good deal of light on the English character. I began by scolding my friend. I told him that he had been wrong to feel and display so much emotion upon so slight an occasion; that it was inappropriate. The word 'inappropriate' roused him to fury. 'What?' he cried. 'Do you measure out your emotions as if they were potatoes?' I did not like the simile of the potatoes, but after a moment's reflection I said, 'Yes, I do; and what 's more, I think I ought to. A small occasion demands a little emotion, just as a large occasion demands a great one. I would like my emotions to be

appropriate. This may be measuring them like potatoes, but it is better than slopping them about like water from a pail, which is what you did.' *He* did not like the simile of the pail. 'If those are your opinions, they part us forever,' he cried, and left the room. Returning immediately, he added: 'No — but your whole attitude toward emotion is wrong. Emotion has nothing to do with appropriateness. It matters only that it shall be sincere. I happened to feel deeply. I showed it. It does n't matter whether I ought to have felt deeply or not.'

This remark impressed me very much. Yet I could not agree with it, and said that I valued emotion as much as he did, but used it differently; if I poured it out on small occasions I was afraid of having none left for the great ones, and of being bankrupt at the crises of life. Note the word 'bankrupt.' I spoke as a member of a prudent middle-class nation, always anxious to meet my liabilities. But my friend spoke as an Oriental, and the Oriental has behind him a tradition, not of middle-class prudence, but of kingly munificence and splendor. He feels his resources are endless, just as John Bull feels his are finite. As regards material resources, the Oriental is clearly unwise. Money is n't endless. If we spend or give away all the money we have, we have n't any more, and must take the consequences, which are frequently unpleasant. But, as regards the resources of the spirit, he may be right. The emotions may be endless. The more we express them, the more we may have to express.

> True love in this differs from gold and clay,
> That to divide is not to take away,

says Shelley. Shelley, at all events, believes that the wealth of the spirit is endless; that we may express it copiously, passionately, and always; and that we can never feel sorrow or joy too acutely.

In the above anecdote, I have figured as a typical Englishman. I will now descend from that dizzy and somewhat unfamiliar height, and return to my business of note-taking. A note on the *slowness* of the English character. The Englishman appears to be cold and unemotional because he is really slow. When an event happens, he may understand it quickly enough with his mind, but he takes quite a while to feel it. Once upon a time a coach, containing some Englishmen and some Frenchmen, was driving over the Alps. The horses ran away, and as they were dashing across a bridge the coach caught on the stonework, tottered, and nearly fell into the ravine below. The Frenchmen were frantic with terror: they screamed and gesticulated and flung themselves about, as Frenchmen would. The Englishmen sat quite calm. An hour later the coach drew up at an inn to change horses, and by that time the situations were exactly reversed. The Frenchmen had forgotten all about the danger, and were chattering gayly; the Englishmen had just begun to feel it, and one had a nervous breakdown and was obliged to go to bed. We have here a clear physical difference between the two races — a difference that goes deep into character. The Frenchmen responded at once; the Englishmen responded in time. They were slow and they were also practical. Their instinct forbade them to throw themselves about in the coach, because it was more likely to tip over if they did. They had this extraordinary appreciation of *fact* that we shall notice again and again. When a disaster comes, the English instinct is to do what can be done first, and to postpone the feeling as long as possible. Hence they are splendid at emergencies. No doubt they are brave, — no one will deny

that, — but bravery is partly an affair of the nerves, and the English nervous system is well equipped for meeting a physical emergency. It acts promptly and feels slowly. Such a combination is fruitful, and anyone who possesses it has gone a long way toward being brave. And when the action is over, then the Englishman can feel.

There is one more consideration — a most important one. If the English nature is cold, how is it that it has produced a great literature and a literature that is particularly great in poetry? Judged by its prose, English literature would not stand in the first rank. It is its poetry that raises it to the level of Greek, Persian, or French. And yet the English are supposed to be so unpoetical. How is this? The nation that produced the Elizabethan drama and the Lake Poets cannot be a cold, unpoetical nation. We can't get fire out of ice. Since literature always rests upon national character, there must be in the English nature hidden springs of fire to produce the fire we see. The warm sympathy, the romance, the imagination, that we look for in Englishmen whom we meet, and too often vainly look for, must exist in the nation as a whole, or we could not have this outburst of national song. An undeveloped heart — not a cold one.

The trouble is that the English nature is not at all easy to understand. It has a great air of simplicity, it advertises itself as simple, but the more we consider it, the greater the problems we shall encounter. People talk of the mysterious East, but the West also is mysterious. It has depths that do not reveal themselves at the first gaze. We know what the sea looks like from a distance: it is of one color, and level, and obviously cannot contain such creatures as fish. But if we look into the sea over the edge of a boat, we see a dozen colors, and depth below depth, and fish swimming in them. That sea is the English character — apparently imperturbable and even. The depths and the colors are the English romanticism and the English sensitiveness — we do not expect to find such things, but they exist. And — to continue my metaphor — the fish are the English emotions, which are always trying to get up to the surface, but don't quite know how. For the most part we see them moving far below, distorted and obscure. Now and then they succeed and we exclaim, 'Why the Englishman has emotions! He actually can feel!' And occasionally we see that beautiful creature the flying fish, which rises out of the water altogether into the air and the sunlight. English literature is a flying fish. It is a sample of the life that goes on day after day beneath the surface; it is a proof that beauty and emotion exist in the salt, inhospitable sea.

And now let's get back to terra firma. The Englishman's attitude toward criticism will give us another starting-point. He is not annoyed by criticism. He listens or not as the case may be, smiles and passes on, saying, 'Oh, the fellow's jealous'; 'Oh, I'm used to Bernard Shaw; monkey tricks don't hurt me.' It never occurs to him that the fellow may be accurate as well as jealous, and that he might do well to take the criticism to heart and profit by it. It never strikes him — except as a form of words — that he is capable of improvement; his self-complacency is abysmal. Other nations, both Oriental and European, have an uneasy feeling that they are not quite perfect. In consequence they resent criticism. It hurts them; and their snappy answers often mask a determination to improve themselves. Not so the Englishman. He has no uneasy feeling. Let the critics bark. And the 'tolerant humorous attitude' with which he

confronts them is not really tolerant, because it is insensitive, and not really humorous, because it is bounded by the titter and the guffaw.

Turn over the pages of *Punch*. There is neither wit, laughter, nor satire in our national jester — only the snigger of a suburban householder who can understand nothing that does not resemble himself. Week after week, under Mr. Punch's supervision, a man falls off his horse, or a colonel misses a golf ball, or a little girl makes a mistake in her prayers. Week after week ladies show not too much of their legs, foreigners are deprecated, originality condemned. Week after week a bricklayer does not do as much work as he ought and a futurist does more than he need. It is all supposed to be so good-tempered and clean; it is also supposed to be funny. It is actually an outstanding example of our attitude toward criticism: the middle-class Englishman, with a smile on his clean-shaven lips, is engaged in admiring himself and ignoring the rest of mankind. If, in those colorless pages, he came across anything that really was funny — a drawing by Max Beerbohm, for instance — his smile would disappear, and he would say to himself, 'The fellow's a bit of a crank,' and pass on.

This particular attitude reveals such insensitiveness as to suggest a more serious charge: is the Englishman altogether indifferent to the things of the spirit? Let us glance for a moment at his religion — not, indeed, at his theology, which would not merit inspection, but at the action on his daily life of his belief in the unseen. Here again his attitude is practical. But an innate decency comes out: he is thinking of others rather than of himself. Right conduct is his aim. He asks of his religion that it shall make him a better man in daily life; that he shall be more kind, more just, more merciful, more desirous to fight what is evil and to protect what is good. No one could call this a low conception. It is, as far as it goes, a spiritual one. Yet — and this seems to me typical of the race — it is only half the religious idea. Religion is more than an ethical code with a divine sanction. It is also a means through which man may get into direct connection with the divine, and, judging by history, few Englishmen have succeeded in doing this. We have produced no series of prophets, as has Judaism or Islam. We have not even produced a Joan of Arc, or a Savonarola. We have produced few saints. In Germany the Reformation was due to the passionate conviction of Luther. In England it was due to a palace intrigue. We can show a steady level of piety, a fixed determination to live decently according to our lights — little more.

Well, it is something. It clears us of the charge of being an unspiritual nation. That facile contrast between the spiritual East and the materialistic West can be pushed too far. The West also is spiritual. Only it expresses its belief, not in fasting and visions, not in prophetic rapture, but in the daily round, the common task. An incomplete expression, if you like. I agree. But the argument underlying these scattered notes is that the Englishman is an incomplete person. Not a cold or an unspiritual one. But undeveloped, incomplete.

The attitude of the average orthodox Englishman is often misunderstood. It is thought that he must know that a doctrine — say, like that of the Trinity — is untrue. Moslems in particular feel that his faith is a dishonest compromise between polytheism and monotheism. The answer to this criticism is that the average orthodox Englishman is no theologian. He regards the Trinity as a mystery that it is not his place to solve. 'I find difficulties

enough in daily life,' he will say. 'I concern myself with those. As for the Trinity, it is a doctrine handed down to me from my fathers, whom I respect, and I hope to hand it down to my sons, and that they will respect me. No doubt it is true, or it would not have been handed down. And no doubt the clergy could explain it to me if I asked them; but, like myself, they are busy men, and I will not take up their time.'

In such an answer there is confusion of thought, if you like, but no conscious deceit, which is alien to the English nature. The Englishman's deceit is generally unconscious.

For I have suggested earlier that the English are sometimes hypocrites, and it is now my duty to develop this rather painful subject. Hypocrisy is the prime charge that is always brought against us. The Germans are called brutal, the Spanish cruel, the Americans superficial, and so on; but we are perfide Albion, the island of hypocrites, the people who have built up an Empire with a Bible in one hand, a pistol in the other, and financial concessions in both pockets. Is the charge true? I think it is; but while making it we must be quite clear as to what we mean by hypocrisy. Do we mean *conscious deceit?* Well, the English are comparatively guiltless of this; they have little of the Renaissance villain about them. Do we mean *unconscious deceit?* Muddle-headedness? Of this I believe them to be guilty. When an Englishman has been led into a course of wrong action, he has nearly always begun by muddling himself. A public-school education does not make for mental clearness, and he possesses to a very high degree the power of confusing his own mind. We have seen this tendency at work in the domain of theology; how does it work in the domain of conduct?

Jane Austen may seem an odd authority to cite, but Jane Austen has, within her limits, a marvelous insight into the English mind. Her range is limited, her characters never attempt any of the more scarlet sins. But she has a merciless eye for questions of conduct, and the classical example of two English people muddling themselves before they embark upon a wrong course of action is to be found in the opening chapters of *Sense and Sensibility*. Old Mr. Dashwood has just died. He has been twice married. By his first marriage he has a son, John; by his second marriage three daughters. The son is well off; the young ladies and their mother — for Mr. Dashwood's second wife survives him — are badly off. He has called his son to his deathbed and has solemnly adjured him to provide for the second family. Much moved, the young man promises, and mentally decides to give each of his sisters a thousand pounds; and then the comedy begins. For he announces his generous intention to his wife, and Mrs. John Dashwood by no means approves of depriving their own little boy of so large a sum. The thousand pounds are accordingly reduced to five hundred. But even this seems rather much. Might not an annuity to the stepmother be less of a wrench? Yes — but though less of a wrench it might be more of a drain, for 'she is very stout and healthy, and scarcely forty.' An occasional present of fifty pounds will be better, 'and will, I think, be amply discharging my promise to my father.' Or, better still, an occasional present of fish. And in the end nothing is done, nothing; the four impecunious ladies are not even helped in the moving of their furniture.

Well, are the John Dashwoods hypocrites? It depends upon our definition of hypocrisy. The young man could not see his evil impulses as they

gathered force and gained on him. And even his wife, though a worse character, is also self-deceived. She reflects that old Mr. Dashwood may have been out of his mind at his death. She thinks of her own little boy — and surely a mother ought to think of her own child. She has muddled herself so completely that in one sentence she can refuse the ladies the income that would enable them to keep a carriage and in the next can say that they will not be keeping a carriage and so will have no expenses. No doubt men and women in other lands can muddle themselves, too, yet the state of mind of Mr. and Mrs. John Dashwood seems to me typical of England. They are slow — they take time even to do wrong; whereas people in other lands do wrong quickly.

There are national faults as there are national diseases, and perhaps one can draw a parallel between them. It has always impressed me that the national diseases of England should be cancer and consumption — slow, insidious, pretending to be something else; while the diseases proper to the South should be cholera and plague, which strike at a man when he is perfectly well and may leave him a corpse by evening. Mr. and Mrs. John Dashwood are moral consumptives. They collapse gradually without realizing what the disease is. There is nothing dramatic or violent about their sin. You cannot call them villains.

Here is the place to glance at some of the other charges that have been brought against the English as a nation. They have, for instance, been accused of treachery, cruelty, and fanaticism. In these charges I have never been able to see the least point, because treachery and cruelty are conscious sins. The man knows he is doing wrong, and does it deliberately — like Tartuffe or Iago. He betrays his friend because he wishes to. He tortures his prisoners because he enjoys seeing the blood flow. He worships the Devil because he prefers evil to good. From villainies such as these the average Englishman is free. His character, which prevents his rising to certain heights, also prevents him from sinking to these depths. Because he does n't produce mystics he does n't produce villains either; he gives the world no prophets, but no anarchists, no fanatics — religious or political.

Of course there are cruel and treacherous people in England — one has only to look at the police courts — and examples of public infamy can be found, such as the Amritsar massacre. But one does not look at the police courts or the military mind to find the soul of any nation; and the more English people one meets the more convinced one becomes that the charges as a whole are untrue. Yet foreign critics often make them. Why? Partly because they fix their eyes on the criminal classes, partly because they are annoyed with certain genuine defects in the English character, and in their irritation throw in cruelty in order to make the problem simpler. Moral indignation is always agreeable, but nearly always misplaced. It is indulged in both by the English and by the critics of the English. They all find it great fun. The drawback is that while they are amusing themselves the world becomes neither wiser nor better.

The main point of these notes is that the English character is incomplete. No national character is complete. We have to look for some qualities in one part of the world and others in another. But the English character is incomplete in a way that is particularly annoying to the foreign observer. It has a bad surface — self-complacent, unsympathetic, and reserved. There is plenty

of emotion further down, but it never gets used. There is plenty of brain power, but it is more often used to confirm prejudices than to dispel them. With such an equipment the Englishman cannot be popular. Only I would repeat: there is little vice in him and no real coldness. It is the machinery that is wrong.

I hope and believe myself that in the next twenty years we shall see a great change, and that the national character will alter into something that is less unique but more lovable. The supremacy of the middle classes is probably ending. What new element the working classes will introduce one cannot say, but at all events they will not have been educated at public schools. And whether these notes praise or blame the English character — that is only incidental. They are the notes of a student who is trying to get at the truth and would value the assistance of others. I believe myself that the truth is great and that it shall prevail. I have no faith in official caution and reticence. The cats are all out of their bags, and diplomacy cannot recall them. The nations *must* understand one another, and quickly; and without the interposition of their governments, for the shrinkage of the globe is throwing them into one another's arms. To that understanding these notes are a feeble contribution — notes on the English character as it has struck a novelist.

SEVENTY-FOUR: AN ISLAND OF WATER

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

My subtitle is not a mere meaningless catch-phrase, but a reality. In writing of the life of an ordinary island one concerns one's self, and rightly, not only with the things bound to earth, but with the birds flying overhead, and the sea lions on the beach who live their active lives beneath the waves. The island of which I write is a tiny speck of the bottom of the Pacific Ocean; and my interest in it has to do with this bottom-land and its inhabitants as well as with the host of creatures that swim and float to and fro over it, at various elevations, up to the surface itself.

I justify my subtitle in another way. The dictionary defines 'island' as a body of land entirely surrounded by water; to this characterization my island has a most logical right, for my definition uses the word 'surround' in the completer sense of being covered, as well as margined, by water. Even etymology comes to my aid, in the Old English *éaland*, which may be interpreted water-land or sea-land. This is exactly what I established in mid-ocean.

As to my title itself, taken from the number of the station established by my Arcturus expedition, no defense is required. Is it not the most holy and lucky of numbers, containing the

Hebraic significance of all that is abundant, satisfactory, and complete? As for precedent, I can indicate, in olden times, 'The Seventy,' the title of the seventy-two translators of the Septuagint; and — it seems only yesterday — who of us who have seen and heard them will forget those thousands upon thousands of long, slender stems, with upraised muzzles alert and ready, like the fangs of faithful watchdogs, stretching on and on in an unending, unbroken, unbreakable line, over hills and through valleys, like the towers of the Great Wall — *les soixante-quinzes!*

My intention in regard to an island of water was simultaneous with my turning from the jungle to the ocean. It exemplifies my passion for small, restricted things. In many ways an island is much more significant to me than a continent; a solitary tree than a jungle; the life history of a single family of living creatures, or of one species, or — better still — of an individual, than casual studies of an entire phylum. This accounts for my biased researches in times past. I fear that the same characteristic would always rob a jail of its horror — there are reasons why I had rather be the Prisoner of Chillon than the Wandering Jew.

When I began studying the oceanographic voyages of past years, one thing stood out at once — the tremendous distances covered. The ship would stop to sound, make a haul, and then, up sails or steam, and away a few hundred miles to the next station — the very name 'station' being significant of railway speed. This was necessary, for pioneers in any field must be peripatetic. Much good Columbus would have done the world milling around in one spot in mid-ocean, or Balboa if he had been content to rest at the foot of his Darien peak. There is still need for hundreds of voyages of widest range before we can know the distribution of ocean life with any accuracy.

My objects in the Arcturus adventure militated against any prolonged study of a single locality. To learn anything of the Sargasso Sea and the Humboldt Current it was necessary to cover hundreds and thousands of miles, and this I had done. But away at the back of my mind was an obstinate intention to have a try at making an island out of an enormously tall column of water resting on a limited bit of very wet land. I was conservative in my first attempt, and decided to select a place where the pillar of water was less than a mile in height. I say 'height' advisedly, for if anything is worth studying intensively, one must absolutely identify one's self with it. Some of the greatest joys of my life come when I shed the unlovely thing that I am condemned to carry about through life as transportation and periscope to my mind and soul. For the time being I must become pheasant, protozoan, sloth, or tree.

Now I was to become, not only a fish, but one on the bottom, — on the face of my island, — so that I must speak of the height, not the depth, of the water overhead. It is an easy thing to do, if you love to do it; and on land the reverse is equally facile, for the depth of air over a given place becomes almost a trite term when you have flown over it a score of times.

I cheated a little about my water island, perhaps, but I was so anxious to have it a success that I was willing to load the dice a bit. By this I mean that I let myself be influenced, in choosing the spot, by the memory of an unusually splendid haul that I had made not far away a few weeks before — not a very heinous thing, to be sure, but not quite so sporting as would have been steaming blindly ahead and

suddenly stopping anywhere in open ocean.

When I came to think of all the details of my new endeavor, the subconscious worry and fear of the whole expeditionary responsibility, always hanging over me, became more vivid, floating to the surface of my mind and unpityingly pointing out the situation. A ship is made to travel, its engine to throb; and although I was in complete command, yet the shadow of my old passenger subordination always lay heavy upon my decisions. There seemed, too, something against all the traditions of the sea in thus willfully turning a perfectly good vessel into a derelict of sorts even for a time. I pictured the weed and barnacles on the keel as sprouting forth in awful rapidity of growth during the period of inaction, the engines becoming rusty, the engineers and oilers falling asleep one by one — indeed, before I knew it I had visualized another Flying Dutchman, only under a static, instead of a dynamic, spell; I seemed to be laying the foundation of a Pacific sea of dead ships.

I prepared for the experiment by the study of a wholly different type of fish fauna, the shore fishes of Cocos Island — that speck of land so beloved by the pirates of old, about five hundred miles off the coast of Panama. If preliminary success was augury of good luck, I should have been contented, for the finny inhabitants of Chatham Bay yielded up their secrets in wonderful fashion. The rainy season had been a jest at the Galapagos, but no season ever merited the epithet more than the one we spent at Cocos. As I passed most of my time in my diving-helmet beneath the surface, I hardly noticed the constant downpour, but it was a fact that the air was saturated most of the time. Dwight Franklin one day laid on my laboratory desk a water-color sketch marked 'Cocos,' a composition consisting of a wide expanse of sea with a small smudge of a rainstorm in the centre — a joke, but not an exaggeration.

When I had once halted my ship in mid-ocean I had no hesitation in knowing what to do. I wanted to learn all I could of what flew in the air, floated on the surface, dived in the depths, or burrowed into the substance of this tiny pin-point in the great Pacific. But now that I have finished and steamed away, and weeks have passed since the last dredge came up, I am confused as to the manner of telling about it. What I did, day and night, of dredging and trawling, was done so blindly, so gropingly, what came up was such a pitiful fraction of the great mass of life which must be below, that I feel like a deaf, dumb, and blind person attempting to interpret a wholly new and strange world.

With more usual islands one naturally begins with the life of the ground, then that of the trees; and finally, with net and gun and glasses, one collects and studies the beings of the free air. Here I shall reverse the process and begin with the top of the water column.

II

On Sunday, May 24, in the late afternoon, we pulled up anchor at Cocos Island and steamed westward out of Chatham Bay, slowly encircling the island. After skirting the southern headlands and passing the zone of uncharted shore, I gave orders to turn south; and in a swirl of wind and rain Cocos changed from dull green to gray, and finally was lost in the black mist of night. Under slow speed we crept southward, and at dawn, with the mountainous little island just visible on the northern horizon, Bill Merriam let go the sounding weight. Minute

after minute the piano wire hummed its song of swift descent into the blue waters, and came to rest at last when the seventy-five pounds of oval iron weight struck bottom in seven hundred and seventy-one fathoms, both weight and depth sonorously reiterating the sound of the new station's number — Seventy-four. Thus was made the first contact with my island of water.

For the next ten days, from early on this Monday of May 25 to five o'clock in the afternoon of June 3, we floated, within as small an area as was possible without anchoring, above the isle of our own making. I will give it the dignity of a definition such as used to be printed in our school geographies: —

'The centre of the island is four and a half degrees of latitude north of the equator, and eighty-seven degrees of longitude west of Greenwich. Its nearest terrestrial neighbor is Cocos Island, which is due north one degree, or sixty miles. To the southwest, three hundred and fifteen miles away, is Tower Island, the nearest of the Galapagos; the nearest point on the American continent is Llorena Point, Costa Rica, three hundred miles northeast. The inhabitants of Seventy-four are engaged chiefly in fishing, its exports being fish, sea cucumbers, jellyfish, and other marine products; while its imports consist of entangled dredges, coal ashes, and fresh-water rain. For ten days it was a colonial possession of the United States. It has now reverted to No Man's Land and the realm of memory and imagination.'

Cocos vanished from sight early in the evening of that damp Sunday, yet day and night thereafter we were constantly to feel her influence, even when sixty miles away. The rain steadied to a downpour, and as I looked out of my cabin door the deck was a maze of starred splashes, and the edge of the blackness a thin screen of slanted pearl-gray lines etched on the substance of night.

At midnight the unending warp of rain still threaded the invisible sky and sea. I lay in my bunk and listened to the unearthly cries of the confused sea-birds. The high, shrill, pitiful notes filtered through the murk, and then suddenly several ghostly forms would shape themselves, fluttering tremulously far out in the driving wind and rain, proving that the darkness was not darkness after all.

In the museum of Uyeno Park, Tokio, there was once an incomparable collection of kakemonos, the rarest work of the best old masters of Yeddo and China — all taken now by the earthquake. Unknown to me there was hidden, deep within a forgotten cell of memory, a clear-cut vision of one showing sea gulls flying in the rain. And now, on this rainy midnight at sea, the picture flashed to consciousness, for there before me, framed in the long rectangle of my cabin door, Hokusai's kakemono lived again.

III

I lay back in the bunk, writing on my drawn-up knees, my posture recalling Stevenson or Mark Twain in everything except the value of what I wrote. A half-hour passed, and the rain was Monday's rain, when I heard a gentle whipping of wings — the sharper tone which is given out when wings are very wet.

In mid-air in my cabin, beating a little cross-current to my electric fan, was one of the fairy terns of Cocos. As I looked, the immaculate little beauty fluttered upward and poised close to the wall light, then sank slowly and came to rest on my knee. I finished my sentence and began to write a description of the dainty bird while it ruffled

and shook and settled its plumage into place, showering me with drops. I felt no envy for Stevenson or Mark Twain now. For the space of several minutes we looked at each other, the tern much the more composed and less breathless of the two of us. Then, light as thistledown, it rose, fluttered over to my desk, and alighted in the middle of a large map of Cocos Island which happened to be lying there. (Go ahead, reader, say it yourself; I won't bother to write it.)

For a long time the bird preened its white plumage, looking about with its dark, quick eyes and burying the slender beak deep in the feathers, fluffing them out. The chicory-blue of the beak was just the touch needed to set off the snow-white plumage. As it preened, it walked slowly about on the paper Cocos, the violet-blue webs between the toes pattering softly. Then the long, angled, capable wings were stretched, high, high up, and a half-dozen quick beats lifted the whole little being, making palpable the thin air. Without haste, yet without hesitation, the fairy tern drifted out of the door, glimmered like a painted kakemono ghost for a moment, and vanished.

I watched the same slanting lines, listened in vain for any last call it might have sent back, and wondered whether I had not dreamed a dream. But the map of Cocos Island showed a cluster of little swollen blisters where the damp drops had raised the paper, and to the paper-flat slopes of Mount Harrison there clung a tiny feather — not a soft and downy feather from the body, but a little tertiary from the wing itself.

Again I looked out and marveled how such a pinch of white fluff, scarcely a foot in length, weighing less than five ounces, could have the courage on such a night to leave light and shelter and safety — for it had showed not the slightest fear of me — and launch out into the driving rain, with the nearest tree forty miles away.

During this first night of rain and wind, boobies by the dozen also sought haven on the lighted steamer, in a manner far different from that of the white tern. They heralded their coming with squawks, sounding muffled through the distance and rain, and then flopped to the decks or against the cabins with a bang. Thereupon they raised their voices to the highest pitch of raucous outcry, launching awful protests, screaming curses of anger and fright, until the steamer rang with the noise. Toward morning a great red-footed booby bludgeoned into my room, missed my face by a narrow margin, and thrashed his way out again.

I snapped on the light and envisaged a mill of devil birds. At my threshold my visitor encountered another of his kind, a hated rival of long standing, it appeared to me. Each immediately credited the other with all the blame for the storm, the confusion, and an intense dislike for this new-found sanctuary. A battle ensued, and with beaks gripped on one another's bodies the combatants remained locked, lying on their sides, squawking full steam through half-closed beaks until I went out and hurled them both over the rail. After the voluntary leave-taking of the white tern I had no fear for the safety of these great birds, provided the plunge cooled their frenzy of hate.

The rain ceased just before dawn and gave place to a strange, hard sunrise — a scarlet slit in the ash-gray of the east, and an unreal, pallid, greenish expanse in the north. In this eerie light, at five-thirty, we made the first sounding, which I have described.

IV

In the ten days during which I floated over my island I had rather remarkable luck in recording birds. I observed seventy-four altogether, comprising thirteen species. Six of these were sea birds from Cocos, which had come this great distance to some favorite feeding-ground, or, in a few instances, had perhaps been blown farther than they had intended to fly. Of those which came on board on nights of stress and storm, some were obviously exhausted, but most were apparently strong on the wing, and only confused and distracted from their true course by the sudden vision of the ship's lights.

Five species, three petrels and two shearwaters, were true pelagic birds, feeding as they flew and paying no attention to the vessel. Then there were two strays, probably storm-driven — a gull and a warbler.

To be more specific, one day a frigate bird flew past, with its marvelously slow wing-beats, headed for Cocos. It may have been out for days without tiring, and in the case of such low-lying storms as those hereabout could easily rise above the level of the rain. The two Cocos boobies, the red-footed and the white-breasted, came in numbers to our lights. These birds travel thirty and forty miles to and from certain fishing-grounds, but are not capable of nearly so prolonged flight as the frigates. The boobies of Tower Island feed, for the most part, forty miles away from home, in the direction of Indefatigable, although fish seem quite as abundant near at hand; and at Cocos the same inexplicable habit would seem to hold. We caught several boobies on the decks and caged them for exhibition in the Zoölogical Park. When first caught they were fiends incarnate, dashing themselves against the wire, screaming, and striking fiercely with their powerful beaks. Within three days they had become quiet, almost gentle, making no attempt to injure the hand that provided them with fish. A hint of the wonderful sight and balance that they use in diving after their prey is shown in the way they catch pieces of fish, for no matter how swiftly it is thrown, or at what awkward angle, with a slight twist of the neck the fish is caught.

Shearwaters were in sight almost every day — the dusky, and the larger white-fronted species. One day while I was watching a school of tunnies leaping high in air, a dusky shearwater wheeled into sight directly in front of the bow. I watched it with the glasses for a time and, as I had paper and pencil, followed its flight. I know of no bird better named than this. First on one side of the bow, then on the other, the bird described loops, doubling almost into figure-of-eights. Once it put on full brakes with wings and feet, spattered for a few feet through the water, with quick-paddling webs, snatched a small fish, swallowed it, and left.

When I had it in the field of my glasses I saw what to me was a wholly new observation — the dipping of the under wing-tip well into the water at almost each outer edge of the turns; and not only this, but a very apparent throbbing or successive fluttering of that wing alone (the other being held quite still), as if to increase the braking power or the fulcrum value of the heavier medium. It reminded me somewhat of my old days of pole-vaulting, when, running at full speed, I struck the tip of the pole into the ground. Time after time I watched the little furrow that the wing made, and saw the tremulous pressing against the slight hold of the water. After

forty or fifty observed repetitions I have not the slightest doubt of the material assistance that this habit gives to the ease of swift pivoting and steep banking.

Mother Carey's chickens, or stormy petrels, were present on most days, regardless of waves and winds, flickering cheerfully about their business of finding small prey. Leach's and dark-rumped petrels I expected to find, but when a white-faced petrel (*Pelagodroma marina*) flew on board late one evening I knew I had a prize. This bird has its centre of distribution near Australia and New Zealand, but here was a straggler thousands of miles away, and yet strong on the wing and in good health. It became confused by the ship's lights, flew on board, and was not able to rise from the flat deck. It is accidents such as this that keep scientists from becoming conceited, realizing, as they must, how much of their knowledge depends on chance or accident.

The stray gull was peculiar to the Galapagos, and it flew around the ship wing-wearily one morning, like the one I had seen the week before at Cocos. Storm or wind or some strange wandering instinct must have brought them over more than three hundred miles of ocean. The white tern and the two species of noddies were all Cocos birds, out fishing when the drenching rain and high wind forced them to come aboard for rest. Numbers of birds must perish in every severe storm; for although these sea birds have well-oiled plumage and webbed feet, yet a strange fear of the water obsesses them, and they alight on its surface only as a last resort, dreading some danger unknown to me, whether of shark or other fish, or of the fatal water-soaking of already drenched wings. Of my island avifauna there remains to be described only the most unexpected visitor — a dainty Cocos Island yellow warbler, which appeared one morning in the rigging. The wind of the preceding night had blown from the east; it was not overstrong, and the night, although dark, was without rain; the arrival of this land bird was therefore wholly unexpected. For an hour it preened its plumage, then half-heartedly sang a single phrase of its simple ditty. It next flew down to the deck, where, with the skill of a professional flycatcher far transcending that of an ordinary warbler, it caught two flies which were humming about a dead fish. A moment later it rose, in a steep ascending spiral, and after gaining an elevation of about two hundred feet it darted along the compass line for Cocos, fifty-eight miles away.

V

As to completeness of representation of vertebrate classes on my island, I announce failure at once. No amphibian, whether frog, toad, or polliwog, existed nearer than the American mainland, but this was the only group missing. I lay flat in my bow pulpit one day, while we were slowly steaming in a great circle, drawing a half-dozen large tow-nets, when I saw two rocks ahead, just awash. Before the first impression could crystallize into actual belief, I detected the rounded, upturned heads, and knew that the class of reptiles could be included in my island fauna. They were big green sea-turtles, although one belied its name, for its shell was a warm brick-red in color, dotted here and there with large white barnacles. They drifted slowly past me, one on each side of the Arcturus, merely turning their big heads, but not otherwise moving until they were tumbled by the bow waves, when they immediately dived.

Two species of sea mammals paid

the Arcturus and the island a visit within the ten days' space. Three great schools of dolphins churned past, headed northeastward. On three other days a school or sound of small whales — some species of blackfish — passed, going in the same direction. The third lot, twenty-seven in number, appeared in the late afternoon of our last day. They split up temporarily, twelve or fifteen coming close to have a look at this strange, larger whale. They rolled ponderously about, sighed audibly and sprayfully, and steamed steadily after their fellows.

Although my sunken island is sixty miles south of Cocos, yet now and then I find a dead land-insect or some seeds in the surface towing-nets — a tiny cockchafer or June bug, a water-worn hawk-moth, or a flying ant. On May 29, twenty or more dragon-flies appeared suddenly on board and hawked about, catching nothing that I could see, although since the warbler had taken the lonely pair of flies I had seen about a dozen others on board. I caught one of the dragon-flies and found it was a large species peculiar to Cocos, with wings hyaline except for a black spot near the base of the hinder pair. On another day a butterfly flew about the ship for hours — one of the strong-winged, leaf-shaped, orange-and-black brassalids common on the island to the north.

All this radiation of living creatures — birds and insects, and, as we shall see, plants and fish — over half a hundred miles from a small island, across, rather than with, the prevailing winds and currents, gave me an entirely new idea as to the effectiveness of oceanic distribution, and one which was rather destructive to former theories I have held. If my island had suddenly appeared above the surface, and if we granted a certain amount of scientific license in the matter of soil ready to hand, there would have accrued to it a surprising number of living beings, judging by the restricted space-observation from the deck of my vessel and from the brief time-period of ten days.

This point of view is thrilling to me, and some day, when my physical activities become curtailed by age, so that I shall be compelled to shift from tennis to golf, from dancing to contemplation, I shall give up my active exploration and diving and hunting, and settle down upon a barren desert island. If one recently elevated by a submarine earthquake or other terrestrial disturbance is not available, I shall manufacture one for myself out of concrete or coral and sterilized earth off some interesting shore or bank of river, and day by day I shall watch the accidental populating — the simple beginnings of the struggle for existence between seed and seed, animal and animal. Then perhaps I shall see a little more clearly into the meanings of the apparent terrible confusions already in full swing, which in great jungles so cobweb my brain and mind.

When the ten days were past, and I was steaming westward for another look at my new Galapagos volcano, I took stock of what I had captured or seen on the surface of the water, of all the creatures which could populate a suddenly emerged island.

I had picked up two coconuts, both of which were alive and one already sprouted; and besides there were three plants, two growing on a floating log, and some long strands of grass drifting past in the water. I planted these in a little deck-garden which I had prepared, and two of the plants began growing at once. So my insular botany had a very respectable start.

All the sea birds — such as terns, boobies, shearwaters, and petrels, which I saw in numbers — could have called

the island home as soon as the salt water had drained from its rocks and mud. And the numerous shore-fish and crabs which I collected in and beneath floating logs would also have become immediately wonted to the brand-new shore.

The dead and decaying sea-creatures caught in the interstices of the upheaved land would be both nectar and ambrosia to the few flies on board, and their maggots would establish a sure foundation for future generations of their own and of other organisms. Here began the first interrelations, the need of the flies as food for the dragon-flies, and also for the lone little yellow warbler. In the latter respect, the race of flies might bring about important results by keeping the warbler alive until, by another accident, a mate of the opposite sex was blown south from Cocos in time to perpetuate these little birds on Island Seventy-four.

The ant and the hawk-moth proved to be females with well-developed eggs, and if fertilized these were ready to swell the insect life. The possibility is slight of these particular plants being the kind on which the caterpillars of the moth would thrive; yet the thousand-and-first chance has many times ensured the life of a whole race. The queen ant would not have a very difficult time in establishing a colony, but the grubs of the June beetle would be lucky indeed if they found sufficient and suitable nourishment in the newly grown roots available in this instance. The dragon-flies would need some rain pools, of which they could be certain; and out of the score a pair or two might survive and propagate their kind, their food consisting of what flies they could capture, with the possibility at the last of devouring one another. Finally, I have included the butterfly, not because I succeeded in capturing and examining it, but on the chance that, like the moth and ant, it might possibly be a gravid female.

The frigate bird and gull could live on fish and crabs, but would perish unless others of the missing sex happened to arrive in time.

So, even with the scattered and imperfect observations which I was able to make, I could see my island stocked with plants and insects, shore fish, crabs, and sea turtles, together with thirteen species of birds, numbering over four hundred individuals.

The earth is altering with eldritch rapidity before the onrush of increasing numbers and the destructiveness of mankind. The details of early evolution and the clarity of primitive relationships are daily becoming less distinct, more complex. It is a wonderful thought that, in addition to the continued chance of deciphering the primer of palæontology, and the interpretation of the body and mind of the young of all animals, there is the possibility of learning much from close observation of beginnings, such as this stocking of an island — an island, desert in the very deepest meaning of the word.

FOR AMY LOWELL

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

And I had put that evening by
To think of on the day she'd die:

How thus she went, and this she said —
To think of that when she was dead:

To hear her words that day again,
Electric words like August when
The wind shifts,

pelting words like rain
That quickens on the windowpane
And makes the wet world seem to spill
In tilting ruin down the sill,

Words that careened across the sky
The way the seaward winds go by
Towering their canvas in the sun,

Words thick as leaves, words one by one
And perfect as the single moon;

And now — so short a time — so soon —

And I remember yet the clear
Speech — her speaking —

now I hear
Beneath the dead leaves on this distant hill
Only how very still it is — how still.

HIPPOCRENE

BY AMY LOWELL

With you,
    I sup on singing birds
And drink hot sunlight cooled with clouds.

With you,
    I ride the slanting winds,
Toss colored balls back and forth over the moon,
Swing up through trees,
And slide down swiftly upon beds of irises.

When you are here,
    we stack words at the end of a rainbow
And bowl at them with swan's eggs.

We run races through grass
    to old bronze temples,
And sitting under marble porches,
Count daisy petals
    to the tapping of a bell.

We leap from steeples,
And land in flowered palaces.

In cedar-scented parlors you tell me tales,
Long, slow tales,
    strummed lightly on a lute;
And I lie on blue cushions and watch the sea
    and hear your voice.

With you,
I do all these things —
How therefore should I care
to gabble with the donkey-men,
To gossip with the old women
who sell turkeys,
To watch my next-door neighbor plait her hair
and lament the untoward price of butter.

Until you come I will sit here
alone, by a quiet window,
And, with a fine brush,
trace little pictures
To show you when you return.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MARY TREVENA

BY LYMAN BRYSON

I

EVERYONE knew that Mr. Trossett was writing a play. The rumor was discreetly spread among the hostesses whose drawing-rooms Mr. Trossett was pleased to frequent, although for a long time no one asked him about it. His strange way of shutting himself in a tight-lipped silence when pressed for personal revelations was too well known. Not that anybody was afraid of Mr. Trossett: they were all rather afraid of hurting him. And in his talkative moods he was so mordantly clever, so likely to say small, ridiculous, 'devastating' things which could never be forgotten, that no one wanted to risk driving him into defensive silence. He was like a sensitive plant — with nettles. Surrounded by smiles and sympathy, he cast his tiny barbs expertly in all directions and appeared to enjoy giving people mildly scandalous pleasure. But if even the friendliest glance was turned directly on him he shrank and the inquirer felt like a brute who had trod on the trustful tendrils of a flower.

Mrs. Hartsfield, whose tact and courage were extraordinary, finally mentioned it to him. They were alone in her library and tea was steaming homely comfort into the atmosphere

between them. Mrs. Hartsfield leaned back in the shadowy depths of a high-backed chair, much too slight and quiet ever to seem insistent, and Mr. Trossett was watching her, she knew, with appreciation. It was an opportune moment.

In answer to her question he only gasped slightly and then said, 'I hope some day to be able to talk to you about it.'

That admission contented Mrs. Hartsfield for the moment, but when it was shared with others they were not so willing to respect his reticence. They wanted to know more. Their chosen emissary was Barry Whelan, because Whelan was the only man ever known to visit Trossett in his home.

Whelan was of such stern stuff that he felt no shame whatever in going directly to the small apartment where Trossett hid himself and spending two hours in aimless conversation hoping to find a cue for mentioning the play. Whelan's admiration for his friend was tremendously hearty; he was sure that if Trossett ever did write a play it would be a thing of the airiest perfection. While he was floundering about in his good-humored way, trying to stumble on the key to confidences, he noticed an unfamiliar picture on the mantelshelf of the little sitting-room. The room was so simple and austere, in spite of a shy untidiness, that any change struck even a careless eye. There had never been anything on the mantelshelf before but two blue-willow plates, a needlework sampler in a frame, and a German beer-stein on whose pewter top a fat monk caressed his jaw with fixed, incongruous mirth. Now there was a sketch, a pencil drawing of a lovely girl, leaning against the beer-stein. It was no more than half finished and looked as if the artist might have put it down when interrupted, but the eyes and the sweet line of the lips were already evoked in delicate touches.

'I did n't know that you drew,' said Whelan, supposing naturally that the sketch was by somebody else. He was surprised when Trossett acknowledged authorship.

His host blushed and smoothed the top of his high forehead with a small white hand. 'I don't, really,' he answered. 'I just happened to be inspired to draw a picture of Mary.'

Whelan raised compelling eyebrows at him and asked, 'Who is Mary?'

Trossett blushed again. 'Mary Trevena,' he replied. 'She's the heroine of a — of a sort of play I've been trying to write.'

His visitor did not give the drawing another glance. He turned and said with great satisfaction, 'I've always thought you ought to write a play, Trossett. It's just your sort of thing. I'll bet it will be the cleverest little comedy that Broadway has had a chance at in years. Your gift for dialogue has always been the admiration of your friends.'

'But it is n't to be that sort of thing at all.' The playwright looked alarmed. 'It is n't going to be clever, you know. It is quite serious and rather foolishly romantic.'

He rose and turned the sketch of Mary Trevena to the wall.

'Even so,' Whelan persisted, 'it will surprise Broadway —'

'I don't believe that Broadway will ever be bothered with it,' said Trossett, firmly. 'I'm not writing it for production.'

'But, my dear fellow, why should you — and your intimate friends — be so selfish? It's our duty to share the thing with the world at large.'

'I don't believe,' said Trossett, still more firmly, 'that even my best friends will ever see it. I 'm writing it for myself and for her.' He waved his hand

vaguely toward the back of the sketch on the shelf.

Whelan laughed at this poetic notion. 'The real author comes out in you at once. You are thinking already of your heroine as a living person. That 's splendid!' He rubbed his hands and beamed. 'But I don't believe you will be so obstinately stingy when the time comes. Why — how can your heroine, your "Mary Trevena," ever have any life at all unless you make her known to people? She has some rights, you know. She has a right to be admired and applauded.' But he did not continue the argument then. He took it for granted that Trossett would be willing to share his charming heroine with the world as soon as she could be perfected.

He rushed away to tell Mrs. Hartsfield immediately his confirmation of the great news and to comment with her on Trossett's characteristic whim.

The playwright was left alone. He was used to being alone. That little sitting-room had been his donjon of retirement for ten or twelve years, ever since he had come to New York and found a habitable corner in West Twelfth Street. Except for Whelan, no friend ever saw its shabby interior. And Whelan was not the man to guess that 'Mary Trevena' had been a visitor to its loneliness for a long time.

She came first to admire the blue-willow plates. They were a present from Trossett's great-aunt, Mrs. Moseby-Smith, who distributed, just before her death, the treasures of her collection. He received, without previous announcement, a box filled with excelsior, and in its crisp heart were the two willow plates. Their rich, blue, ancient shine was a thrilling pleasure as he took them carefully from their wrappings and set them upright on the white-marble shelf above his fireplace. He sat in his deepest chair and put the tips of his fingers together and admired them through half-closed eyes. They were quite perfect.

He smiled when he saw how crassly masculine and ugly they made the old beer-stein which had preëmpted a place on the shelf long before. And in thinking of that incongruity he felt a slight wave of shame. Mr. Trossett hated being effeminate; he bit his tongue on the expression of effeminate opinions. He had cultivated a half-hearted way of slapping his knee to punctuate a laugh, a gesture which was mildly absurd and only served to call attention to his natural quietness. Now he was shamed in his delight over the soft brilliance of the willow plates because it occurred to him that no man had a right to feel so much emotion over two pieces of old china. But he had a courageous æsthetic honesty. Whether it was effeminate to admire them or not, they deserved admiration, and he fell to imagining how much pleasure they could give to a woman inhabitant of that room, if there had been one.

It was in the evening when that fancy struck him. He had turned the straight shaft of light from a table lamp along the glowing blue of the plates, leaving the rest of the room in dusk. Across the fireplace from him was another chair, deep and hospitable like his own. Its high back had two curved side-pieces in whose corners a head might rest and be almost hidden. As the lady first began to take shape in the dark recesses of that chair, she was much like Mrs. Hartsfield. Certainly Mrs. Hartsfield was the most charming woman he knew, the most sympathetic, the most cultivated, possibly the most intelligent. And she had in physical presence a gently poised serenity, soothing and encouraging at the same time. But he checked the involuntary effort of his imagination to put Mrs. Hartsfield in that chair so that she

could admire the blue plates. She belonged, with the brutality of fact, to that crass fool, her husband. In his own sitting-room at least, Trossett insisted upon being himself and having a lady of his own.

So he fixed his gaze on the shadowed cushions of the empty chair and labored to convince himself that his own special lady was sitting there, breathing soft admiration of the blue china. The materialization was not complete in his first attempt. He could supply the ghost of his fancy with effective, ladylike phrases of delight. He spoke one of these comments aloud involuntarily and startled himself with the sound of his own voice in the dusky, empty room where no ghost had ever been before. But he found that a too eager scrutiny of the shadows drove away the image which seemed to be gathering out of impalpable atmosphere. He kept courteously distant in his contemplation, and the suggestion of a gracious presence remained with him all that evening.

Inevitably he renewed the experiment. When he entered his sitting-room the next evening, he glanced at the great chair as if to inquire if the lady might be there ahead of him. He looked reproachfully at the blue china because it had not done its duty in evocation. Settled in his own place, he stirred the fire and then looked quickly over his shoulder to surprise her. He laughed aloud at his own silliness, but there was a catch in his breath when he saw, he was sure he saw, the fold of a pale-green silk garment on the chair. He knew, although the thought had never shaped itself in his mind, that she would be fond of wearing pale-green silk. It would go with her wraith-like slenderness and the coil of red-brown hair she would bind like a coronet over her brows. He shrank into his own place and looked across with the most circumspect gentleness. He was rewarded with the white glimmer of her face, framed in her hair and turned toward the fire.

Trossett was a very sane man in spite of his playful, timid spite and his capacity for emotion over such things as blue-china plates. He knew how completely imaginary was the personality he was creating; he never once tried to deceive himself about reality. She was a fancy. But as fancy she took on, night by night, new color and warmth and surprising variety. He very seldom tried to *see* her. That was too evidently a dangerous exercise, but he could none the less feel her presence. She conquered for him the shame of effeminacy. He began to rearrange his decorations, few and shabby, his prints, his books, in accord with the feminine taste he had been afraid to avow in action even in retirement. He considered casting out the ugly German beer-stein, with its fat-jowled pewter monk, but gave it thumbs up at last because this was to be, after all, an apartment for two people, not just for the woman alone. It was the apartment of a man and a woman together, a home. His exquisite sensibility was amused with the thought of making a room such as could be described as 'a man's home refined by the touch of a woman.' Since nobody but his charwoman and Barry Whelan ever entered there, and both those honest, slightly obtuse friends were incapable of noting subtle changes, he kept the presence of the lady a secret for many months.

However, a lady who never spoke could not be permanently satisfactory. He wrote out a little dialogue one evening, between himself and her, in which all the wittiest things were resolutely ascribed to the lady. To himself, in his rôle of masculine personality, was given all the heaviness on which the lady exercised her wit. He invented a name

for her, first 'Mary' and then, since 'Mrs. Trossett' struck him as not only absurd but altogether unromantic, he added an independent surname. 'Mary Trevena.' The surname was one he had read in a novel. The initials 'M. T.' were put in his spidery script at the beginning of her speeches. A sheet of note paper with four exchanges of this imaginary talk — 'M. T.' says, and 'M.' (meaning, the Man) replies — fell from his pocket one day in Mrs. Hartsfield's drawing-room. It was that unlucky but typical accident which loosed the gossips in their hunt after his play.

Whelan's discovery of the sketch of Mary drove him into further avowals. The half-mythical play served to disguise the fact which he dared not confess.

But as the dialogue between the Man and Mary Trevena grew, on page after page of fine tracings, the Man, rather heavy perhaps in all but his appreciation of Mary, tried constantly to push things to some sort of conclusion. He was stupidly human; he insisted on making personal application of charmingly impersonal remarks; he indulged in broad compliments; he protested devotion and hinted in a gentlemanly way at desire. He was unmanageable. Mr. Trossett began to see at last that he would not be able to keep the affair suspended between them forever. There would have to be a real play with intrigue and entanglement and finally some sort of dénouement.

In a careless moment he was reading the column of a pert dramatic reporter and he paused on the hideous phrase 'a kiss curtain.' He shuddered and denied himself the thought of Mary Trevena for a week. But he was pursued in imagination by that phrase, 'a kiss curtain,' and by the necessity for surrendering her at last to the atrocious, engulfing appetite of the Man.

II

Mrs. Hartsfield and the others took counsel with Barry Whelan as to how they could persuade Mr. Trossett to disgorge his masterpiece.

'He is just shy, poor thing,' said Mrs. Hartsfield. 'We must encourage him to realize that he is really very clever and could not possibly fail.'

Whelan snorted pleasantly at the mere suggestion of failure. He knew personally a great many actors; in fact Miss Constance Tremaine herself was his distant cousin. He even knew a few managers and one play agent. He had heard often enough of what those people were all looking for, and he refused to believe that many of the flourishing playwrights could be compared with Trossett for downright cleverness. He would be only too happy to get the play produced. If it had a good woman's part he would try to persuade Connie Tremaine to consider it for herself. They would provide it with such presentation that it could not possibly fail. He was eager to get 'old Trossett' out into greatness with a friendly push.

So the circle around Mrs. Hartsfield conspired with the Man in poor Trossett's imagination to bring the affair of Mary Trevena to a conclusion. Once he had admitted that the play was in progress he was warmly asked for news whenever he appeared. His little formula, 'Sometime I hope to be able to talk about it,' wore out and he had to substitute, 'Oh, it's getting on, thank you.' And it did get on. Their importunings were brazen now and he tried to satisfy their affectionate greed for his glory. But he never really faced the fact that some day Mrs. Hartsfield would say, 'But, my dear Mr. Trossett, is n't it finished *yet?*' and he would have to go home and write the dreadful final scene — when the Man got Mary Trevena.

When he felt that necessity threatening, he tried to be consoled with the thought that the Man was only part of himself. The conclusion could not rob him of Mary's presence. She would remain in his household although captured and tamed at last.

When the crisis came and he sat down at his writing-table, with the presence of Mary Trevena behind him in her seat by the fire, Mr. Trossett could scarcely hold his fingers steady to write the last fatal sentences. They went like this: —

THE MAN (often he wrote 'The Brute' instead of 'The Man'). Don't you realize, my dear Mary, that life is not made up entirely of gossamer dreams and the shine of dew in the morning?

M. T. If only it could be!

THE MAN. No. Things must happen. Playing is enough for children, Mary, but you and I are grown up. And other children are waiting to take our places.

(He *was* a Brute, sometimes.)

M. T. I love morning better than noon.

THE MAN. But noon comes on and then we cannot always be hesitating. I love you, Mary.

Mr. Trossett struggled hard to avoid that banal phrase, but every substitute he tried sounded even more banal and less dignified. He had finally to let it stand, common as earth — and life. He glanced back over his shoulder once or twice to see if he could conjure up any visible sign of her presence. He could not be sure. Her portrait, finished now and framed above his table, had averted eyes. He wiped his forehead, laughing gently at his own agony. He underlined the words, 'I love you, Mary.'

And Mary answered, in spidery tracings on the white sheet, 'Of course. How else could we be happy, belonging to each other as we do?'

Then Mr. Trossett gave way completely and dropped his pen. He turned toward the back of her chair, but dared not go round to his own seat for fear he would not see her. 'Mary,' he whispered, and that was the first time he had ever spoken directly to her, 'I promise that no one else shall ever know. That is life, — what I have written down, — but you and I are not bound to live. We'll just go on pretending that there is no end to anything. Only stay as you are, as you have been for so long. Stay here with me and no one shall ever know what I have written about you.'

He held out his hands in trembling appeal to the back of the chair. She must stay there forever — to justify a love of blue china. But his back was turned to the seductive blue shine on the mantelshelf. He was staring at the chair arm, praying for the sight of green silk. 'Mary,' he said, 'this Man — this Brute — is myself. I want you — I want you —' He seized the chair with hot hands and whirled it about. A flaming passion choked him. Appalled by his own eagerness he buried his face in the shadowy softness where a real woman should have been.

III

When Barry Whelan came next time and noticed a heap of manuscript he was checked in the act of glancing at it.

'The thing is finished,' Trossett confessed, in a chilly voice, 'but no one is ever going to see it.' Before Whelan's fascinated eyes he picked it up and threw it into a cabinet. 'I never expect to look at it again myself.' He slammed the door of the cabinet, and when his guest tried to argue with him he sat in tight-lipped obstinacy against which nothing could prevail.

It was not on this occasion that Barry Whelan committed the crime for which he has since become rather famous. It was later. It came at the end of a long and exasperating argument between him and Trossett in which Whelan cited every fact he could think of from the lives of great authors to convince his host that Mary Trevena must be given to the world. There lay the pile of script in the cabinet where it had been thrown. There was the great public crystallized, apotheosized, so to speak, in Broadway, and waiting for it. There was Whelan eager to be the messenger. And only an absurd delicacy stood in the way. Poor Trossett's vigilance was not equal to his determination.

IV

The unsuspicious playwright was discovered, about three weeks later, sitting before his fire across from the empty chair. Whelan was boisterously excited when he came in. He started to sit down in the empty chair, but his host protested with positive dismay. 'No, don't!' Whelan paused in mid-air. 'I'm sorry,' said Trossett, with an embarrassed smile. 'But would you mind sitting in — somewhere else?

'That one is n't very comfortable,' he lied, while Whelan allowed himself to be ushered into a smaller and much less attractive seat.

But Whelan essayed lightness and good-humored remorse. 'When I tell you my little tale,' he began, 'you probably won't want me to sit anywhere in your house.'

The other looked at him with very small interest in his jocosity.

'How does it feel to be a great dramatist?' demanded Whelan, with infinite tact.

'M-m-m-m,' answered the great dramatist, waiting for the point.

'How are you going to like it when your play is the rage of New York, eh?' Whelan managed a genial and real-sounding laugh.

'That can never happen. I shall never write a play for New York.'

'But you have!'

Something in the nervous loudness of Whelan's tone made Trossett sit up straight and stare. He rubbed a shaking small hand over his forehead. His eye, aghast, wandered from Whelan's face toward the door of the cabinet. He started to rise.

'Don't bother to look, old man,' said Whelan. 'It's gone.' Then he went on hurriedly. 'We are all delighted with your good luck. Mrs. Hartsfield and everybody — we are all quite happy.'

'My good luck?' Trossett repeated, in a daze.

'Yes. You know how much I admire you, Trossett, and how much faith I had in anything you would write, even though I had n't read it. Well —' He found it difficult to go on, the man's eyes were so full of pain and astonishment. 'I thought your play ought to have a hearing, so —'

Trossett got to his feet, walked to the cabinet, and threw it open. The manuscript was not there. He dropped to the seat by the writing-desk and stared with pitiful bewilderment at the triumphant robber.

Whelan tried to bluster and laugh, but nothing changed the silence. Trossett said at last, 'Would you mind leaving me alone? I have some explanations to make.' On that enigmatic dismissal Whelan had to take his leave.

V

The critic who finally found the right words to describe Miss Constance Tremaine called her a 'lovely hoyden.' She had sprung up and bloomed suddenly in the garden of New York's

unknown actresses like a solitary nasturtium, and every eye was from that day forth fixed on her in wide wonder.

Her manager, who had come to know her, did not suggest directly that she undertake to create, for the great world, the character of Mary Trevena. He counseled her cousin, Mr. Whelan, not to approach her on the subject. Instead he casually suggested that he had run across an interesting new play which she might be amused to read.

She burst into his office next morning, cast the blue-bound transcript of Mary Trevena's soul down upon his desk, and slapped it with a slender, imperious hand. 'Let me do that thing!' she cried, in a voice which admitted no question of obedience. The bright eyes, which could pierce the dark pit of a theatre to the last row of upturned faces, were warm with vital enthusiasm. Before her manager's heavy gaze, her figure was tense in the telling clarity of a perfect pose. Her personality, untrammeled by the minor impediments of playing a rôle, was flaming. With her manager, Miss Tremaine was that hidden being whom admirers and journalists pursued in vain — her 'real self.'

Her manager smiled covertly and said he would take the new play into consideration. He kept her waiting three days before he told her he would, as a matter of acceding to her wishes, produce 'Mary Trevena' as soon as she was free from her present part, which began, from that day, to fall off in quality. Everything was all settled and rehearsals began in three months.

Mrs. Hartsfield feared some active interference by Mr. Trossett to save his play from the public. But that was beyond his strength. He was a silent martyr in their hands when once the trick was played. He even put his name on a contract, without reading it, although he did succeed in refusing to see the manager or Miss Tremaine or to attend rehearsals. Whelan was wearied in trying to get anything but a reproachful and miserable silence out of him as he was told how splendidly things were going and how Connie Tremaine had told at least four people that it was the best part she had ever had. She was crazy about it. She loved it. She was dying to meet the author. But the author would not be met.

He withdrew from his regular round of drawing-rooms, and Mrs. Hartsfield never saw him from one at-home day to the next. He spent evening hours in the big chair by his fireplace looking at the averted eyes of Mary Trevena's portrait. He was sure he had been forgiven by the lady whose fragile presence was being sinned against. So understanding a person as she could not feel resentment against his innocent carelessness. But he suffered for her.

He had only the meagrest consolation in the fact that Mary Trevena was in those lines, all of her. He knew Miss Tremaine was a competent and brilliant actress and he struggled with the hope that the lines might be honestly and bravely spoken. It would be the wanton exposure of a lovely thing before a rabble without understanding, but at least it would be the real Mary; and perhaps one or two souls might comprehend. He leaned timorously on that.

VI

Any play which starred Connie Tremaine was sure of a brilliant first night. All the critics whose word meant anything to the amateurs of dramatic gossip would be there with sharpened wits. Each one hoped he might discover some new adjective by which he could embalm himself with her forever in the amber of a phrase. They all admitted the justice of the 'lovely hoyden,' but they hoped perhaps to equal that

classic epithet. The Empire was filled with people through whom ran sympathetic waves of delightful suspense.

The first act was puzzling. It had wit, certainly, and not a line but went ringing from Connie's pretty lips in crystal accuracy, straight at the susceptible listener. She knew how to make her points. But the act offered little hope of ever getting anywhere. 'What a queer thing,' said the critics during the intermission. 'It's clever enough, but it does n't sound like a play.' One man, out of depths of erudition, brought up a forgotten analogy. 'Sounds like a Dolly Dialogue,' he said, and two men remembered enough to smile.

The second act was no better. It was quite evident that the verdict of the jury which ranged itself in silence and darkness on the receptive side of the footlights was going to be mild. The play about Mary Trevena was doomed to be praised for its delectable dialogue and put down with that dreadfulest of condemnations, 'Clever, but not a play.'

Miss Tremaine and her manager had a little talk in her dressing-room before the third and final act. 'The thing is dead,' he pronounced succinctly with the complete despair of a first night in his voice. 'It's dead!'

But Connie had more at stake than the rôle of Mary Trevena. She had never suffered a failure or a moderate success. She meant to harvest superlatives out of the evening if it lay within her brilliant little self to do it. She clenched her fists and dabbed at her make-up and swore a ladylike but heartfelt oath.

'Can't you rough it a little?' asked her manager.

'I'll save it,' promised Miss Tremaine, through her teeth. 'You watch me! I'll stand those people on their heads yet. I tell you this is a great play.'

'Go ahead and prove it,' answered her manager, and wrathfully chewed his cigar.

Miss Tremaine felt a consuming rage against the author who had so bungled his revelation of the character of Mary Trevena. Authors — bah! They never knew the stage possibilities of their own people. She would plunge into the nebulous texture of this dialogue and find reality and bring it forth for the blessed audience to see. She knew what Mary Trevena ought to be; she ought to be exactly like Constance Tremaine. Mary Trevena was a name to which Connie's sturdy beauty could give a local habitation.

She leaped back upon the stage, alert and ruthless, and proceeded to 'rough it a little.' Subtleties which had puzzled the keenest of the audience were glossed with blinding smiles and magnetic gestures. Dreamy reluctance was blown out of the lines as cool mist flees a wind.

Below the perfected surface of her self, not very far below perhaps, but hidden deeper than other elements of her soul, Miss Tremaine had a knowledge of her unnumbered sisters. What women could feel she knew; and she could give that knowledge an irresistible impersonation. A flaming passion was in her throat, too, but she could not be choked. She set it free. She dragged the lovely hesitations of Mary's phrases away from what they had concealed. She throbbed with emotions immutable and everlasting — the springs of life.

The actor who played The Man had been chosen for responsiveness to her, and now he caught fire. The dialogue became hot and human. People in the back rows sat up as if to say 'Aha!' The pursuit of sex emerged, a stark duel, from behind Mr. Trossett's symbolic musings.

Miss Tremaine took a line meant to cast a shy, reverent light on the fancy of

a girl and shot it into the air — a challenge to a world of men.

A small, trembling man, taking his hand from his high white forehead, arose in the middle of the pit. Many people did not see him; they were intent upon the quickening pulse of the play. But he cried out in a high-pitched voice, 'Stop!'

Not a tremor disturbed the taut rhythms of Miss Tremaine on the stage. She may not have heard the cry of distress; at any rate she went on, gloriously effective.

'Stop!' cried the little man in the pit. 'You blasphemer!'

When people around him began to rise and make noises, and two murderously angry ushers rushed toward him, he turned from his seat and walked weakly up the aisle.

The 'friends of the author,' Mrs. Hartsfield and Barry Whelan and all the others, who had occupied exposed box-seats and wondered where Trossett had hid himself, watched him go with appalled helplessness. They did not try to follow. Around their corner congealed a heavy, fearful silence, while the rest of the audience, scarcely noticing the antics of the queer stranger, turned back in loyal appreciation to the spectacle of Constance Tremaine impersonating womanhood.

The rest of the play was frequently interrupted with shattering outbursts of applause. It seemed at last to mean something. The critics settled back in their seats with simulated boredom, content now, and sure they could use all their prepared adjectives.

The final scene was riotous. With flowers and shouts and waving hands and cries for a speech, a great clamor and joy swept up toward the victorious Tremaine. She panted and smiled and stood out to be adored. Barry Whelan, who had planned to rise at this moment and shout 'Author! Author!' sat in blank silence. Mrs. Hartsfield, more courageous, clapped and smiled an utterly empty smile. Beyond their most extravagant expectations the play was a success.

VII

Mr. Trossett stood before his own door on the landing of the old house in Twelfth Street and hesitated. There was a vague sound of blasphemous echoes in his mind, and in his heart was nauseous despair. He was afraid to enter his apartment — 'a man's home refined by the touch of a woman.' It took his last strength to step through the door and switch on the light. He dropped into his big chair by the fireplace.

After a long while he took his hand away from his eyes. The room was cold. The light from the heavily curtained lamp on the table cast a bitterly clear illumination over the empty chair opposite him. There was no suggestion there of a presence, no gleam of pale-green silk, no glimmer of a face, no aura of an unseen, lovely woman. Mary Trevena was a broken dream.

Mr. Trossett was a brave man. He took the effeminate blue-china plates down from the mantelshelf and smashed them in the fireplace.

THE ART OF EXAMINATION

BY A. LAWRENCE LOWELL

Is examination an art? Many American school-teachers will at once reply: 'No; it is an evil.' Perhaps, if wrongly used, it may be both. War is an evil; but no one will deny that there is a military art which can be studied, ascertained, and applied. The Black Art of the Middle Ages, or that part of it called alchemy, has developed into the chemistry of the present day. The value of an art depends upon the purposes for which it is used, and the intelligence and precision of its application. Formerly employed chiefly for educational objects, measurements of natural and acquired capacity have of late been greatly extended. Civil-service examinations are one example of this; the methods of determining the fitness of candidates for industrial employment are another. Vocational guidance, whereof we hear much nowadays, is based upon discovering the aptitudes and qualities of boys or youths. Psychological tests — to which the recruiting of our soldiers in the World War gave wide prominence, and to which many colleges are giving attention for the purpose of admission or experiment — are a form of examination to measure ability. The whole faculty of one college is said to have submitted to such a test, with the result that the president made the poorest showing, scarcely above the level of a moron — an experience that may account for the hesitation of heads of colleges to accept the tests as an infallible measure of intelligence. But, crude as these things may be, they show the growing desire for some means of determining relative capacities — that is, for a form of examination that shall be reliable for the purpose to which it is applied.

Academic or educational examinations differ from purely psychological tests in that their object is to ascertain not only native ability but also proficiency in the study of specialized subjects. It may seem strange to say that in this country the art of examination is still in its infancy. That is, nevertheless, true; because in the case of school studies it is applied only to immature youths; and because in institutions of higher learning it has been employed chiefly by the instructor to measure the progress of students in a particular course taught by himself. Certainly we have not considered with sufficient care the object, scope, and utility of examinations. May they not be said to have three distinct objects? (1) To measure the progress of pupils; (2) as a direct means of education; (3) to set a standard for achievement.

I

One of our difficulties has come from paying almost exclusive attention to the first of these objects. So far, indeed, has this been carried that there is a tendency in some American schools to regard examinations as indictments for crime — ordeals to be imposed only upon the delinquent; to consider that the good scholar, who is known to have made satisfactory progress,

should not be subjected to them. Such a view assumes that their object is only to measure the minimum of attainment, not the degree of excellence; and thereby fails to appreciate their use in stimulating the superior pupils. Boys and youths, who are more freshly aware than their elders of the motives influencing their conduct, naturally organize their sports on a competitive basis, and admire those who prevail therein. If playgrounds had no tests save a minimum athletic requirement they would be as deserted as gymnasia for the physically defective.

Examinations for admission to college — now conducted almost wholly by the College Entrance Examination Board, composed both of school-teachers and college instructors — have been increasingly directed to the single object of measuring the proficiency of the candidates. When the colleges received their students mainly from a small number of distinctly preparatory schools the examiners felt that one of their functions was to set a standard for that preparatory teaching; but the situation has changed since a large proportion of college students have come from schools only a small fraction of whose graduates have any intention of going to college. To direct by entrance examinations the general course of instruction in schools of that kind is clearly impossible, and the attempt to do so has been necessarily and properly abandoned. The examinations are used by the colleges that retain them to discover whether the candidates are, or are not, qualified to pursue college studies; in fact to measure their attainment in subjects deemed to make a good foundation for college work.

In an article in the *Atlantic* for July 1925, Mr. Morgan Barnes complains of college entrance examinations on the ground that they divert the aim of the teacher from the instruction of his pupils to preparing them for passing the examination. When there is a difference of opinion between the school and the Board about the kind of knowledge desired in any subject, this is no doubt true. If, for example, the Board is of opinion that the most important thing in algebra is the solution or fractioning of highly complex equations, while the teacher believes that the expression in algebraic form of comparatively simple facts is more valuable; or if the Board conceives that, in the study of a foreign language, grammar, syntax, or Greek accents is above all needful, and the teacher cares for little but intelligent and fluent reading; or if in English composition one or the other lays great stress on punctuation — then the teacher must give to his pupils who are preparing for the examination a training which differs from that of the other boys and is, in his opinion, inferior. Such a divergence concerns the object of the study. It is a difference of opinion on an educational question that ought in most cases to be settled by discussion and agreement among the members of the teaching profession.

When no difference of opinion exists on the aim in studying a subject, there seems to be no reason why a teacher should change his methods because of a prospect of examination. If he is teaching his pupils to translate Latin he ought neither to object to their being examined in translating the language nor to change his teaching in consequence. If the examination does not seem to him a fair test of the proficiency of his pupils, either his teaching or the examination is defective. Perhaps neither of them is perfect, for both teacher and examiner are in danger of giving peculiar weight to those aspects of a subject that appear to them most interesting and important, and of magnifying errors that strike

them as vital, instead of looking on the matter from the broader standpoint of a general comprehension of the subject.

The writer recalls the case of a teacher of a high-school class in the Constitution of the United States who was misled by a catchword; and on the other hand he was told many years ago of an absurd marking of an examination paper in French. There occurred the words *vieille fille*. One candidate translated this 'old maid,' which was of course right; another translated it 'old girl,' which showed a failure to understand the idiom but was also considered right; while a third, who rendered it 'old maiden lady,' was marked wrong because there was nothing to indicate that she was a lady. Such a reader was obviously unfit to be an examiner.

Examinations designed principally to measure proficiency are, no doubt, exposed to dangers. One hears of the same book marked quite differently by two readers, because their estimates vary, or because one of them has some crotchet to which he attaches exaggerated importance. In such a case the standard of one or both of the examiners is wrong; and where such a divergence is possible the examination cannot be regarded as an accurate measure. To command confidence the mark should be very closely the same whoever reads the book; and this means that the examiners should have a uniform standard uniformly applied. In other words they should know the art and use it with precision. A divergence in marking shows inexperience, and its existence proves the art in its infancy.

Another danger lies in the nature of the questions. If they are such that of two persons examined, equally proficient, one may happen to know the answer to a question and the other not, there is an element of chance which lessens the accuracy of the test. This is true where the questions deal with details not in themselves significant — if, for example, they call, in an elementary subject, for small facts, for the identification of a list of somewhat obscure historical characters or unfamiliar quotations. In reading the papers of the College Entrance Examination Board one is struck by the fact that this is not the case; that in general the questions demand a comprehension and comment on facts with which every diligent schoolboy offering the subject must be familiar. Curiously enough, experience has shown that lists of names give the crammer his greatest opportunity, for their number is not very large and by coaching his pupil on a score or more of them he is almost certain to strike several of those that will appear on the paper. This article, however, is not concerned with the shortcomings of teachers or examiners, but with the proper objects and use of examinations.

Until recent years the examinations in college have also been in the main tests of knowledge on the part of the students. It is hard to avoid this where they are given for single courses, each including not more than a quarter of the whole work of the student for a year or half-year. Such a course cannot cover a large subject thoroughly, and the instructor, who must select those parts of it which he deems most important for his purpose, must confine his examination to what he has covered. Questions set by an outsider more or less unfamiliar with the course would obviously be unfair; and if the practice of outside examiners in single courses were general the instructor would be too much of a coach for an examination set by someone else. In this respect college courses are quite different from those taught in school,

for the latter are simple, elementary, and comparatively well defined in scope; whereas college courses are far more elaborate, go much more into detail, and, with some exceptions in the earlier years, deal as a rule with parts of large subjects, which are capable of being treated in various ways. Examination by an outsider presents, therefore, in the case of single courses in college, difficulties that arise much less in the elementary subjects of a school curriculum. No system of outside examiners in single courses has, however, been attempted; and the primary object of the examinations set by the instructors is to ascertain whether the work has been faithfully and intelligently done or not, and how great has been the proficiency attained. Rarely is it the only means of measuring these things, but, save in research courses, it is essential. Not infrequently a student thinks he is doing well until an examination reveals to him how much he is below what he had supposed; and an inexperienced instructor is sometimes shocked, on reading his examination books, to find how little his class has been learning. We hear much, no doubt, of the evils of studying for marks instead of knowledge, but every faculty is aware that if an instructor has the reputation of setting easy papers and marking them leniently, many students in his courses will not do serious work, however good and inspiring his teaching may be.

The question of studying for marks rather than for knowledge, and the kindred matter of cramming for examinations, are not uninteresting and are often misunderstood. The popular impression of studying for marks is that a student whose primary object is a high grade devotes himself assiduously to memorizing small, and comparatively unimportant, points in a course, and thereby makes a better showing than a classmate with greater natural ability and perhaps a larger real command of the subject. The criticism is especially leveled at the so-called 'grind,' who is very diligent but not very intelligent. As the questions are often made out and marked this result may, and does, occur. But if all examinations were so conducted as to be an accurate and complete measure of the education the course is intended to give, if the questions were so framed that mere diligence without a high degree of capacity would not earn the highest grade, then there would be no reason why the student should not work for marks, and good reason why he should. To chide a tennis-player for training himself with a view to winning a match, instead of acquiring skill in the game, would be absurd, because the two things are the same. The match is the best test of his skill; and if it were not it would lose its interest. If, on the contrary, marks in examination do not measure accurately comprehension of the subject as taught in the course and the power to handle it, the instructor is at fault, for his examination does not measure what it should. However well adapted as a test of minimum diligence, it fails to measure excellence. The word 'fault' is, perhaps, too strong; because the art of examination is not only still imperfect but is also exceedingly difficult. We had better say that, if marks are not an adequate measure of what the course is intended to impart, then the examination is defective. If examinations were perfect the results would command universal respect, and high grades would be a more general object of ambition.

Of cramming, less need be said. Since a thorough grasp of the subject-matter of a course must be the result of serious and prolonged study, which cannot be done in a night or even in a few days, the better the examination

the less will cramming be useful in passing it. Reviewing is, of course, essential, and is of great value in bringing out the relation between the things learned. The need of review is, in fact, one of the educational benefits of examination. But the questions should not be susceptible of answer by merely committing to memory facts and formulæ. Yet it must not be assumed that the capacity to cram is altogether without value. A lawyer crams his case before going into court; so does an orator the facts to be presented in his speech; and this quality, like others, can be improved by practice.

A more serious evil of examinations set by the instructor, as those in single courses must be, is the tendency to give back to him what he has given, to absorb his ideas and repeat them rather than to think about them. All good university professors like independent thought on the part of their students; but undergraduates rarely appreciate this, and the path of least resistance is to repeat rather than reflect. The way to counteract such a tendency is to set questions that require thought more than memory; and this brings us to the second object of examinations, their use as a means of education.

II

Although examinations in single courses, whether in college or in school, have as their primary object to measure the progress of pupils, this is far from being their only object. They can and should be used also as a distinct element in the educational process, and as such can be made highly effective. Even if the sole aim of education at any stage were the knowledge of facts, the formal effort to recall those facts to mind unexpectedly, to exert pressure upon the memory and bring to consciousness things half-hidden there, is of great value by serving to make that faculty readily responsive to a call.

When the writer was a professor teaching a large freshman course he often told the class, before the mid-year or final paper, that the art of passing examinations was one most useful to acquire. This was a surprise, and provoked a laugh; but it was explained that a lawyer trying a case in court was often confronted by an unexpected question of evidence and must at once try to recall any decisions bearing on the point he had ever come across, and that this was passing an examination; that a physician suddenly called to a suffering patient was in a similar position — at the bedside he also passes an examination. Throughout our lives we are constantly forced to muster all we can of our previous knowledge, and the habit of doing so can be cultivated by practice. How often when the occasion has passed do we ask ourselves, as a student does after an examination, why we did not remember some essential fact. The art of recalling quickly, fully, and accurately is certainly a valuable part of mental training. It is a special art, not the same thing as a rich store of knowledge. Some men have all the knowledge they possess ready for use on demand; some require a certain time for reflection before they can produce it; and some can make use of it only in the solitude of their studies. The late Francis A. Walker said that every man had his personal equation, and that his own was two minutes. More than to scholars and writers is the value to men of affairs of recalling rapidly the knowledge that they need.

But a knowledge of facts is a small part of education. We hear much today of teaching by problems; and rightly, because bare facts are of little value unless one knows how to use

them. The important thing is to understand their relation to one another; to be able to correlate them, as the current expression goes; not merely to grasp and retain the relations one has been taught, but to perceive new relations, for no teacher can cover more than a minute fraction of the combinations actually met in the pursuit of any subject. The pupil must learn to apply principles to new and unexpected conditions, and the extent to which he can do so will largely determine the degree of his future effectiveness. Teaching by problems is peculiarly needed today because of the change in school methods that came a generation or more ago. Formerly schoolboys were set tasks to work out by themselves; then they recited. But now the teacher, instead of merely hearing the recitation, correcting mistakes, and helping to explain difficulties, takes a more direct part in instruction, thereby saving the pupil much labor, but also some of the benefit of personal effort. In a recent address at the California Institute of Technology, Professor William B. Munro remarked that when he began to teach in a small New England college he tried the experiment of giving his students a list of books which they were expected to read and study for themselves. This was an unheard-of innovation, far from popular; and one of his students said to him very frankly: 'We don't think you are playing fair. As we understand it you are paid by the college to read these books and tell us what is in them. Instead of that you tell us to go read them for ourselves.' That young man had a common but wholly false idea of the relation of teacher and pupil and of the business in which they are engaged. His conception has been called the perambulator method of education. All real education is, in the ultimate analysis, self-education. The teacher can impart facts and principles, can point out the way, can interest and stimulate, but only the pupil can train his own mind. Without effort on his part the instruction will be as stale, flat, and unprofitable as lectures on swimming to a class that never enters the water. Moreover, to reach a high grade of intellectual activity the student must be something of an explorer. He must not only be critical of the ideas presented to him, but he must seek variations of them, or applications of them, new to him. That is the meaning of teaching by problems. They force the pupil to make a personal effort at their solution; and, with manifold differences in form, they are applicable to all subjects above the lowest elementary stage.

Problems may be used in a variety of ways; they may be given out to be solved in class or to be taken away and solved out of class. The theses required in college courses are really of that nature; and all these things are admirable for their appropriate uses, but none of them, save the larger kind of thesis, fills quite the purpose of a final examination. Problems to be worked in class or outside must relate to the part of the subject under consideration at the time, but the final examination comes at the end of a period of study and the problems can therefore be more comprehensive, involving the use of all that has been learned. It can also be of greater length than the classroom hour, and hence the problems can be more complex and searching. In short, it is a higher type of intellectual operation, for it can compel the student to reflect upon all that the course has covered, and give him a better conception than he would otherwise have of its scope and meaning. Someone may object that, as the final examination comes at the end, little good will be done to

the student by knowing what he might have obtained from the course and did not. The answer to this is twofold. First, that the students have a keen appreciation of the kind of examination that will be given. They are told by their predecessors, even if they have not had experience at earlier examinations, and they look up previous papers in the course. Secondly, if they have not known what the nature of the examination in that course would be, they have learned what to expect in subsequent school or college years.

Such is the character that an examination may have when used as a recognized factor in the process of education, but in practice there is a distinct difficulty in combining this function with that of measuring the work of the students, ascertaining how far they have paid close attention to the lectures and done the reading required. Every instructor is confronted by the difficulty of setting a paper that will measure the diligence of the lower end of the class and at the same time give scope to the independent thought of the better scholars. In large classes experiments have been tried of alternative questions for honor men, some of them with much success, and a judicious use of options is one of the methods by which papers can be improved.

Both of the foregoing objects of examination — to measure the progress of pupils and as a direct means of instruction — should be kept in mind, for both are important; and, in its complete effect, the second more than the first. If it were proposed to lengthen the period of examination many teachers in all grades of education would instinctively object that, for both teacher and students, it would take away time that should be devoted to instruction. But such a view fails wholly to appreciate the value of examinations as an educational agency. It lays too much stress on instruction as the imparting of knowledge, in contrast with the personal efforts of the student to express, and therefore to comprehend and make his own, what he has learned. Teaching and examination are complementary processes, and each should be given the attention and time that experience proves to be wise.

III

The third object of examinations is to set a standard for achievement, and it is the most important of all. This touches the gravamen of Mr. Barnes's criticism. He complains that they divert the teacher from the educational path he is following to a preparation for passing the papers of the College Entrance Board. He complains, in fact, that these papers set a standard to which he must conform, but a bad standard, or one not so good as his own.

The question whether the standards of the Board, composed as it is of special committees on the different subjects — forty per cent of whose members are school-teachers — are better or worse than that of the best, the average, or the poorer schools may well be left to the experts. It is clear, however, that for teachers, a considerable part of whose students expect to take the examinations of the Board, they do, although not so intended, set a standard of some kind. Of course a standard may be good or bad. It may excite keen intellectual effort or promote a dulling type of cram, and hence may be beneficial or injurious. There have been examinations that required merely committing to memory masses of useless data, and made drudges of those preparing for them; but that does not mean that a potent force for good should be discarded because, if not

intelligently used, it is capable of abuse. It would be like arguing that, because there have been bad laws, legislation should be abolished; that, since codes of ethics have sometimes taught bad principles, ethics is a subject to be shunned; or — as some people argue — that, physicians with the best training in medical science having often made mistakes, all educated practitioners should be avoided.

That a standard, known to the students, is as important in education as in every other form of training will hardly be denied. One would not train an athlete for a mile run without having him speed over the track, giving him the time he has made and the records for that distance. To be proficient in anything a man must have a standard and occasionally measure himself thereby. This is, indeed, most important for the capable men. They differ more among themselves than do the average or lower tier, and hence have more need of a standard of excellence. Now in education such a standard can be set by examination, and, in fact, whether so designed or not, examinations regularly taken at the close of a period of study inevitably do set a standard for the character and extent of the work done, both for the students and for the instructors. Moreover, experience proves that college students, and, no doubt, schoolboys also, will soon rise to any reasonable standard required of them. If low, a large part of them will be satisfied by attaining it; if high, they will put forth more effort. Observe the qualification that they will soon rise to the standard required. Although announcement has been made as thoroughly as possible, and has reached everyone concerned, a change of standard is not at once appreciated, and a number of students fall by the wayside for the first year or two; the proportion of failures then becoming normal again. For that reason changes should be made gradually, and not without abundant notice. Nor should the difficulty of the questions or the severity of the marking vary from year to year, — a complaint made of the mathematical papers of the College Entrance Board, — for such inequalities render the standard incomprehensible. A very large number of candidates are not likely to vary much from one year to the next in quality or preparation; so that, unless there is some obvious reason to believe them substantially better or worse, it is well to assume a larger or smaller per cent of failures due to a variation in the difficulty of the questions. A difficult paper should be marked leniently, and an easy one rigorously, with the result that the marks attained will not differ much from year to year.

Since an examination sets the standard for achievement one cannot insist too much on the need of its being a good standard — one that calls for strenuous effort in the exercise of the qualities most important to cultivate. In mature students, such as upper classmen in college and members of professional schools, these are the ability to analyze a complex body of facts, to disentangle the essential factors, to grasp their meaning and perceive their relations to one another; in short, to master a subject as a whole and deal with it intelligently. Now we have seen the difficulty of examinations for this purpose in single undergraduate courses, arising from the fact that they cover only part of a large subject, and must be used primarily to measure the work of the students in that particular course. A number of colleges have, therefore, begun to require a general or comprehensive examination on the subject to which the student has devoted his principal attention; in which he has majored or concentrated, to use

the technical term. Such an examination is conducted, not by the instructors in the courses, but by special committees appointed for the purpose. In some places it is required of all the students in a number of subjects, in others only of those intending to graduate with distinction. In some colleges their work is directed by a corps of tutors, who supplement the teaching in the courses, but, far from being assistants in those courses, deal chiefly with the parts of the subject not covered thereby, and treat the student as a man striving by all the means within his reach to master that subject. In other colleges the supervision is given less formally by members of the departments. But in all cases the object is the same: to set as a standard the mastery of the subject as a whole, attained in large part by the students' independent reading under guidance.

Mastery of a subject depends on interest, but interest grows with mastery and with the personal exertion to acquire it, while both are aroused by the demand of the standard. No doubt the general examination in college, and in a medical school where it has been tried with success, is, and must be, a measure of proficiency (otherwise it would not be taken seriously); it is also a direct means of education; but its greatest importance lies in setting a standard of attainment, and no institution that has adopted it long enough to bear fruit will question its value.

The conclusion to be drawn from the views here presented is that examinations properly used are a vital part of the educational process, but that the art of using them to produce the best results is highly complex and difficult. They should, therefore, be entrusted to the mature teachers who appreciate their value and have had experience in preparing them; there should be consultation among the examiners; and so far as possible the questions should be framed and the books read by the same men; or, if this cannot be wholly done, the readers should be under careful supervision, and their grading constantly scrutinized.

To make a good examination paper is far more difficult than is commonly supposed. To do so requires much time and thought; but upon no part of the educational process can time and thought be better spent.

TWO HUNDRED LADIES APPEAL

BY EDWARD W. BOK

I

One's desk is piled high nowadays with letters from folk who want things stopped. Everybody seems to want something stopped. Those who are timid want street noises of all kinds stopped; they want church bells stopped from ringing, or automobile-horns from honking; they want pedestrians stopped from crossing the street except at corners, or children stopped from playing on the streets. Those who are more venturesome want all exposed foods stopped, the litter in the public parks stopped, all questionable plays or 'movies' stopped. Then there are the really courageous souls who step right out and want all crime stopped, the sale of all firearms stopped, bootlegging stopped, war stopped, Sunday amusements stopped. And the hardy one, who would have you take your courage well in hand, wants Congress stopped from wasting time! We are told that even birth must be, if not altogether stopped, at least controlled. And now Mr. Henry Ford walks right into the midst of the stop clamor, and says the cow must be stopped from giving milk!

All very worthy. All most commendable — except the cow! All possible, too, provided there were twenty-four hundred hours in a day instead of the contracted twenty-four. But one fact cannot escape the mind, as we read of all these stoppages that must be effected in our modern life — the willingness of some folk that someone else should stop all these 'evils' in our scheme of living. Mark you, too, that each one of these evils is 'the most crying evil' we have to-day. The church bells seem to cry as loudly to one as something that must be stopped as war does to another.

There is another obstinately apparent fact about all these crying evils — that before one is stopped another movement is started, or must be gotten under way, to stop something else. Everywhere are efforts begun; rarely is an effort carried through — except in the newspapers!

II

Now the matter is becoming even more serious. Having petitioned and memorialized to our hearts' content that all these evils in our American life shall be stopped, our restless eyes are beginning to snap across the ocean, and we are beginning to catalogue the evils in other nations that must be stopped. The fact that we have not stopped a single evil in our land deters us not. We must begin our works in other lands. The world is ours in which to stop things. It matters not where or what or when, so long as evils are stopped — by someone else!

So it has come about that the Netherlands is the latest nation to fall within this American zeal to stop things.

'We, the undersigned representative American women of our different communities, appeal to you,' and so forth.

So begins a document signed by some two hundred women, supposedly themselves of artistic perceptions or of an artistic appreciation borrowed from others.

Just what is meant by the designation 'representative' is not stated; one can only hope it is not intended as reflecting the intelligence of the communities indicated, since the percipiency displayed in the substance of the appeal is hardly of a high order.

Be that as it may, these dear, delightful ladies opine as 'a burning shame' the fact that the millers of the Netherlands are dismantling the windmills so picturesquely characteristic of the Land of the Dykes, and substituting machinery for the operation of their mills. Forthwith, there should be started in the United States 'a movement to stop this outrageous despoliation of the Dutch landscape,' and so forth, and so forth.

As in the case of many another memorial of similar sort, its signers had, so far as could be learned, contented themselves with the emotional side of the question. When I spoke to one of the signers nearest my home, she confessed that she had never been in the Netherlands: a windmill was an unknown sight to her eyes, but she could easily imagine from Dutch pictures how the picturesque landscape might be marred by the elimination of the windmill!

I approached next the enthusiastic instigator of this appeal, asking in which particular district in the Netherlands she had noticed the dismantling of the windmills that so sorely troubled her soul. Her reply was devastating: 'All over Holland it is the same.' Of course, the fact that windmills have never existed 'all over Holland' — and that, incidentally, there is no such country as 'Holland' — did not trouble the lady.

In other words, it seemed that the memorial was what is classified by those who receive such appeals as 'general' — which, in more direct language, really means 'without facts.'

III

Now, what are the facts? That the Dutch windmill is disappearing admits of no argument. It is. But why? The answer is, of course, simple enough: the new is displacing the old. Electricity is more dependable for the work of the Dutch miller than is the wind to turn the blades of his windmill. He is thrifty, is your Dutch miller: he must produce his ware with the smallest overhead charge, and he can secure this reduction through the installation of machinery that he starts at will, whereas the mighty arms of his windmill respond only when there is a wind to propel them. The suggestion that the miller can retain his wind-blades and propel them by machinery at his will hardly holds, because these mighty blades, exposed to all conditions of weather, have a maintenance expense that naturally is lost upon the ardent soul who looks upon them on the landscape and sighs contentedly at their picturesqueness. The miller, unfortunately, cannot be a poet: his mill is there for business, and he must operate it in the most economical manner. He must also get his water for his family and cattle when he wants it and not when the wind will let him have it.

Everyone will concede that with the going of the windmill a lack will be felt in the Dutch landscape. But the quaint and the picturesque are disappearing everywhere in the march of modern invention. Nor must we forget that we are directly responsible for this change. We pride ourselves on this modern progress. We boast of it. We make a point, when traveling abroad, of telling

the natives of the old European countries how much more efficiently we do by modern invention what they do by manual labor. Then why shall we call aloud to stop them when they follow where we lead? Very few of the inventions of to-day have the charm and poetry of their predecessors. The modern department-store has certainly not the quality of the old guild shops. The modern electric locomotive has not the romance of the steam locomotive. The mechanical loom lacks all the poetry of the old spinning wheel. Yet we proclaim all these changed tools as marks of progress; we shout aloud their greater efficiency. Why ask the Dutch miller to put cotton in his ears so that he may not hear our boastful cries? Is the demolition of his windmill a greater sacrilege than the demolition of beautiful old landmarks in our American cities? Suppose a cry came from the Netherlands to halt our tearing-down of the fine old Dutch houses to make room for skyscrapers or warehouses. We should be the first to ask: 'What business is it of theirs?' Well, what business is it of ours if the Dutch miller wants to live in the present and operate his mill by electricity instead of holding on to his windmill of the past, watching his business fall behind, while his competitor pushes a button at his will and grinds his cereals?

IV

There is a distinctly humorous angle to this memorial that did not seem apparent to the dear, delightful ladies who signed it. This is that the request is made that 'the Government of the Netherlands shall be petitioned to prohibit a miller from discarding his windmill' — the very brand of Federal interference with private business which in the United States we are so strenuously decrying, and which is so often and so vociferously argued in women's clubs. Small wonder, then, that a prominent man of affairs in the Netherlands puts his tongue in his cheek and writes: 'Can you blame us if this suggested prohibition, coming from the United States, makes us smile? It sounds a little queer coming from a country whose President recently pleaded so eloquently for "less Government in business, and more business in Government."'

The most distinctly humorous phase of the memorial was also overlooked by this group of 'representative American women.' It is signed by the wives of the three largest makers of American machinery who sold their engines to the Dutch millers who have dismantled their windmills! Thus we have the picture of three women having their artistic perceptions outraged while traveling on the very money made by their husbands in the objectionable transition!

The memorial goes further and likewise deplores the abolishment of the horse- or man-towed canal-boat in the Dutch canals, and the substitution of a 'kicker' in the bowels of the scow. 'A perfect shame!' declare these ladies. This, too, must be stopped. But how about the kicker that the American canal-boat owner is putting into his vessel? Is it any less of 'a shame'? The wide use of the kicker as a motive power is not European — it is American. We have shown the way. Only temporarily has the day been put off when a kicker will take the place of the picturesque gondoliers in the gondolas on the Grand Canal at Venice. 'Now that *is* a sacrilege!' cries Mrs. America, her voice full of emotion. Is it any more sacrilegious than for us to wipe out the most gloriously beautiful thing ever seen on the water, a sailing vessel in full sail, and substitute the hideous barge or mercantile carrier? Are we to have a monopoly of wiping out the

picturesqueness of the past, and insist that European peoples shall preserve it, to their material disadvantage?

If we so madly clamor for this modern progress, we must pay its price. If we want to live in a world of push-buttons instead of the picturesque to the eye and the poetical to the soul, we must accept what goes with it.

V

What really will go out with this 'mark of progress' touching the Dutch windmill is not understood by these memorialists. Few Americans realize the poetry and romance that are associated with the Dutch windmill; the intimate relation that existed between the Dutch miller and his windmill. To him it was by no means only a material object put to work, when the wind favored it, to bring water to his cattle or to supply food for his family. It was far more than that — it was a living thing, with understanding and a soul. To others his mill might seem simply a dumb, mechanical creature; to the miller it was fraught with human feeling — a living creature that sobbed in his sorrow and laughed in his joy. He gave to his mill a name, just as he did to his son or daughter. He called it by that name — never a mill. When a daughter was married, the mill was decked out in all its gayest finery; when a member of the family passed away, the mill mourned in its appearance. Professor A. J. Barnouw, of Columbia University, tells that when the mill-owner passed away all the twenty boards in the arms of the mill were taken out, and the mill stood motionless for a given time in grief over the loss of its owner. When the church bells tolled, marking the procession of the funeral from church or home to the cemetery, the boardless blades were turned in unison with the bells. When the wife of the miller passed away, nineteen boards of the blades of the mill were removed; for a child of the family, thirteen boards; for parents of the miller, eleven boards; and so on down the line of near and remote relatives, till it reached the children of cousins, for whom only one board was removed. As Professor Barnouw well says, a man's handicraft is ennobled when the tool that he plies is thus capable of expressing, not only his skill as a craftsman, but also his feelings as a man. We, of the twentieth century, close the mill or the shop and put away our tools, as if the sight of them interfered with our sorrow. Our ancestors knew better. They ceased not working, in order to mourn — they made the work partake of their mourning. It is from that conception of work as an expression and accompaniment of the inner life that all great art has sprung.

We lose something very precious and real in all these modern inventions, this march which we call progress, and of which we are so boastful — something which, as the years go on, we shall find it increasingly difficult to replace. But, judging from the way we talk and the zest with which we go at the destruction of the old, we are apparently willing that this shall go out of our lives. Or is it, perhaps, that we are not quite conscious of what we are doing? A world all materialistic is, to some minds, an uncomfortable sphere to contemplate.

VI

I wonder that it has not occurred to someone to suggest that we stop certain brands of progress for a while!

The ladies of the Dutch windmill appeal might, for example, memorialize the husbands of their three coöperating sisters to stop selling engines to the Dutch millers!

SAGA SYMPHONIC OF ROMAIN ROLLAND

BY LUCIEN PRICE

On the twenty-ninth of this month Romain Rolland will be sixty years old. His life has been a *Symphony Eroica*. When has forerunner been worse hated or better loved? It is with his life as with his art — so habitually does he conceive on the grand scale as to permit of nothing halfway. The work will have to be fizzle or masterpiece. Who dare leave the hall midway in the finale and assign to a life-symphony of such proportions its permanent station in Valhalla? Giorgio Vasari tells of a young sculptor who was fretting over the fall of light and shadow across his statue, anxious that the work might be seen to advantage. Michelangelo, overhearing him, remarked dryly that it was the light of the public square that would decide the matter.

I

A frail lad, fair-haired and blue-eyed, of the old Gallic type from that region where it remains purest, — the Burgundian Nivernais, — is born and reared in a drowsy country-house beside a sluggish canal amid the rich torpor of rural sights and sounds. He is son of a notary from a family of notaries, and of a mother dowered with intellectuality and a grave and quiet piety. It is a family, on the father's side, sired out of revolutionists, at least one of whom was possessed with a passion for jotting down everything he saw, heard, or experienced — the familiar 'Notebook habit' of artists, authors, and composers instinctively rifling life's orchard-blossoms of their honey. At least one of these Notebooks — describing the fall of the Bastille — is extant.

The boy finds a set of Shakespeare in the garret. It strikes the first match to the bonfire of his ambition. He is one of those youngsters who, far from taking things for granted as they are, find their busy young brains buzzing with queer questionings and their clean young hearts seething with secret conflicts. His mother teaches him the piano. Beethoven becomes his other demigod. His local high-schooling completed, the family — father and mother and sister — at resolute sacrifice move to Paris that the children may have the best schooling obtainable. There, on hard wooden benches, in a suffocating hall on Sunday afternoons at popular orchestral concerts, the boy finds his third Promethean — Richard Wagner. A season in the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, a celebrated high-school in the heart of Paris, and, in 1886, at the age of twenty, Rolland passes the entrance examinations to the École Normale Supérieure, matriculating in the departments of history and geography.

It was just at the moment when Tolstoy's voice was ringing through the moral void of Europe. At the École Normale, Rolland had become a leading spirit in one of those obscure bands of youthful idealists who seem to themselves and to the world to mean so little and who end by meaning so much. Dissatisfied with the pessimism

of Ibsen and the egoism of Nietzsche, revolted by the materialism of Zola and the cynicism of Maupassant, they turned toward Russia, where a cry of hope was ascending from the blackness of the pit. Then befell one of those lucky misfortunes. Suddenly young Rolland's living hero launched lightnings against his three demigods. Tolstoy published his *What Is To Be Done?* Shakespeare a toady? Beethoven an intellectual sensualist? Wagner a pandar? Tolstoy the artist had become Tolstoy the prophet. This may have been an orderly development for Tolstoy, — the matter is open to dispute, — but how about a young artist-thinker still toiling to acquire his technical proficiency? What *was* to be done?

From his Parisian attic young Rolland, scarcely crediting his own presumption, wrote to his prophet. Months passed. Silence. If the boy thought of his letter at all it was with that hot shame which vexes us after a youthful ardor which has exceeded the world's heavy-lidded view of decorum. Then, on October 14, 1887, came a letter from Tolstoy, thirty-eight pages, in French, a veritable treatise, beginning 'Dear Brother ——.' The old man had read the boy's letter with tears, and had set himself, in loving humility, to relieve the youngster's bewilderment and pain. He said, in sum, that the precondition of every true calling is not love for art but love for mankind. That alone is of value which binds men together. Those only who love their fellow creatures can hope as artists to do anything worth doing.

Tolstoy's remarks on Shakespeare and Beethoven may or may not have been happy. The tenderness and humility of his writing such an essay-letter to an obscure youth betoken one of those acts which are the stamp of a great soul and a great Christian, to whom in very deed all men are brothers. The creative spirit, like nature, produces thousands of seeds for one that it ever brings to fruition. But spare not the sowing and neither shall the harvest be stinted. The great believers know this law and trust it. Tolstoy's letter to that young Frenchman begot his spiritual successor.

II

From the École Normale, on a traveling scholarship, Rolland went for two years to Italy. 'History and geography' — Rome and the golden purity of the Italian landscape — enchanted him. He sketched a cycle of dramas on the Renaissance. Fräulein Malwida von Meysenbug — still a valiant revolutionary idealist after seventy years of it as friend and comrade of Kossuth, Mazzini, Garibaldi, Wagner, Liszt, Nietzsche, and Ibsen — identified Rolland as one of the confraternity under his disguise as a French youth of twenty-three. She deliberately set herself to confirm in him a high life-purpose, as seal and consecration of which she finally took him to Bayreuth for one of the Wagnerian festivals.

This strange blend of artist, scholar, and musician is obliged to invent his own profession. On June 19, 1895, his doctorate thesis, 'The Origin of the Modern Lyrical Drama,' is sustained before the faculty of the Sorbonne — the first dissertation on music ever presented to that conservative body, and definitely intended as a corrective to the disdain with which music, in comparison with the other arts, had always been treated by the University. His ensuing professorship of history, at the Normal School, Rolland daringly manœuvres into one of history in terms of music, which procedure he

maintains when the Normal School is later assimilated into the Sorbonne.

Now come the dozen or fifteen years which make or break the man vowed to a generous and creative career. Poverty, obscurity, failure. This is the great school of free spirits in which life teaches indifference to the opinion of contemporaries. Rolland's fifteen years are fairly typical. A mind of the first rank is revolutionary as a fish swims. Rolland flings himself into an enterprise to rescue the drama from boulevard adultery, bring her back to her humble working-class home, and make an honest woman of her. The project is to found a People's Theatre and through it to reanimate the ideals of the masses. Rolland writes several plays in a still uncompleted cycle of the French Revolution. The crusade fails. His professorship remains, meanwhile, his bread labor. But what for that plus-quantity of life, that over-and-above toil in contribution to an ideal, done without thought of money, fame, or any other material reward? Seldom has David faced Goliath with a smaller stone or a sling more slender. As a deliberate venture of faith, to set an example and to rehabilitate French idealism, Rolland joins with a group of friends in writing and editing the *Cahiers de la Quinzaine*. There is no advertising, and little circulation save among students and a few intellectuals; it is not for sale in the ordinary places. Let us see if merit can still make its way without the modern ballyhoo. For ten years all of Rolland's works appear in these obscure pages — *Jean-Christophe*, the plays, and those heroic biographies of *Michelangelo* and *Beethoven* which so magically kindle a fellow feeling for greatness on the hearthstones of common life. Not a cent does he receive for these writings.

Life's battles appear to be three — property, sex, and religion. Rolland's early share in the property-revolution is signified by his crusade to democratize the drama. Mid-career in this he meets with one of those catastrophies of sex which seem a painfully indispensable ordeal in the life-discipline of an artist. Romain Rolland's marriage comes to a brusque and disastrous end, concerning which, with a self-control grotesquely foreign to American usage, his biographers preserve a becoming reticence.

On the threshold of middle life, unknown and impecunious, his plays failures, his first volumes stillborn, his domestic life in ashes, — all but cleaned out, one would be tempted to say, — he is just gathering his forces. He is a blade forged and whetted. Now, with the base alloy of personal careerism burnt and hammered out of him, he is ready for use.

Stillschweigen und Einsamkeit — silence and solitude. For ten years he vanishes. He has climbed above the mists that cling round the breast of the Mount of Vision. His Mount of Vision is outwardly prosaic — two attic rooms amid the roar of Paris on the Boulevard Montparnasse, with a view over roofs to the trees of a venerable convent garden; a bedroom and a study, this last walled, heaped, and strown with books, its furniture a writing-table, two chairs, a stove, a cabinet piano, and a bust of Beethoven. It is one of life's little ironies that those who create live in one room, or two at most, while those who own and enjoy live in — let us say — several. The score gets evened. Those who enjoy perish. Those who create live. Here, among his newspaper cuttings, his indefatigable transcripts from reviews, his manuscripts, and his music, with five hours for sleep, his recreation being to write letters instead of books, to read philosophy instead of poetry, or to sit at the piano instead of at his

writing-table, he toils for the next ten years. Ten years, like 'by and by,' in Hamlet's dictum, 'is easily said.'

III

The finest flowers of our gray North belong to the late-blooming variety. The twenties to drudge at mastering technical skill; the thirties to mature experience; then the forties and fifties for the golden afternoons of summer and autumn that ripen and garner harvest and vintage. Had Romain Rolland been killed by the motor car which struck him down in 1910, the world would have heard little more of it at the time than that an obscure author, formerly a professor at the Sorbonne, had met with a fatal accident. Yet *Jean-Christophe* was nearly completed, and in two years more Rolland was a European figure. Had he been willing to prostitute his talent he could have cashed in on it long before to the tune of fame and money. Fame is a bad wife but a good housemaid. Time after time he showed the loud-mouthed wench the door, until at last she came back meek, prepared to behave and make herself useful.

Goethe conceived his *Faust* as a youth of twenty and finished it at eighty. The seedling idea of music for Schiller's *Ode to Joy* came to Beethoven in 1793 as a youth of twenty-three. It became the culmination of his Choral Symphony in 1824, three years before his death. Wagner began his epic cycle of the *Nibelungen* midway in his thirties, and finished it a quarter of a century later. There seems to be some law whereby such heroic endeavors, in art and in life, begin as a purpose, more or less vague, in youth, to gather strength and precision with advancing maturity. With little more than a secret resolution to stead it, the soul battles its way through years of hurly-burly to find, some day, on the hither side of youth and plus one or two shocking scars, that somehow, after all, in spite of all, or because of all, the purpose is fulfilling itself. To those who will not surrender, life — in one sort or another — surrenders. It can, of course, kill such people. It cannot beat them.

The conception of *Jean-Christophe* as a European work came to Rolland as a youth of twenty-three one evening during a walk on the Janiculum in the period of his friendship with Malwida von Meysenbug. Its outlines were sketched in 1895; the opening chapters were written during the summer of 1897 in a Swiss village. Then, like a composer following themes as dictated from within, he wrote several of the chapters of the fifth and ninth books. In such a work the creative daimon slumbers and reawakens. It was after Rolland's retirement from the theatre of externals that the work gathered flood tide. Then befell the miracle. Every loss suddenly turned to gain. Griefs and misfortunes were seen to have been indispensable experience. The habit — almost the mania — of collecting newspaper cuttings, articles from reviews, notes, studies, music, pursued for years more by instinct than from any definite aim, unexpectedly befriended him. All magically this material arranged itself for the growing work. He discovered that for years he had been preparing himself unwittingly for this specific task. Nothing had been lost, nothing wasted; and, mindful of how surely this law of creative purpose works from top to bottom of the human scale, one is prompted to add that for stalwart souls nothing ever is.

When the epic arrived at its fifth book, — that scorching blast at the fetor of French society, — a publisher was found willing to undertake it.

Before the French original was completed, translations of the earlier volumes into English, German, and Spanish had made Rolland an international figure. The posture of contemptuous silence was one which the French press found it no longer possible to maintain. By June 5, 1913, when the French Academy awarded *Jean-Christophe* the Grand Prix, Romain Rolland was already in a position to be able to dispense with that and any other official decoration. The herd instinct of society is a good watchdog. It barks ferociously at each newcomer. Let the newcomer decline to be intimidated and the dog ends by wagging its tail and licking his hand — if not his boot. This is nothing against the dog. It is merely the difference between a dog and a man.

IV

Thus, at forty-seven, the seer came down from his Mount of Vision carrying his tables of prophecy — the spiritual unity of the Western world. He had written a European book, perhaps the one European book since *Faust*. For fifteen years he had toiled in solitude and obscurity to image the heroic protagonist of a new age and generation. Has ever life more terribly or more thrillingly taken a man at his word? Hardly were the thinking and writing done when he was himself summoned to be the figure he had thought and written.

In 1913, from the two attic rooms in the Boulevard Montparnasse, he had become comrade and comforter to a vast, heterogeneous band of lonely and aspiring souls scattered over every country of Europe and North America. They wrote to him, and he, remembering Leo the well-beloved, shouldered the crushing task of answering their letters with his own hand. How can one utter the depths of love and gratitude that welled up to him from these far corners and spiritual waste places? So long as he had lived, since such a life as his had been possible, anything beautiful and heroic was possible. One could joyfully risk everything and make a try for his ideal, knowing that, however it might seem to fail, it was bound to succeed. Were the children of the Exodus, who had set out on a high errand toward the Promised Land, dancing round the Golden Calf? Did a capitalist society insult every decent impulse of the human soul? Here was a voice, not of the past but of to-day, proclaiming that men were never meant to live in such squalors, and need not. Hosannah!

Something more than a year of this. Then, one August morning of 1914, a world in flames. 'The spiritual unity of Europe'? It was hate. With the dying Beethoven, one was ready to exclaim: '*Plaudite, amici, comœdia finita est!*' The Mount of Vision? It was cannon smoke. The tables of prophecy? *Götterdämmerung*. The Golden Calf? It was the blood-drenched Moloch of capitalist imperialism armed by modern science with an enginery of slaughter well-nigh capable of exterminating the human race. 'Applaud, friends, applaud! The comedy is finished!' And so an end of Jean-Christophes!

An end? Well, no — not quite, perhaps. An end for this generation, certainly. The Jean-Christophes of 1914 had been conscripted to rip out one another's vitals with the bayonet and to blast off one another's faces with T. N. T. But up in a Swiss town is a solitary, shattered man, no longer young. Just yesterday he completed one life-work, and, even in the moment when a scoffing world had ceased jeering to acclaim it great and good, he has seen it smashed by the first volley of cannon, and finds himself, at forty-

eight, called to pick up his tools again and start another. 'The spiritual unity of the Western world'? It was at that moment the grain of wheat shut in the mummied hand of dead Pharaoh. Romain Rolland's life-work was the dead body. His faith was the solitary seed.

With what cunning the creative daimon husbands its forces. That the war should have found Romain Rolland in Switzerland and above the military age would, to eyes that are holden, seem like the merest luck of coincidence. But in the rhythm of the spirit 'luck' is foreordering and 'coincidence' law, —

> Machinery just meant
> To give thy soul its bent.

A sharp inner conflict, a tragic self-searching, and Romain Rolland saw what was wanted of him. It was to remain in Switzerland where thought and speech would be, in comparison with belligerent countries, free. Then began what, I suppose, the future will account one of the most prodigious feats of mind and spirit that our time has beheld: one man, alone of all the commanding figures of his age, taking thought, not for his own country solely, but for Europe — and this in an hour when Europe was taking thought of nothing except fratricide. *Above the Battle* appeared in September 1914. Worthies who had never given the future of Europe a thought were outraged that a thinker who had spent his life endeavoring to reconcile its conflicts should decline, at the first stroke of the drum, to cheer for murder.

And now Siegfried encounters the Dragon Fafner of Hate Cavern. He has been warned: —

> Poisonous slaver
> Slides from his jaws.
> Who by his spittle's
> Spume is bespattered,
> Shrivels and shrinks up alive.

The chagrin of having been forced, two years previously, to recognize as one of the foremost figures of European letters a man whom it had ignored added venom to the *cloaca maxima* of abuse vomited upon him by the French press. It spread to Allied countries, even to the United States. An American newspaper correspondent in Paris, who had written in 1913 about what a great man Romain Rolland was, wrote in 1914 about what a bad man he was. I saved the article. In years to come it would be a curiosity. It is. Here is its concluding sentence: 'Romain Rolland is to-day the moral inferior of the humblest poilu in the trenches.'

The moral inferior, meanwhile, was working as a volunteer, twelve hours a day, in the Civil Prisoners' Service of the Red Cross of Geneva, reuniting families, relieving material distress, and, when all else failed, writing letters of consolation. He was spied on by agents provocateurs, his every caller noted, his every telephone conversation recorded. So ferocious had been the campaign of falsehood against him that he lived in constant peril of some fanatic's bullet. In the autumn of 1916 the Swedish Academy awarded him the Nobel Prize for literature — $40,000. The occasion was seized on with gloating. 'Swedish Academy? Ha! More German propaganda!' The French press talked of 'Judas and his thirty pieces of silver.' Judas gave his thirty pieces of silver to war sufferers. 'Ah, yes. The heroic pose! Even worse taste, if possible.'

Then a curious thing happened. Let us call it the 'Book of Catacombs.' More than one American radical has told me that, in the midst of savage persecutions by government and press, they have found themselves secretly befriended, often by the very reporters assigned to write the attacks, or by the underofficials delegated to the

prosecution. They would receive clandestine messages and anonymous telephone calls giving them timely warning or valuable advice. Something of this sort befell Romain Rolland. As the weeks went on he found himself once more in two attic rooms, this time in a Swiss hotel, father confessor to what remained of an international mind. From every country — belligerent and neutral — tortured souls, no matter what sorry façade they were obliged to maintain even with their nearest of kin, poured out their hearts to him. Often the writers were so highly placed as not to dare sign their names: men whose souls abhorred what their family responsibilities and social positions seemed to require their hands to do. They told him their sufferings, their self-loathing, their despairs, their hopes, their love for him, their faith in him. Romain Rolland, by the all-powerful law of the spirit, had become custodian of the European conscience. These letters and documents he recorded. They are put away in a safe place. And one day they will be published as a testament to the future. Little as he may seem to have had to do with the writing of such pages, it is quite possible that they may rank as his greatest work.

V

Above the Battle and *The Forerunners* now read like axioms. In 1915 and 1916 they read like treason. Once a telephone is invented, anyone can use it. Not everyone can invent a telephone. Yet these two volumes of essays were merely Rolland's journalistic day-labor of the period. Almost alone of European writers, the electrical current of his creative faculty kept on flowing without interruption throughout the flashes and crashes of that ghastly thunderstorm. *Clérambault*, 'the history of a free conscience in war time,' was begun in 1916 and finished in 1920. This composite portrait of war psychology, the whole of modern society for its canvas, is one of those books which assuredly ought to be written provided anyone can be found able and willing to write it. *Clérambault* is a cool and desperate feat of surgery for cancer of the soul. (Whether surgery can save the patient is still uncertain.) I picture men of the future reading this book with the pity and horror of Dante, his features lit by the nether flame-glare, peering over into the abyss of Malebolge.

In a letter of the war period Rolland wrote: 'It seems to me that our age needs the whip of a Molière or a Ben Jonson.' That whip he produced. It is *Liluli*. This Aristophanic satire could have been conceived only by a man so steeped in his intellectual material and so tortured by the spectacle of human blindness and misery that he could not help but write it. The seal of effortless creation is all over the play. It quite evidently wrote itself. Its argument is as perfect an anarchist fable as the libretto of *Siegfried*. Like Wagner, from long meditation on the central facts of human society and from harsh experience of them, he hit upon a seedling allegory so universally true that, follow it whichsoever way he would, he found himself always in the realm of universal truth-to-life. And then, to balm the hurt mind after that peal of ironic laughter, like cool hands on an aching forehead, came the infinite pity and tenderness of the idyll, *Pierre et Luce*.

Shortly after the war appeared *Colas Breugnon*. It had been written in an abrupt seizure of creative energy, all in the holiday mood of release from the prolonged strain of *Jean-Christophe* — 'scherzo intermezzo,' as Stephan Zweig neatly calls it. The book was in type when the storm burst over Europe.

Those years were no time for such an explosion of Gallic glee. But in 1919 it came most gratefully. This Chaucerian April of laughter and tears seems to me Rolland's most perfect work, and I should not be surprised if it ended by being his most popular one. (The present English translation of it is butchery. 'Rabelais for five-o'clock tea!' exclaimed the author when he saw it.)

The French original is such a spring of gayety and tenderness, lyric poetry and smiling irony, as wells up only out of the ancestral deeps of a seasoned race and an old culture. This seventeenth-century wood-carver is an artist in common life, a robust soul taking the ups and downs of average existence. Here are disappointment in love, a nagging wife, a burned house, illness, mutilation of his finest craftsmanship, social upheaval, financial ruin, war, physical disablement, and at last dependency in the house of his children. Yet here also is immense relish for every savor of life, sweet or sour — delight in the simplest sights and sounds of nature; huge gusto of eating, drinking, and sociability; a hungry mind that can find refuge from outer broils in the pages of a book; the great gift of laughter, even at one's own discomfiture; and, above all, a life that knows the beauty and dignity of humble creative work. All this melody sings above a solid ground-bass of shrewd political satire and sound social philosophy. The hint is a broad one. It is a book which tells common people the half-dozen home truths whereby common life may be lived well, and all so genially and wittily that no one can feel himself in the least preached at. 'There it is, neighbor. Take it or leave it.'

Before the war Europe debouched works of art, music, and literature in annual cycles. One dated the years by them. 'The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?' Light after light has gone out. 'Night Falls On The Gods.' The masterpieces that once came out of Europe in a flood are now hardly a runlet. That Romain Rolland should be one of the few whose stream of creative energy has not faltered is no accident. Hatred and the spirit that creates do not keep house together. Go down the list of names that were illustrious in art and letters in 1914. Of those who yelped with the pack during the war years how many have regained their spiritual estate? By a grisly law of recompense it would seem that just in so far as one abandons himself to the herd-passions of destruction is he abandoned by the power to create. From his very sufferings Romain Rolland has drawn strength. His love and compassion have kept the springs of his art replenished. His Christophe watched by the deathbed of the age that is gone; his Annette Rivère, heraldress of free women, watches by the birthbed of the new. And when, out of India, cradle of religions, came the political evangel of nonviolence, who more worthy could have been found to deliver to the blood-bolter'd West the new testament of *Mahatma Gandhi* than this great European whose forehead is so strangely spotless of the Cain-brand that will disfigure our age to all eternity?

The mills of the gods seem to have shifted gears. Exceeding small they still may grind; but grind slowly they certainly no longer do. Is it that the Machine Age devours grist faster than any preceding? Or is this the acceleration common to all ages of transition and revolution? In any case, the prophet no longer seems invariably obliged to wait a century for his vindication. Ramsay MacDonald, the hissed and hooted of 1914, is Premier

of Britain in 1924. Romain Rolland, the hated and hounded of 1914, lives to see the thinking class come round shamefacedly to the position which he never abandoned. That he should never have abandoned it can now be seen to have been foreordained out of the whole character of his previous life-course. The courageous solitary who could disdain vulgar triumphs and keep his faith in the power of ideas while toiling year after year with those three good comrades — silence, solitude, and obscurity — was forging a blade which would not splinter when the moment came to cleave the anvil.

What we are watching here is the emergence of an international mind. It appears first in the highest and noblest thinkers. The thought which to-day is theirs alone to-morrow is everyone's. Science, art, music, literature, education, sport, invention, commerce, industry — all are now international. Only statecraft lags behind. Why? Ask the owning classes. Statecraft — with the accent on the craft. Romain Rolland's mind has been an Ararat of internationalism towering out of the European deluge of blood and fire.

VI

Music is the youngest of the arts. The Greeks could beat us at sculpture. The Middle Ages could beat us at architecture. The Renaissance could beat us at painting. The Elizabethans could beat us at poetry. The only art in which our age has surpassed is the art of sound. Literature has felt in turn the impact of all the others. And music has felt the impact of literature. The symphonic poem is one fruit of it. But, fifty years before Liszt, Beethoven liked to speak of his act of composition as 'poetizing.' Wagner attempted the conquest of both arts.

Now the symphonist speaks with a voice above voices. No writing of one line at a time for him! The web of sound he weaves may be twenty staves deep. A man of letters, understanding music, who would envy the composer this wealth and gorgeousness of utterance, was sure to come — some author who would turn in discontent from his little page of words arranged in single lines to cast about him for some means of approximating in prose the richness and emotional glow of the orchestral score. No longer would he be content to jot down the tinkling melody of mere narration. He would resolve to score thought in all the color and variety of sonorous instrumentation. Just as the occupational representation of Soviet Russia was the idea bound to appear in twentieth-century politics, so this conception of orchestral prose was an idea bound to appear in twentieth-century literature. It has begun with Romain Rolland. It still has far to go. Symphonic in scale *Jean-Christophe* assuredly is; but in structure it is only slightly so. Rolland has written the first great musical novel. The European saga of Wagner's life overlapped the even more heroic European saga of Beethoven's by fourteen years. Rolland's life overlapped Wagner's by seventeen. Prophets and sons of prophets. Rolland has taken these two titanic figures from the Promethean world of music, blended their fire and clay with that of a dozen other composers, — among them Bach, Handel, and Hugo Wolf, — and wrought the whole into a superb prose saga of the imagination. A European book in the sense that *Faust* was a European book it may or may not prove to be. Certainly it is the last will and testament of the age which perished on August 2, 1914.

What is more, Rolland's creative

process is the composer's own. It overflows with inruptions of the unconscious. Here are pages that were written with eyes wide open, — pupils a little dilated perhaps, — intellectual faculties alert to full stretch, but all under possession of the not-me. Confine it to *Jean-Christophe* alone. For a mind attuned, the reading of this prose epic is like standing on a seaward crag to watch surf. One moment it will have the motion of fine intellectuality, but nothing more. The next, and it will speak with the flame-tongue of the Oversoul — power inexhaustible, prodigality of life, thought and style caught up into a star-swung rhythm . . . crash! of breaking wave; swirling cauldrons of foam-seethe, and the pang of some divine electricity flashing into brain and vitals direct from the universal; instants not of time but of eternity. No need to catalogue the pages where these moments occur. The heart knoweth. 'Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.'

Music, therefore, has made its way into the matter of literature — but not yet into the manner. The sonata form is much more exactly applicable to literary form than men of letters as yet guess. The Wagnerian leitmotif is of course already in literature and, in forms more or less rudimentary, has been ever since the choric odes of Æschylus. Its terrific emotional power as applied to prose narrative and spoken drama has yet to be discovered. Shaw, one of the few authors who understand music, has given a hint of this in the phrase-refrains of *Candida*, though it is a question if he did not pick up the device quite as much from Ibsen as from Wagner. The peril of literature attempting to rival music in its own domain is of course obvious. That would be to bastardize the art of letters. But in the co-development of music and literature lies a natural and organic art-growth of the future. Artists consume form-material with terrific prodigality. Beethoven all but exhausted the symphony. Wagner, in applying the symphonic form to drama, all but exhausted the opera. What he did not do was conquer both music and literature. It was once thought that his librettos would stand alone as poetry. They do not. These twain arts are still awaiting the titan who can, in some sort or other, master them both. Of this new conquest Romain Rolland is precursor.

Such seems to me the unique position of Romain Rolland as artist. But lest anyone should think I am penning one installment the more of literary twaddle for the innocuous delectation of dilettante pundits, let me instantly add what I consider to be the dignified position of Romain Rolland as thinker. He is type and forerunner of the intellectual class renouncing the propertied class — a major symptom of our time and one which is causing the conscious elements among the propertied no end of secret panic. Yet valiantly as Rolland has mounted the barricades for the workers, he is no more bounden to them than to the plutocracy. It is one example the more of the artist containing all programmes but not contained by any one of them. To befriend humanity? Naturally. To battle for the oppressed? As a matter of course. But as artist, not as propagandist. Life is larger than any single programme, however large. Let the artist create in beauty and his beauty becomes a truth which liberates the oppressed, not in his own generation merely, but in all generations.

Does this mean that the artist should stand coldly aloof from the shindies of his day? Far from it! These shindies are his very school. Tolstoy's polemics,

Shaw's prefaces, Rolland's war-essays are *croix-de-guerre* in the very noblest sense of a cross-of-war. Wagner has thundered in the same index. And how the artolater-æsthetes hate to be reminded of Wagner's socialism. 'As if *that* has anything to do with his music!'

Only a middle class, and one sitting ever more precariously on the lid of domination, could have fallen into an error so grotesque as the idea of divorcing the artist from the social thinker. Yet when the artist comes, as artist, to create, all these brabbles over the bread of the body must be as they may. His concern now is with the bread of the spirit. He must put his trust in a higher rhythm. Let the spirit speak and the intellect be amanuensis only. On these higher reaches art is no longer constrained by the plot terrestrial, to give or take ringing blows on the windy plains of Troy. Art is become the procession of beacon fires flaming from peak to peak across the blue Ægean, heralding to watchers at Argos the final victory.

THE PARADOX OF PSYCHIC RESEARCH

WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE 'MARGERY' CASE

BY EDWIN G. BORING

I

THE Margery mediumship, which has now become so famous, brings to the fore certain problems of scientific method which the lay public seldom faces, and which, being unrealized, are likely to leave the thoughtful student of such a case in considerable perplexity. In the scientific investigation of an affair like the Margery case it is generally supposed that the investigators are seeking to prove or to disprove the *genuineness of certain supernormal phenomena*. A scientist cannot, however, seriously undertake to offer a solution of such a proposition, for it implies some things that are not true about scientific method. There are at least four difficulties with this formulation of the problem.

Genuineness. Strange as it may seem, science can never deal with the problem of genuineness. All it can do is to report the relations it observes among phenomena, and then go on, reporting other relationships between these phenomena and other phenomena, thus building up ultimately a systematic body of knowledge that is a chapter of science.

Let us take the atom. Are atoms real or genuine? Originally they were purely speculative affairs. It did not seem to be conceivable that matter could be subdivided and subdivided again, and so on forever. There must be, so it seemed, some stopping-place, something so small that it could be no further divided — an atom forsooth.

Were such atoms genuine? No, they were the product of the inability of the mind to grasp the notion of an infinitude of subdivisions. There was no proof that they actually 'existed.'

Ever so much later the chemical law of multiple proportions was discovered. This law was an observed relationship. It showed that in entering into chemical combination the amounts of the elementary substances either remained constant or bore simple proportional relationships to one another. For instance, a given amount of hydrogen will combine with a given amount of oxygen to yield water, and for water the proportion of hydrogen to oxygen is fixed immutably. It is possible, however, to cause exactly twice as much oxygen to combine with the same amount of hydrogen to make hydrogen peroxide, and for hydrogen peroxide the proportions are also immutable. One cannot, with the same amount of hydrogen, get one and one-half or any fractional proportion of oxygen to combine. This law is a matter of observation and cannot be challenged within the limits of the exactness with which it was observed. It happens, however, to be a law which would hold if the chemical elements were divided into atoms which were themselves indivisible in entering into combinations, and thus the law of multiple proportions came to support the atomic hypothesis. We now say water is H_2O and hydrogen peroxide H_2O_2. With two parts of hydrogen we can combine one part or two parts of oxygen because the atoms combine thus to make a molecule. We cannot have one and one-half parts of oxygen to the two of hydrogen because we cannot have one and one-half atoms of oxygen. The atoms for these purposes are indivisible.

Have we proven the genuineness of the atom now? No, because we have not observed atoms as such. All we have done is to establish an atomic hypothesis, a statement that certain phenomena occur as if matter were made up of indivisible atoms. Nevertheless we must now distinguish between science and human belief. Certainly the fact that combinations occur in multiple proportions strengthens the belief of both layman and scientist that there actually are atoms.

The atomic hypothesis, since it was first laid down, has been tremendously strengthened. Something might have been discovered at any time to discredit it, but nothing has. What has happened has been that chemists have assumed that the hypothesis is genuine, and have set experiments based upon this hypothesis, realizing that every such experiment was a test of it. The belief in the reality of atoms grew stronger as more and more experiments, based upon the belief, proved successful. Presently the belief became so strong that we came to speak of the atomic law instead of the atomic hypothesis.

Nowadays, however, no physicist believes in an indivisible atom. Atoms are supposed to be made up of ions. And the physicist counts the ions in an atom, measures them, and plots their orbits of motion within the complex system that the atom is. What does this mean? Is the atom no longer genuine? Well, the original proposition has been proven untrue. The atom is not, after all, an indivisible smallest particle of matter. The atom is, speaking relatively, a vast system of ions, each moving in a precise manner at a tremendous velocity. As originally defined, the atom is not genuine, but this discovery makes no difference to the scientist. The law of multiple proportions and all the other observed relationships still hold, and all that has happened is that a partially erroneous hypothesis has led

to positive results and a further knowledge of the truth.

Moreover, we may go even further. The atomic hypothesis is based on a belief in the reality of matter, but modern physics is beginning to question even this reality. The hypothesis of matter has yielded most of modern science, but it may be wrong after all. There may be nothing but energy. It now seems possible that even matter is not genuine.

It is plain, then, that genuineness is a relative and temporary affair. Genuineness is simply an expression that means we have a practical belief in something at a particular time. What is doubted to-day is proven to-morrow and disproven later. But the disproof of the better accepted scientific beliefs generally means progress and not retrogression. Professor Whitehead has recently expounded this fact of the progressive nature of science in the *Atlantic*. The observed laws remain, worth all that they ever were. All we do is to alter our belief in the nature of factors, like the atom, with which the laws are concerned.

Now it is this instability of the genuineness of scientific conclusions that makes particular difficulty in the investigation of psychic phenomena. The investigation usually hinges on the genuineness of certain phenomena, as to whether they are 'normal' or 'supernormal.' Sometimes a prize is offered for a proof of genuineness. What can the scientist do? The medium, not being a scientist, usually wants her genuineness attested, and may make such an attempt the condition of the investigation. If the scientist goes ahead he probably does so with the mental reservation that he means by genuineness a naïve definition of the word. But when he comes to make a conclusion, he is faced with a dilemma, especially if he should be about to conclude that the phenomena are supernormal. He may assert that the phenomena are genuine, but he must know in his heart that his assertion is simply the measure of the strength of his temporary belief. Any discovery at any time may make him wish to alter his verdict. He would not be a scientist if he felt that his conclusion was necessarily permanent. If a prize has been offered, his dilemma is the worse. He feels that money is being paid on the basis of a conclusion that may later have to be altered. On the other hand, if his conclusion is negative, as it usually is, he is in difficulty. There is always a chance that he is wrong, if not about the problem of the normal and the supernormal, at least about his own particular explanation of normal fraud; and he may be sure that the proponents of the supernormal will not fail to take advantage of this chance of error in controversy subsequent to his formal conclusion.

Perhaps this difficulty of the scientist will be clearer if we consider specifically the Margery case. A year ago there was a committee of scientists who sought to render a verdict upon the question of the genuineness of the phenomena which occur in the presence of Margery. This committee witnessed many things that they could not immediately explain and they signed reports describing them because they knew what they had observed. So far they were on safe ground. A trained observer can report what he observes with considerable reliability. Just so one might report that the motorman turned a handle and the trolley-car moved forward, without having any notion at all how the movement was brought about. Perhaps there was a demon inside the thing, and, not liking the crank to be turned, he ran and made the car go — at least this is a possible hypothesis.

Now, if this committee had kept on

being mystified, they would finally have gotten to the stage where they believed it useless to continue further in the hope of dispelling the mystery. They might then have decided to conclude that the phenomena were genuine and to award the prize. Nevertheless, prize or no prize, it would still remain possible for someone cleverer than they, or more lucky than they, to solve the mystery in some perfectly normal manner.

On the other hand, if the committee had actually discovered some normal explanation of the originally strange events, — that Margery rang the bell-box with her foot, or that Walter's voice was Margery's whisper in a trance, — then they might have given a negative report. Still they would not be sure of their generalization. Perhaps Margery made the particular whispers that they observed, but perhaps Walter also whispers at other times. Their whole finding would be upset if it could later be shown that any whispering at all occurred without Margery's participation.

As a matter of fact, this particular committee made neither finding. The majority reported that the supernormality of the phenomena was not established, and thus they remained on scientific ground. If, however, they had made a definite statement one way or the other, it is plain that their finding could not have been final and irrevocable for the reason that scientific research is never final or irrevocable. One hears so much talk about science 'settling problems,' whereas it never settles them: it merely advances them.

II

Supernormality. The second difficulty which psychic research faces lies in the fact that its task is often formulated as the proof of the supernormal nature of certain phenomena. When are phenomena supernormal?

Suppose we are asked to a séance and there we observe many objects, remote from the medium and everyone else, moving about on the table or going up in the air. There is no doubt about the observation. The question arises: Is the movement supernormal?

Here the investigator is faced with a necessity for establishing relationships. To find the cause of a phenomenon is to find what else has to occur in order that the phenomenon may occur. If, in his final analysis, he finds that the movement will not occur unless the medium's hand or foot is free to touch the object and that the movement will not occur beyond the range of the hand or foot, he has established an hypothesis which bids fair to be accepted as genuine. Such an explanation, however, would be regarded as a demonstration of normality.

What other sort of relationship could he possibly find? Let us suppose that the investigator, as the result of prolonged experimentation, becomes convinced that the movement is not caused directly by any movable part of the medium's body or of the bodies of any other persons in the room; and, by choosing suddenly unexpected rooms known only to himself, that it is not caused by elaborate concealed apparatus. The unscientific person would begin then to think that the movement must be supernormal. He might be convinced until he discovered that the medium was in possession of what appeared to be a fountain pen, but was really a strong extensible rod by which objects at a distance could be manipulated. Then he would conclude that the movement might be normal after all.

Suppose, however, that at last he exhausts his ingenuity in thinking of things and conditions to exclude, and still the movements occur. What has

he proved? Not supernormality, but simply that there is movement and he does not know how it occurs. The belief in the supernormal turns out to be nothing more than a belief in his own ignorance.

To most readers this statement may seem very strange. Science, they will say, has done wonderful things; why should it not some day establish the reality of the supernormal? The answer is that to establish the reality of the supernormal would be to bring it within the normal. Science has no way of working except by relating the unknown to the known. When phenomena are built into the system of knowledge they cease to be supernormal.

The logicians would state this conclusion in another way. They tell us that you cannot prove a universal negative. Proof is essentially positive in its nature. To prove the supernormal you must define it, but you can only define it by saying that it is something that is not normal. Now you cannot prove that a phenomenon is not normal. You may be able to prove that it is normal, or you may persistently fail to prove it normal. If you fail to prove it normal you have not proved it supernormal; you have simply failed to prove it anything at all. It is surprising how easy it is to confuse the knowledge that one is ignorant with a knowledge about the thing of which one is ignorant.

All this argument does not, of course, go to show that there is nothing supernormal. It asserts merely that science cannot cope with the problem of the supernormal, which must presumably remain a matter of faith without proof.

III

Generalization. A fundamental characteristic of science that plays an important rôle in the misunderstanding of psychic research is generalization. Theoretical science is interested always in the general, never in the particular. Yet it has always to study the particular. Galileo was not concerned to see whether his two particular weights, dropped from the tower of Pisa, would reach the ground at the same time, but whether bodies in general fell at speeds that were independent of their weights. Thus the scientist takes his particular materials as representative of the general class, and ordinarily he avoids difficulty by picking his representatives by naïve common-sense. He secures his generalizations further by repeating his observations with different materials, all of which he assumes belong to the same class, thus effecting a criticism of his common-sense selection. We become convinced of the law of falling bodies only after it has been tested out for a large number of objects and a larger number of weights.

In psychic research, however, repetition cannot always be had. Even astronomy is not so difficult as psychic research in this matter. In astronomy control of the actual phenomena is impossible, but they do recur, or else we learn little of them. There is no guarantee, however, that a 'spirit' will consent to repeat a given phenomenon just when it is wanted. Unless the 'control' will coöperate, it may be quite impossible to come to any conclusions at all.

Sometimes, nevertheless, the control does coöperate. In the Margery case, Walter was willing to repeat phenomena again and again. Is this all that science could ask for? No, for one needs assurance that apparent phenomena are really the same. In Mr. Hoagland's account of Margery in the November *Atlantic* the group remained for a long time puzzled. They thought that the hands and feet of the medium were controlled. Then it appeared that

she could slip off an ankle-band, freeing a foot. With this discovery it became immediately possible to arrange to control the foot; and the group, to put their hypothesis to the test, predicted that the phenomena would either cease or change. They did change somewhat in nature. Yet, even if they had not changed, they would not have been in a scientific sense the same phenomena. If Margery had done with her hand what she did with her foot, something else would have been going on.

The professional magician makes use of this principle generally. When he repeats a trick he does it in a different way. The naïve observer thinks he is observing the same phenomenon, eliminates some possibilities the first time and others later, and so remains mystified.

In studying accounts of supposed psychic phenomena, one has therefore to be extremely cautious. It is very easy to talk about teleplasm, for example, as if it existed, because there are telekinetic movements, and because one possible normal explanation has been excluded in one experiment, and others in others. The reader, however, knows nothing worth knowing until all the possibilities have been excluded in the same experiment, and even then, as we have seen, he knows only that teleplasm is something that acts in a particular manner by laws that he cannot explain. To me it seems that such a conclusion is worth mentioning only in so far as it sets the problem for further research.

IV

Sincerity. The fourth matter which I wish to take up is psychological and not methodological. It concerns the sincerity of the medium. Sincerity of the medium is often invoked as part of the demonstration of the genuineness of the phenomena. If the medium is a fraud she is insincere. Conversely, it is argued, if she is sincere the phenomena must be genuine. The converse of a proven proposition, however, does not necessarily hold. Presumably sincerity, as we ordinarily know it, is not a proof that there is no trickery. To understand this matter we have to understand the human mind.

Human beings, while they seek in modern society to be rational and consistent, fall far short of success. Most of us want, for example, to be both honest and polite, and we find sometimes that we cannot be both simultaneously. We tell the truth with a little shame or we resort to a 'white lie.' In this case both motives are worthy motives and the conflict is not very great. Whichever we do, we are justified to ourselves.

The case is more serious when an unworthy motive clashes with a worthy one. I knew a girl who had such a passion for cold lamb chops that once, on a picnic, she went off alone so as to have all her chops for herself and then came back with some excuse. When I reminded her of it a year later she denied ever having done so, and I think she had really forgotten it. This mental device by which we avoid thinking about the less pleasant sides of ourselves is the well-known psychological mechanism of 'repression.'

In the extreme case one gets a dissociated personality. The most famous instance is Dr. Morton Prince's Miss Beauchamp and her alternating personality called Sally. Miss Beauchamp was refined and sensitive, but Sally was a young devil, always making trouble for Miss Beauchamp, destroying her things or creating impossible situations for Miss Beauchamp to face when she later replaced Sally. What a medium Miss Beauchamp might have been, preparing all the necessary devices as Sally, facing the public in all sincerity

as Miss Beauchamp, and reverting to Sally under the influence of the séance!

Nor does dissociation necessarily mean an alternation of personalities. There may be, as Dr. Prince styles them, co-conscious personalities. The one may control the voice while the other controls the hand, or at least the two may go on in rapid alternation. When we read in the papers of a devout man, respected in his community, carrying out over a considerable period some line of misconduct, we style him a hypocrite and dismiss the matter from mind. Most people, however, are not consciously hypocritical. The chances are that the man seemed to himself to be quite sincere when he was standing for morality and that the other life interpenetrated his moral life without his ever being able to bring himself to face the inconsistency.

Sincerity, then, may be a human ideal, but it will not be perfectly realized so long as the human mind remains the natural seat of conflicting impulses. I have recently had an example of such a conflict in my own experience.

Mr. Code, one of the Margery investigators, arranged a séance in which he was to produce all the Margery phenomena by trickery. I was present and held the important position of controlling his left hand. I wanted the control to be as rigid as possible in order that the demonstration should be convincing, but I also wanted Code to succeed. In general, Code was quite as mysterious as Margery to me, but once, in red light, he attempted too much and I saw how the trick was done. I should then have reported fraud into the dictaphone, according to the general understanding, but it never occurred to me to do so. It was only after I had gone home and thought it over that I realized that the desire to have Code succeed had won out over the desire to control him rigidly. If I were not a psychologist accustomed to analyze my motives, I do not believe that I should even have remembered this incident.

The incident goes to show, however, that persons who have the 'will to believe' in the supernormal do not make good investigators of psychic phenomena. It shows also that in an investigation persons sympathetic to the phenomena or to the medium should not be placed in the important positions near her. A sympathetic sitter is not only uncritical. He may actually help the medium or allow her to help herself, and he may, after the sitting, be able to answer with all sincerity — 'to the best of his knowledge and belief' — that he did not aid. The trouble is that the best of one's knowledge and belief is very apt not to be the truth when strongly conflicting motives arise.

I hope it is now plain that psychic research, in so far as it seeks to demonstrate the genuineness of supernormal phenomena, is a paradox. Research does not demonstrate genuineness; it yields at best a temporary practical belief. Research cannot prove the supernormal, for the supernormal is nothing more than something we know nothing at all about; it does not take research to tell us that we are ignorant of some things. And finally, with the human mind made the way it is, even sincerity is not a safeguard of the results of psychic research, for it takes more than sincerity to accomplish what is logically impossible.

THE COMING OF 'CHINA NEW YEAR'

BY NORA WALN

'PLEASE buy my laziness, please buy my laziness,
Please buy my laziness for a year.'

The high sweet treble of the child's song drifted through the open windows of my sitting-room. I heard the soft fall of paper-wrapped coins on the paving-stones of my kitchen courtyard, a shrill joyous exclamation, the chuckle of deeper voices, and a continuation of the New Year's Eve chant: —

'Maai laan, maai laan,
Maai to nin saam shap maan.'

(I've sold my laziness, I've sold my laziness,
I've sold my laziness for a year.)

For half an hour I caught snatches of the melody — now distinct, now far away — and knew that Chou Chung-hung, the three-year-old son of my cook, was collecting his holiday tribute from all of those members of my household whom he numbers as his friends. In time the shuffle of cloth-slippered baby feet came down my passage, there was a suppressed nervous giggle, a knock, and the door came slowly open, disclosing a solemn little face. Instantly he doubled his fat 'tummy' into a bow so that his forehead tapped the polished floor and the stiff upstanding topknot on his otherwise clean-shaven head waggled impressively.

Before I had time to appreciate the full glory of his gayly embroidered crownless cap, from which a tiny bell dangled over each ear, he was standing erect beside my chair and my eyes were dazzled by the radiance of his red-satin coat and trousers. The coat fastened stiffly up to his round pink chin and down the left side with buttons of self material. The trousers were bound at the ankles, 'exactly like a grown-up man's,' with bands of lavender silk, and disappeared into tiger shoes of yellow cloth marked with black stripes. Each toe had a dragon's face embroidered on it; there were turn-back ears of fur, and bristling whiskers of waxed thread.

His bright eyes sparkled with excitement and a dimple danced in one cheek of his otherwise perfectly controlled soap-polished face as he trilled his rhyme.

I had just dropped three coins, properly wrapped in red paper, into his chubby hand when my small daughter turned her attention from the treatment of her sick doll and contemplated Chou Chung-hung. Then she took up the song for herself.

'I'm sorry, but I have n't any more, Little Pigeon,' I said regretfully.

Chou Chung-hung lifted my sewing-basket to make sure that there were no more lurking under it, considered the situation deliberately, opened the pussy purse which hung from his inner belt, counted fourteen coins in the murmuring fashion of children, and passed exactly half of his hoard over to her.

It was morning. A perfume which could be only that of newly opened flowers came to my nostrils. I turned over in bed, waking from a dream. The odor persisted, tantalizing my curiosity until I rose and opened the door from which it came, to find the jardinières

along the stairs filled with delicate pink plum-blossoms.

Pulling my dressing-gown about me, I followed the trail of fragrant loveliness down the stairs and through the house to the breakfast-room, where the plum-blossoms stopped abruptly at the door. In the centre of the table I found a great shallow bowl which I had never seen before; in the clear water of the bowl lay shells and smooth white stones in pretty patterns, and from among the stones sprang a myriad of exquisite slender green stalks, each topped with a delicate miniature blossom. In the early gray dawn they were like fairies about to take flight.

Chang, my house steward, entered the room, carrying a tray of silver with which to lay the breakfast. At sight of me a wave of astonishment passed over his face, leaving his calm impenetrable as ever.

'The flowers are the gift of the Chinese members of the household. Plum-blossoms are the China New Year flower, but the water fairies' — he touched one petal with the tip of his finger — 'are the blossoms of domestic tranquillity. If they bloom at dawn they bring the household much happiness for twelve moons. Chinese people pay ten times as much for buds that will open at this hour as for those that would open yesterday or to-morrow.'

Before I could express my gratitude he had glided silently from the room, and the stiff line of his back was a sharp reproof that I had prowled about the house before the proper hour.

At eight o'clock the breakfast gong sounded, and when we reached the lower landing of the stairs we found all the 'Chinese members of the household' dressed in their best clothes, ready to give us New Year greetings, as is their custom. We stood while they gave the 'Ching An' salute — a graceful bending of the right knee forward while the left is drawn back, both arms dropping straight to the floor and the head held erect. They gave the salute first to the 'master,' then to me, and then to the baby, solemnly wishing each of us in turn the New Year's five blessings — prosperity, happiness, health, peace, and many sons.

An hour later I discovered in my small daughter's nursery two dolls marvelously wrought of paper, and remembered them as the same kind of figures I had seen by the hundred in the shops on Lantern Street a week before. On the wall facing the east the amah had hung the two graceful ladies with the long richly decorated gowns of the Sung dynasty. Their perfectly shaped faces were in the form of the Chinese ideal of feminine beauty — almond-shaped, with slender rounded chins, butterfly eyebrows, cherry mouths, and high white foreheads. Their hair was piled high and dressed in the ornate fashion of the Sung period. They stood about eighteen inches high, and two inches of wide trouser-leg were visible below the hem of their long coats.

'Amah gave me Ho Hoperh Sien. They are two friends who keep smiles on our faces,' my child explained. 'Amah is telling the story about them now — stay and listen.'

So I sat down on the hearthrug and listened to the pretty tale the old Chinese nurse repeated from the folklore of her people: of these two ladies who lived hundreds of years ago and who by their living taught others how to give and receive friendship, and of how the Chinese people honor their memory and strive to bring harmony into their own lives by buying paper dolls made in their image every China New Year.

And as we listened to the dull drone of the old woman's voice the two ladies nodded their heads gayly in the morning sunshine and seemed to dance with

happiness upon the platform of silver paper flecked with red birds on which the Lantern-Maker had fastened them.

'I did not even hope to find them in Canton,' Amah exclaimed. Born in Peking, she will always be an alien elsewhere. 'Of course they make the likeness best in Peking, but the story of their harmonious living must have spread all over China. During the seventeen years I have moved about with this household I have never failed to find them at China New Year time. They were in far Szechwan, in Honan, in Chihli, all along the Yangtze Valley — and now here in distant Canton.'

Tears slid over her furrowed cheeks. I looked away for an instant and when I turned back she was sewing placidly as usual.

China New Year comes at the end of each twelfth moon. This year the 'Pepper Moon,' as the twelfth month is called, happens to die on the twenty-second of our January. On the eve of the old year all business accounts are settled, quarrels smoothed out, and affairs arranged so that the sun rises on an unmarred future. The first fifteen days of the 'Beginning Moon' are devoted to special observances.

The China New Year Celebration is a celebration in the heart of the family. Restaurants, theatres, gambling-houses, and all places of public amusement are closed, as well as all places of business. The people retire to their homes, and rich and poor alike are occupied welcoming the New Year. There are no rickshas with fleet runners in the streets; no cart, boat, camel, or donkey services; sedan chairs are not for hire. All the men have gone home to their families, as is the advice of ancient sages.

It matters not that Westerners have come with a new calendar and set an arbitrary date for the birth of the year. 'All things follow in proper order' — the moons are numbered twelve from time without count, and are designated Beginning Moon, Almond Moon, Peach Moon, Locust Moon, Rush Moon, Water-Lily Moon, Ripening Moon, Harvest Moon, Chrysanthemum Moon, Plum Moon, Reed Moon, and Pepper Moon.

The Republic has officially adopted the Western calendar. Nevertheless the entire country observes the advent of the year as it is written in the hearts of the people, and the Republic and Western businesses follow in line, with from four to seven days' holiday.

The first day of the New Year is a day of fasting. As a Chinese friend explained to me once, the people fast on that day and pray for safety and prosperity during the moons that are to come. Cooking fires are banked, and the only tea made or food cooked is that prepared for sacrifice. All through the preceding night and the day following the New Year's birth, crackers and fireworks are lit to frighten away evil spirits. On the second day of the New Year folks pay calls on their own parents and their very closest friends. The third day is devoted to calls on relatives by marriage. Where it is impossible to call, oblong red cards with appropriate greetings brushed on them are sent.

On the second day of the New Year it was arranged that I should meet my husband at the corner of the Big Horse Road and the Street of a Thousand Blessings to go to tea at the house of a friend. I started early that I might have time to linger along the streets, because I have learned that at this season there is a special air of democratic friendliness abroad, an exchange of smiles between people who never saw each other before. And as the weather is warm here in the South — lupines, sweet peas, violets, cosmos, poinsettias, and roses are in bloom in my garden in

this curious climate where flowers of all seasons blossom together — I hoped to catch glimpses of life through half-open doorways.

Nor was I disappointed. I found rows of shop doors plastered neatly with the long red-paper scrolls which are the mark of the season in every section of the country where I have seen the year in. Sometimes they are quoted from the classics; often they are composed by the shop-owner or the house-dweller. They are always couplets, one on either side of the doorway. Before the gate of Fat Sen I found: 'Spring grass will be our business,' and a rhyming line in his language: 'Autumn harvest will be our richness.' At the entrance to the dwelling of the schoolmaster I discovered: 'Morality brings happiness; politeness brings opportunity.'

I exchanged smiles with little children in gorgeous holiday-attire. On Elephant Horn Hutung I found the old woman whose name, translated, means Universal Virtue seated in the doorway of her front courtyard dressed in gay new garments — apricot-colored trousers, short violet coat covered with a gray sleeveless jacket, her hair oiled smoothly back, and the twist beautified with a bunch of flat artificial pink flowers. She was surrounded by pyramids of oranges, which vied with her dress for first place in my attention.

'I have to keep open shop,' she exclaimed as I drew near, 'else the fruit my brother sent would spoil. Come and buy and I shall be free the sooner to light crackers of rejoicing with my sons and daughters. It is not seeming that an old woman like myself should do selling at this time.'

I stopped to examine the fruit and to consider whether the fact that it would be a nice present for the Yang children, to whose home I was on the way, would pass as a legitimate excuse for joining my husband with my arms full of packages. The fruit did look delicious and children do like oranges, so I hesitated.

'Only twenty cents for twelve,' she encouraged me.

'All right; I will take twelve,' I decided. When I had selected them I handed her twenty cents.

'Are you blind? Can't you read?' she screamed in rage, dropping the coin on the pavement to make sure that it rang true, and running a dirty finger along the characters of a crude sign. 'Twenty cents for twelve; twenty-three cents with the skins.'

Not being able to carry the oranges away without the skins, I counted out three cents and dropped them into her outstretched hand.

'That is better,' she grinned toothlessly. 'Don't start turning somersaults in the eye of a cash on my doorstep.'

The time came when I must turn into the Big Horse Road, which I always avoid as long as possible, preferring the friendly little streets. I had not ventured on the big road for two months, because in this city, suffering so cruelly in the throes of reformation, it is very ugly. I decided to hold my eyes tight shut, finding the way with my feet, until I was safely past the place where, after the fighting between the Merchant Volunteers and the Red Army, I saw the latter cutting the heart out of a badly wounded but still living Volunteer, and was told to step back when I tried to interfere, 'because the victor has an unalienable right to cut out, cook, and eat the heart of a courageous enemy that he may make that courage his own' — the latter from the mouth of a policeman on duty and gravely assented to by the gathered crowd.

At the curb I stumbled, and my eyes came open and, against my will, turned toward the place of horror; but on the stone against which the bloodstain still showed dark, despite heavy rains,

stood a little boy, his eyes shining with merry mischief as he tugged at his father's coat and drew the latter's attention to me.

'Look at the funny foreigner! She was walking with her eyes shut. Look how her hair crinkles about her face under that ugly hat! Does n't she know about the shops where ladies buy oil and polish to make their hair glossy and black? What queer feet she has! Her shoes are heavier and longer than a man's shoes, although she is little taller than my mother. What a foolish fashion to have a dress open at the throat so that the wind can blow in! Does n't she know that clothes should open on the left side and fit neatly at the neck?'

Thus the child helped me past the place, and at the promised corner I found my husband waiting.

It was halfway along the Street of Seven Springs that we came upon four coolies, each pair bearing suspended from a pole between them a huge fat roasted pig varnished all over with the peculiar red vegetable dye which gives charm and flavor to holiday meat. As is the habit of coolies, they were lightening their toil with an improvised chant — the first pair singing a verse in rhyme, the second pair nimbly singing an answer. As we came near we made out the following: —

'Here comes the Tall Foreign Devil — number-one scold from the north!
Here comes the Tall Foreign Devil — number-one scold from the north!'

I had just nudged my husband with an elbow and was in the midst of a delighted chuckle at the cleverness of the song when the two rear coolies began the answering chant: —

'You have made a mistake — you have made a mistake!
The number-one scold walks beside him — walks beside him!'

And suddenly I had a desire to have done with loitering and hasten on to the house where we were expected to tea.

On the morning of the fourth day of this year I woke with my mind firmly made up to secure the ivory image of the Goddess of Mercy which I had been trying not to buy for the past six months. The price was far above my pocketbook, but the beauty of the carving, weighed in the same balance with the clothes I should purchase, tipped the latter out of the scales entirely. Also I rested on the memories of other indiscretions, followed by my husband's horror at my lack of clothes and the refilling of my purse.

Shops were open on the loose chain all through the city, giving delightful glimpses of inner vistas. There is a special mystery in beauty caught through a part-open doorway, heightened when shops and dwellings are built as they are here, with first an entrance room, then a courtyard with a spraying fountain, on which the sun sparkled this morning like so much gold. In every place I saw blooming plum-trees and bowls of 'water fairies.'

In the little stone niches outside each shop incense was burning before the picture of 'Tu Ti,' the god of shops, whose spirit watches over their welfare and lures customers within the gates.

The Street of Lanterns was gay with lanterns in every conceivable size and shape. I counted fifty-three kinds. Lanterns in the form of fishes, birds, flowers, even horses that children could ride, — a very unsafe practice, as the candle is placed at either end of the horse and leads to numerous accidents each year, — theatre lanterns in which the figures revolve with the flame of the candle, and great gorgeous lanterns with scenes from the classic stories painted on them.

At the door of Fong the ivory-dealer's

shop, I gave three sharp taps and the little assistant let me in.

'May the New Year bring you much wealth,' the boy said in greeting.

'I have come to part with what wealth I possess,' I answered.

'Ai-ah! Fong the master was correct. He said that you would come to-day for the beautiful likeness of the Goddess of Mercy,' he confided.

Fong came forward from the rear courtyard and expressed proper surprise at my visit before the shop was open for business again, but commended my eagerness to possess the bit of ivory. He refused to accept business or settle the terms, but gave me the treasure and told me to come back to pay when the festivities were over and he could lend his mind to such things.

'It is the day when we pay homage to the God of Wealth,' he said. 'Would you like to come into my humble dwelling and watch the ceremony?'

I went with him to a room where many people were gathered, some of whom I recognized as clerks in his shop, to watch the sacrifice to Ts'ai-shen, the god who is worshiped all over China because he is believed to possess the power to enrich those whom he likes. He is believed to be very fond of gifts and toys, and short in his dealings with those who neglect him.

'This sacrifice is called "Welcoming the god to the shop,"' explained a clerk who stood near me. 'It is a very important service to all of us who are employed here, because if we are invited it means Fong has need of our services for another year. If we are not invited it is the polite way of dismissal. This is the habit in all old-fashioned shops. The things used in the sacrificial service are hens, eggs, game, and Lump of Silver fish, as we call carp.'

At the end of the service heavy firecrackers were exploded; then the fish were taken away from the altar and dropped into the fountain in the courtyard, 'that the business might be as bountiful as the spawn of the fish are plentiful.'

This is the Year of the Ox, according to the Chinese people, the second year in the sixty-year cycle. For some reason unknown to me the character 'wood' combines with 'ox' to make the name of the year. Last year was the Year of the Rat. On all sides I am assured by Chinese that this will be a good year for the entire country because, 'as all men know, the rat is cruel and cunning, but the ox is slow, strong, and sure.'

To-day is the seventh day of the China year. It is the day of the celebration of the creation of man. Back of that there must lie a story, but so far none of my questions have secured me the tale, for the Chinese people have a way of curing too much eagerness with indifference and then some surprising day telling the whole thing unasked. They like the flower of knowledge to bloom in its own good time, and resent any attempt at pulling open the bud.

When I am impatient to get at the root of something, I quiet my striving with the memory of a conversation which once took place behind me in a temple where I was questioning a monk. A small crowd had gathered, making various remarks about my dress and manner. I was foreign, so there need be no self-consciousness about my understanding.

'She can talk,' said an old dame.

'So she can,' responded another.

'I did not know that they had sufficient sense to carry on a conversation like other people,' the first one said.

'Oh yes! My husband's sister's husband has worked for Americans for a number of years, and he says that in spite of their appalling ignorance some of them are quite intelligent.'

FROM MAIN STREET TO WALL STREET

BY WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY

I

ONCE upon a time, — and it was n't so long ago, either, — down in Boothbay, Maine, there were two brothers, John and James. Their last name was Doe. John, the elder, was quiet-eyed, slow-moving, and comfortable, temperamentally. James was more jumpy, nimble-witted, ambitious to get on. One stayed on the farm; the other naturally gravitated to the city. In due season John's boy prepared to enter the academy at Damariscotta. Said his father: 'Son, you're getting grown up. Suppose I die — you ought to have something all your own. I'm going to give you that best Jersey heifer. But you must remember to keep her well fed and healthy so that the milk will be pure. And keep her horns cut, in case she gets pernickety. Remember also that the fence in the northeast corner of the pasture is getting shaky. She might wander out on the highroad and upset somebody in a Ford. Because she's all yours, it's up to you to see that she behaves herself.'

About the same time James, in the library of his city house, thus delivered himself to his son: 'Now, Junior, before you go to college I want to give you my investment in the Boothbay Harbor Electric Light Company. This concern serves our old neighbors and friends, and I want you to feel a continuing interest in, and a responsibility for, our share in this local enterprise. If properly managed it should be a benefit to this community; and it will yield you an income to be applied to your education through the next few years. But you must never forget that you are partly responsible for this undertaking. Our family had a hand in starting it. That responsibility is an inseparable part of your ownership. I read something the other day, in an opinion by Justice Brandeis of the United States Supreme Court, which bears this out: "There is no such thing to my mind . . . as an *innocent* stockholder. He may be innocent in fact, but socially he cannot be held innocent. He accepts the benefits of the system. It is his business and his obligation to see that those who represent him carry out a policy which is consistent with the public welfare." He is right in that. This accountability for wealth underlies and justifies the whole institution of private property upon which the government of our great country is founded.'

Thus did two men, good and true according to their several lights, recognize the public obligation that attaches to wealth. But how different were the results! The son of John, under the old simple conditions, continued to cherish, and in the community to stand sponsor for, his Jersey heifer. But with the son of James complications speedily developed. First of all, the Central Maine Power Company, heading up in Augusta, induced a majority of the stockholders in the

local corporation to exchange their holdings for shares of the larger concern. There was nothing else to do but to follow along. Then a great consolidation was announced. It was headed by the Middle West Securities Company, incorporated in Delaware, which took over the Central Maine Power Company and made it a part of an intermediate corporation, known as the New England Public Service Company, which through the Manchester Traction Light and Power Company and the National Light and Power Company (which latter itself owned the Twin State Power Company and the Vermont Hydro-Electric Company) covered all northern New England. Thus, by the close of 1923, the son of James had become a partner with 53,999 others in a joint investment of over $52,000,000 *in stocks alone.* The main office of the company had moved to Chicago (the annual meeting still being held in Delaware, however). The little New England corporation was now indissolubly bound up with five others in Illinois, three in Indiana, three in Kentucky, two in Oklahoma, one in Oklahoma and Texas, one in Missouri, one in Michigan, two in Nebraska, two in Virginia, one in Wisconsin, and one in Tennessee. This was the chain, constituted of many links, which made up the sole and tenuous connection between the son of James and his original electric-light investment. It began to look indeed as if the days of the simple life and of direct responsibility of ownership were by way of passing in the field of public utilities in New England.

James and his son, thus lost in the shuffle of public-utility corporations, turned to the field of private enterprise, in which, as they had been told, personal initiative still held sway, free from the deadening influence of governmental supervision. They perused the offerings of securities in the press by well-known and responsible firms. Might they not hope to acquire direct ownership in corporations which themselves managed the business? The first stumblingblock was the holding corporation. They had become used to this complicated financial device in the large concerns like the United States Steel Corporation or the General Motors Company. They sought for less stupendous undertakings. One banking house offered gold notes which invited participation in the affairs, not of the Kaufmann Department Stores, Inc., 'conducting the largest department-store business in the city of Pittsburgh,' but only of a holding company, the Kaufmann Department Stores Securities Corporation, a finance or intermediate company. Another offering was of Stern Brothers, New York, 'one of the oldest and best-known department stores in the United States,' but 'to ensure continuity of management and policy the common shares will be placed in a voting trust.' Perhaps they sought an interest in the biggest hardware company in the United States. They found, however, that the Associated Simmons Hardware Companies merely controlled an immense business in St. Louis, deriving their status as a legal trust from Massachusetts. The DeForest Radio Company offering was yet otherwise eviscerated of all possible voting power by another kind of voting trust.

Coca-Cola sounded refreshing. A company chartered in Georgia turns out some 25,000,000 gallons of a popular beverage, presumably at a profit. The stock is publicly listed and very widely held. But some 251,000 of its 500,000 shares were found to be lodged in the hands of a knot of insiders, incorporated as the Coca-Cola International Company. No shares of this corporation which held control were

listed or available as a purchase to James or his son. Answering an advertisement of securities of the Associated Gas and Electric Company, they found that its business was really conducted at the office of the Associated Gas and Electric Securities Corporation — another finance company? From Armour and Company of Delaware, whose common stock was all owned by Armour and Company of Illinois, down to the latest offering of a dairy-products concern, everything was tied up in this way. Hopeless indeed did it appear that any uninitiated public investor could understand, much less participate intelligently in, any of these affairs.

Nor was James wholly to blame for the loss of direct contact and responsibility between his son and his investment. For, finding himself getting on in years and being mindful of the mutability of human affairs, he might have taken out a charter as 'James Doe, Ltd.' — better, perhaps, than 'Inc.,' because carrying the suggestion, among other things, of a limited liability for inheritance taxes. His son and his wife holding practically all of the stock in this immortal creation, no investments coming to them upon his death would cause a ripple in the Probate Courts. Or, possibly, he put his possessions in a private trust, managing it himself as trustee during his lifetime, thereby splitting up the income and still further reducing taxes. Or the management of this 'living trust' might have been turned over to a professional trust company. And any one of these agencies might in turn have purchased 'Collateral Trustee Shares in the New England Investment Trust, Inc., the First National Bank of Boston, Trustee,' or some similar investment concern, properly enough intended through diversification to spread the risk. And, finally, there was the life-insurance policy, based entirely upon investments to be handled by these great fiduciary corporations for him as agent, at the longest possible range.

II

What an amazing tangle this all makes of the theory that ownership of property and responsibility for its efficient, farsighted, and public-spirited management shall be linked the one to the other. Even the whole theory of business profits, so painstakingly evolved through years of academic ratiocination, goes by the board. All the managers — that is to say, the operating men — are working on salary, their returns, except on the side, being largely independent of the net result of company operation year by year. The motive of self-interest may even have been thrown into the reverse, occasionally, so far as long-time upbuilding in contradistinction to quick turnover in corporate affairs is concerned. And what has become of the relation between labor and capital? What guaranty may possibly be given by the *real owners* to the working class that there shall not be taken from it an opportunity for future welfare and development as a result of these changes? Veritably the institution of private property, underlying our whole civilization, is threatened at the root unless we take heed. The situation is not inaptly described by the colored candidate for the ministry, confronted by the request of the examining Board of Preachers to name some character in the Bible and then to relate all that he knew about it. 'Ah thinks Ah'll take Jezebel. Jezebel, she was a hussy, a-settin' up at a winder when David come down along th'u' Jerusalem. An' she hollered at 'im. An' he said, "Ef I got a frien' up there, let him th'ow 'er down." An' 'e had a frien' up there, an' 'e th'ow'd 'er down. An'

David said, "Let 'im th'ow 'er down again." An' 'e th'ow'd 'er down again. An' David said, "Let 'im th'ow 'er down seventy times seven." An' 'e th'ow'd 'er down seventy times seven. An' she busted into a thousand pieces. An' they gathered up the fragments that nothin' be lost. An' de question are: *Whose wife am she at de Reserrecshum?*' It is a query which might well be propounded at this time to several millions of our fellow citizens, in so far as they are part owners in the $70,000,000,000 capitalization of American corporations, according to the Federal tax returns, in the year of our Lord 1923.

Thus far, however, the multiplication of these entanglements constitutes no innovation. They have been going on for a long time, insidiously undermining the principle of accountability. The individual and partnership forms of business organization disappeared in favor of the corporation even before the war. Well-nigh a thousand companies are now listed on the New York Stock Exchange alone — 163 railroads and 763 other corporations in 1924. But since the World War, and particularly in this heyday of prosperity, the facile initiating and legal minds have hit upon something better yet — and something, furthermore, which puts once and for all at rest the last vestige of power of participation of the owners of property in prudent and efficient management. These last two years, 1924–25, promise to go down in history — like the Year of the Plague, or the Year of the Big Wind — as the Years of the Split Common Stock and the Vanishing Stockholder.

Even before the World War the practice was not uncommon, outside of railroads, of setting off preferred shares as nonvoting. The amount of these issues was in those days adjusted to the tangible assets, leaving the common shares to represent the equity, which depended upon successful management to be secured by the exercise of the voting rights. The late invention now splits up these common shares. To be in the mode one has, let us call it, a 'Class A participating' common stock, with a first lien on earnings after satisfaction of all prior claims of preferred stocks and bonds. This leaves a 'Class B' common stock representing, according to circumstances, the cream, the scum, the froth, or the sediment of the business; for the full voting rights attach exclusively to these Class B common shares, none, or only a minority, of which are offered to the public at all. The appetite for the preferred shares may sometimes be whetted by a flavoring of the Class A common shares, but not of those which carry votes. The recent 'Dodge Brothers, Inc.,' is typical. A banking house buys up a private business for, it has been said, $146,000,000 or thereabouts. This sum, and more too, they recover — if the plan works out — by the sale to the public, for $160,000,000, of bonds and preferred stock at par and 1,500,000 *nonvoting* shares of Class A common stock. But not a single one of the 500,000 Class B voting (no par) common shares are thus sold. The promoters have virtually paid themselves a handsome profit for the assumption of the entire directorial power, having mortgaged the property to the full amount of its original cost through outstanding bonds and preferred stock, including both assets and capitalized earning power. And the amazing thing is that this final deathblow to the exercise of voting rights by the general public has brought no voice of protest. Yet the plan bears every appearance of a bald and outrageous theft of the last tittle of responsibility for management of the actual owners by those who are setting up these

latest financial erections. Is n't it the prettiest case ever known of having a cake and eating it too?

Perhaps the baldest case is of an artificial-silk concern, the Industrial Rayon Corporation, with 598,000 shares of nonvoting Class A stock distributed to the public, with the reservation of the remaining 2000 out of 600,000 shares, as Class B stock, carrying exclusive voting rights. Or the invitation to participate in a well-known root-beer enterprise with 180,000 shares of Class A and Class B common shares with the concentration of control in 3872 'Management Shares.' It savors rather of supererogation to add in the prospectus, 'The management of the company will remain unchanged and continue in charge of the members of the Hires family.' Or take, if you please, a well-known theatre enterprise, said to have over $20,000,000 in assets. There will be 4,000,000 shares — 3,900,000 Class A shares to be sold to you and me, and 100,000 Class B shares, in which will be vested exclusive control through voting rights. Furthermore, the Class A and Class B stock will divide the net earnings 50–50.

There is no concealment about all this. It is perfectly open and aboveboard. But who, we ask, under these circumstances has really given a hostage to fortune, to the public, or to the employees for honest and economic management of the business? The promoters stand to lose only the amount of their stake — a minus quantity in dollars in so far as the *nonvoting* shares have been made to cover not only the value of the tangible assets but the prospective capitalization of earnings. It is the public stockholders, the consumer and the wage-earner, who stand to lose in event of misdirection. How can there be other than a whirlwind of abuse of power under such conditions?

Nor is it our great basic industries which are being swept by this plague. Most of the great combinations had their rise twenty-five years ago, with a minor outbreak in 1911–12. To-day it is neither the Steel Corporation nor the Harvester Trust nor the railroads which are following these newly beaten paths. Look at the newspaper offerings! The public is buying out the mail-order, chain, and department stores, foodstuff manufacturers, the makers of washing machines, refrigerators, confectionery, make-believe-silk stockings, toilet and beauty preparations, music, tags and napkins, phonograph records, pianos and radio outfits, theatres — our daily bread, our ice cream, root beer, cake, and even our homemade pies. At this rate every conceivable article of direct or indirect consumption will soon be more or less in the hands of the general public.

Most disconcerting is it when this latest financial development invades the field of public utilities, already sufficiently cluttered up with holding companies and trusts. The older and conservative companies are above criticism. But one takes exception to the offerings of the Southern Gas and Power Corporation, with an authorized note issue of $2,000,000, preferred stock $5,000,000, and Class A 250,000 shares, leaving the exclusive voting power, except in case of default in cumulative dividends, in 100,000 shares of 'common stock, without par value.' It is these last which are not offered to the public at all. This organization controls operating companies in thirty-seven communities, scattered over eight different states. Was there ever a clearer case in an essential public industry of what has been well defined by an expert as 'one of the besetting sins of modern corporations . . . the custom of trading on a thin equity, control resting in the hands of common stockholders, while the funds

are supplied by the sale of preferred stocks and bonds'? Had this author written in 1925, he would have added 'and even of a large number of common shares which have been stripped of voting power.' Then he would have hit several nails squarely on the head with one rap of the hammer.

III

There is of late another financial practice, also, which greatly accentuates this nullification of the ordinary shareholder. This is the wide distribution of stock to employees and the consumers of the corporation's product, whether electric service, steel, or what not. The effect in any event is bound to be cumulative with that of the insinuation of professional management power between ownership and operation.

Corporations have always been susceptible to control by concentration of voting power. Far less than half of the capital stock may be as effective for such control as possession of an actual majority. But it is elemental — requiring no proof — that, the larger the number of shareholders, the more easily may a small concentrated block of minority shares exercise sway over all the rest. With a dozen owners, probably 51 per cent will be necessary for dominance. With 300,000 scattered holdings, a possible 15 or 20 per cent of the votes can never be overmatched at an election. In 1923 there were 250,000 new stockholders registered in the electric light and power companies alone. The total number of stockholders in all sorts of concerns has almost doubled since 1900, rising to an aggregate of 14,423,000 in 1923. These shareholders now possess over $70,000,000,000 worth of stock at par, on the showing of the Federal income-tax returns. Such possession used to be confined to the wealthy and the well-to-do class. Now it comprehends the small householder and large numbers of wage-earners. The former concentration of wealth is now yielding place to so wide a diffusion as to call for public recognition by way of legislation or oversight. But the important point to note is that, the wider the diffusion of ownership, the more readily does effective control run to the intermediaries. Financially, the matter is dangerous, for it tends to transform a contingent outstanding charge upon earnings into virtually fixed charges thereon. The cessation of dividends, either to employee holders or to consumers, is bound to be so productive of discontent and unrest that every nerve will be strained to the utmost, even overlong, to prevent their cessation.

But there is more yet to this story of the rape of the public stockholder! Far too many of these new securities are subject to the following proviso, which looks white enough superficially, but which has more than an indication of color at the base of the finger nails: 'No holders of stock of the corporation, of whatever class, shall have any preferential or other right of subscription to any shares of stock of any class, or any securities convertible into shares of the stock of the corporation, nor any right of subscription to any thereof, *other than such, if any, as the Board of Directors in its discretion may determine, and at such price as the Board of Directors may fix; and any shares or convertible securities which the Board of Directors may determine to offer for subscription to holders of stock may, as said Board of Directors shall determine, be offered to holders of any class or classes of stock at the time existing to the exclusion of holders of any or all other classes at the time existing.*' Such clauses, with devilish ingenuity,

look sound enough above the water line; but they certainly will not stand examination in dry dock. For not only has the shareholder parted with every vestige of control of the enterprise represented by his investment, but now he makes a free gift of such rights as may accrue, resulting from future growth of the property. Heretofore it has been a fundamental rule in corporation law that there shall be no discrimination whatsoever between shareholders. Discrimination there may be between creditors and owners; but by this device even the common shareholders are now set off, to the end that an inordinate share, if indeed not all, of the increment of profits in future shall attach to the holdings of those who are 'in the know.'

Why do stockholders submit to such indignity? The technique is simple, relying upon a fundamental attribute of human nature. Mr. Robert F. Herrick of Boston, in a frank address on holding companies, describing the manner in which the exchange of shares in one corporation for those of another may be brought about, thus puts it: 'All the stockholders act like a flock of sheep. In the main they follow the lead of the directors, and if the details of carrying the plan through are so arranged that the stock in the new company has an apparent money value greater than the stock of the old company for which it is offered, the exchange once started takes place generally, and when a majority of the stock in the companies is exchanged, practically the consolidation is effected.' There you have it in the words of an expert!

IV

It will be objected that no real change is involved in these recent tendencies: that stockholders never did, and never will, exercise their voting rights. In fact the great trouble, oftentimes, is to secure enough proxies in widely owned corporations to validate the acts of their directors. But the fact remains that the power, even if rarely exercised, and then only under extreme provocation, was there; and every once in a blue moon some resolute individual or stockholder could rise in his place and organize a protective committee or dissenting group — and, if nothing else happened, at least there was a thorough ventilation of what sometimes proved to be a musty or unsafe tenement. Furthermore, one of the most encouraging things in life is the influence that can be wielded by an individual, acting almost single-handed and alone, to confront and often to overcome a corporate Goliath, provided he has the right on his side. My mind runs to the extermination of the Louisiana Lottery by a former colleague, Professor Homer Woodbridge: think of it — Professor of Heating and Ventilation at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology! Or recall what Charles and Philip Cabot achieved in bringing about the elimination of the seven-day week and the twelve-hour day in the United States Steel Corporation! Or Lois Burnett Rantoul, undauntedly facing down every corporate influence in the Massachusetts Legislature, and bringing about the enactment of the first eight-hour-day law for women and children in the United States! Such things as these give one good heart, leading to the belief that the power of personality, alone, may win the most astonishing victories in the face of overwhelming odds. But all such achievement in this field of management of property is closed out forever once the people who own that property have allowed themselves to be utterly divorced from the exercise of their natural right to elect the directors and to influence, if not to determine, the corporate policy. For by such an

abdication they give themselves over, body and soul — becoming mere wards, *non compos mentis*, so far as control over their own affairs is concerned. It is all so absurd, theoretically, that it seems incredible. Yet here are the facts!

But if the trend of corporation law and practice has been so consistently in the direction of diminishing rather than of accentuating the responsibility and accountability of the real property-owners, what is to be done about it? This, to my thinking, is a matter of vital concern to the successful functioning of our capitalistic system. For, at this particular juncture, the final deathblow to such accountability seems to be in the very act of delivery. Many suggestions have been made from time to time; some of them have already been successfully applied to our railroads. A few now bear upon our other public utilities. But absolutely nothing has yet been done to stem the current, much less to reverse it, as respects private business corporations. Something, to be sure, has been accomplished in the way of enforcement of liability for downright mismanagement or negligence, as against directors. But all such remedies, even when successfully invoked, — as for example on the New Haven Railroad, in the Old Dominion Copper suit, or in the well-known American Grass Twine and American Malting Company proceedings about 1903, — are but cases of hanging the murderer after the innocent victim has expired. The reliance upon the courts, also, at best entails protracted and expensive litigation. Furthermore, too great an increase of such liability of directors, with the possible harassment of blackmailing or other proceedings, might readily enough make it impossible in future to secure the services of really able and responsible persons. Something may possibly be accomplished in this direction, but other and simpler remedies would seem to lie more nearly within reach.

Why not restrain the holding company? 'Swat it!' says one public spokesman. I would do so: yet ever with a nice discernment. The fly — bluebottle, horse, domestic, or gad — is always a pest. Not so the finance corporation. It has its proper place and function in the scheme of things. But within that domain it should be rigidly confined. The very complexity of our form of government, involving relationships which transcend state boundaries, almost inevitably brings forth a litter of creations deriving their powers from the governments of the different commonwealths. This is a necessary outcome of the local demand for compliance with local needs. Piling of one corporation upon another also simplifies finance and management, augmenting credit and enabling large-scale operation and the employment of higher-paid technicians. But it is also true that a large part of this complexity is the result of a deliberate intent to assume and concentrate power in the hands of an inner circle. The primary test of good faith is mathematical. When the Associated Merchants Company (of Connecticut) controlled, as it once did, the H. B. Claflin (dry goods) Company (of New Jersey), which in turn owned the operating H. B. Claflin and Company (in New York), by ownership of *45,001 out of 90,000* total shares, appearances are certainly against the arrangement; but when, as in the Continental or Purity Baking Corporations, recently set up, a bona fide attempt is made to secure *all* of the shares in the many operating concerns, the advantage and even the necessity of the plan are obvious.

Wade Ellis, the then attorney-general

of Ohio, speaking twenty years ago, stated, in words which now seem prophetic, the case against the holding company: —

'This is the most effective, the most invidious, and the cheapest of all combinations in restraint of trade. It is the most effective because, while agreements, and especially unlawful ones, may easily be broken, a transfer of the stock puts the bargain beyond the power of any conspirator to escape. It is the most invidious because, while it conceals all, it fears no exposure. It is the cheapest because it requires less money to buy a controlling interest in the stock of the competing companies than it does to buy their property, and yet the promoters have the use of the investment of all the minority holders in all the corporations brought under their control. In fact it generally requires no money at all, for the stock in the subsidiary companies is paid for in the stock of the holding company. Thus a vast industry is brought under the domination of manipulators whose circulating medium would not be a legal tender anywhere except on the stage.'

I venture to suggest the possibility of drawing the line between the use of such a device to concentrate control in the hands of insiders, contrary to public policy, and the performance of its legitimate function in the field of business. What a dull and rigid life as human beings we should be compelled to lead if our backbones were fashioned all in one piece. Even a corporation, to my thinking, may benefit from a proper amount of articulation. But it need not be a vaudeville contortionist, for all that!

V

What shall be said of the proposition that bondholders should be given voting rights, *pari passu* with the stockholders? One of the first acts of Governor Roosevelt of New York in 1900 was to appoint a special commission to draw up a model Companies' Act. Section 61 of this proposed statute made it permissive to confer voting power upon debenture- and bond-holders 'equal and equivalent to the stockholders.' Most eminent legal talent supports this contention with reference to railroads. I have always believed it desirable and feasible, whenever it is apparent that the real capital in the enterprise was provided through the sale of bonds, leaving the stock merely to represent real or anticipated capitalized earning power. Too often in the early days this used to be true of railroads. Many of them, however, have now waxed prosperous enough to fill out the measure of their financial clothes. The present situation among purely private corporations, in this instant wave of transformation, thoroughly supports the proposition that for many of these companies practically all of the real capital is advanced either by bondholders or by those who hold preferred stocks, which are in reality bonds. They are bonds in every vital respect, except that they have no foreclosure rights. But the preferred stocks have been bereft of all voting power, except and until the cessation of dividends. The amount of them issued, moreover, coupled with the Class A participating or nonvoting common stock, not unusually nowadays equals the full measure of material assets, plus capitalized present and prospective earning power. The proposition to enfranchise the bondholders, at least, is yet further fortified by the fact that the great life-insurance companies, which ordinarily confine their investments to bonds, have at their disposal expert financial talent of a high order, which might serve most acceptably upon the directorates of

many of these companies — say, for example, public-service corporations or the larger purely private business concerns.

The objection offered whenever I have advanced this proposition is that the bondholder is a 'money-lender' and that his intrusion into management 'ignores the private property rights of the stockholder.' Stockholders, forsooth! Who are they, indeed, in Dodge Brothers, Inc., where the only real stockholders — that is to say, those who have any power of direction — are bankers who have, for a handsome consideration to themselves, condescended to strip all the voting power from three quarters of the common shares — that portion alone which is sold to the public. Perhaps somebody will have the temerity to maintain that the remaining quarter — of Class B common shares, having 'exclusive voting powers for all purposes,' which the bankers retain for control — as exclusively represents the real owners of the property. Tush! Everybody else is no more a stockholder, so far as management is concerned, than is the elevator boy or the apple woman on the corner.

Another pulmotor for the possible resuscitation of this moribund stockholders' responsibility is that of cumulative voting. For ten years past it has been my privilege to serve as a director of the Rock Island Railway, whose ancient charter, Section 9, permits each stockholder either to vote 'for as many persons as there are directors to be elected, or to cumulate such shares and give one candidate as many votes as the number of directors, multiplied by the number of his shares of stock, shall equal, or distribute them on the same principle among as many candidates as he shall think fit.' That proviso put a watchful minority at the switch, at least until such time as mutual confidence and friendly relations all round had cleared up the situation. Thus is the standard provided of at least a temporary two-party system, which conforms to the praiseworthy criterion set by the *Railway Age*, 'that there should be someone continuously watching the detailed operation of the road in the interest of stockholders, other than the controlling interests, and in the interest of bond- and note-holders.' The conservative constitution of Pennsylvania gave its distinguished approbation to this plan, by requiring at one time that all corporate charters should provide for elections under such cumulative voting. Many of the great British banks, including the Bank of England and the London and Westminster, graduate the voting power of shares, to prevent superdomination by the large stockholders. Roosevelt's New York Commission in 1900 recommended the authorization, in a model Companies' Act, of 'any plan of cumulative or proportional voting.' Granted that the proposal needs safeguarding, to prevent obstructive and hold-up tactics, it nevertheless embodies a principle worth consideration. We ought to be adopting the practice to-day, instead of splitting off the management shares from the main body of the capitalization.

Inside control in practice often relies upon the voting rights attaching to floating stock in the market — that is to say, stock which is passing so rapidly from hand to hand that, for convenience' sake, it remains often for many years registered in the name of banking or brokerage houses. And, in the case of non-dividend-paying corporations, the proportion of such floating stock may be so great as, in and of itself, to carry control. And a system, not unlike logrolling among Congressmen, under such circum-

stances enables interchange and common understanding along the 'street' to perpetuate control by those who may not, in fact, have a dollar of actual stake in an enterprise. It has been proposed to disfranchise such floating stock. It might be serviceable; but the practical difficulties in the way of carrying out such a plan seem to me insuperable.

VI

This present tendency to strip the public shareholders of their voting rights may be checked, either through revision of our corporation laws, or by a vigorous attitude on the part of the courts. Direct action by the investing class, by boycotting all such offerings of securities, may give even more immediate results. But, in either or any event, no other safeguard against misuse of power by insiders is so likely to be effective as publicity. Nothing kills bacteria like sunlight. A frank sharing of all proper information with the main body of the shareholders is basically right. It is also in the long run a matter of good business. It is absurd that, as has so frequently happened of late, corporate results of operation should be given to the real owners, not every month, not even twice a year, but only superficially in an abbreviated annual report. The stockholders are entitled to know the amount of gross business, the cost of conducting it, and especially the policy as respects depreciation and upkeep in full detail, in order that they may benefit by the intelligent judgment which competent experts will then speedily pass upon the real status as to net earnings. The United States Steel Corporation and the American Telephone Company are forthstanding examples of the value of such frank publicity, as a recommendation to the world at large of an investment; and any corporation which pursues the opposite course thereby invites and deserves distrust and suspicion. Yet it is unfortunately true that the policy of some of the charter-mongering states — Delaware, West Virginia, and the rest — has been to discourage, rather than to develop such full disclosure of the state of affairs. For private corporations, the present situation as concerns stockholders' rights to information is most unsatisfactory.

Our experience with railroads is significant in this connection. They still deserve and require a greater measure of liberality in the matter of rates than has yet been granted by the Interstate Commerce Commission. But, this step once taken, they will be at last well on the road to a safe and stabilized investment for the great body of the people. It is clear already that the best of them are slowly assuming their rightful place in this regard, forging steadily ahead through the turbulence of speculation in so many other forms of enterprise. For speculation germinates in and thrives upon mystery. It is indubitable that this stabilization, even though it is yet on a subnormal plane, is largely the result of the complete publicity and standardization of railway accounts under Federal supervision. Several million investors may well be content to leave the management of their railroad possessions in the hands of others, knowing that, quite apart from the regulation of rates, this standardized publicity permits a scientific check, month by month, upon policy and results. How different is this from the manner in which even some of our nation-wide private industrial corporations do business all over the United States, cloaked and hooded like the despicable Ku Klux Klan. The clause of the Roosevelt New York Companies' Act of 1900 which, as a penalty for failure to render detailed and current reports of operation, proposed to

disqualify directors, making them ineligible for election for the period of a year, may be impracticable. Yet there may be the germ of an idea in the suggestion.

A brief address upon this subject recently, before the American Academy of Political Science, seems to have hit the crazy bone of a certain type of self-appointed spokesman of the quasi-public companies. The mere suggestion of governmental supervision, as applicable to them, in lieu of the vanishing rights of stockholders, was characterized — rather breathlessly, it seemed to me — as an attack upon 'all American business as honeycombed with dishonesty and greed; and all executive management as fraught with irresponsibility, indifference, and worse . . . using the traditions of a great institution of learning to spread an exaggerated impression of American business — the kind of propaganda on which demagoguery and communism feed.' The soothing allegation that a beneficent economic revolution is occurring by reason of the widespread diffusion of corporate ownership is said to be 'berated and rejected with a violence of invective and an indiscriminateness in denunciation that would make a Socialist orator blush for shame.'[1] Fortunately I am privileged to introduce a witness in my own defense. The Committee on Public Securities of the Investment Bankers' Association of America reported in 1923 as follows: 'When administered with the broadest power, and in a judicial manner, statewide regulation of public utilities has been conclusively proved, in the opinion of your committee, to afford the best guaranties which investors can have in this country for a maintenance of that integrity of investment *necessary for a ready flow of money into the business.*' (Our italics present the concern of all the people — owners and consumers alike — in the matter.) For further discussion on the point, we may refer our critics to this distinguished body.

[1] The speaker is Henry M. Brundage, first vice-president of the Empire State Gas and Electric Association and vice-president of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York.

VII

What, then, is the present status of governmental supervision over public-utility companies — other than railroads, telephones, and telegraphs — in the United States? The fact is that nearly all the commonwealths have regulatory bodies, most of them, however, having jurisdiction only over such matters as rates for water, gas, and electric light and power. The present situation, therefore, as respects these *operating* companies is quite reassuring. What concerns the future is the hierarchies of holding companies, superposed one upon another — the piling of Pelion upon Ossa to the seventh heaven. This is provocative of grave concern, for it is in the heights that the real sources of power find place. The experience of the little Boothbay Harbor company is entirely typical. But, to nail the conclusion, take the Pine Bluff, Arkansas, local operating concern. This is controlled by the Arkansas Light and Power Company, which is a part of the Southern Light and Power Company of Delaware, also controlling the Mississippi Power and Light Company, the Louisiana Power Company, and the Louisiana Power and Light Company. And the whole congeries of them has been in turn acquired by the Southern Power and Light Company, this time incorporated in Maryland, which seems to be a part of the Electric Bond and Share Company of New York. Being the proud and happy possessor of some shares in this last-named corporation, I am thrilled with

the sense of immediate participation in the local concerns of Pine Bluff, Arkansas! But that question has already been discussed from the point of view of the private owner. As concerns the public, it is self-evident that something besides superpower of electrical energy is entailed — and that is the growth of interstate corporations which are superpower systems of a different order. And for dealing with them we, as a people, have no machinery whatsoever.

Thus we are brought squarely to the perennial issue of Federal versus state authority. Whatever is to be done about the affairs, either of private corporations dealing in the necessaries of life in more than any one state in the Union, or with, let us say, the Associated Gas and Electric Company, which supplies 'electricity and/or gas and/or water, to over 300,000 consumers, serving a total population estimated at approximately 2,000,000 in more than 900 communities in New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, Kentucky, Tennessee, and the city of Manila,' must evidently be done on a larger basis than a single commonwealth affords. (In passing we may note that this Associated Gas and Electric Company has $36,600,000 in bonds and almost 500,000 nonvoting shares outstanding with the public. Control is apparently vested in 300,000 Class B shares, no par value.) An experiment is just now being forced upon the three states of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York, concerning the creation of a Joint Giant Power Commission, by the growth of these great industrial units. Necessary they probably are! Sound, for aught that I know to the contrary, they are! But when one of them sprawls over the map from Aroostook County, Maine, to the Philippine Islands it is time to think what it means. And the contention that such concerns are already thoroughly controlled or supervised in the public interest, because forsooth each of their local operating companies is subject to existing state laws, would seem to be rather effectually disposed of. This is one of those rare cases where two and two do not make four, but something well over a dozen. It is inconceivable that joint giant power commissions should be set up by different groups of states, each group corresponding to the especial scope and extent of the particular corporation which it is intended to supervise. The answer, alas, seems to be always the same. If anything needs doing, there is but one agency to which to turn — exercise of the Federal power.

There are already at Washington three agencies which may conceivably become involved in these matters under discussion. But the simple, the logical, the inescapable conclusion is that superstate public-utility companies should be placed under the jurisdiction, either of the Interstate Commerce Commission, as the telephone and telegraph companies along with the railroads now stand, or else under an amplified Power Commission, similar to the one in the Department of the Interior which at present concerns itself with the licensing of water-power companies. Whether their rates need to be, or practically can be, thus regulated is another matter. But that their accounts ought to be formally standardized and made public is beyond all possible question.

What, then, about the private corporations, when direct responsibility for their management by the shareholders seems to be by way of evanescence? Whether this tendency be arrested or not, a greatly added measure of publicity ought by all possible means to be stimulated. Standardized accounting for all private forms of business, already so successful in the case of rail-

roads, telephones, and telegraphs, is probably hopeless of expectation. The variety of circumstance and the multifarious exigencies of each and every kind of business would present to any administrative agency a task transcending human power. And yet certain norms might well be set up by some such body as the Federal Trade Commission. To take a pressing instance: the present impasse, so far as bringing intelligent public opinion to bear upon the anthracite coal strike, might never occur again, were the recommendations of the Federal Coal Commission of 1922 respecting standardization of coal-mine accounts actually in force. The policy of what has been aptly termed 'induced cost accounting' might well be elected as part of a general campaign of education by some Federal body. Let us hope it will not be one possessed, as the present Federal Trade Commission seems to be, with a sole and apparently overwhelming disposition to commit hara-kiri!

A mighty and preëminently important duty is imposed upon the Federal Government by the general conditions respecting corporations which thus seem to be headed toward a climax. Whether the means for a restoration of responsibility shall be suggestively educational or strictly regulatory must depend upon circumstances. Perhaps we should revive the question of Federal incorporation, so ably advocated by President Taft in his special message of 1911. This, or a Federal license system whereby permission to engage in interstate commerce entails compliance with certain standards as to corporate structure and publicity, deserves attentive consideration. The report of the committee of the British Ministry of Reconstruction of 1911,[2] dealing more specifically with trade associations than with corporations, was a response to somewhat the same great need which is making itself felt at this time in the United States.

[2] This standard British Blue Book can be obtained through the British Library of Information, 44 Whitehall Street, New York City.

VIII

I would not conclude with the advocacy of any particular plan. The first duty is to face the fact that there is something the matter. For a remedy I am groping as yet, like a child in the dark. I am conscious that things are not right. The house is not falling down — no fear of that! But there are queer little noises about, as of rats in the wall, or of borers in the timbers. I believe that the trouble has to do with the growing dissociation of ownership of property from responsibility for the manner in which it shall be put to use. And now is the time for action. It is not yet too late. Millions of our citizens made this first essay in thrift as a result of the great Liberty Loan campaigns during the war. It has been estimated that of the 14,400,000 stockholders in the United States no fewer than 3,400,000 were added within the three years following 1917. This betokens a great incursion into the field of investment by the common people — corporate possession being shared by those of moderate and small means with the wealthy class. The movement has been called 'an economic revolution' — 'the passing of ownership from Wall Street to Main Street.' What would be the effect were these newcomers — consumers, employees, or others — to discover some day that ownership and control had parted company, each going its way as ships that pass in the night? Suppose that the ownership of many industrial plants, great and small, continues to reside all through the countryside, but that the lodgment of the power of direction has shifted to the

great financial centres. We have had experience, to our sorrow, with the old sectional divisions between the East and the West. Is there no smouldering spark in this matter of corporate control, which may some day flare up as a political issue of the first order? I do not look to Sentinels of the Republic or to anti-syndicalist laws for the ultimate safeguarding of our institutions. Our security, in the last instance, must rest upon the ever-wider prevalence of what Lord Bacon held to be 'clear and round dealing among men!' With that assured, we may quite confidently leave all the rest to take care of itself.

ACCIDENTS IN THE NAVY

SAFETY FIRST OR EFFICIENCY FIRST?

BY WILLIAM S. SIMS

When serious accidents occur in the navy, particularly when they involve considerable loss of life, it is perfectly natural that there should be more or less severe criticism in the press. Many of these criticisms are not deserved. Many people do not understand that one of the primary necessities of preparation for war renders the navy more liable to disastrous accidents than is the case in any of the industries. This lack of understanding of the greater risk in training the naval personnel to handle efficiently the various units of the fleet and its various weapons, under conditions resembling as nearly as possible those of actual warfare, was made apparent during the recent annual convention of the National Safety Council in Cleveland, which I attended.

The subject of safety being foremost in the minds of the delegates, many questions were asked as to the precautions taken in the navy for 'Safety First,' and many of the delegates were apparently surprised to learn that neither the navy nor any other military organization can adopt the slogan 'Safety First' as the primary consideration of its training. The wholly essential requirement in the training of the personnel of a military force must be the attainment of the maximum possible efficiency of the organization as a whole, of its various subdivisions, and of every one of its weapons and mechanical appliances — and this on penalty of defeats by a more efficiently trained enemy.

This necessity of 'Efficiency First' requires the deliberate assumption of grave risks. Even if all available safety-devices have been installed, and even if all possible precautions have been taken in training, these risks occasionally result in very serious accidents. Sometimes they are due to unsuspected mechanical defects, sometimes mistakes of the always fallible human element.

A brief description of the kind of training essential to the efficiency of an important naval weapon should

make clear the necessity for the risks assumed.

The public has been shocked from time to time by dreadful accidents in the turrets of our battleships. The first of these occurred on the Massachusetts and the Missouri over twenty years ago. There were similar accidents about the same time on other battleships, and there have been occasional gun accidents since, one of the most destructive being the recent explosion on the Mississippi. All of these involved the death of many valuable officers and men. Very naturally these have been the subject of severe criticism of the Navy Department. Many have asked why the guns of the navy cannot be fired with entire safety; why there were no turret accidents before those on the Massachusetts and Missouri; and why there have been accidents ever since. The explanation is a very simple one.

Before the time indicated the navy was inefficient in marksmanship to a degree that is difficult of belief to-day. Since that time the developments in training have increased our efficiency to such an extent that our navy is at least second to none in rapidity and accuracy of fire. Before the time indicated the navy was trained in marksmanship under what was practically a slogan of 'Safety First.' The standard of rapidity of fire of the 12-inch and 13-inch guns of our turrets was one shot every five minutes, and hits were seldom made. The adoption of Admiral Sir Percy Scott's fundamentally new principle of continuous aim made it possible to aim and fire guns much faster. All guns of all calibres were placed in competition with each other in order to develop the maximum efficiency — the maximum rapidity of hitting. The standard became a progressive one — the hits-per-gun-per-minute of the best guns of each calibre in the navy. The competition extended across the sea, to the British and other navies. Any let-up in the effort to increase the rapidity of hitting meant inferiority, and inferiority in this respect means defeat in battle.

This striving for efficiency gradually increased the rapidity of fire about tenfold, from one shot every five minutes to about two shots a minute, and it also greatly increased at the same time the percentage of hits made to shots fired. The increase in efficiency was some thousands of per cent. It was during this effort to increase battle efficiency that the dreadful accidents occurred. The Navy Department became alarmed and proposed to abandon rapidity of fire and base our standard upon percentage of hits alone; but President Roosevelt, who perfectly understood the essentials of efficiency, vetoed this in a very stern order specifying that all risks necessary to increase efficiency must be taken.

It is under these conditions that our gunnery training is now carried on. The crew of a double-gun turret comprises about seventy men and several officers, including those in the magazine and handling room. When the crew enters the turret to fire the guns with the maximum rapidity at competitive target-practice, every officer and every man knows that if a mistake is made it may cause the death of every one of them, and perhaps the blowing-up of the ship. One can readily understand the sense of responsibility of the officers who train the crew. One can readily believe that they devote all their faculties to the perfect adjustment of the gun- and turret-gear and to supervising in minutest detail the duties of every single member of the crew.

If any explosion occurs under these conditions of training and firing, it is only fair to assume that the cause

could not reasonably have been foreseen, whether it was the then unrecognized danger of a flareback, as in the case of the Missouri, the short-circuiting of a supposedly safe switch by a metal tool-handle, as in the Kearsarge, — one chance in millions, — or whatever the cause, even if a human mistake in the heat of firing, as in the case of the Georgia and the Mississippi.

Under such circumstances the attitude of the public should be one of sympathy and not of criticism of men who have willingly accepted these risks in order to attain efficiency. Nor should the Navy Department be criticized for continuing to authorize the risks of rapid fire.

'The only shots that count are the shots that hit.' If an enemy could hit our ships twice as fast as we could hit his, we should have no chance in battle. If our people insist upon safety first, they can have it. Our ships could avoid gun accidents by slowing down the fire, but they could not win battles. If the public wants an efficient navy, it should be clearly understood that the necessary risks of training must be accepted.

But there are two classes of risks, justifiable and unjustifiable, according to whether they are occasioned by proper or improper motives. A risk is justifiable when the object for which it is assumed is increased efficiency, whether it be in improving our naval marksmanship, in developing new weapons or appliances, or in handling battleships, destroyers, submarines, and airplanes under simulated war-conditions. Such risks are not only accepted cheerfully, but are actually so much sought after by officers of the right spirit as greatly to increase the morale of the service. As the occasional accidents inseparable from such operations are recognized by naval officers as the price they are willing to pay for efficiency, they should be accepted by the public in sorrow and not in anger. As a matter of fact, the record of turret-gun firing during the last twenty years has shown not only remarkable efficiency but a high degree of safety, considering the many thousands of shots fired and the small number of accidents that have occurred.

Concerning unjustifiable risks, a vastly different effect upon morale is caused when risks are occasioned by wrong motives. A case in point was the ordering of the Shenandoah upon an advertising cruise over the fair grounds of half a dozen states during the season of dangerous storms. As the motive was not preparation for war, the commander naturally protested as far as his self-respect would permit. Moreover, the department violated the primary principle of command in deciding certain details of the equipment and handling of this experimental craft, instead of relying upon the commander and his assistants, who were presumably selected because they were the most competent men in the service for this particular duty. If they were selected for any other reason, their selection was a criminal act.

But the point under consideration is the motive that prompted the fatal order. If the commander of the Shenandoah had been informed that the department wished a cruise made for the purpose of obtaining data for the design of future airships, regarding their radius of action and their ability to avoid storms or safely encounter them, it may be assumed that there would have been no protest made. The motive being purely military, the risk would have been accepted in the same spirit as the risk of firing every turret gun is accepted in the interest of efficiency.

The attempted nonstop flight of airplanes to Hawaii involved a similar

risk. It was not necessary in order to ascertain whether the planes could fly 2000 miles without refueling. That could have been accomplished by flying them along the coast any desired distance while always within reach of assistance, though such a trial flight would not have been first-page news. The planes carried gas for only 1900 miles. It was hoped that the trade winds would be of sufficient assistance to enable them to reach their destination. This hope was not fulfilled.

Surely this was risking unjustifiably the lives of valuable officers and men. It was purely incidental that the splendid courage and seamanship of Commander Rodgers and his crew demonstrated that this type of plane was capable of floating for nine days in the weather and waters of the Hawaiian Islands.

In addition to the accidents noted, there have been, and still continue to be, others due to various causes in connection with new weapons in process of development or use. Of these the accidents to the airplane are the most familiar. Its designs have been, and still are, largely experimental. It has been stated that there is hardly a single element of the design — wings, struts, braces, wires, control gear, or engine parts — which has not been responsible for many deaths, and the end is not yet. The training alone of our naval air-forces in Europe during the Great War cost nearly two lives a day. Clearly such risks are justifiable, as are also those involved in air races that are necessary to stimulate the abilities of all concerned in developing and producing planes. The only way to avoid such risks is to give up the use of planes. The same applies also to submarines, automobiles, railroads, steamships, and other modern weapons and appliances. It must, however, be recognized that a certain proportion of casualties occurring during the development of those weapons and appliances is due to faults of the personnel.

In the matter of accidents the navy has probably not been more unfortunate than other great organizations, such as steamship companies and railroads, though those of the former are given much greater publicity than those of the latter. Such disasters as the loss of the Bourgogne and of the Titanic, and certain rear-end collisions between passenger trains, are usually not caused by the 'act of God' — to which maritime courts often ascribe disasters at sea. They are more often the result of easily recognized causes — mistakes of the personnel.

The most dramatic of these in our navy was the shipwreck of several destroyers on the Pacific coast — the La Honda disaster. This was due to an error of judgment on the part of the commander of the flotilla in wrongly interpreting the information concerning his position, and also probably to a lack of what may be called navigation discipline. It is a well-established fact that more sailing vessels are dismasted by moderate squalls in comparatively fair weather than in gales. Also that, in the majority of shipwrecks, the captains of the ships, believing that they knew their positions accurately, failed to take measures to make sure of them.

Navigation discipline requires the taking of all possible navigational precautions, no matter how 'sure' you may be of your position. It is understood that the La Honda disaster would probably have been avoided if such precautions had been taken.

The public has, of course, been greatly concerned over the sinking of the submarine S–51, with the loss of over thirty of her officers and men. This accident was in all respects the same in kind as those that occur under

similar conditions to surface vessels. Nautically considered, the S–51 was at the time an ordinary vessel in that she was proceeding about her business on the surface. The point is that the accident was in no sense due to one of the vessels involved being a submarine. The finding of the Court of Inquiry was that she was showing all the lights that are required by the Rules of the Road; that the City of Rome was overtaking her; and that therefore the personnel of the submarine was not in any degree to blame for the collision.

Concerning accidents to which submarines are liable when on practice manœuvres, there is always the possibility of something going amiss every time one of these vessels dives. The result is sometimes a very dreadful disaster such as that which has overtaken the British submarine M–1. The unfortunate men entombed in her have lost their lives as truly in the service of their country as if they had met death in the face of the enemy. In this sense training in preparation for war is a part of war itself. Both have their risks that must be borne in the same spirit of loyal devotion if a nation's military forces are to be capable of fulfilling their function in time of national emergency.

The extent to which accidents are due to fundamental defects in the organization and administration of the Navy Department is a question the discussion of which would require more space than is here available. That the organization of the department is unmilitary was shown by the report of a board, appointed by President Roosevelt, of which Admirals Mahan and Evans were members. That its administration is unsound is shown by its violation of the primary principle of command, as illustrated by the Shenandoah case. That for many years, with few exceptions, officers uneducated and untrained in a military sense have been appointed to the most important positions, both ashore and afloat, is a matter of common knowledge.

All military experience shows that the inevitable result of such conditions, especially the appointment of untrained leaders, is lack of confidence, blighting of personal initiative, and general lowering of morale. That this condition is a contributary cause of some of our naval accidents admits of little doubt.

CAPACITY TO PAY

BY CHRISTIAN A. HERTER

I

When M. Caillaux left the United States early in October, a sadder but a wiser man after the failure of his debt negotiations in Washington, many tongues — some great, some small — posed the question: 'Has the United States assumed the rôle of a Shylock among the nations?' And a chorus of voices from far and wide, large in volume but not impressive, was raised to answer, 'Aye.' Yet no sooner had the Italian debt settlement been announced than a new note was sounded. This time it was: 'Has the United States suffered a change of heart? Is it so eager to avoid a repetition of the French failure that it is allowing itself to be fleeced?' And again: 'Has the door now been opened so that France may expect easier terms?' The answer to those questions is not simple, but the key to their unlocking lies in an analysis of the policies consistently followed by the American Debt Commission.

When that Commission, properly termed the World War Foreign Debt Commission of the United States, was created by Congress, there were imposed upon it certain specific limitations. It was forbidden to cancel any part of the capital sum of any debt; it could not negotiate an interest rate lower than 4¼ per cent; it could not extend payments beyond a given length of time; and it could reach no agreement that was not subject to ratification by Congress. Some modification of these restrictions was made at a later date when Congress increased the size of the Commission from the original five members to nine, in order that representatives of the Democratic Party might sit in on its deliberations; but this modification was unimportant except as it indicated that Congress might later be willing to ratify agreements which for good and sufficient reason did not meet the minimum specifications prescribed.

The Commission, in its present form, is the best assurance the American taxpayer could have that his interests are being properly looked after. With Secretary Mellon as chairman, and with experienced men like Secretaries Hoover and Kellogg, Senator Smoot, and Congressman Burton as active members, there is assured as expert a financial, economic, and political guidance as could be assembled in any group. These men have not only a profound grounding in economics but a wealth of experience in practical business and governmental affairs. Domestic politics are a negligible quantity in their calculations, and, rumors to the contrary notwithstanding, their conferences have been remarkably free from dissension on any essential facts.

What is the direct interest which the taxpayer has in the debt settlements? During the war the American Government issued bonds bearing 4¼ per cent interest, and from the money so raised it made loans to various European Governments. Ever since, the taxpayer

has been supplying the money to meet not only the 4¼ per cent interest payments but also the amortization charges on the bonds. In other words, the total burden which he has carried because of foreign debts has corresponded to the total amount of the Liberty bonds issued to care for them plus the interest paid on them up to the moment of a debt settlement. His criterion of the measure of a debt settlement, then, is the extent to which that settlement relieves him of his burden; or, put in another way, his forced contribution to each foreign nation is the difference between the 4¼ per cent he is paying to-day on the American bonds and the amounts which are paid by that nation toward reducing its debt. All of which leads to the conclusion that the only honest way of determining the generosity or the rapacity of the American Government in the debt settlements is by figuring the present value of those settlements.

Let us take first the British accord. At the time that agreement was reached the British Government had borrowed from the American taxpayer, in terms of Liberty bonds and interest, about $4,600,000,000. That sum represents the present value of the total debt. Yet, if the British taxpayer were to invest to-day (speaking as of the day of the settlement) in Liberty bonds to the amount of $3,792,350,000, such bonds would over the same length of time yield a total sum equal to the payments which the British Government has pledged itself to make over a period of sixty-two years. In other words, the United States has forgiven — or, to use a stronger term, canceled — 18 per cent of the total debt, calling on Great Britain to pay only 82 per cent. Eighteen per cent measures the extent of American generosity, 82 per cent American rapacity.

Applying the same method of calculation to the Belgian debt settlement, we find that 46 per cent represents the extent of American generosity, and 54 per cent American rapacity. Yet in this case the figures do not tell the whole story, because the American Government waived in favor of Belgium a sum of money which, under the Dawes Plan, was set aside from German reparations to meet the pre-Armistice debt owed the United States by Belgium. The present value of that sum, assuming that Germany pays the full amount of reparations provided for by the Dawes Plan, comes to about $80,000,000. As a result, through the combined working of the Dawes Plan and the generosity of the American taxpayer, Belgium is called on to pay less than one third of her obligations to the United States.

The total Italian debt was about $2,040,000,000. The present value of the payments, as arranged in the schedule agreed to on November 2, 1925, is only $530,000,000. Consequently the American taxpayer will carry 75 per cent of the burden of the loans made to Italy, while the Italian taxpayer carries but 25 per cent. Similar calculations could be made covering the other agreements already reached. Finland, Lithuania, Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Latvia, and Esthonia, all have received substantial concessions, not only in the interest rate, — which, together with the schedule of payments, corresponds very closely to the British settlement, — but in the computation of the capital sum.

If these figures do not refute the accusation of 'Shylock,' then I have not made myself clear. There still remains, however, the question: Has our Government allowed itself to be fleeced? The answer can best be found by examining the factors which entered into the calculations of the American Debt Commission.

II

Obviously one principle has been maintained in every settlement — the integrity of the capital sum borrowed. In each case provision is made for the repayment of that sum in annual installments over a period of sixty-two years. The annual payments begin with comparatively small amounts and are graduated upward to reach their maximum after perhaps fifty years. There is practically no variation in this formula, and any subsequent agreements that are made can be counted on to follow it. The period of years may be extended or the annuities may be varied somewhat, but the fundamental idea of the sacredness of the capital amount of an international debt will surely be maintained.

A second principle, and perhaps the most important one, is that, once the capital sum has been determined, negotiations should be confined entirely to the rate of interest to be paid, and that this rate of interest should be based upon *the capacity of each nation to pay*. Here the Commission was obliged to depart from the limitations set upon it by Congress, trusting that a full review of the facts might later ensure Congressional ratification. In judging the capacity to pay, two questions dominate: first, the ability of the debtor country to raise the essential money by taxation; second, the possibility of transferring the money once raised into the necessary foreign exchange. To estimate the first requires an examination into the fiscal system of a country, into the prospect of reducing expenditures and increasing taxes, and into the prospect of increasing national wealth which would produce additional tax revenue without increasing the burden on individuals.

The transfer question brings up such matters as the balance of trade, whether more commodities are exported than imported, the character of the situation with respect to such so-called invisible items as immigrant remittances, tourist expenditures, shipping services, interest on other loans, and so forth. In every case the Commission must determine how large an amount can be actually transferred without affecting the stability of the debtor nation's currency, once the latter has been stabilized.

A third element likewise entered into the calculations of the American Commission. During the past century the trade of the world has doubled in value every twenty-five years. It is a reasonable assumption that this increase will continue, and, inasmuch as the settlements cover a period of sixty-two years, the Commission was fully justified in basing on this factor the size of payments to be made in the future.

With these points in mind let us see just how the Commission applied them in actual practice. At the time the British settlement was reached the American Commission estimated that the payments agreed on would represent an increase of about three per cent in British taxation. They also estimated that through economies in government the British could reduce their taxes by considerably more than three per cent and that, as a consequence, payment of the American debt could be carried out without imposing any additional tax burden upon the individual. All of these estimates have proved correct. As far as the transfer problem was concerned, the Commission recognized that, whereas the payment of the annuities required only about $160,000,000 a year, the credit balance in favor of England from both visible and invisible items came to nearly $500,000,000. In other words, the members of the Commission were convinced that payments could

be made without depreciating the value of the pound, and the shrewdness of their judgment has been borne out completely. Whereas the pound was selling at a considerable discount when the settlement was made, it has now reached par in spite of regular payments to the United States. In fact, the actual process of making payments on given days has yet to stir a ripple in financial circles or attract more than a line in the financial press.

The experience with the British settlement has been a startling surprise to those learned theoretical economists who proclaimed the impossibility of England's being able either to raise the funds by taxation or to transfer them to the United States once they were raised. It has also proved a boomerang to the economists who predicted that the payment of this debt, the largest of all our foreign debts, would be accompanied by such a flood of foreign goods that it would throw hundreds of thousands of American workmen out of work. Since the day of the settlement American labor has been fully employed. The predictions may still come true, but no indication in support of them can yet be seen.

In estimating Belgium's capacity to pay, the Commission took into account the facts that Belgium had recently raised her taxes to the maximum and that economies, while possible, could not be counted on for a number of years. It also recognized that payments during the first ten or fifteen years could be adjusted so as to absorb only a fraction of Belgium's reparation receipts and thereby necessitate no additional taxation. Besides these factors, in Belgium's case the transfer problem was rendered difficult by an unfavorable visible and invisible balance of trade, while the assurance given by President Wilson in regard to the pre-Armistice debt supplied another motive for leniency. However, in the larger payments exacted for later years the element of increasing world-trade was patently taken into consideration.

In determining capacity to pay, the case of Italy presented the greatest difficulties. Italy had taxed her people to the maximum that industry could endure. She had balanced her budget and very considerably reduced her military expenditure. She had little relief to hope for from reparations. Her population was growing without a corresponding increase in economic productivity. Her complete lack of essential raw materials — such as iron, coal, cotton, copper, and foodstuffs — threw her balance of trade heavily on the debit side. Even the large items of emigrant remittances and tourist expenditures were not sufficient to affect the unfavorable balance. Therefore initial payments of only $5,000,000 a year, increasing slightly during the first twenty-five years, were finally determined upon. Yet, even in reaching this sum, the Commission had to count on a continuation of the rejuvenation in industry and economic life which has occurred in the past two years, and to some extent on the anticipation of a peaceful and progressive world.

III

A consideration of the French situation I have purposely left till the end because it is the one over which the greatest misunderstanding has arisen and in which the human and political equations have played a very confusing part. France is economically sound. Her people are thrifty and prosperous. She suffers from no unemployment. Her production is high and her standard of living is high. Being an agricultural country, she is independent of any need to import foodstuffs. She has large supplies of coal and iron,

which, together with abundant water-power, give her possibilities of a vastly increased industrial development. In territory she has regained Alsace-Lorraine and received a mandate over vast regions in Asia Minor and Africa. She has a visible favorable trade-balance of $100,000,000 a year, and in addition she realizes at least $150,000,000 from American tourists every season. Her reparation receipts will run to about $400,000,000 per annum, so that the question of transferring funds which she might set aside for the repayment of her debt to us does not present great difficulties. Her assets, then, are very great.

France's liabilities consist in a fundamental unwillingness to tax her people to a point which, considering her economic strength, would compare favorably with the efforts put forth by either great Britain or Italy. She is carrying on two wars and maintaining an armament far greater than that of 1914 in spite of the fact that her principal enemy has been disarmed. Her fiscal system cannot stand the strain, and no Finance Minister whom she has put in office since the war has succeeded in balancing her budget. Incompetence in the handling of finances is her besetting danger. These liabilities may seem overwhelming at the moment, but on a cool appraisal all can be shown to be transitory. If they were not, her extinction as a Great Power would be certain. No one who knows the great ingenuity and capacity of the French people, and the economic strength of the nation, can have any doubts as to her survival. Sometime she must attain financial stability. No debt commission that attempted to negotiate an agreement with her covering a period of sixty-two years could assume another hypothesis. And, acting upon such an assumption, no debt commission could allow the American taxpayer to carry in the future the burden of present French financial incompetence.

The failure of France to reach a settlement with the American Debt Commission in Washington was not the fault of the latter. Every criterion applied by the Commission to the other nations with which it had dealt was applied to France. Her debt amounted to about $4,020,000,000. The American Commission was willing to settle on a basis which would have ensured easy payments in the first few years, and, figured at present value, would have been equivalent to a 32 per cent cancellation. This offer was refused point-blank.

When M. Caillaux appeared in Washington, hailed as a miracle man of finance, he still felt the flush of success as the result of his negotiations with Winston Churchill in England. The tentative agreement for a settlement of the Anglo-French debt had been advertised as a triumph for Caillaux. In reality it committed France to large payments in the next ten years, at a time when France could least afford to pay, while the concessions in her favor were on later payments. Taken as a whole, it appeared to be a good settlement for the French people, but analyzed in detail it was full of unpleasant 'jokers.' Yet M. Caillaux's idea was to force the United States into a settlement which would conform with this agreement. He even went so far as to intimate to the press that, unless the United States signed on the dotted line, he would return at once. And then what happened? The American Commission dissected M. Caillaux's proposal for him, stating just what that proposal would mean for France:—

'We find that the principles of these arrangements (Anglo-French), if applied to the debt of the United States, would imply a larger obligation upon the part of France to the United States

than that contained in our proposal below. . . . The net result of the application of these principles to the American debt would bring about that France should pay to the United States an annual amount of $161,000,000 for the first twenty years, and $61,000,000 thereafter for forty-two years. These payments would be altered if the annuity of $61,000,000 were deferred for the first seven years and added to the subsequent period, as discussed in London. It seems to us that those principles of repayment are infeasible to France in the application of its indebtedness to us.'

The only interpretation that can be given to this statement is that the American Commission refused to consider M. Caillaux's principle of settlement as properly interpreted, because it considered that offer *beyond France's present capacity to pay.*

The basis of the negotiations was then changed and M. Caillaux gave consideration to the American proposal, which followed closely the lines of the Anglo-American agreement as to the capital sum, but suggested interest payments to begin at only one half of one per cent, mounting to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent in thirteen years. The offer was rejected, several modifications of it were rejected, and M. Caillaux forced a suspension of further negotiations by insisting in the final French proposal that any payment by France must be dependent on reparation receipts — a proviso that the American Commission had flatly and very properly held to be out of the question from the beginning. A five-year modus vivendi was finally agreed to, whereby France promised to pay the sum of $40,000,000 per year, — an amount which Caillaux stated to be within her capacity to pay, — and whereby negotiations were to be resumed at the end of that period. Even that temporary settlement has been refused approval by the Finance Committee of the French Chamber. This may be accounted for as a vote of lack of confidence in Caillaux, but it is more probably the effect of the failure of a definite agreement on French credit in the money marts of New York and London. France will probably be looking for a final settlement soon. That she can ever get from the present Debt Commission easier terms than those which were offered her this year, provided that the principle of capacity to pay is maintained, I very much doubt. The American taxpayer will make sacrifices — even 75 per cent sacrifices, as in the case of Italy — if he can be convinced by some such body as the Debt Commission that the sacrifice is just as well as generous; but he will not be bludgeoned into surrendering what is rightly his when the debtor is able-bodied, productive, and fundamentally solvent.

This whole discussion is based on realities, and all sentimental considerations have been scrupulously avoided. That the latter may loom large in the minds of many people cannot be denied, but one essential fact should never be forgotten. The American Debt Commission was created by Congress as a collection agency; it assumed a solemn trust to act on behalf of the American taxpayer, and to lighten so far as possible the burden he has been carrying. In the fulfillment of that mandate, capacity to pay — a straightforward, business-like, unsentimental estimate of capacity to pay — is the only sound criterion. Voices will always be raised accusing the United States of being rapacious on the one hand and a shorn lamb on the other, but those voices will have to await the passing of many years before a judgment can be reached as to whether their echo rings true.

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD

BY ROBERT M. WASHBURN

I

WHY is William Edgar Borah? Why was Mr. Lodge? The latter had so meshed himself into yesterday that it is hard to speak of him, after thirteen short months, as now having passed out and on. This with the affection which the nobler emotions excite toward the dead. These two men are coupled in contrast here because the one is, and the other was, the best-equipped man in the Senate. There are stiffer intellectual tests elsewhere, it is true, for some now sit in the Senate who allow a singular subject to keep company at times with a plural verb. As it was with Mr. Lodge, so it is now with Mr. Borah: the first question in the Senate gallery is, 'Which is he?' In some of their qualities they blended. In others they sharply separated. They were much unlike and yet strangely much alike. They stimulate study. The study stimulates.

As they appeared on the floor of the Senate, Mr. Lodge and Mr. Borah were quite diverse in physique. Mr. Lodge did not impress as does Mr. Borah. Though abstemious habits and exercise had always kept him fit, Mr. Lodge was of frail contour, particularly in later years. Mr. Borah has a large, powerful frame. If driven to the ring for his sustenance he would survive, and in the heavyweight class. Mr. Lodge's hair had the aristocratic twirl of the blue-ribbon Skye terrier, a coiffure least uncommon among the Beaconese. Mr. Borah has almost a mane, which, like that of many a statesman of the West, ceases behind, thick and abrupt, like the docked tail of a show horse in the old days. It shrinks from the shears as the wheat-fields of Minnesota are a stranger to the hum of the lawn-mower. Mr. Lodge wore the type of hat seen in the college yard at Cambridge, while Mr. Borah assumes the black slouch often seen in Texas. Mr. Lodge was the more careful in his dress, while Mr. Borah is content to measure up to the tests of Boise only. Mr. Borah, like most men, goes to work in négligé. Mr. Lodge was seldom seen outside of a so-called boiled shirt. Mr. Lodge in his tout ensemble suggested the thoroughbred of any species, perhaps a Kentucky thoroughbred. Mr. Borah is leonine. Men looked up to the skill of the former, while they contemplate with awe the power of the latter, who sometimes forgets the gentler arts.

Mr. Borah is lonely. On analysis, so was Mr. Lodge. Their condition was much the same. The causes were largely different. Mr. Lodge was born into an atmosphere symbolized by the Massachusetts Historical Society. He belonged even before he was born. Hence he did not naturally herd. This disability was chargeable more to his ancestry than to him. For why should one who was born to ride a motor-cycle be asked to play sympathetically with those who ride velocipedes? He was a child of convention, of those who think

most of how they do what they do. With him it was less bad form to come late in a Pierce than early in a Ford. No one ever called him 'Cabby' or sacrilegiously slapped him on the back. And yet, with many, with Mr. Borah it is 'Bill.'

The natural rut of Mr. Lodge was teaching and writing. This rut for some time he walked. Then, tiring of academic position and of money, like many he sought power, and in politics. A Cabot of the Cabots, so far as a Cabot properly could he set out to bevel his social edges, but only as discipline and for the political prizes of life. He sought to remould himself. Unlike Mr. Borah, he learned to lament his loneliness. Like Mr. Borah, however, he remained happiest among the few who appealed to his fancy. The essence of Mr. Lodge was culture.

The place of his nativity and his temperament found Mr. Borah, and have also left him to-day, lonely. As against Mr. Lodge, the causes were different but the effect much the same. Unlike Mr. Lodge, to this he is largely indifferent, and he has never sought to reform. History records no even semi-transition with him. For him the merry-go-round has had no natural charm. Nor has he sought to simulate one. Born on the then frontier lands of Illinois, nature and not man was his stimulus. The forests to him meant strength, eloquence, and loneliness. In the exigencies of that life they suggested to him, not alone wood, houses, and kitchen fires, but above all, perforce, self-sufficiency. He was a child of freedom. As he was as a boy, so he remains to-day as a man. A lawyer by education, he passed on into politics. This has been his most commonplace act. He then did only what a host of others have done. It must have wounded him. The essence of Mr. Borah is individuality.

II

These two men, then, saw their names engraved on desks in the Senate for the first time together in 1907. They were there together seventeen years. They had survived the perils of the polls. They had been jostled by the crude heelers who walk the way of politics. This entailed less suffering on the part of Mr. Borah than of Mr. Lodge, for Mr. Borah's nerves are more subcutaneous. He is not so sensitively strung. Mr. Lodge suffered from constant nervous strain, whether there was much of a cause or not. Mr. Borah is somewhat phlegmatic. Like the Newfoundland dog, when the steam orchestra stops, he sleeps. Mr. Borah was the more fortunate of the two in that he was the first eight-cylindered man who had come out of Idaho. To its people he looked bigger than did Mr. Lodge to Massachusetts. Whether he plays in tune or out of tune, Mr. Borah knows that Idaho knows that with him she is largely known and that without him she is largely unknown. Hence he can romp and hold his seat. Idaho hangs on him more than he on Idaho. Mr. Lodge, on the other hand, knew that a successor to him would not have to be drafted. He recognized that he must watch his step, to keep clear of the muddy spots, to hold his seat. He was but one of the eminent men who had sat from Massachusetts. She is not easily dazzled. Monadnock, like Mr. Borah at home, looms out of the foothills of New Hampshire. Mount Washington, like Mr. Lodge set off against the traditions of Massachusetts, is somewhat shadowed by its sister satellites. The contrast between these two men now passes on from one of back coloring to one more of equipment and attitudes.

In emotional temperament, Mr. Lodge was sensitively strung. He was

at times a turbulent torrent. This found expression in feet never at rest, when he was sitting, and in the cigarette, a symbol of restlessness. Few if any men have seen Mr. Borah with tobacco. The emotions make and unmake. Harnessed they create; otherwise they destroy. The electric current is an asset when as servant it drives machinery; a liability, however, when as master — lightning — it kills and burns. Mr. Lodge's emotions were an asset. As a poet he stood almost alone in politics, with his great beauty of expression. His perorations were always appealing, when he often spoke of his love for Essex and the Old Bay State. His 'Here's to the pilot that weathered the storm,' and his great talents, concentrated, made Calvin Coolidge almost less unpicturesque, in the campaign of 1919, after the police strike. His quotation, 'So Valiant-for-Truth passed over and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side,' closed his memorial to Theodore Roosevelt in the Senate with almost swamping appeal. On the other hand, Mr. Borah's virility of physique augments, as it always does, the force of what he says. This advantage Mr. Lodge offset with skill, as when Mathewson, with waning strength, substituted his fade-away ball for speed. Had Mr. Borah and Mr. Lodge been hitched in the old days to a heavy load, the former would have thrown his whole weight into the breastplate, while the latter would also have indulged in a little prancing. His was the lighter touch.

In voice, Mr. Borah is a mellow modulation, while Mr. Lodge rasped a bit. Thus Mr. Lodge's voice carried farther, in a way like the tearing of a bed sheet. Mr. Lodge had irony but small humor. Mr. Borah has the former. To speak is natural to Mr. Borah. It was a speech for the governor of Idaho that won him the governor's daughter as a wife. Speaking, with Mr. Lodge, was a taught art. When as a young man he began, one had to go early to be sure of a seat in the back row, when there were plenty elsewhere. In his mature years it was hard to find a seat anywhere. Mr. Lodge was less unpliable than is Mr. Borah. Mr. Lodge could enjoy caviar. Mr. Borah cannot. Mr. Lodge was the less inaccessible. To siege the Borah citadel, one must arm himself with a series of countersigns to pass the draw and portcullis. Mr. Lodge was controversial, politically and personally. Mr. Borah is controversial, officially only. Of the two, Mr. Lodge prayed with the less zeal for his Biblical persecutors. As a constructionist, one who looks forward, Mr. Borah is strong. Here Mr. Lodge was vulnerable. Mr. Borah presses forward; Mr. Lodge held back. Mr. Borah would rather do something at the risk of mistake; Mr. Lodge preferred a perfect percentage to chance. The Republican state committee was never harder pressed than when it attempted to set forth, in his campaign of 1922, Mr. Lodge's constructive record. It cried for yeast.

With some, the disability of Mr. Lodge was that he was understood. With many, the disability of Mr. Borah is that he is not. No one ever asked for an interpretation of Mr. Lodge. Little else is asked of Mr. Borah. There is some solace here for Mr. Borah, in that his files are a stranger to an advertising invoice, for the curious will satiate their curiosity and at their own expense. These did not pursue Mr. Lodge, for they thought that they understood him, whether they did or not. He looked easy. Some say that Mr. Borah's aspiration is the Presidency. Such an aspiration may have influenced the course of Mr. Lodge, in a small way. It was

advocated by Mr. Roosevelt in 1916. The first aspiration of Mr. Lodge was triumphant Republicanism. The first aspiration of Mr. Borah is to blaze the way in a great speech toward a greater America. If he becomes President it will be, not because he seeks a following, but because he tolerates it. Otherwise, why should he press the cause of Russia? Why did he oppose the bonus? Some say that he does not like the President personally, and yet a portrait of the President covers the whole of one wall at his apartment. Some say that riding, with him, is a martyrdom and a medicine, forgetting that he first threw his leg over a horse at seven years of age. A man who rides as many as two hours a day rides because he likes it, not as medicine. Nevertheless, Mr. Borah does not do his best work with his legs. Strangely, these two men have had but one avocation, — more strangely, the same and in the same place, — riding in Rock Creek Park. Mr. Lodge was the more of a horseman and an expert in his day. Both have lived almost to see more horses in Nahant than in Idaho.

Mr. Borah succeeded Mr. Lodge at the head of the Committee on Foreign Relations by the rule of seniority in the Senate, where men qualify, not by ability, but by age — as a horse with the veterinary by his teeth. Here these two men have shown diverse qualities. Mr. Lodge's fear was, perhaps, that the Committee would not follow him. Mr. Borah perhaps fears that it will. This place he has the capacity to adorn if not the fancy to qualify. Here he is materially out of sympathy with the President, on the issue of the World Court, for example. So was Charles Sumner, at one time chairman, out of sympathy with President Grant on the St. Domingo issue — and Sumner significantly a Senator from Massachusetts. With Mr. Lodge it was method. He was punctilious and punctual. In his correspondence he was unique and remarkable. Even in the busy days of the fight over the League, the idlest letter received an answer, and often a long one. In this respect it is sometimes the late Mr. Borah. At a dinner once held to consider some grave question of policy, he came in with the fish and went out with the salad. Some say that when he is billed to speak no one is sure that he will until he has.

In the quality of courage, in an honest estimate, it must be conceded that Mr. Borah is braver than Mr. Lodge was. In his own campaigns, Mr. Lodge was timid, peculiarly so for a veteran. Here his son-in-law, Augustus Peabody Gardner, was a vital tonic. Mr. Lodge never spoke for himself, with but one exception and at Symphony Hall, Boston, — his greatest speech, — where he said: 'I am a Senator of the United States. My first loyalty is to that bright flag in which the stars glitter and the sight of which dims our eyes and chokes our throats when we see it in a foreign land.' He hesitated under fire at times because, more than Mr. Borah, he loved the approval of his fellow men. Mr. Borah stops with the conviction that he is absolutely right, even when alone. His quality to him offsets their quantity. With Mr. Lodge it was more the ego of personality than of principle. It was a common question with him after a speech: 'How did I do?' He insisted that Thackeray was justified when he laid down his pen and cried: 'My God, that is genius.' In his fight against the League, when he was at times tempted to compromise, it is a fact that it was the spur of Borah that kept him an Irreconcilable. The courage of Mr. Borah has never been questioned. He was great when, almost alone, he opposed the so-called salary-grab bill.

He was never braver and more idealistic than in his great words against the bonus, 'I will not buy my reëlection with four billions of the people's money,' when the timid hesitated before the Legion and the ballot box. Again, in his opposition to the confirmation of Mr. Warren, he said: 'I do not propose to sit, criticized and silent, when I am simply responding to my obligation under the Constitution, to advise and to consent.' In this speech he measured up to Burke. Here he was looked upon also as wise in Wisconsin, Idaho, and in some parts of Cappadocia — that is, outside of Massachusetts.

III

Nowhere were these men more diverse than in their attitude toward their party. With each it has been his country first, his party second, with this qualification, however, in Mr. Lodge: that, in his estimate, upon the salvation of his party, first, hung the salvation of his country, second. As a patriot he worked through his party for his country. In this way it was party before country. With him a country without a party was a man without a country. With him his party was his religion. For it he clung to nominees, however daubed, as to Mr. Blaine in 1884, and temporarily forgot intimacies, however close, as with Mr. Roosevelt in 1912. In his own words, he gloried as 'a regular of regulars,' and looked upon his party primary as the pilgrim looks upon a shrine. With him at the gate none but Republicans could qualify for Paradise. Mr. Borah, on the other hand, is troublesome to the party leaders. They pretend to forget him, but they are always careful to find out where he stands, as one seeks the whereabouts of furniture when walking in the dark at night with bare feet. Mr. Borah does not prostrate himself before the letter R. With all his irregularities, however, on one day of the year he is politically polite: that is on election day. Mr. Roosevelt flirted with him in 1912, but could not alienate his affections.

Mr. Lodge believed that a Republican was above attack. Mr. Borah believes that sometimes he is beneath attack. It was easy for Mr. Lodge to respect his party because he was largely it. To Mr. Borah the procession is one where he is the van and the camp followers, the right and the left wings, and all this modestly. Mr. Lodge could subjugate himself, as he did at Cleveland in 1924. Mr. Borah was not at the convention, nor would he touch the Vice-Presidency. Mr. Borah cannot subjugate himself. Mr. Lodge had a great respect for majorities, always when they were Republican, and at other times when they were with him. Mr. Lodge asked: 'How many voted?' Mr. Borah asks: 'Who voted?' With Mr. Lodge, when the majority spoke, there was a presumption that they were right, if they were Republicans. With Mr. Borah there is a presumption that they are wrong, whoever they are. His self-confidence is superb, and shaken only when others agree with him. Then he moves on to another attitude, if not altitude, for he wants to be alone. In any company in which Mr. Lodge marched, he kept step; whereas often, with Mr. Borah, he is the only one to keep step when — if he marches. Mr. Borah, with the greater wisdom, looks upon a minority, those who dare to differ, as often the snowplough, the wedge-force for progress. He would rather be the whole of a defeat than a part of a victory.

Reëmphasizing the individuality of Mr. Borah, in this respect he stands apart from Mr. Lodge as he was and as all Senators are. In this quality he is not only at his worst but also at his

best. He is always skittish in company. Hence he is seldom skittish. Unlike Mr. Lodge he cannot be driven to a pole. To Mr. Borah heaven is a minority of one and he that one. This he never nearer approached than when he opposed the postal pay-raise. Then he was in a minority and was one of three only. He fears death only because it is commonplace, for all men die, and because he will then be with a majority. To him, when the man Friday was cast upon that desert isle, then was Crusoe crowded. Should he be driven to an avocation, then it would be cards and solitaire. When he can ride horseback without a horse, then will he approach his ideal. All these lonely qualities he showed — that is, to those outside of Wisconsin — when he commended the anointing of the younger La Follette. Then he outstripped those men who may have opinions, but which no one can ascertain. And yet, with all these peculiarities, Mr. Borah is modest and men seek him.

In this quality of individuality he also finds his great strength. It is true that he would have gone further, as most men measure marches, had he surrendered himself over to a trainer. Perhaps this has been hard, for few might assume so grave a responsibility — certainly no stalwart Republican. Here he is strong, for he does not deviate from his course through hope of favor or fear of frowns. He takes a position with courage, indifferent whether others follow or fly. That old powerful four-lettered word, 'they,' which too much controls civilization, has small terror for him. This in an era when the halls of legislation are too much cluttered with the spineless, whose first and only hope is to find sanctuary with safe majorities. This quality makes Mr. Borah what he is on the floor of the Senate. When he rises, then the doors open inward only. Then a dropped pin in the Chamber makes a noise like a bursting bomb in no man's land. Then there is a hush, and moths nest on the gavel of the presiding officer. This talent of public speech is the weapon of his individuality. Then is Mr. Borah at his best. Then is he not only himself, but also vital to the Senate. Great is that man who forgets himself for his country and its salvation as he sees it. This though sometimes he is called not 'safe' — a term which the sometimes decadent apply to their own.

With the pride of a mother in a son now dead, Massachusetts to-day remembers Mr. Lodge where he was great. He was a superb mental machine. As such he led the Senate. Re-emphasizing the essence of Mr. Lodge, — his culture, — this showed pre-eminently in his speeches and in a spirit of poesy. Here there was no second to Mr. Lodge on the floor of the Senate, as when the America raced for the cup in foreign waters. His sentimental side, when touched, became a fountain, a rich-running river of the purest water. He was a master of history and of letters, unequaled in the Senate. He read much. He heard much. He forgot nothing. This made him a virile and efficient fighter though he had never learned the great Biblical resources of a soft answer as a power in eliminating wrath. One sees him to-day in tender reminiscence as he entered or left the Chamber, with restless energy, or walked the aisle as he talked. On the platform of a political convention, then was he where he belonged. Then he walked upon the clouds. Few who then listened could withstand the power of his appeal. Then were even the religious tempted to forget that great commandment: 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me.' He had drunk the cup of politics to the dregs.

He was drenched with the praise of many men. He had touched the peak of statesmanship as a majority of his country saw it. But the strain had begun to exact its toll. In hot summers of hard fighting, which mature years could not withstand, he had wasted himself in the cause. He had become an evening star, when many turned to another star which is now in the ascendant. But Henry Cabot Lodge could not turn from the burden and give up power for peace among his books.

Of such was Mr. Lodge. Of such is Mr. Borah. Of such is the contrast. Mr. Borah is left to lead the Senate to-day — that is in his equipment. In those days he gave way to Mr. Lodge only because of the disability of a birth delayed by fifteen years. The one was, the other is, a scholar of history and a statesman. Blending here and separating there, each has been vital to the Senate. What a superman Providence could have shaped out of these two, their failings filtered here, their virtues toned there, urged on by that conception of grand idealism which is the aspiration of the Church.

'THUS RUNS THE WORLD AWAY'

Outstanding Events of the World: Armistice Day, 1924–Armistice Day, 1925[1]

BY HENRY W. BUNN

I

If one goes with Mr. Garvin, Sir George Hunter, and others of the like atrabiliar complexion, one must conclude that Britain is sick almost to doomsday and that it befitteth the whole kingdom to be contracted in one brow of woe. And, indeed, much has happened in the last twelvemonth to justify the densest gloom: still further depression of the greater industries and trades — coal, iron, steel, cotton goods, shipping; a strike of coal-miners averted only by the grant of a huge Government subvention to maintain wages at the existing level; the loss of the tremendously important Chinese market through the boycott; the vicious and cleverly managed Communist offensive, culminating in the Bolshevist resolutions of the Trades Union Congress at Scarborough; increase of unemployment; increase of the excess of imports over exports (it may reach a total value of £450,000,000 for the year) to the point that, some say, the gap is no longer bridged by the 'invisible' exports and Britain is now living on her reserves; the increasing demoralization consequent on the doles; much else in the like dismal sort.

And here is a consideration to silence your facile optimist: the disease of the British coal industry appears to be mortal. British supremacy in world-

[1]The reader must remember throughout that this paper was prepared in November 1925.

trade was based on coal. Coal has ceased to be the mainstay of that trade. British coal cannot maintain the competition with American and German coal, because of its far greater cost at the pit mouth; and this cost is due primarily, not to excessive wages, but to the difficulty of extraction, because of the depth and awkward conformation of the seams.

'Patience,' counsels Premier Baldwin, 'patience'; the world is recovering, and with that recovery the lost British markets will be regained. But is not that a fallacious hope? In the competition for the revived markets will the odds favor Britain? 'Now, listen!' as my Broadway girl would say. Important orders for construction of craft *for British use* have gone to Dutch and German shipyards; seeming to indicate, not merely that Britain is no longer able to wage aggressive economic warfare, but even that she cannot maintain a successful defensive. Prior to the Great War, 80 per cent of the new marine shipping of the world was being turned out of British yards; the percentage is now less than 50, perhaps as low as 30. And if British iron and steel are now losing ground visibly, month by month, what will be their plight when Lorraine iron and Ruhr coal are close allied, as they certainly will be? By consequence from the war, the capacity of industrial production of several Continental nations has grown portentously; not so of Britain. Victorian England was *the* workshop of Europe; England is now only one of several workshops, and not the most efficient. Patience, forsooth, with such a face of things, and with an annual addition of over 200,000 mouths to be fed, the birth-rate holding its own, emigration declining!

The Empire will save us, you say! But is it not, for example, labor lost and fatuous policy to attempt to keep Canada out of the economic orbit of the Colossus of the West, looming Djinn-like? And is not India as good as lost? And the struggle to make South Africa a White Man's country utterly vain? Macaulay's famous passage about London Bridge haunts the memory. Dean Inge, take our ears — a permanent loan!

But are there not hopeful arguments of virtue to grapple and throw such arguments of despair? Yes, but only on a long view and on the precarious supposition that economic statesmanship of the first order shall dominate the scene.

A clean sweep must be made of certain fallacies. It must be recognized that the Victorian supremacy of Britain in trade and industry is definitely of the past, and that 'there are others,' with a wanion. On the other hand, it should not be held to follow that Britain must therefore fall into a decline.

The Coal Age, so-called, is over. The Age of Oil, White Coal, and Electrification is here. But Britain has no oil in the natural state and little white coal. Worse and worse, then, it might seem. No; for she has coal. So, then, we have boxed the compass, so to speak. What, above all, Britain needs to enable her industries to compete successfully in the world-field is cheap power. She can get it by reorganization and readaptation of her coal industry, and simultaneous general reorganization and reconstruction of industries and transport on the basis of electricity and oil. Low-temperature carbonization of coal gives three products: oil, gas, and a smokeless fuel (the 70 per cent residue) of calorific value equal to that of the best raw coal. Carbonize the coal at the pit mouth; you get enough oil to satisfy all the needs of shipping and 'motor transport.' Use what may be needed of the

gas and smokeless fuel for generating (in proper centres at or near the coal fields) electric energy for distribution at low cost to the manufacturing plants, railroads, and so forth; and enough smokeless fuel (solid or powdered) and gas will be left for heating and the sundry miscellaneous necessities of power. As an instance of the saving by the process, it would utilize all the inferior coal (25 per cent of the whole), which now goes mostly to waste. The best expert opinion, I understand, endorses the above programme. With its realization Britain should compete in the world-field with restored confidence.

Britain is anxiously awaiting the report of the Royal Commission on the Coal Mining Industry, to be rendered by next May. Presumably its recommendations will embody some such programme. But realization thereof would, you say, imply an industrial revolution. Precisely so; but the alternative is disaster and decadence. Wherefore I observed that the situation calls for economic statesmanship of the first order, boldly to decide, gallantly to challenge the inevitable dangers, to cross the Rubicon. The July crisis in the coal-mining industry was the most important episode of 1925 in Britain, in the Empire, in the world. It brought home the absolute necessity of epochal, revolutionary decisions if Britain is to be saved. Mr. Baldwin yielded temporarily to the miners. His subsidy was to ensure peace till May, to gain time for definite formulation of policy. Next May there will be another crisis, far more important; out of it a fighting chance for Britain, or sure decline.

I said 'a fighting chance'; but even that must be qualified. Under present conditions Britain is overpopulated by ten million souls. Realization of the programme above indicated, supplemented by a thorough scientific general programme of anti-waste, might provide well-being for the present population of the kingdom and the natural increase of a decade or two. But the point of saturation would soon be reached again. Obviously the increase should be steadily offset by emigration. The Empire Settlement Act of 1922 was a move in the right direction, but in the first two years of its operation it accomplished but a tenth part of its intention. It should be properly amended and made to work under the direction of some happy tactful genius. The Baldwin Government is quite aware of this, but will it have the courage to take order accordingly?

I have dealt with two matters of supreme importance to the British realm and the British Commonwealth of Nations. I may only glance at a third: namely, the tariff policy of the realm. Free Trade moderately tempered by camouflaged Protection is the present policy. Obviously Mr. Baldwin is at a stand. He probably thinks that under present circumstances a moderate policy of general protection — adequate, at the least, to cover a considerable extension of operation of the principle of Imperial Preference — would be the ticket. But where to draw the line? Theoretically the Empire, no doubt, could be made economically self-sufficing; but so to talk is nonsense. 'T is against the spirit of the age, which really tends to economic internationalism rather than economic nationalism or imperialism. The ideal policy should promote mutual helpfulness throughout the Empire, should strengthen intra-imperial ties, without prejudice to the foreign trade. Ah! but what is the ideal policy? Doubtless the pattern thereof, like that of Plato's ideal Republic, is laid up in Heaven; perhaps under the joint guardianship of Cobden and Joseph Chamberlain; never to be known or realized on earth.

But that spectre of German competition; how to lay it? It is said that German payments under the Dawes Plan in full flourish call for trebling of the German 1913 export surplus. 'Patience,' counsels Premier Baldwin, 'patience.' Can he be thinking of M. Loucheur's International Economic Conference, for which the League is making preparation? That conference, if you believe M. Loucheur, is to deal the coup de grâce to 'economic nationalism,' to establish an 'equilibrium between production and consumption,' to effloresce into a United States of Europe! Softly, my Muse! These be wild and whirling words.

I say flatly that the domestic record of the Baldwin Government has been creditable; believing, as I do, that the policy of caution, of sawing wood, of watchfully waiting on developments, was, for the conditions, correct. Unemployment has increased, but not at all alarmingly. Actually employment has increased, but not so as to overtake the normal increase of employables. The key industries have been desperately buffeted, but somehow the British pre-war proportion of world-trade is maintained; world-trade being 20 per cent below pre-war proportions. The very latest returns are definitely reassuring. Baffled, one murmurs that bon mot so mystically true: 'There are lies, damned lies — and statistics!' As for the Red Terror, 't is but a bug to fear boys and yokels.

In the imperial and foreign fields the record of the Baldwin Government has been brilliant. With the advent of Mr. Chamberlain to the Foreign Office, the high imperial style was resumed. The Russian Treaties, the ink of the signatures scarce dry, died the death — unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled. The Egyptian affair was admirably handled. The murder of Sir Lee Stack hastened an inevitable crisis. Egypt had to be brought up with a round turn. The British reserved rights were properly asserted and the Egyptians made to see that the provisional gift of a qualified independence to Egypt will not be considered consummated until certain specified conditions have been fulfilled. Better yet, the British position in the Sudan is clarified. It is fairly apparent that the British protectorate of the Sudan will have the same term of life as the Empire; a monstrous good thing for the Sudan — and Egypt. The problem of India is too vast and vague for notice here. I think it may be positively stated that the position of the British Raj has been greatly eased — one reason (sinister, if you please) being that, after a last desperate effort to save it, the preposterous accord between Hindus and Moslems has been fatally disrupted. No doubt important decisions have been taken respecting the experiment in self-government. Is the Dyarchy to be continued in a much revised form, or is the experiment to be carried forward by a different route? For the experiment will go on.

For the most part, the outlying members of the British Commonwealth of Nations have had a prosperous year. In only one of the self-governing States is the prospect gray: namely, the Union of South Africa. But she has rightly diagnosed her malady. For some time white emigration has exceeded white immigration. Why? Because British white men and women, looking whither to migrate, repelled the lure of South Africa, misliking the thought that their descendants might be Negroids. The remedy is segregation of the blacks, which can be accomplished in a perfectly humane manner. After all, the blacks south of the Zambesi are of a migration almost as recent as that of the whites.

Mention must be made of two

dangers ahead; the danger of a blow-up in Ireland when the report of the commission delimiting the frontier between the Free State and Ulster is published, and the danger of a war over Mosul. It cannot be doubted that the Baldwin Government will be true to Britain's pledges to Irak. If Ghazi Mustapha Kemal is really boiling for a fight, apparently he can have one. But I doubt he is such an ass.

II

I feel a certain delicacy about the inclusion of our country in this review; for we are, in the comparison with the rest of mankind, prosperous out of all cess, and brocade should not flaunt itself before rags. Our favorable balance of trade for the fiscal year 1925 was over a billion dollars, and we are putting out a billion yearly on foreign loan. While world-trade averages something like 20 per cent below the 1913 level, our foreign trade tops by 15 to 20 per cent our pre-war total. We have half the gold in the world. Our national wealth increased by 35 per cent in the decade ended in 1923, totaling in that year about $321,000,000,000. Eighty-six persons in the United States paid taxes for 1923 on taxable incomes exceeding in each case one million dollars. Incomes, if you please! Our national debt is fast being reduced, and the national budget has been cut nearly a half since 1920. Though the 1924 reductions made the Federal taxes easily tolerable, we are assured a further easement by the new Congress. Great Britain and most of our smaller debtors have funded their obligations to us, and no doubt France and Italy will soon follow suit; for they cannot long continue to kick against the pricks. I would fain avoid this delicate subject, and will, but must make one observation. Our system of government is perhaps, on the whole, the most admirable in the world; at least for us. But obviously it does not permit that generosity in the debt settlements which belike (I am not sure) the people might favor. At the Paris Conference in January we secured something more than our due share of the Dawes Plan annuities.

We have no Red menace, no unemployment worth mentioning, no threats of war. We are in jolly good humor, as proved by our imperturbability respecting the inconvenience caused by the anthracite strike. We can spend eight billions annually without a flutter for automobiles and their maintenance; and, since Britain puts up the price on rubber, we have $100,000,000 available for planting Liberia in rubber (soil O. K., climate not so bad, labor cheapest on the planet), and, if necessary, we'll convert Central America, Mexico, the Philippines, and so forth, into rubber plantations, and run Britain out of the market. Put that in your pipe, Mr. Churchill, and report the flavor! We'll show you that it does n't pay to try to put anything over on the U. S. A. We need deny, and in fact do deny, ourselves nothing. There is a constant stream of galleons conveying to our shores the art treasures of Europe, which soon will see the last of the Old Masters. If bored little Betty cries for a dinosaur egg, she has it. Our annual bill for cosmetics exceeds imperial budgets.

We are at the dawn of an immense development of commercial aviation. The chief result of the lamentable disaster to our first giant rigid dirigible — the Shenandoah — will be to stimulate experiment toward eliminating the weaknesses of that type. The best of arguments for moving forward boldly in the air is the magnificent success of the Air Mail Service. Mr. Hoover's statement before the Air Board has

convinced us that commercial aviation will develop lustily without Government subsidies provided that: (*a*) a bureau of civil aviation is established in the Department of Commerce for rendering services to commercial aviation analogous to those rendered by the Government to commercial navigation; (*b*) a body of aviation law is enacted, corresponding to merchant-marine law; (*c*) carriage of the mail is contracted out; (*d*) ample air-ports are established at the important municipalities (by the municipalities themselves). The prospect stirs the imagination. We are indeed prosperous —whoopingly, almost terrifyingly prosperous. We are — to put the thing in our direct and simple American way — *It*.

Yes, but the things cited are but the trappings and the suits of prosperity. There may be that within which is not so satisfactory. Despite our authentic triumphs in architecture, and that within a generation we have added three (Whistler, Saint Gaudens, Sargent) to the small choir of 'Old Masters,' the fact remains that our characteristic art is that of Murder, as our national religion is that of Publicity — a religion whereof the rites are as hideous as those of Baal or Ashtoreth. The chief ceremony of that religion in the past year was the trial of Mr. Scopes. Our banditry record of the year puts China to shame. Obviously banditry in China is in its infancy. Our divorces are overtaking our marriages. Soon there will be more divorced than married adults in the U. S. A.

In its final short session the Sixty-eighth Congress made little progress; no doubt because the balance was held by the 'Progressives.' Its most striking piece of legislation was that increasing the salaries of Members of Congress and Cabinet Members. No doubt the increases were proper, though the austere life may be commended to our representatives; but the manner of carrying it was an offense to the national olfactories. That there was so little outcry upon the occasion was lamentable; perhaps, after all, we were a little proud of our legislators for 'putting it over' so deftly.

The more important legislative proposals which failed of consummation by the late Congress were the following: the Muscle Shoals Leasing bill; sundry farm-relief bills; amendment of the Transportation Act (looking especially to promotion of railroad consolidation); ratification of the Turkish treaty and the Isle of Pines treaty; and the proposal of adhesion to the World Court. I expect consummation of the greater part of these proposals by the Sixty-ninth Congress. Already the new Senate, briefly meeting after the inauguration, has ratified the Isle of Pines treaty after a preposterous delay of twenty years, and it can hardly reject Admiral Bristol's advice to ratify the Turkish treaty. The President neatly summed up as follows his conclusions upon the report of his commission of nine appointed to evolve a 'programme for the permanent stabilization of agriculture.' 'Almost the entire difficulty of agriculture,' says the President, 'is on the side of distribution.' Adequate scientific legislation for the promotion of the coöperative marketing of agricultural produce and live stock is expected of the Sixty-ninth Congress. There is to be a ferocious conflict in the next Senate session over the Senate rules. General Dawes has declared war to the knife against old Filibuster.

There are no dangers observable in the navigation ahead. We may confidently expect that

> A constant trade-wind will securely blow
> And gently lay us on the spicy shore.

III

It is the knowing thing utterly to condemn the French post-war Governments prior to that of M. Herriot for piling up so huge a national debt; to decry their financial policy as a blend of the fatuous, the vicious, and the pavid. It is, indeed, quite true that a Colbert or Hamilton was not vouchsafed to France in her desperate need and that the management of the fisc left much to be desired; but the members of those Governments were neither rascals nor fools nor cowards. The war over, the preëminent and pressing concern was reconstruction of the devastated area. The psychology of the situation forbade increase of taxation to this end if it could anywise be avoided. Clearly domestic loans were 'indicated,' since they would soon be redeemed by German gold. It seemed simple. Human nature being what we see, it is not strange or discreditable that even the trained official French mind was only slowly disabused of the fallacy that the greater part of the costs of the war could be recovered from Germany. When Poincaré, in consequence of the Ruhr fiasco, saw the light, he made suggestions to the Reparations Commission which resulted in the Dawes Committee and the Dawes Plan, and he instituted a régime of drastic retrenchment and heavy taxation. For the latter he was sent up Salt Creek, and the Left came into its own again, in May 1924. But reconstruction, thanks to an unprecedented fury of devoted effort financed by the loans, was well toward completion, although the lending capacity of the people was well toward exhaustion.

I lack space for detail of subsequent developments in the French domestic situation. The desperate fiscal problem confronting Herriot demanded in chief: (*a*) a genuinely balanced budget; (*b*) satisfactory arrangements respecting the domestic debt; (*c*) funding of the debts to the United States and Britain on tolerable terms. To achieve these desiderata and avoid inflation — *hic labor, hoc opus erat.* Herriot had gone far toward the achievement of (*a*) when his fall was precipitated by an extraordinary error of tactic which would have ruined the career of a man less transparently honest. He was succeeded, in April 1925, by a Left Government under Painlevé, with (could such a quick reversal of fortune seem possible even in this our World Turned Upside Down?) Caillaux for Finance Minister. And it was scarcely less staggering that Briand should accept to serve, as Foreign Minister, in a cabinet including Caillaux.

Briand's acceptance of the Foreign Portfolio did great credit to his patriotism. He was the man for the hour. Representing with supreme address the majority sentiment of his nation, he perhaps contributed even more than did Chamberlain or Luther to the success of the negotiations recently consummated by the Locarno instruments. The selection of Caillaux startlingly illustrated the desperateness of the plight of the fisc. The French are the most experienced and on the whole the most civilized of peoples; but their civility is after all a mere film. In their extremity they resorted to magic and summoned the 'wizard,' Caillaux. And Caillaux was not found entirely wanting. He is, in the opinion of this writer, an absolutely unmoral egotist. But on this occasion his professional pride was piqued; he was resolved to justify his reputation as an economic master. He acted as though he had — and, belike, the strange man has — a professional conscience. He was not, in my opinion, given a full chance. The Ghost of his Past stalked him, and one might almost say that

Retributive Justice dashed his plans. His budget operations were magnificent, but the 1925 budget was knocked galley-west by the unexpected Rif and Syrian wars. His conversion loan, which was expected to ease the pressure from maturing Government obligations, was a failure (the Ghost, you see, terrifying the cautious). As to his failure at Washington, I know not what to say; but I have a feeling that Fate dealt shrewdly with him at that supreme crisis.

Our Debt Commission did not play the Shylock. The present value of the total payments contemplated under their last offer would be about $2,800,000,000. The total of the French debt is about $4,020,000,000. The present value of the total payments contemplated under the last French offer would be about $1,750,000,000. But it is doubtful that, even with our agreement to terms approximating the last Caillaux offer and like generous treatment from Britain, France could win through her present difficulties without dangerous dislocations, without terrible impairment of her social and economic fabric. For consider these figures (furnished by the National Institute of Economics at Washington, and shown to be remarkably accurate by my own researches): The debt of the French Republic is the equivalent of about $22,000,000,000 (eight billions deadweight foreign debt), as against our Federal debt of about twenty billions, all domestic. At present — with negligible payments on the foreign debts — the French people are paying at least 20 per cent of the national income in taxes, as against 18.5 per cent for the British people and 11.5 per cent for the people of the United States; whereas the national income per capita in France is only $195, as against $395 in Britain and $605 in the United States.

Now, Messieurs Borah *et al.*, is your attitude quite the one indicated by humane considerations or (but that is another story) the enlightened self-interest of our nation?

I quite agree with the Institute of Politics that only by a major operation can France be saved from extreme misery and probably disaster of the first magnitude. The economic boom of late 1923–late 1925 was altogether deceptive, unwholesome and hectic. The reaction has already come. Let us pay this tribute to Caillaux. By his counsels, of a salutary brusqueness, he persuaded the patient of the necessity of the operation.

The war with Abdul Krim has been a pure calamity to France. It aggravated the fiscal embarrassments; it imperiled the superb achievement of Marshal Lyautey; it even (thanks, in part, to a considerable sentiment in France against colonial commitments, which took this occasion to assert itself) endangered the entire position of France in Africa. Regretfully I omit detailed notice of the war, and merely remark that, unless political developments should change the face of things, next spring should see the 'liquidation' of Abdul Krim's glorious effort. It remains, however, to see whether Marshal Lyautey's work will securely survive his departure from the scene. He proved himself the equal of any colonial administrator of history — Roman proconsul, British viceroy, Chinese Warden of the Marches in the great Han or T'ang days, name you whom you will.

That was a stupid act of Herriot, to supersede General Weygand as High Commissioner for Syria by General Sarrail. Against initial difficulties, the tact and sympathy of General Gouraud and General Weygand had given assurance of success to the French mandate. But, as Herriot must have

known, Sarrail, though a good general in the field, is perhaps the most tactless person in the world, as he showed at Saloniki during the war; and tact is the quality most required in dealing with that kittle folk, the Syrians. The French 'manner of dealing' with Damascus was, it would seem, a masterpiece of tactlessness and bad judgment. The French will have hard sledding henceforth with their Syrian mandate. Says the wise Confucius: 'If remoter people are not submissive, all the influences of civil culture and virtue are to be cultivated to attract them to be so; and, when they have been so attracted, they must be made contented and tranquil.'

IV

The Germans are eating more meat than they ate prior to the war, and the full alcoholic content of German beer has been restored. Germany has come back.

It may be added, by way of secondary proof, that the greater industries — such as iron, steel, and coal — have made tremendous gains; that the shipping arrivals at Hamburg exceed by 25 per cent those of a year ago; that the financial position continues sound; that the budget shows a healthy surplus, revenue receipts very considerably exceeding expectations; that the railways, as consolidated and reorganized under the Dawes Plan, show a splendid profit; and that unemployment in mid-September totaled only 250,000.

There are pessimists who declare that the economic boom is artificial, and to be credited entirely to the very favorable first-year arrangements under the Dawes Plan, the payments of the first year being almost covered by the international loan; that, as the burden of payments increases, black clouds will succeed that first Rose of Dawn. But, though Germany cannot hope entirely to escape deflation pangs, her economic recovery is in fact guaranteed by the Allied and Associated Powers. The Dawes Plan provides for flexibility in its application, so that the burden of payments may never be fatally prejudicial to German recovery. Germany is definitely and securely on the economic up-curve.

Viewed from another angle, the German comeback is still more remarkable. Germany is rid of the most vexatious servitudes imposed by the Versailles Treaty, and further riddance is assured unless the Nationalists 'gum the cards.' Germany is far, very far on the road to recovery of her proper (always assuming good faith and no return of militarism) political position in the society of nations. She has sat as equal with the great Allies at the council table, and as an equal has initialed the Rhine Pact, one of the most august of human instruments.

Of the Locarno instruments it is sufficient to remark that, when or if they are consummated, only by a super-equivocation at which the Father of Lies himself might baulk can a loophole of justification be alleged for aggressive war by Germany on France, Belgium, Poland, or Czechoslovakia; or vice versa in each case. I think it quite likely that in the negotiations which led to Locarno the Germans were at first actuated by cunning rather than generous motives, but I believe that in initialing the Locarno instruments Chancellor Luther fully shared in that 'spirit of Locarno' felt and magnificently expressed by Briand. To be sure, the Locarno instruments have not been consummated by the required formal signatures and ratifications; but there is every reason to expect that they will be, and with the happy incidental effect of emphatically reducing

the Nationalist influence in German politics. Say, if you please, that the 'spirit of Locarno' was but a momentary gleam, an illusion — at the least the Rhine Pact safeguards France and Belgium; for the British sense of honor is the least illusory thing in the world.

Little comment is required on the year's developments in German domestic politics. The December 1924 elections were in one sense reassuring, in another unsatisfactory. The Reichstag representation of the parties unequivocally loyal to the Weimar Constitution is considerably greater than it was in the old Reichstag and greater than the representation of the parties leaning back toward monarchy (I assume, though a little dubitatively, the People's Party to be of that grouping); on the other hand, that representation was not quite a majority, so that it had to be either a *Bürgerbloc* Government, to include the Nationalists, or new elections, and after much manœuvring the former was the choice. It may be said that on a flat show-down of Republic versus Monarchy the Communists would hold the balance; but probably the Republic is safe. The election of Hindenburg was not really a Nationalist victory, but rather a remarkable tribute to that splendid warrior; and, as it has turned out, a deserved one. The popular instinct discovered in him a man to be trusted; and not only Germany, but the whole world, is much beholden to his great good sense and massive integrity.

V

The decision taken at last by Spain (with what a wrench to pride!) to cooperate in Morocco with France, has probably ensured a settlement during the coming year of the problem of the Spanish Zone which shall end that hideous nightmare — a boon, a boon indeed! And then what, as to peninsular Spain?

Primo de Rivera has organized a political party y-clept the 'Patriotic Union' to which in due time is to be entrusted the task of carrying forward under 'a restored régime of constitutional normality' the programme of the Military Directory. Some months ago the Marqués took the people into his confidence and with charming ingenuousness admitted that the progress made to date was far from correspondent to his first hopes. But I incline to think that he understated his achievement. Despite the increased expense of the Moroccan War, he has reduced the budget deficit by 40 per cent, and with the end of the Moroccan business the budget should be balanced; the syndicalists and their brethren of like appeal have ceased from troubling; there is little unemployment. The great achievement of the Directory, to my mind, is the Municipal Statute, which restores those Communal Councils anciently so rich in promise. This is to be followed by a Provincial Statute of analogous intention — that is, decentralization according to a programme indicated by geography, history, and the manifest genius of the Spanish people. At the best, Catalonia will furnish a difficult problem for many years to come, but it is a problem certainly solvable by enlightened and patient statesmanship. The caciques have been run to cover.

But still the programme is far, far from realization. Primo de Rivera is entirely vague as to the date of transfer of his task to the Patriotic Union. 'The road of purification stretches far ahead.' There's the rub. Sure provision must be made against return of the caciques. Now what does Primo de Rivera mean by a 'restored régime of constitutional normality'? Does he mean restoration of the old parliamentary system, or

anything like it? That system, a preposterous travesty of English parliamentarism, has been discredited, as a like travesty has been discredited in Italy. With restoration of that absurd system, the Augean stables which the Dictator has been at such pains to clean would soon be in a hideous mess again. Does he contemplate for his Patriotic Union a function like that of the Fascist Party in Italy? He has in the *Somaten* (a revival and nation-wide extension of a provincial organization) an instrument not so unlike the Fascist militia.

We shall watch developments in Spain with eager interest. The reported activity of the Communal Councils may be earnest of a Spanish renaissance, or it may be that the Spanish people are too sunk in torpor to thrill even to a Cid.

VI

An ancient Chinese poem begins thus in translation: 'At this low ebb, at this low ebb.' That would have been consonant to the mood of Fascismo a year ago; and joyous, lilting 'Giovinezza' must then have rasped. The Matteotti murder had given an opening to the Opposition which they were quick to seize. They gave loud publicity, with suitable garnishment, to sundry acts of Fascist zeal untempered by decency, and the Fascists were reduced to the humiliating necessity of explanations, of admissions, of promises to purge out or effectively discipline intransigent elements which discredited the holy cause. Fascismo was in the doleful dumps, and the Duce himself fell desperately ill.

But the Opposition went too far. The personal charges against Mussolini could not be made good. People reminded themselves of the Red Terror to which Fascismo had been the answer. The Fascists recovered confidence. Certain acts they wisely forbore to defend, instead repudiating the perpetrators; others they assigned to the category of 'sacred violence.' For it seems that when a Fascist knocks a Communist o' the pate, the violence may be 'sacred'; but not so t' other way around. On March 22 the sixth anniversary of Fascismo was celebrated with incredible enthusiasm throughout Italy. Addressing a vast concourse in Rome, Mussolini, recovered of his illness, shouted: 'This meeting marks for me and for you resumption of Fascist action against all our enemies.' (Pause, that 'spak sic things.') 'Will you follow me?'

Well, rather. And ever since Fascismo has been going it strong. In October, Fascismo definitely arrived at its 'constructive phase.' The great Fascist Council passed certain resolutions which are to be presented to Parliament for enactment, and of course it may not be doubted that Parliament will enact them. They contemplate the political and economic reorganization of Italy very largely on an occupational basis — an adaptation of Guild Socialism. Not less important, they provide for immense enhancement of the power of the Premier, who is to be vested with effective control of the new system of corporations and syndicates. A happy balance will be maintained between the power of the workers and the power of the employers, all disputes incapable of simple adjustment to be referred to Labor courts. It is of first significance that magistrates to preside over these courts are to be appointed by the Central Government and to be backed by the necessary force. The constitution of the Camera is not to be changed, but the Senate, much enlarged, is to be reorganized, four fifths of its members to be elected on an occupational basis, one fifth to be appointees of the King; the rôle of the Camera to become insignificant. Considering Mussolini's

declared contempt for shams, one may expect the Camera to be relegated to Lethe's wharf in the near future.

The proposals as drafted are rather foggy, but no doubt they will be given clarity and precision in the process of enactment. If a really genuine experiment in Guild Socialism adapted to modern conditions should be forthcoming, the world would be immensely indebted to Mussolini therefor; but the magnitude of the powers proposed for the Premier provokes a certain dubiety. It is proper, however, to suspend judgment.

On the whole, Fascismo has been justified of its works, and on the whole Mussolini's Dictatorship has been beneficent. He has balanced the budget, improved trade, greatly reduced unemployment, immensely enhanced efficiency in all the services, and raised the international prestige of his country; and now apparently he proposes to scrap the constitution. The Italian parliamentary system, like that of Spain, was a preposterous travesty of British parliamentarism, and it behooved to scrap it. It remains to see whether Mussolini will, by providing a satisfactory substitute, approve himself a constructive statesman of the first order.

Mussolini has told us repeatedly of late that Julius Cæsar is his model. He could choose no better one. May one be bold to suggest that an even closer imitation of that model would not be amiss? There is for Dictators a great deal of importance in style, and the style of Mussolini increasingly mislikes me. Cæsar did never threaten, nor boast, nor exult. He never posed. He had a proper sense of limitations; he halted at the Rhine and the Thames. His most distinctive quality was a humorous equanimity. If one may presume to advise: Study your model, good Benito, and keep cool.

VII

Ghazi Mustapha Kemal continues his salutary task of abolishment of shams and of consolidation of the New Turkey on a Nationalist basis. But I am not so sure that he is so well advised in his 'habilatory endeavors'; 't is, methinks, a work of supererogation. I suspect the Ghazi has been reading *Sartor Resartus* in a Turkish translation, and has missed something. The fez, to be sure, is preposterous; but is it any more so than the sundry models proposed to us by Messieurs Dunlap and Knox? And look you, Sir, do not the Turkish breeches afford more ample accommodation than do our unmentionables, for the Purse? If you would assimilate Turkey to the West, remember, remember: The Purse is the Thing. In divorcing his wife, no doubt the Father of New Turkey had in mind to pay us the flattery of imitation and so win our Senate to ratification of the Turkish Treaty; and to encourage in Turkey a practice which has contributed so much of wholesome and picturesque to our social life.

The inevitable reaction in Turkey was nipped i' the bud with the suppression of the Kurdish insurrection and the 'pendulous illaqueation' of its leaders.

VIII

It is quite out of the question to explain in a paragraph or two the developments of the past year in China. One should not forget that China (the 18 Provinces and Manchuria) is of about the same area and the same population as Europe exclusive of Russia; that she is now undergoing a transformation, social, economic, and political, the most stupendous and profound yet seen in the world; that our sources of information are meagre, and the more important processes are obscured.

The growth of Chinese Nationalism is one of the most important phenomena of recent times. It arose out of resentment of the utterly selfish and damnable encroachments by the Powers. It developed a determination to recover all that had been lost by those encroachments. After its first blind and ferocious expression, in the Boxer uprising, it was until recently chargeable with very little antiforeign violence.

The major credit for that astonishing increase of Nationalism belongs to 'Young China' — that is, the considerable and ever-growing body of Chinese who have received some tincture of education along Western lines. The majority, including the best, of the leaders of Young China have not countenanced antiforeign violence. They have hoped to recover Chinese rights by the Confucian methods of reason and persuasion, supplemented, if necessary, by the boycott, that Chinese invention. But always there was the danger that the extremist leaders, the intransigents of the Left wing of the Kuo Min-tang or Radical Party, would seize some opportunity to provoke a violent and vicious explosion of antiforeign feeling. Those gentry found an opportunity in the industrial disputes of the midyear in the foreign-owned mills. Observe, however, that gradually, except for Canton, — which is differentiated from the rest of China much as Barcelona is differentiated from the rest of Spain, — the more sensible and Confucian-minded leaders regained the ascendant.

But the wave of Nationalist feeling is still at height. 'Unhand me,' says China; and the Powers, however reluctantly and ungraciously, are proceeding to comply. It were, perhaps, better for China, as well as for the Powers, that the process of restoration of the sovereign rights filched from her should be gradual; but, if developments have made it necessary to speed up the process, the Powers have no ground of complaint. China's resentment for the wrongs and humiliations inflicted on her, resentment so just and so deep, may not be trifled with.

The politico-military situation of China is of the usual fantasticality. There are three grand groups of Tuchuns: the group which backs the Provisional Peking Government, whereof Chang Tso-lin, that hard-shelled old Tory and ex-bandit, is chief; the group headed by Feng Yu-hsiang, the 'Christian General' and traitor; and the group of Yangtse Tuchuns headed by Wu Pei-fu, who has 'come back' strong. Feng is playing around with Moscow, while Chang is regarded by Japan with benevolent eye. I think Japan is sincerely desirous to keep out of Chinese complications, but she will not allow her position in Manchuria to be compromised and surely would not permit open intervention by Russia in China. As for Wu Pei-fu, I consider him China's best hope, quite probably a genuine disinterested patriot. Almost anything of weird or fantastic might develop out of that triangle. I am an optimist concerning China, but only on a long view.

MY SECRET SIN

If I were to venture to say, in casual conversation with my colleagues in business, what I here state in cold print, it might endanger such reputation as I may have gained in my particular commercial field. I may speak in print, however, because the business man accepts with flaccid acquiescence anything in type which does not conflict with his chronic hero-worship of the business man. I write what I dare not say.

And so I state defiantly, — for I have bottled it up too long, — so I proclaim that I love trees and flowers and growing grass; that there is a beauty in the November frost, hung upon the tracery of the fading goldenrod; that wild columbine, to me, has a distinctly feminine flavor, as of a rarely tinted virgin too fragile even for romance; that even a bourgeois sunflower on a city dump is worthy of a glance.

There — I have confessed! I have uttered 'Beauty' — that word forbidden to Business.

There is much more. It has piled up with the years, clamoring for an audience. Bear with me. I need a safety valve for the steam which has long been gaining head behind the boiler plate of Business, where men sweat, tongue-tied, lest they be suspected of a tender susceptibility.

Once my mother took me into the yard and showed me blue starry flowers upon spikes of grass. I pick them still. From them I sometimes catch, even to-day, a reflection of the radiance and simplicity of childhood.

In June the tips of the whitewood trees are fringed with tulips — orange, green, and white, painted in a pattern apparently artificial, like that of an Oriental rug or a bit of bizarre upholstery. Whitewood trees are hard to climb. I climb them still, when no one is looking. I value my liberty, and the judge would not understand.

And what, indeed, would a judge, or my neighbor the coal man, or the steel-file man in the next office, say if he knew that there is such a thing as climbing a tree for the sheer joy of it? I state authoritatively, from twenty-five years' practice, that poplar boughs snap easily, that hickory crotches catch the ankles, that wild-apple branches tear the very clothes from one's back, and that birches will bend to the ground without breaking. There is an odd sense of power and of freedom which comes with the attainment of a tree top. I know of no surer way of cleansing one's mind, for the moment, from the irksomeness of earning a living.

Possibly five botany authorities, three fellow eccentrics, and myself know where arbutus may be found in our neighborhood. I once brought some to my office. I shall not do so again. I bring arbutus into our household discreetly concealed in newspapers, so that the neighbors will think it is spinach or something.

Now that the lid is off, may I confess that it has even been a diversion of mine to accord to each kind of tree its own personality. Poplars are so greedy — oaks so conservative. The pepperidge, old maid of the forest, turns scarlet a week before the first frost — a chronic croaker, gnarled,

tough-grained, just waiting for a hard freeze so she can say, 'I told you so.' Walnuts and butternuts are cowards, dropping their leaves at the first cold wind and leaving their seeds exposed to the first man with a club. (I am generally that man.) The soft maples cannot stand prosperity, for they grow so lush that they break of their own weight. Conifers have a passion for symmetry, and elms for phrasing of design; whereas willows bulge shamelessly along the river banks, like overfed women in a warm climate. The witch-hazel, impractical optimist, blossoms in November, leader of the extreme Left of the floral parliament — while the poison elder blooms almost before the snow is gone, bears fruit in June, and, like most precocious children, is eclipsed and forgotten with the maturity of summer.

Some trees are so human in their inanities. The sycamore does not know spring has come until the very advent of summer. At last, reluctantly, it leaves. The season passes. Frosts arrive. Sensible trees have shed their foliage weeks before, but the sycamore, ignorant as ever, goes blundering on, putting out new leaves in the very teeth of the early snows, until a hard frost crisps and withers its later efforts. It actually seems as if this tree forgets from year to year, and has to learn all over again, by experience. I like the sycamore for that.

There is a tree called the Hercules Club which goes through the summer like a man at a banquet, in a full dress suit. Quite pretentious is this fellow in July, with great triply-compound leaves three feet long, drooping in calculated elegance. But Jack Frost strikes the hour, the party is over, and our fancy friend is left stark naked, a thick ugly stick with nothing on but a score of knobs and a few thorns.

There are patterns which recurrent seasons have so impressed upon the fabric of my mind that they may be visualized at will — patterns which sometimes I call upon to save a wavering sense of proportion, a sense which Business has painfully contorted. Yellow violets and wild phlox weave a carpet for Titania. Russet beech and scarlet maple leaves, floating on a clear October brook, spread a page for the 'Ode to the West Wind.'

I grow bold with the years. I have planted ironweed and goldenrod in my front yard. I do not raise geraniums, salvias, or cannas. The goldenrod and ironweed, with a few raspberries, asters, and a bit of boneset which were native there, in fall growth protect hepaticas, spring beauties, white violets, adder's-tongues, mandrakes, pepper-and-salt, lily-leaved liparis, wild geraniums, trilliums, bluebells — my neighbors ask me why I do not clean up my weed bed.

Yearly, during the last week in May, I make a pilgrimage to a certain clay hillside where five or six yellow lady-slippers grow. Native orchids, as you know. (Or did n't you?) It would be sacrilege to pick them.

Suppose One in Business were to accost me on the following morning: —

'Where 'd ja go yesterday?'

'Oh — out in the country.'

'Golf?'

'No — just looking up some flowers.'

'Flowers!'

'Yes — I did n't pick any. Too precious. Just looked them over and went away again. Drove seventeen miles, walked three, and climbed a hundred-foot shale bank for a single glance.'

Don't worry. I never speak the truth. One must live. But — why this self-conscious, shamefaced embarrassment at a word suggestive of beauty? To do business respectably must a man display the æsthetic qualities of a hog and the conversational frankness of Rodin's Thinker?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

THE *Atlantic* greatly regrets to report the loss of an old, most trustworthy contributor, Hans Coudenhove. A nobleman and an intimate of Viennese society, Mr. Coudenhove, at the age of thirty-six, sailed for Africa, where, beyond the farthest frontier, he spent the last twenty-eight years of his life, devoting himself to a study of the animal kingdom, and occasionally sending to us delightful accounts of this study. His essays, *My African Neighbors*, have been published this autumn by Little, Brown, and Company (an Atlantic Monthly Press Publication). In a recent letter to the author's brother, Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, there appeared this touching description of the burial: —

He left fixed over his bed a paper expressing a wish to be buried many miles away at Chicala, at the place where he had buried Rikki-Tikki, the mongoose on whom he had lavished so much affection. As he had often spoken to us of this and we knew how strongly he felt about it, the authorities carried out his wish. The spot was found and he was finally laid to rest about dusk on September 12, Father Delawney making the service.

I motored to Chicala to visit his grave next day. After a climb of over a mile up the steep mountain-side, the grave is found under an enormous boulder of rock in the side of a deep gorge, shut in by great trees; it is a solitary and wild spot, where, it is probable, no other white man has ever been except himself and those who took him there to lay him in his grave. I think when he lived in Chicala he must have chosen the spot to sit in the shade and watch the habits of the baboons. He liked the calm and absolute solitude.

André Maurois, whose witty and discerning *Ariel* has made young Shelley live again, now finds in the young Goethe a susceptible figure for another dramatization. It is apt to recall Thackeray's lyrical version of Werther's sorrowful romance: —

Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

But here is what really happened, told in prose as deft as Thackeray's verse. **Charles D. Stewart,** of Hartford, Wisconsin, — speculative philosopher and good friend, — tells us, among other timely facts, that we are all four years older than we believe. ¶It is with gratification that we print this letter from **Bernard M. Baruch,** with its interesting reference to his gift of $250,000 wherewith to found a lectureship at the Page School of International Relations.

NEW YORK, *September* 21, 1925

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It may interest you to know that an article appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, by Mr. Sisley Huddleston, entitled 'An American Plan For Peace,' really spurred me on to this further effort. What I had in mind was to crystallize public thought on what those associated with me on the War Industries Board know to be a fact; and that is, if the organization which was functioning at the end of the war could be put into effect at the beginning of a war, no one would make as much profit in war as in peace. I think we have undoubtedly arrived at the point where we never will permit our young men to be sent to fight while others remain at home and profit unfairly during their absence.

¶In his *Passage to India*, **E. M. Forster** set about making the Indian understandable to the Englishman. Now he has thought fit to return the compliment with some characteristic notes on John Bull. ¶With dragnet, diving-suit, and binoculars, with a friendliness toward animalculæ that passeth understanding, **William Beebe** has explored a sea-land on which no Friday ever set foot. ¶It is fitting that a vigorous and modern American poet, **Archibald MacLeish,** should pay such poignant tribute to the memory of **Amy Lowell,** whose following verses are happily representative of her art. ¶From San Diego, California, **Lyman Bryson** has sent what one of our editors has described as a Dresden-china Barrie.

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The essay of **A. Lawrence Lowell,** President of Harvard University, has a direct

bearing on the mechanics of education which concerns us all alike — teachers, parents, pupils. ¶No one in this country — or in the world, for that matter — has studied womankind to more practical purpose than has **Edward W. Bok.** He has learned — to use a vulgarism of our countryside — to put a flea in a lady's ear. ¶In the company of **Lucien Price,** lovers of *Jean-Christophe* will celebrate in this number the anniversary of Romain Rolland. ¶Professor of Psychology at Harvard University, **Edwin G. Boring** has detected in psychic research a paradox which, as in the Margery case, is the cause of personal bickering and extrinsic controversy. ¶In contrast to our exorbitant New Year's Eve is **Nora Waln's** pretty account of the chaste Chinese ceremony.

* * *

William Z. Ripley, Professor of Economics at Harvard University, has devoted serious study to the most significant movement in modern industry, the divorce of ownership from control. The responsibility for the management, both of public-utility and of private industrial corporations, is fast being removed from the owners and lodged in the hands of intermediaries beyond the control both of shareholders and of governmental supervision. The effect of this assumption of power on labor problems may not be inconsiderable.

We commend this paper of Professor Ripley's to stockholders the country over. To every man who has a stake in industry, it is worth an hour's time. Take, for instance, one company in which the editor happens to own shares. In June 1924, the capital stock of the Northern States Power Company of Delaware included $6,170,000 in common shares of $100 par value, and $36,450,000 in preferred shares, also of $100 par value. With the control of this stock went the control of the company. On July 1, however, of the same year a new stock was issued of no par value, entitled Class B Stock, to the tune of 500,000 shares at $10 a share. This stock carried voting privileges, and its ownership ensured control. On the last day of this same year, 1924, it is interesting to observe that of this issue 499,913 shares were in the possession of the parent company of the Northern States Power Company, the Standard Gas and Electric Company. A fairly complete transaction!

But to delve a little further into the Eleusinian mysteries of modern finance. This same parent company, the Standard Gas and Electric Company, realizing that the wide sale of its securities was spreading the control as well as the ownership of its stock, issued 1,000,000 shares of voting stock at $1 per share. These peculiarly priced shares, carrying absolute control of the company, were taken over bodily by the company's promoters, H. M. Byllesby and Company. Thus, after realizing the market value of the shares of the Standard Gas and Electric Company and its subsidiary corporations, the original promoters purchased its continuing control at a nominal price.

They have eaten their cake, and they have it still, so it seems to a layman.

* * *

Rear Admiral William S. Sims is well qualified to discuss the recent series of accidents which have made the Navy Department and the public legitimately uneasy. **Christian A. Herter,** who has served in the State Department and as an assistant to Secretary Hoover, is now one of the editor-owners of the *Independent.* ¶Through his long service in the Massachusetts Legislature, **Robert M. Washburn,** of Boston, distinguished himself as a witty and individual speaker. Political student and writer as well, Mr. Washburn is the author of a biography of President Coolidge. ¶Late Colonel in the United States Army, always a close student of international affairs, **Henry W. Bunn** has reviewed judgmatically the chief scenes and characters of the past twelvemonth.

* * *

We are glad to publish the following letter. Our readers, however, should understand that the sentence to which Mr. Houdini objects is merely a statement of facts. A number of observers did think that Mr. Houdini's judgment, whether confirmed by subsequent investigation or not, was too summarily rendered.

NEW YORK CITY

THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEAR SIR: —

Permit me to congratulate you upon your courage in publishing 'Science and the Medium,' and to thank you for that article, which is an

echo, fundamentally, of my own report of the origin of Margery's 'phenomena.'

There is, however, in your note preceding Mr. Hoagland's report, a reference to me which you would not have circulated had you been properly informed: You say, 'Mr. Houdini, on what seemed to *many people* inadequate ground, charged deliberate fraud.'

May I ask in fairness to myself who the 'many people' were who insinuated dishonesty on my part? If they were normal, honest investigators at the séances, they are, no doubt, ready to apologize by now; if they were Margery's accomplices, persons at large unfamiliar with the Margery case except through propaganda, or one-hundred-per-cent spiritualists, — who are mentally incapable of unbiased judgment, — you need not reply: their opinions are automatically discredited by fair men.

'Many people,' too, denounced me as being incapable of 'scientific investigation.' This was to befog the issue with the intention of damaging the effect of my report. It is true that I am not a scientist, nor a metaphysician. I do not speak in technical or esoteric terms. My business in the séance-room is not with the soul and spiritual reactions, autosuggestion and results, nor with mental aberrations — it is with the muscles of the human body; it is to detect muscular movements. When I applied thirty-five years' experience to Margery's manifestations, it took me the same number of minutes, almost, to discover what it took Mr. Hoagland, Mr. Damon, and so forth, months to rediscover.

HOUDINI

* * *

Further impressions of the Moon, in a reminiscent manner.

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The enclosed was just written by an eight-year-old little girl, spontaneously and in all seriousness.

Does it suggest a humorous take-off on any poet of your acquaintance?

Yours in laughter,

JOHN D. WRIGHT

THE MOON

The moon is bright
Tonight
Where are the stars
In the wars
The skies are blue
The cows dont moo
The winds doth roar
What more
I dont know
I know
Come come
Hum hum

Why Barnum was Right.

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In 'The Unconscious Humor of the Movies' Agnes Repplier makes challenging observations concerning 'Grass,' a film record of a migration of the Baktyari, a production which I edited for the screen. Miss Repplier's specific complaint is about the advertising 'in terms which are reminiscent of Barnum in the forties.' Since that advertising was in spirit a reflection of the editorial treatment of the picture, it is relevant for me to consider her criticisms.

This same Barnuming which Miss Repplier holds 'to insult our intelligence' did, none the less, favorably affect her judgment. A familiarity with film products does not permit me to agree with her that 'Grass' is 'the most remarkable performance ever achieved by the camera.' She has been Barnumed into that estimate. Further she asserts: 'It tells a tale of sober truth as adventurous as an epic.' The fact is that the Baktyari are shown merely driving their cows over a mountain to pasture. They do it twice a year. It is a chore, not an epic, even if I did utter considerable typographical excitement on the screen about it. Miss Repplier also admits enjoying the 'wealth of beautiful detail.' She may have enjoyed it, but she did not see it. It was not in the pictorial negative. That beautiful detail was Barnumed into words calculated to speed the spectator past the camera's omissions.

Since Miss Repplier is one of those relatively rare persons whose visual imagination is swiftly responsive to words, she has been led to believe she saw in 'Grass' things that she inferred from the captions.

Discussing motion pictures in general, Miss Repplier remarks, 'Even the captions seem written for the blackboard of a child's school rather than for the "people's university."' And, she continues, 'If, as *Current History* tells us, "the movies are peculiarly fitted to the age in which we live," what is the intellectual status of our day?'

Now in very truth motion-picture captions are written to the level of 'the blackboard of a child's school.' They have to be. That fact is not indictment of the intellectual status of our day, compared to other days, as Miss Repplier appears to fear. In discovering the motion pictures she has discovered what may be to her a new public. We have always had that public. It is one which never has had, does not want, and never will have anything more to do with the art of reading and writing and the printed word than can be avoided.

There is an amazing tendency among such intelligent persons as Miss Repplier to tremen-

dously overestimate the literacy of the American population. The Federal statistics of illiteracy tell us nothing about it in a practical sense. The market for books and magazines of commonplace level is all likely within five to eight millions of our people. If to this Miss Repplier will total the gross circulations of the discriminating publications, she will have an interesting figure to compare with the fifty millions of the motion pictures' circulation.

Until some evolution of motion-picture distribution makes it possible to serve the intelligent minorities at a profit it will be necessary to make films for the big majority with standards based on the great common denominator of understanding. Meanwhile it will be necessary to continue to write blackboard titles.

Sincerely,

TERRY RAMSAYE

* * *

Professor Brandon's little essay has provoked wide comment upon the 'business' of teaching. Here is a suggestive letter from a distinguished engineer.

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR EDITOR: —

My own belief and preachment for many years has been, and still is, that Industrial and Moral Value increases faster than Cost, that the wise impresario would rather pay $5000 a night to a Caruso than to pay $500 to a lesser light. This is one of the Universal Laws of Civilization and applies equally to Materials, to Equipment, and to Personnel.

Nevertheless, I dissent from Mr. Brandon's argument presented in his essay, 'Good Business,' in the November *Atlantic*.

My father was a university professor on small salary. I was a state university professor at the age of twenty-three, having had fourteen years of special preparation, and after six years of intense work was receiving a small annual stipend of $1800. Then, leaving the university, I was promoted, but not easily, into a life that seemed to me of wider utility, and certainly bringing greater remuneration.

I helped settle the great West, I took an industrial part (not gold-seeking) in the opening of Alaska. I took up the great field of industrial wastes. At the age of seventy I went back to teaching, and am now directing, in many cases with personal contact, several thousand students. My life seems to me larger and more useful and accomplishing than it was fifty years ago.

When I left the university I considered what Franklin said: 'There are two ways: either diminish one's wants, or increase one's means.' I realized that it would be as hard to live on eighteen hundred dollars as to earn eighteen thousand, so I chose the latter, and, with fluctuations, I made good.

The butler or the chauffeur, paid more than the teacher, is at the top of his class, few butlers, few chauffeurs, earning as much. The young teacher is usually taking a postgraduate course, fitting himself for position in honor and in emoluments which the butler and chauffeur could never attain. Is it fair to compare the highest of the butler class (I have known butlers who conscientiously prepared during twenty years for the best positions) with the lieutenants in teaching? How rapidly are Army and Navy men promoted? How fast are civil servants and officials promoted?

During the last twenty years I have had to employ several hundred assistants and I did not find that university teachers were the best candidates. Five other qualities are needed besides ideals and competence.

My next dissent is from the proposition that the successful banker is under moral obligation to augment the stipend of the underpaid teacher. The worker should command his price, not beg for it as a charity. The banker is under no obligation to dispense with the butler or chauffeur in order to add to the teachers' fund.

I am glad that Duke leaves eighty millions to found an institute of learning, yet better uses might have been made of the money. Mental training is only one of the seven moralities and perhaps of all of them the one most overemphasized at the present time.

I remember hearing a famous mathematician state that the higher mathematics had been developed at least a thousand years beyond any practical need or use. What we want, of course, is good teachers, but also good butlers, good chauffeurs, and good bankers. Let the best man win!

Yours truly,

HARRINGTON EMERSON

* * *

From veterans, parents, and grandparents have come scores of letters attesting the fidelity and courage of Miss Boylston's Diary.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

DEAR MISS BOYLSTON, —

Why did you do it? Do you want to make us all more homesick than ever, remembering again? And yet there must be some painful things we hold tight to us, for I read every word and can hardly wait for the next. So often were your experiences and reactions the same as my own that at times I felt I was the girl writing the diary. I am glad you found time for one. I did n't, though I started one; and later it seemed one could not even begin to preserve those days in print. But you 've done it, and thank you!

Since the war, however, I've written — verse, stories, and fairy tales. Anything. You see I tried to work something out of the days that were gone, the days when we lived, if ever young people lived!

Yes, the memory of the old hills! I was in a Flying Field near the Front. I was Red Cross, but without training, so I was only Canteen. But after one has had tea or lunch and danced with all sorts of people, from Foch to Pershing and a bootblack, after one has fed a long line of patient boys, after one has seen suffering and bravery in hospitals and out, it's hard to find exactly the same interest in bridge and clothes and table linen.

Perhaps you've found your way out. I have two children and a veteran husband, who feels as I do. And in a sense we're happy. We are camping now, and I have nothing but my typewriter — no ink. So you'll forgive this method of writing. For I felt I must write.

I envy you for being able to be a nurse. You gave real service.

Sincerely and gratefully,

H. M. T.

MEDIA, PA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

My wife, who is reading an old *Atlantic*, has been giggling and now her eyes are filled with tears, so I know Pat is dead.

Are we not to have more of Nurse 'Troub'? Her Diary is a relief to one when harassed and tired.

Yours truly,

WARD A. BATCHELOR

CAPE MAY, N. J.

MY DEAR MISS BOYLSTON: —

My only excuse for writing this letter is that I am old and have seven grandchildren, which will, I think, acquit me of the charge of freshness.

When I read the first installment of your Diary in the September *Atlantic* I felt an almost irresistible impulse to tell you how much I enjoyed it. When I read the second installment yesterday — and had reread it three times in order to extract from its pages every bit of its subtle wit, philosophy, and literary sparkle — the impulse held in leash for a month became absolutely dictatorial, and here I am.

I want you to know that at least one of the *Atlantic's* regular readers (and I believe that thousands of them will agree with me) considers 'Coming of Age' by all odds the finest thing the magazine has printed in recent years along the line of human documents. Both its thought and its language are so human, so delightfully personal, so clean, and so intriguing that I cannot imagine anyone reading it without wanting to look you in the eye and tell you how good it is.

Admiringly yours,

ALFRED COOPER

* * *

From a Reading reader in foreign parts comes this tale of how to beat the Dutch.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

'Born an' raised among the Dutch,' as we say in Pennsylvania's Lancaster County (my people 'came over' very early in the seventeen-hundreds from Switzerland), I enjoyed both Frances LeFevre's 'The Victor — Who?' and reading J. E. H.'s letter about it. But I have two objections to make to the latter.

In the first place, if — as I 've no doubt — J. E. H. really did hear one of our lads say of a passing freight-train that 'when the little red car goes by it 's all,' then that boy must have been the great-grandson of the first youngster to say it, for I 've heard the story told throughout the State during all the forty-odd years of my life. With one exception! Your true Pennsylvania-Dutchman would never say 'when the little red car goes by' — he'd unfailingly say: 'When the little red car goes past' — and he 'd flatten his *a*.

I wonder if your readers know another old Reading story, dated from the happy days when Volstead was still in Norway. A 'drummer' from Boston was entertained by a local merchant. The former marveled at the latter's beer 'combasity.' Said the merchant: 'That 's nothing. — Jim!' One of the hotel's hangers-on appeared. 'Jim,' continued the merchant, 'I 'm going to make a bet with my friend from Boston that you can drink a bucket of beer without taking the bucket from your lips — can drink it in one swallow.' Jim hesitated: 'Will you jes' wait a minute yet?' He went out. Presently he reappeared and acknowledged himself ready for the test — and passed it successfully. As the Bostonian handed over the lost money, he inquired: 'Jim, I 'd just like to know one thing. Why did you tell us to wait a minute — why did you go out before making the attempt?' Jim was candid: 'Well,' said he, 'your frien' here 's a frien' of mine, an', as I 'd been drinkin' considerable a'ready to-day, I did n't want to lose him his money yet. So I jes' went out to the bar an' had 'em fill me a first bucket o' beer, to see ef I could really trink it. Then, seein' I could, I comed back an' had the ozzer.'

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

THE SEATING OF THE NATION

BY ERNEST C. AULD

One man's idea has created an industry devoted to seating the public, and now if you say, "The Nation be seated," more than fifty millions, country-wide, would take their places and sit in every degree of satisfaction, by night or day, in cloistered cathedral or boisterous ball-park, in public auditoriums, theatres, and schools, from where rolls the Columbia to Cape Cod.

One man said: "I will build the seats of the nation for public seating," and you will find them to-day in every hamlet, village, town, city, metropolis — gathered in school groups for little tots, and congregated in concourses of fifty thousand for big-uns. You will find them in every type of church of every faith; in village, city, metropolitan schools; in universities; in ball parks, theatres, Chautauquas; in circuses; in lodges; in auditoriums; in mortuary chapels; in factory and public halls; and in all the country's chambers. You will find them of low and high degree; some, having served their part, are discarded; others will be found reposing in places of long age, cherished as though they were not made by hands, but held priceless, eternal.

In a rude sort of way, one learns the earliest pieces of practical furniture constructed by men were chairs. Oak woods were used; to-day oak still symbolizes church character; its grain lends added splendor to thought — a realization of harmony.

It is easily seen that when Thomas M. Boyd of Hamilton, Ohio, came to the conclusion to seat the nation he started a man's size job — one that compelled him to gather together a large group of men skilled in nearly every sort of human endeavor: the artist and the artizan, the college professor and the woodsman, the men of iron and steel, — from foundryman to polisher, — the disciplinarian, engineer, business man, lawyer, doctor; the man who cares naught for money, works for art's sake, and the man who knows all about money and counts that day lost when the concern is not advanced to a better and stronger financial position.

At one time it is actually true nearly everyone seemed to make a seat or two — but of factories that earnestly delved in seat-making there were really none. Under the then conditions, seats were bought largely within three or four months of the year. Statistical compilations of demand were nonexistent. The industry was chaotic and the problem of supplying an intensely seasonal demand in the absence of data permitting the building of an intelligent, economical, and continuous manufacturing-program seemed to be a problem impossible of solution.

To cut and gather and season and dry and prepare the woods, and to fashion and assemble and pack and ship millions of seats in three months involved too large an economic loss, too great a drain on the nation, and these conditions which generally existed had to be met and solved.

In order to do so one had first to buy the factory, patent rights, and goodwill of nearly thirty of the larger seat-

makers, who had other lines of business as well. This was finally worked out in a practical manner. There are still many manufacturers of public seats, but by far the largest concern to-day is the American Seating Company, of which Thomas M. Boyd is the president, and the real genius of the business.

It is an organization that has been gathered by dint of close thought, hard work, and coöperation; of self-effacement, with a common purpose for progress. Every type of man seemed to be represented in the official personnel: men of knowledge, of skill, of thought, of poise; and in addition to the official personnel we have the distributor, whose acumen has shown him the way so to coöperate with the management as to make a complete circle; an industrial family. One of the leading officers will tell you that the president's idea, now established, has been pride of ownership, financial independence, earnings control, market preëminence, expense control, organization superiority; but above all is institutional goodwill — this is maintained by temporary sacrifices when necessary.

The rise, the growth, and the present operation of the American Seating Company have a romance of their own. Without seeming to, the company makes American citizens out of Americans as well as aliens. It has established a real factory government of men and officers that actually functions to the benefit of the user of the furniture. It encourages art that seems to be for art's sake, yet yields a profit for the artist wood-carver. It has created most wondrous pieces of wood tracery: delicate, inspiring, speaking—yes, moving—pieces of wood carving. Many pieces and groups of these wood carvings are beyond price.

This company has aided a multitude to a life with peace of mind and the comfort of a home. The average schooling of its workers has increased from three and a half years to eight years. Men are given work the year round instead of four months. What sounds like a drama is a reality—peace and plenty and harmony abound where naught but discord and strife might have prevailed. In all this the president of the company has not only had the full coöperation of a group of the company's own officers, but a sterling group of dealer associates as well.

These ideas at work must be seen to be realized. We are now going to and through one of the larger plants of the American Seating Company located in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Physically there are four hundred and fifty thousand square feet of factory space in light, heat, and comfort, in which are engaged each year upward of fifteen-hundred men, varying slightly.

As you go into the main factory office you discover a bank — which employees use; the bank is a branch of a city institution.

The next presentation looks like the display of a large retailer of silverware; a closer view shows it to be hundreds of silver trophies that have been won by the different factory groups in outdoor and indoor sports.

The management gives you a little white tag and you wander about at will.

Here you find Young America has decided comfort is an asset; that the knowledge required in making school-desks has been in the process of accumulation the past fifty years; that desks may be made from maple, birch, gum or oak woods. Hard maple has been found to be the accepted standard material for school-desk manufacture, however, and it only is looked upon as a standard by the American Seating Company.

There are virtually millions of seats in various processes. The finished articles show chairs and desks for tots, for study halls, laboratories, recitation and fixed-purpose rooms — pedestal-type chairs. One type of movable chair when folded is so compact as to reflect almost a single line; of this particular type one is told upward of a million have already been made. And there are all kinds of theatre chairs — from simple wood affairs to elaborate overstuffed ones. Here is also to be found school furniture, including elaborate tubular-steel combination-desks, steel adjustable box-desks and chairs, and many which are both adjustable and movable.

The first real view you get in seeing the men at work is of motion. You seem to realize a sense of the harmony of effort on the different floors; it does not appear to be studied — each one impresses you that he is working without fear or favor, that he is doing his best.

The whistle blows and you go with the men. As you reach the outer yards on a hot August noonday you encounter a big milk wagon. The man on the wagon has delivered his milk and he tells you he delivered eleven hundred bottles of milk to-day. In semichaff you say: "These people must have money." The answer comes quickly: "You are blank right they have money — and they are always working."

There was a time when the men at work in this kind of effort worked largely no more than four months in the year. Now the man has a real job, the company has a real force, the economy of overhead makes a profit.

Back to the workshop and actual scientific reporting begins. You find the declaration of principles and articles of association of the American Seating Company's Employees' Congress. All employees are welcome at the meetings of Congress as spectators.

"We, the employees of the American Seating Company, believe that the best solution for all difficulties which arise in connection with the manufacture of our product is the organization of this Congress.

"Greater economy in manufacture in order that we may be successful in bidding for trade through keeping this factory operating on an even production basis shall be our aim. We believe close coöperation between the employees and the Company will result in an improved product."

The Congress has three main divisions — Cabinet, composed of plant manager, office manager, steel superintendent, mechanical engineer, iron superintendent; Senate of department and assistant foremen; House, with one representative chosen by ballot for each department. Women employees are entitled to one representative elected at large, regardless of how many other women may be in Congress. Since the organization of the Congress peace and plenty have prevailed.

One foundryman said: "We have been going fine since we put the government in the works." You could not get a clearer view — it tells exactly how the many are thinking.

Grand Rapids is a community of individually owned homes, and the people of the American Seating Company nearly all own homes.

One of the most striking reflections of a long day's work was the continuous voicing of the men that they knew the manager of the American Seating Company's Grand Rapids Plant.

Not so many years ago the percentage of American-born in the Grand Rapids Plant was twenty-nine — foreign-born, seventy-one. To-day the percentage reads — American-born, seventy-one per cent — foreign-born, twenty-nine per cent. In education less than sixth grade, twenty-two per cent;

less than twelfth grade, sixty-nine per cent; twelfth grade and over, ten per cent. Everyone is an American citizen or has made a declaration.

In the employment department one learns that the average schooling for everyone is now close to eight years, against three a few years ago. Good Will Departments abound.

The church seating is produced in the Manitowoc, Wisconsin, factory. For more than thirty-six years the Manitowoc factory of the American Seating Company has been in continuous operation, making ecclesiastical furniture, including the higher class of wood carving.

One of the earliest specimens of Egyptian Art in wood is that of a statue Shekh El Beled found in a tomb of Sak Kara; ebony, acacia, cedar, and sycamore woods were employed.

Fine wood-carving dates back to the thirteenth century and specimens are shown in Exeter Cathedral, England, erected by Bishop Bruere in 1222–1244. In fifty stalls are rare carvings showing fine sprays of raised foliage. One good piece with a man's head represents Nebuchadnezzar in his debasement.

The horrors of the black death of 1349 drove the people into churches and men began to build in wondrous splendor churches all over England.

The fifteenth century produced quantities of the most remarkable wood-carving the world has ever seen.

Worcester Cathedral shows fine specimens; also All Souls Church, Sutton, Courtenay, Berkshire; at St. Andrew's Church, Sohan, Cambridgeshire, Ten Misericordes in the chancel date from the fifteenth century.

Now in our everyday life wood-carving in a large way is being carried on at the Manitowoc Wood Carving Studios of the American Seating Company.

The men at work are real artists. They make their own designs or follow the design furnished by churchman or architect. Some of these pieces are works of real art. For cathedral or church one may order carved statuary whose tracery will live for ages to the glory of God.

Architects are now realizing that they can have their ideas exactly expressed and coördinated with the tone, the finish, the light, the vision of the church.

Care is devoted to woods from a long series of effort and knowledge. Moisture is eliminated to suit the atmospheric conditions of the requirements. The furniture is built to last the life of the church in the climate in which the church is located. Furniture and interior woodwork for churches — pews, pulpits, altars, railings, and ecclesiastical cabinet work — are made in the more than one hundred thousand square feet of factory and studio space.

You begin to get an idea of their business when you learn at their General Offices, 14 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, where the executive offices are located, that in the past years more than fifteen million theatre-chairs have been produced by the company. You are talking to the founder of the company, Thomas M. Boyd. He says: "As the father of the institution I have always looked up to our effort for something beside money. I have always felt that we could economically sell to the entire world. It is gratifying to know that we furnish the great national theatres of the western hemisphere with our effort; that we are able to send our labor to the Indies, to Africa, to far-flung countries; that we have gotten beyond the idea of grasping competition, into the security of world service, and this condition has been brought about through the coöperation of factory men, office men and women, officers of the company, and a group of distributor associates who market our products."

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1926

ABRAHAM'S 'HOME TOWN'

BY GEORGE BYRON GORDON

And they went forth with them from Ur of the Chaldees, to go into the land of Canaan.
—GENESIS XI. 31

I

READERS of the Bible will not need to be reminded that Ur is mentioned in a passage that occurs not far from the beginning of the Book of Genesis. It is one of the substantial facts contained in that Book of Beginnings, a long-forgotten fact that is now being verified in the most miraculous way as excavation proceeds and we see the ancient city emerging from the sands that have covered it for ages. The eleventh chapter of Genesis is a most arresting human document, recording as it does the beginning of a great adventure. It opens with the building of the Tower of Babel and it ends with the simple statement that Abraham went out from Ur of the Chaldees to go into the land of Canaan — that is to say, the land we call Palestine to-day. We are not told at this point why Abraham emigrated with his family from Ur, and we are left at liberty to assume, if we choose, that his motive was not different from that of many emigrants in all times and places, and that he left the city of his fathers to seek a home among strangers and to be the founder of a new inheritance, under that divine guidance that becomes his ruling motive and his chief incentive as his adventurous journey continues and as his astonishing story develops.

Abraham may have had other reasons for leaving Ur. We shall never know, but it is worthy of passing note that he did not depart by divine mandate. That came to him later. He and his father Terah, and his nephew Lot, and Sarai, his wife, and their little band of followers traveled north till many days' journey lay between them and the city they had left, 'and they came unto Haran, and dwelt there,' and Terah, Abraham's father, died in Haran. It was then that he received the commandment that was to remain throughout the rest of his life his supreme possession and guiding principle — the mandate for Palestine, 'the land of Canaan,' for himself and for his posterity forever; for it was made known to him at Haran that he would become a great nation. To phrase it in modernist fashion, his Oriental imagination became possessed with that idea and he formed the

purpose of making the dream come true. So he left Haran and continued his journey.

We are assuming that Abraham was a real person; and indeed, though his name has not yet been found on any contemporary document, it is probable that such a person lived about the time assigned to him in the Scriptures. 'And Abram took Sarai his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and all their substance that they had gathered, and the souls that they had gotten in Haran; and they went forth to go into the land of Canaan; and into the land of Canaan they came.'

Here for the time being we may take leave of the Bible, for we are not now concerned with the wanderings of the Patriarch, but with the history of his birthplace, Ur of the Chaldees. That city is not again mentioned in the Book of Genesis. To fill up the blank we must turn to some of the most wonderful discoveries of modern times — the finding of buried records extending backward to a period four thousand years before Christ, and the yet more miraculous discovery of the key to these writings.

But why should a city of such considerable antiquity be called 'of the Chaldees'? The Chaldeans are known to have been a small Semitic tribe of which nothing is heard till a relatively late date, whereas Ur, till long after its prime, was a city of the Sumerians, who were neither small nor late nor Semitic, but a great people who played their part before any Semites appeared on the Mesopotamian plain. The explanation is simple. The Book of Genesis was written long after the Sumerians had fallen on evil days, when the Chaldeans lived in some of their cities. The Persians were then masters of the land; and the captive Jews in Babylon, learning that the Chaldeans lived at Ur, called it Ur of the Chaldees, and in compiling the Book of Genesis so wrote its name. But Ur was then a city fallen from its place and power. It was in a half-ruinous condition, and Babylon had long since confirmed its supremacy over all cities, however ancient. To the Jews of the Captivity, it was Ur of the Chaldees, the heritage of a small tributary tribe; but to their father Abraham, fifteen hundred years before, it had been a royal city of the Sumerians, and the tradition that he, a Semite, was born there would involve the presumption that at an early date it harbored aliens of the race that actually came into possession of it in its later and less glorious days.

Before laying down our Bible and taking up the pick and shovel to pursue our proper quest, let us bear in mind the fact that the Book of Genesis, the Book of Beginnings, depicts the valley of the Euphrates as the cradle of civilization. To-day men are at work turning over the sands of that desolated valley, and in the light of their labors the plain watered by the Euphrates is revealed once more as the place where civilization began. Indeed, that desert plain might itself be described to-day as the new-found Book of Beginnings, because as the excavators go on turning over layer after layer of sand, as one turns the pages of a book, they read backward through millennium after millennium, in clear and tangible outlines, a wonderful story that carries us toward the very dawn of what we know as history. It was not a false dawn, for the light that rose on the Sumerian horizon, though many times obscured by storm cloud and eclipse, has never been totally extinguished. It penetrates our own historical background and survives in some of the replenished lamps of our religious and economic life.

II

Ur of the Chaldees was one of the oldest cities in the Euphrates Valley. It was situated about ten miles west of the river, surrounded by the desert; and, till our excavations began, its ruins were completely covered by the sand that wrapped itself around the towers and temples and palaces as one wraps a flower bed with litter in the autumn to protect it from the weather. This wrapping-up in the desert sand has preserved the ruins from total obliteration; for Ur was lost to human knowledge, swallowed up in the desert, its very name forgotten, for more than two thousand years.

To understand how that name came to be restored to the pages of history and geography we must come down to the middle of the nineteenth century, when the circle of human knowledge was rapidly widening, and Sir Henry Rawlinson, the great archæologist, was traveling down the valley of the Euphrates and through the neighboring land of Persia. Searching for clues to the past, he picked up some writings on stone and on clay tablets, in an unknown language and in strange characters. His discovery of the key to these writings is one of the great triumphs of the human intellect. Since then thousands of similar documents have been unearthed, and these obscure records can be read by scholars to-day about as readily as we read the equally obscure headlines in a newspaper. Among these documents, preserved for ages in the sand, were some that mentioned the city of Ur, gave the names of some of its kings, and enabled Sir Henry Rawlinson and others to go to the very spot where the proud city once stood and stir the sand and conjure up the hidden secret of the Arabian desert. That was the magical beginning of our late recovery of the lost history of Ur.

I have said that the discovery of the lost key was one of the triumphs of human ingenuity; but, like many great discoveries, it looks very simple when you know how it was done. The writings are inscribed in characters called cuneiform, because they are wedge-shaped. We know now that they were invented more than six thousand years ago by the Sumerians and adopted by their successors, the Babylonians, who employed these cuneiform signs to write documents in their own language, a language entirely different from that of the Sumerians. Much later still the Persians borrowed and employed these symbols to reduce to writing their own language, the Persian. The Persian kings, when they wrote inscriptions on their monuments, often took the trouble to place side by side with the Persian text the same matter in the older Babylonian language. Now, when Rawlinson saw these two columns of writing side by side in cuneiform characters, it occurred to him that they might contain the same message in two different languages. Moreover, he noticed that certain groups of signs occurred in the same position in the two inscriptions. These combinations of signs he guessed to be words. Then he ventured on another guess. Knowing that personal names are usually written down in different languages without changing their sounds, he concluded that these words, repeated in the two inscriptions, must be the names of kings, assuming that the symbols stood for sounds. But of what kings? As certain of these inscriptions, of special prominence, were carved on a rock near an ancient royal city of the Persians, Rawlinson hit upon the idea that the names, if such they were, must be those of Darius and Xerxes, the greatest of the Persian kings. All his guesses proved correct, and he now had in his possession the

phonetic key that enabled him to translate the inscriptions. After him came scores of eager scholars inspired by his wonderful example, and through their combined labors not only the Persian texts of 500 B.C. but the Babylonian texts of 2000 B.C., and even the Sumerian texts of the third and fourth millenniums before Christ, have yielded up their mysteries; and a vast body of literature in all three languages, and in other languages as well, has been restored to the world from thousands upon thousands of tablets recovered from the earth by the excavator's spade. The cuneiform signs in which this literature was preserved were to the ancient world what the Latin alphabet is to the modern world — the medium through which many languages now extinct were reduced to writing. The oldest of these extinct languages was the Sumerian, the language that first employed the cuneiform script. These earlier writings scholars are now finding in the excavations at Ur, and they carry us back six thousand years and enable us to reconstruct the life of the city in the days of that remote antiquity.

III

Sir Henry Rawlinson was the real discoverer of Ur and he wrote the first chapter of its recovered history. But we have had to wait till to-day for the later chapters of that history. He was followed in the last century by Taylor, and during and at the conclusion of the war the place was visited and examined by Thompson and by Hall. All these scholars were from the British Museum.

Until the Great War, the Euphrates Valley was in the hands of the Turks, who, holding all European scholars to be suspicious characters, practically prohibited excavation. Since the war that land of ancient empires has been governed by the Arabs under British guidance, and the work of the excavator and scholar is no longer discouraged. A serious and sustained effort to recapture the history that was made so many millenniums ago could be attempted. By an interesting combination of circumstances, the University Museum of Philadelphia and the British Museum of London found themselves joined in this arduous undertaking, and together they are digging up out of the desert sands and piecing into a plan the disjointed fragments that time has spared of the ancient city of Ur. The work was begun in 1922 and has been continued until now under the direction of Major Leonard Woolley, a learned and experienced excavator, who is accompanied by a staff of scholars and expert assistants. The labor necessary for the spade work is recruited from the Bedouins of the neighboring desert, who, though more accustomed to handle a sword than to flourish a spade, are willing to be introduced to the arts of peace and enlisted in the cause of science for a consideration of about a shilling a day. Two hundred of these untamed sons of the desert are learning in this way to appreciate the blessings of labor and, in the excitement of their novel experience, to forget for the time their hereditary feuds. So great is the interest of these uncommon recruits that there has not been a strike in three years. Their special delight is to dig up something that has writing on it, and so clever are they that they have learned, by arts of communication known only to the East, to recognize the names of the ancient Kings of Ur stamped upon the bricks. Major Woolley and his colleagues have grown accustomed to hearing the names of Ur-Engur and Gimil-Sin and Sanballat shouted exultingly as each gang announces its latest discovery. At first Major Woolley and his companions

were startled at the keenness of observation whereby these tribesmen, who cannot read their own language, picked up without instruction enough of the scholar's accomplishment to enable them to detect and distinguish the names of kings written thousands of years ago in a language of which they know nothing whatever. But, having grown used to it, the investigators are now careful to give their Ishmaelite confederates due credit for great learning, and this pleases the latter almost as much as their pay.

But native Arab versatility soon outstripped the erudition of the scholar, for the eye of the latter is blinded by scruples, and his understanding is dulled by excessive respect for facts. These prejudices leave the Arab cold. He delights in a freedom that serves his mental processes as well as his personal honor, and he has a quick and ready perception of the essential fitness of things. With the help of these resourceful allies, it was not long before the Expedition began to make discoveries sufficient to establish the reputations of a host of scholars. One was the House of Abraham, duly identified and labeled. Another, a footprint on a brick, was promptly recognized as Abraham's footprint, and a similar impression left by an antique dog was declared with voluble confidence to be the footprint of Abraham's dog.

No one need be troubled to account for Abraham's fame among the Arabs. Are they not the descendants of Ishmael, his eldest son? And is there not a deadly feud between the Ishmaelite and the Hebrew to this day? Abraham is their Patriarch, and they repeat many wonderful stories, some of which are quite as creditable to him as some of those related of him in the Book of Genesis. Who has a better right to recognize his footprints on the brick pavements of Ur and pronounce upon the place of his dwelling? Not that they really care; but it would be unseemly if they should fail to instruct the infidel in these matters. They would not willingly be shamed in their own house by the giaour.

They are indeed like children, content to be happy with trifles, — a cheerful, amiable, and wholly uncivilized delegation of the desert, — and one can hardly help liking them. At night they make the darkness vocal by recounting the day's adventures or by singing tribal songs and reciting tribal legends till they fall asleep under the stars and leave the desert to its silence and to whatever spirits may be abroad on the new-swept pavements of Ur.

To illustrate the hazards of life at Ur one little incident will suffice. During its first season in the field the Expedition's camp was attacked one night by a band of tribesmen armed with rifles. The only protection was a party of five native guards, also armed with rifles. Many shots were fired and, though no member of the Expedition was injured, some of the guards were killed. As peace and security are conditions essential to the pursuit of archæological investigation, Major Woolley had recourse to an approved form of desert diplomacy. He negotiated a treaty with the most powerful sheik of the district. According to its terms the sheik guarantees the peace of the Expedition, undertaking to secure its protection from all attack and himself going security for the integrity of the treaty. The sheik receives in return an annual subsidy in cash. Under this neighborly arrangement the Expedition has enjoyed profound peace and freedom from all anxiety.

Work in the excavations is not continuous the whole year round, for during the hot months the thermometer goes up to 125° in the shade, and there

is n't any shade. Then the Arabs fold their tents, and Major Woolley and his companions pack up their discoveries and return to London and to Philadelphia to await the next season of cooler weather.

IV

I have mentioned the fact that the people who founded Ur and dwelt there for some thousands of years are known to scholars as Sumerians. Where they came from and in what country they lived before they settled in the Euphrates Valley are among the mysteries still to be resolved. What has been made clear is that after they had possessed themselves of the fertile plain of the lower Euphrates they were a people well advanced in the ways of civilization. In their new habitations they kindled a flame that illuminated the ancient world with their Sumerian culture, and they remained the torch-bearers of civilization for not less than two thousand years. They themselves gave way to other less civilized peoples and eventually vanished from the scene, but they passed on their light and their learning to their conquerors and successors. The place of the Sumerians in the human pageant is therefore a place of peculiar importance, filling and illuminating a space between the utterly obscure and the earliest legendary passages that precede and usher in the dawn of history. Ur was first a Sumerian city; in the course of time it became a possession of the conquering Babylonians; it passed in turn to the Assyrians, when they extended their rule over the country; and finally it fell to the Persians, when they became the masters of Mesopotamia and all adjoining lands.

Cyrus the Great himself rebuilt the ancient city, which he found in a ruinous condition, and restored it to some of its ancient power and influence. That was in the year 538 B.C., the year in which Cyrus permitted the captive Jews in Babylonia to return to Jerusalem to repair its walls and rebuild the Temple. The restoration, at about the same time, of the Temple of the Moon God at Ur by Cyrus is one of the facts discovered by archæologists of the Joint Expedition. When Cyrus made himself ruler of Babylonia and master of Ur, taking the title of King of the World, it was a very ancient city that he inherited with his kingdom, for the recent excavations have brought to light the name of a king who reigned in that city about 4000 B.C. His name was A-an-ni-pad-da and he was the second king of the First Dynasty of Ur. He appears on a small marble tablet that had been imbedded in a foundation that he laid — the foundation of the Temple of Nin-Khursag, the Goddess of Creation. The inscription on the tablet records his name, the name of his royal father, and the name of the Goddess, and it is the oldest inscription in the world to-day. The temple stood at a little distance from the walls of Ur, in a small suburb of the city. It was a convenient place of pilgrimage for the Urites, who in their periodical excursions to its shrine found their spiritual wants not more urgent than the need of the body for nourishment. Inns and places of refreshment have come to light in the excavations not far from the Temple of Nin-Khursag, with kitchens not unlike those now in use in Mesopotamian towns and villages. In time a little town grew up at El Obeid.

This Temple of Nin-Khursag is of absorbing interest on account of its very great antiquity; the details of its architecture have been studied with so much success that a restoration of it has been prepared. Its porch was adorned with a pair of columns of wood encrusted with a mosaic in red, white,

and black tesseræ of stone and mother-of-pearl inlaid to form an idealized date-palm trunk. On the façade were several remarkable friezes. The lowest of these ornamental features is more correctly described as a detached row of bulls in the round standing on a ledge that formed a slightly advanced lower wall. Between the bulls were clusters of artificial flowers resembling gigantic daisies, the petals made of white and colored stones. The bulls were of copper very skillfully wrought upon wooden cores. The wood was completely decayed, and the metal when found was converted into a soft friable substance difficult to handle and to preserve. Nevertheless, two complete examples have with infinite patience been preserved. These and the other copper animals found on the same building are the oldest examples of historic sculpture that have ever been found. Although only twenty-seven inches high, these copper bulls were proportionate to the scale of the building, which was small in size though rich in ornament.

At a higher level a band of ornament in relief consisted of young bulls, this time in a reclining position, very natural and effective. The metal shell of each animal, as in the case of the bulls in the round, enclosed a core of wood that had been carved to the proper form and proportions. The head of each was made in a separate piece of copper, cast and attached to the body by means of rivets. These castings, being thicker than the plates forming the bodies of the animals, still retain the copper metal.

At a still higher elevation was a most remarkable frieze of which some panels have been preserved. One panel represents a milking scene and a byre — cows being milked while their expectant and unwilling calves are tied to the heads of the mothers. Accompanying these scenes are figures of men preparing the milk jars and straining the milk. These pictures are all wrought in white limestone inlaid in asphalt, with wooden backing edged with copper plates, and the whole is attached to the brick wall by means of copper fastenings. Above this frieze ran still another, in similar technique, representing a procession of cattle, each animal being constructed of separate pieces of shell fitted together and admirably carved.

In what had been the interior of the Temple were found remains of wooden columns and wooden beams all encased in copper. The structure of the walls and the platform on which they rested was composed of brick, — sun-dried brick for the upper part and burnt brick for the lower, — all laid in bitumen or in mortar made of mud. The foundations of the platform were of stone, and it was provided with a flight of stone steps very well cut.

The builder of six thousand years ago, like the builder of to-day, had his problems, and his expedients anticipated the methods of modern construction. 'Brick for stone and slime for mortar' describes the method of the builders of the tower of Babel. That was the prevailing fashion even earlier. The excavators at Ur have found a small amount of stonework also, but stone was scarce in that country; it had to be imported and was rarely used in building construction. They have also found columns and arches, inventions that associate themselves with the history of architecture throughout the ages. The problem of decoration was met and solved with materials and methods familiar enough to the building trade to-day. In that remote era we see the beginnings of a trade that has had six millenniums of development without changing in essentials. The first lessons embodied the principles

on which cities and palaces and temples are being built to-day. Even the sky-scraper may be recognized in the zig-gurat. Civilization has since built for itself better habitations and 'temples more divinely beautiful,' but the later builders were not better builders than their predecessors in that very remote antiquity at which the excavators have now arrived.

The association of the bull with the Temple of Nin-Khursag and the milk-ing scene found in the same connection may be explained by the fact that the bull was a symbol of divinity, and by the essential fitness of a dairy to ex-press the life-giving principle appro-priately associated with the Goddess of Creation. The symbolism came naturally to the minds of a people largely dependent on pastoral pursuits and deeply impressed by an aspect of existence that was always before their eyes. In fact, the Goddess Nin-Khursag presided over a large farm in the suburbs of Ur. Besides being the Goddess of Creation, she was the mother of gods and of divine kings.

V

Within the walls of Ur, where the principal excavations are being con-ducted, a scene of great activity may be witnessed to-day. Busy gangs of workmen, under the watchful eyes of the native foremen, — Arabs of stand-ing, possessed of authority, very proud of their position and faithful to their trust, — are engaged in filling wicker baskets with sand and débris, while a continuous line of their companions are transporting these burdens on their heads to the dump. Going and coming, these bearers move with the deliber-ate progress and the swinging gait of men whose movements are adjusted to the slow march of the centuries, un-conscious or scornful of the fluttering pace of upstart peoples who are hurried and harassed by an uneasy sense of the shortness of existence. Their ample flowing garments of many colors take the rhythm of their bodies, or resign themselves to the action of the winds, while their voices are heard in impro-vised chants celebrating the virtues of their masters, reflecting upon their tasks, intoning their troubles, or simply liberating their feelings.

Meanwhile brick walls come to light, brick pavements are cleared and swept clean, doorways are laid open, and foundations are traced. Objects of art: fragments of statues, ornaments of gold and precious stones, stamped bricks bearing the names of royal builders, clay tablets covered with writing — the records of transacted business or of historic event; door sockets of hard stone with inscriptions dedicating the building to the god or to the divine king; pottery vessels and utensils of stone; precious fragments of literary com-positions — all these are in the day's work. They are gathered into the laboratory in the house of the Expedi-tion, cleaned, recorded, translated, and carefully packed for transport to their destinations.

Where yesterday the wandering Bedouin or the rare traveler from Europe saw only rolling waves of sand that seemed to beat against the shape-less mass of the Ziggurat rising like a rock in a sea, to-day the semblance of a plan reveals itself — the plan of a city built by men. It is a broken and a confusing plan; parts of it are effaced and other parts are barely visible. It is fantastic, like the images of a disor-dered dream. All is disarray and rag-ged, interrupted outline. No feature is altogether whole and it all needs to be interpreted by expert intelligence trained to see and to divine. But it is the task of the archæologist to reverse the action of time and translate chaos

and confusion into an intelligible plan, tracing, even in the empty void, the thoughts and purposes of the forgotten builders. The most delicate operation known to surgery is not more a matter of skill and experience than are the operations of the excavator properly performed.

The Ziggurat of Ur, that formless rock in the sea of sand, presents, after excavation, a fairly regular outline and is indeed an imposing monument, the most imposing in all of Mesopotamia, though the upper stages are in ruin. It rises foursquare on its broad platform and on an immense scale, in massive buttressed tiers of brick laid in bitumen. A hundred feet above the level plain its upper stage once supported a sacred shrine lifted into the heavens that now know it no more. The receding stages, connected by stairways, though solid and serving no other purpose than to attain elevation, still lend to the lofty structure very much the effect that we associate with certain very modern methods in building-construction in great cities. The very name of ziggurat as rendered by scholars is the equivalent of skyscraper. In every ancient city of Mesopotamia the ziggurat was the principal feature, a towering landmark flinging its shadow across the flatness of the land. The most celebrated and the highest was the Tower of Babel, which was nothing else than the Ziggurat of Babylon, the loftiest structure known to its builders. It was three hundred feet high.

Of the Tower of Babel not a brick remains, but the scheme and method of the builders as described in the Book of Genesis are found to be reproduced in the older Ziggurat of Ur.

What was that scheme and what the idea embodied in the plan of the ziggurat? It was in its inception an artificial mountain with a shrine on top. The receding stages, on which trees and flowers and shrubs were cultivated, represented the steep mountain-sides, for it was meet to worship on mountain-tops under the watchful stars and invoke at close quarters the gods in their abode. And as that level land afforded nothing resembling a mountain it was necessary to build a mountain in every city that there might not be wanting a place to worship. 'Let us build us a city, and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven' and storm the Almighty in His starry mansions — a plan so bold that the Lord was moved to intervene, and brought confusion on the builders and their works. But there must have been a strong tradition back of this gigantic plan, to act as an incentive to such great effort and audacity. To supply this traditional incentive, scholars have supposed that the Sumerians, the first builders of ziggurats, were a people who at an earlier period in their history had dwelt in a mountainous country where they had formed the custom of making their communications with Heaven from the highest ground — a very natural and a not ignoble thought.

The Bible has much to say concerning idolatry in 'high places' — the antique worship upon which the priests and prophets of Israel, jealous for their covenanted rites, poured the vials of their wrath. In the name of the God of Abraham and of Isaac and of Jacob — the God who chose a mountain-top to reveal Himself anew to Moses — the pious and the faithful, the orthodox among the Jews, breathed destruction on the altars built on mountain-tops. The image is used with fine poetical effect in King David's threnody on the death of Saul: 'The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places.' The sense of the song is that Saul and his sons had been slain as a sacrifice to the heathen gods of the Philistines at altars set on high.

VI

To return to Ur. The remarkable state of affairs revealed around the base of the Ziggurat may be briefly described. In that sacred area, dominated by the aspiring pile and enclosed by a protecting wall, are grouped, in a complex plan, all the buildings connected with the worship of the patron god and with the government of the city, for that government was conceived on a divine model and framed in a spirit of obedience to the divine will. The Moon God was the actual ruler; and the king, himself half a god, held communication with his protecting deity, whose word he translated into action and whose decrees were put in operation by responsible ministers and minor officials. Taxes were collected in the name of the Moon God and public works were executed by his command. The group of buildings recently brought to light contained the offices of this hierarchy, where the ministers of State and their subordinates transacted the business of the god and ran the government. There was system in these offices. Documents found in them, clay tablets, show for instance that taxes were paid in kind, each citizen bringing his corn, oil, copper, wool, dairy produce, cattle, kids, hides, beer, ointments, spoils of the chase, fruits of the earth, or whatever he dealt in or produced. The exact amount of his payment was written against his name on a tablet that was kept on file with thousands of others. At the same time the taxpayer was given a receipt for his payment, and his account was carried in a special ledger. There was a factory where ninety women were employed at looms and paid by the piece according to their labor and their skill. Each weaver had a separate account and was charged minutely with the materials used and the provision furnished for her maintenance. There was a school where apprentices were taught how to conduct business.

Did the youthful Abraham attend that school? In any event, spending his impressionable youth within the orbit of the lunar deity and subject to his sway, his mind could not fail to receive and retain some lessons from the common experience. Life at Ur under a reign of such rigid commercialism must have been well fitted to develop any native business talent, such as Abraham undoubtedly had. Big business folded in the trappings of a State religion — that was the tidy package that the illustrious emigrant carried with him on his enterprising journey. In the land where he was a stranger and a sojourner, his investments always paid, and there is told only one instance where it would almost appear that he took a loss, though it is not expressly so stated. That affair concerned his interest in the Cities of the Plain. When he drove a hard bargain with God for the purchase of Sodom and Gomorrah, he demonstrated a capacity for high finance that might have done credit to the Moon God's government and the Ziggurat at Ur. Though it appears to have failed, it was a most interesting and honorable transaction. But there was a slight miscalculation, and the reduced price at which cities were selling on that day was still more than he could manage. There were not ten righteous men to be found in Sodom and Gomorrah, — or else they failed him, — and nothing came of the transaction. Whatever were the Patriarch's investments in the wicked cities, they went up in smoke and flame. It was Abraham's only failure, if I read the Scriptures right.

Perhaps some of his methods were not strictly in keeping with our own professed business principles. Such were his dealings with the house of

Pharaoh, and likewise with Abimelech, the Canaanite. When we are told that both Pharaoh and Abimelech — who, if he knew not the fear of God, was at least a gentleman — were plainly shocked at the behavior of their neighbor and guest, we are inclined to sympathize with them; but perhaps it is our judgment that is at fault, for is it not written that Abraham prospered? And what is prosperity if not the reward of righteousness? That seems to me to be the main burden of this Scripture story. It is a point that is labored considerably. Whatever construction we may put upon the extraordinary story of Abraham's life after his arrival in Palestine, we must suppose that his character was formed in that Urish environment that it is my present purpose to describe. Still I would allow a large margin for the workings of a peculiar mentality. I have no great reason to suppose that the moral atmosphere of a Sumerian market place was very different from that of many modern cities, where it is a common observation that individual aptitudes and hereditary traits assert themselves strongly. In the case of Abraham, these influences were doubtless quite as strong as the influence of early environment. His character may well be a cause of amazement to some and of embarrassment to others, but there is really little occasion for either feeling. After all, Abraham was an Oriental sheik, and moreover he was the father of all Israel.

I find that it is impossible to write of Ur without reflections such as these, and it is difficult to keep on digging without digression for the sake of the emigrant who made its name a household word. Our minds have great capacity for little things. Abraham's departure from Ur could not have made the slightest impression on that city. If it was mentioned in the market place, it did not move the councils or cause any commotion on the Ziggurat. But his posterity produced a Book, and his fame fills its pages; and, because it tells us that Ur was the place of his nativity, we can think of that great city of antiquity in no other terms than these. To many familiar with its name it conveys no other message — has no other meaning. Let us, however, keep in mind the fact that to the serious student of history and antiquity Ur occupies a position determined solely by a consideration of the weight that it pulled in the long, laborious march of civilization. That is the test of its importance.

VII

Turning once more to our study of the unfolding plan before us, we are informed that a long range of buildings in that official quarter of the town within the Temenos wall contains the habitations of the priesthood, with its troops of acolytes and servants and all the pageantry of public worship and official rites. A huge building, now roofless and with ruined walls showing an open gateway surmounted with a round arch, was the Hall of Justice, where the judges sat and read the law and heard cases argued and made decisions and accepted fees — all in the Moon God's name, for he was a mighty god and a just god, who showed mercy to the weak and punished the wicked. The arched gateway faces a great court between the Hall of Justice and the Ziggurat. It is paved with burnt brick, and there the crowd of minor litigants gathered with their counsel before the judges who sat in the gate. Another court paved with asphalt was the place where prisoners, offenders against the State, were brought before the magistrates — a police court, in

fact. And so the plan goes on unfolding itself, each feature, as it emerges and renders the picture more complete, being identified by some sign or inscription or stamp on a brick, with the added help of a little imagination or a little shrewd guessing that makes the pursuit of knowledge under these conditions such a satisfying game. If the next move confirms your first guess, the game is yours. If the contrary, you revise your calculations, guess again, and await developments. It takes a lot of practice, but few games are so absorbing. Time is your antagonist and Time is a most accomplished player, but accomplishment is by no means all on one side, nor is the game always to the most adept, for it is a game of chance as well as a game of skill. But Time is the banker, and you know that Time will always be ahead of the game no matter what your winnings. The pieces of the game you play are cities and castles and kings, and your tablet is the realm of the dead — that populous realm.

A great and rich city, with accumulated treasures and adorned with art, always has its powerful neighbors that seek a safe occasion to make it a prey. When a city is sacked — and it would appear that Ur was sacked several times — several things happen. The population is disposed of or it finds safety in flight. Its treasures are carried off to enrich the conqueror, and its most celebrated monuments of art are removed to his capital as trophies of victory. The statues and memorials of its rulers that are not wanted as trophies are demolished, and the principal edifices, palaces and halls and temples and the dwellings of rich and poor, having been given up to plunder, are left in ruin and destruction.

Restoration and rebuilding are the first tasks of the returning population. The refuse of the sack — broken monuments, headless statues, mutilated forms that have been a sculptor's pride, splintered columns and graven images defaced, and tablets shattered to a thousand pieces — all these are leveled with the dust, discarded relics of a ruined past, and laid beneath the new foundations. Or, mingling in disorder and consolidated, they repose in layers between the older pavements and the new, like veins of historic ore. In these deposits are found some of the best clues. The scattered fragments, recovered and laboriously pieced together, assume once more their proper form and deliver their messages, although usually something is missing. When search and skill and perseverance and patience have exhausted their resources, there remains a headless statue, a reconstructed torso, the half of an alabaster vase engraved with the name of a king, an incomplete inscription, a broken seal, a plaything, or a battered and half-obliterated form in which perchance a trace of beauty lingers. Such are the bricks of the new Babel.

This is a day of antiquarian pursuits, but the builders of old time also had their antiquarian tastes and their curious contemporaries who spelled out old inscriptions and salvaged ancient monuments in the interest of learning. Sometimes the labors of restoration and rebuilding were combined with research and sweetened by discovery. Ancient foundations laid by remote ancestors or early dynasties, on being penetrated by their descendants, yielded deposits in sealed receptacles that told the story of legendary builders who had wished to be remembered by posterity. Or the restorers found mutilated monuments in long-forgotten rubbish layers, and all these recovered relics of their past they carefully preserved and passed on to later generations, together with their own commentaries. One such museum, three thousand years old, was

discovered in the year of grace 1925 in the Temenos of Ur.

Again the finding of a really great monument is a rare event, and one such event that rewarded the excavators during the year 1925 must be mentioned in some detail because the monument is imposing in itself and because it illustrates the form and the symbolism by which the Kings of Ur sought to commemorate and preserve a knowledge of themselves and of their works. Before it was shattered into many pieces by the followers of some conqueror, the stela of Ur-Engur stood near the Ziggurat. It was a slab of basalt about fifteen feet high, six feet broad, and eighteen inches thick, covered with sculpture on the front and on the back. The scenes portrayed were arranged in orderly fashion in three horizontal divisions on each face of the stone and were very skillfully carved in relief. As the broken parts came to light one by one and were fitted together, the pictured scenes were restored like a jigsaw puzzle on a gigantic scale. When all had been recovered that could be recovered, the upper and the lower portions were still missing, and the great stela of King Ur-Engur remains incomplete but yet a document of the very first importance.

Ur-Engur lived forty-six hundred years ago and his great stela had stood beside the Ziggurat for six hundred years when Abraham was born. It was a familiar object to him. The part that has now been recovered preserves a faithful record of the building or rebuilding of the Ziggurat and the execution of other public works by Ur-Engur, King of Ur. In one scene the king is shown in consultation with the Moon God concerning the building of the great tower. In another the king goes forth to lay its foundation, carrying builders' tools over his shoulder — measuring rod and line, compasses, bronze axe and bar, and a curious implement of unknown use. The building operations are shown in another picture: the stages rise and workmen go up and down on ladders; the bricklayers are seen above. Another scene represents the sacrifice of a bull and divination by signs on his liver, performed by the priests of Ur. Men are shown beating a big drum and gods are seen in council. The king pours a libation. Two flying angels pass overhead, each pouring from a vase a copious stream of water that parts into two streams as it descends. This evidently refers either to the construction of irrigation works or to the making of rain. The flying angels are full-breasted females in long flowing robes, the oldest female angels or spirits on record. They are clearly beneficent beings. One cannot help lamenting the loss of missing scenes that would complete the tale of King Ur-Engur's works as told in his own fashion by the aid of his skillful artists. A long inscription completed the proud performance, but only a few broken lines remain to mortify the scholar, to sustain and satisfy the cynic, and to reprove the proud.

PROHIBITION WITHOUT PROPAGANDA

THE PLAIN FACTS OF THE CRISIS

BY FREDERICK ERNEST JOHNSON

I

National prohibition has presented the American people with several questions of major importance.

Has prohibition as a social and economic measure justified itself in substantial results?

Has the nation as a whole accepted, or is it in the way of accepting, prohibition as a permanent policy?

What contribution does our experience with the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act make to our knowledge of the science of social control?

Is the policy embodied in these measures in line with current trends in American political thought and practice?

Upon what sanctions does this policy rest and to what principle must ultimate appeal be made for its maintenance?

These questions are pressing for answer and it is perhaps not an exaggeration to say that they make prohibition our foremost domestic issue. It is too much to expect conclusive answers to them, but there is light to be had upon them all. The fact that so many of our social scientists continue to regard prohibition as merely a 'reform' measure and to look upon it somewhat superciliously seems to the writer to indicate an extraordinary want of insight. Even if one has little interest in the liquor question, as such, the collective effort to suppress the traffic in intoxicants by drastic means has important implications for the sociologist. It is most unfortunate that students of social science have given it so little attention.

There are, plainly, two wholly different angles from which the foregoing questions may be approached. The answers may be sought either in terms of abstract right and wrong or in terms of developing social experience — that is to say, in terms of theoretical or of practical ethics. On both sides of the prohibition issue are found persons who take an abstract, theoretical view of the matter, and who dismiss the question with an affirmation either that prohibition is incontestably right or that it is incontestably wrong. 'It would make no difference to me,' an eminent American jurist said to the writer, 'how much sociological data might be presented in support of prohibition. I consider it morally wrong.' On the other hand one hears the contention: 'What possible difference can it make whether prohibition be regarded as successful or not? It is morally right and must be maintained as a national policy whether its concrete results are considered to be satisfactory or not.'

Because the issue is so sharply controversial, it seems proper to state at the outset my own position — or bias, if that is a more candid word. My treatment of the subject will be

unacceptable to anyone whose opinion rests upon theoretical considerations rather than upon cumulative social experience. I am one of those who support prohibition as at present defined by constitutional amendment and Federal statute, but I should be at a loss to defend this position by reference to ethical concepts alone. In a scientific age no political or social measure can find ultimate sanction outside social experience. If prohibition should, after adequate trial, prove ineffectual as a means of destroying the social evils at which it is aimed, I, for one, should favor some other expedient.

The claim of prohibition to support rests, as I see it, upon the fact that it represents one possible method, not hitherto tried on so comprehensive a scale, of accomplishing a social task which has thus far baffled all collective efforts. In the long run it must be judged by the degree to which its material and moral results commend themselves to the nation. Like any other social policy its worth must be measured by the yardstick of events. In no other way can it acquire permanence. It follows similarly from the view that I am putting forward that a practical demonstration of the success of prohibition, socially and politically, would presently overcome all objections to it on the familiar ground of infringement of 'natural rights.' For, after all, it is hard to defend the position that prohibition makes any greater inroads upon the sphere of hitherto unrestricted private action than do certain other political measures that have been adopted in recent years over the most emphatic and sincere protest — measures that have nevertheless come to be generally accepted as consistent with democratic government.

In expressing this judgment, however, I wish to disclaim any attitude of intolerance toward the person who is irreconcilable to prohibition on moral grounds. I would accord to a 'conscientious objector' against prohibition the same respect and liberty of dissent that I believe should be accorded to one who objects to military service on grounds of conscience. But the mere existence of dissent does not invalidate a law. And, in any case, there appear to be few whose opposition to prohibition is maintained on the level of a great moral urge. I have not met more than a score for whom such a claim could be made.

And it is precisely because the case for prohibition must be tried in the court of social experience that the questions raised at the beginning of this article are of such grave and pressing importance. Whatever merits or defects the recent report on prohibition issued by the research department of the Federal Council of Churches may be considered to have, it is now generally recognized that it did not overemphasize the critical aspect of the present situation. The annual convention of the Anti-Saloon League which was held shortly afterward was frankly a 'crisis convention.' There was no apparent disposition in that assemblage of 'dry' leaders to conceal the fact that a crucial test impends. Not that five or six years may be regarded as the appropriate demonstration period for such a colossal venture in social control: it might very well be argued that a decade is a short time in which to give the quality of permanence to a régime that has in it such essentially novel elements. But social and political measures do not receive their final testing at the hands of social scientists, but at the hands of an impatient populace, which makes up its mind on the basis of temporary impressions conditioned by strong prejudices. It is quite evident that the present tendency of the proverbial man-in-the-street is to regard

the Volstead Act as on the defensive because of the huge difficulties that have been encountered in the effort to enforce it. The political testing of prohibition will not wait for social scientists to complete their observations.

II

The effort to appraise national prohibition is beset with manifest difficulties because the period of our experience with it has coincided with social and economic changes which have profoundly influenced the life of the nation. When the Volstead Act became effective the country was in the throes of post-war adjustments and was on the verge of one of its periodic depressions due to a downward swing of that mysterious thing known as the business cycle. Then came a period of extraordinary prosperity. Much of the propaganda that has thrown the prohibition question into confusion has been due to a failure to recognize the existence of many other causes for the phenomena that have been pointed to as resulting directly from prohibition. This lack of discrimination is just as fatal to the arguments on one side of the controversy as to those on the other.

Many people have been misled also by the assembling of testimony which had the appearance of being representative but which was in reality 'selected' and biased. For example, a certain magazine which is read by manufacturers circulated questionnaires among a thousand business and professional people, some of them very well known, asking for their opinion as to the effects of prohibition. The result was overwhelmingly 'dry,' and has been used all over the country to assure the public that business and professional men in America are thoroughly committed to prohibition. It has been referred to as a 'nation-wide study.' Yet one fact concerning it has been completely overlooked, although it was stated frankly by the magazine in reporting the initial inquiry — the questionnaires were sent to a list of persons who prior to the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment had signed a memorial to Congress for the abolition of the liquor traffic. The purpose was legitimate enough — namely, to learn whether experience with prohibition had changed their minds. But to use such an inquiry as a method of determining public opinion is about as valid as an attempt to learn the attitude of the country toward religion by sending a questionnaire to ministers. And the use of the results was grossly misleading and mischievous, creating as it did a wholly unwarranted sense of security.

The study undertaken by the Federal Council's research department was made with full recognition of the attendant difficulties. It was designed to be only a general survey, or, so to speak, an assay of available materials that might serve as 'soundings' until the more extensive studies needed should be made by research agencies thoroughly equipped for the task. The report which resulted from the study was warranted, not by any semblance of conclusiveness in the findings, but by the fact that they disclosed an undeniable trend in the social consequences of prohibition whose significance was clear despite the lack of adequate data.

We have been asked why an organization committed to the cause of prohibition should have attempted an 'impartial' report upon it. Are we not at war with the liquor traffic? To publish a report which includes the weaknesses as well as the strength of the prohibition régime seems like informing the enemy in time of war where the country's defenses are vulnerable! There are many to whom such a course

is quite anomalous. Granting their premises, there is no answer to their argument. If a great social issue must be settled as the boundary disputes of nations have hitherto been settled, — by combat, — then a frank report upon it by those who have an interest in the outcome is without justification. But lying back of our report was a conviction that such an issue can be rightly settled only by the people as a whole, not by warring factions. And the people can settle it rightly only if they are in possession of the facts, particularly those facts which may be admonitory. Whether such a report is justified or not depends upon one's theory of social progress.

The public has gained a somewhat erroneous impression as to the findings of our study. The report was in frank contrast to the usual statements of religious bodies on this question, and the press, with an unerring instinct for the sensational, seized upon what were termed 'admissions' and accorded them a disproportionate emphasis. Of course, this was not unforeseen, but there appeared to be no other way to clear the air of the general confusion that prevailed with respect to the facts than to present them in unbiased fashion. The distortion that resulted in a good many instances was to be deplored, but it was, perhaps, not too great a price to pay for the dispelling of illusions. The aftermath of publication is bringing a realization that the report was by no means a one-sided affair.

Our first important finding was the undoubted material and social gain that has resulted to the nation as a whole from the outlawing of the liquor traffic and particularly from the passing of the saloon. Living-conditions among the working people improved, savings were increased, the death-rate from alcoholic diseases declined, cases of dependency due to alcoholism became less numerous, arrests for drunkenness fell off very materially, and there was a reduction in the number of arrests for other offenses. In general, these changes were not sudden, but began with the war-time restrictions upon the manufacture of liquor and continued until complete prohibition was adopted. The more striking of these results cannot be measured statistically, but they are supported by abundant evidence.

But the second major finding of the study revealed that these gains were not entirely permanent. The impressive decline that prohibition brought about in those social phenomena that are commonly taken to be indices of the amount of liquor-consumption terminated abruptly in 1920, or approximately at that time, and a counter trend was at once established. This trend has continued with disquieting steadiness since that time, with this reservation, that the picture for 1924 shows some indications that the present year may mark the climax of the reaction. In particular, the death-rate from alcoholism, according to incomplete data tabulated from the Federal Census returns for 1924, has again begun to recede. The counter trend has, to be sure, by no means canceled all the earlier gains. It has, however, rendered them less secure. It would seem clear that the success of prohibition from a social point of view depends upon the prompt overcoming of this unfavorable trend.

The reaction was, of course, to be expected, and it was expected. It is doubtful, however, if even the least sanguine of prohibitionists in 1920 anticipated that it would be so great and so persistent. It has been due presumably to three factors. First, and chiefly, the illicit liquor-trade had not developed in 1920; the traffic in intoxicants had been put to sleep, so to

speak, though not asphyxiated. Much time was required to assemble the resources and develop the technique necessary successfully to defy the Constitution of the United States. Secondly, the zeal of the prohibition reform ran true to type and spent itself on the external, structural, and, on the whole, the less vital aspect of the problem, leaving to governmental administration not only the task of enforcement but the task of winning acceptance of the law by the people, or that portion of the people that presently began to make its hostility felt. Thirdly, this hostility became more marked as time went on, in keeping with the general tendency among our people to change their mood in any matter that has been made the subject of a crusade. Thus we have been witnessing the steady growth of an illicit industry that offers such enormous rewards as to be well-nigh insuppressible, accompanied by a cooling of the zeal of the reformers and a growing resentment on the part of the forcibly reformed.

It is gratuitous to assume that the reaction of the past four years is due to a lessened efficiency of the enforcement organization of the government. This assumption seems to be quite contrary to fact. The machinery of enforcement is undoubtedly stronger now than it was in 1920. What the rise of the liquor curve indicates is the extent to which the outlaw liquor-industry has outstripped the efforts of the government to perfect its own organization.

The question of the effect of prohibition upon crime requires special notice. It is undeniable that the number of arrests in proportion to population for all offenses combined is higher now than at any time in the past ten years. It is equally true, however, that the significant increases are in misdemeanors, not in serious offenses. A large proportion of them are minor violations of the traffic laws. In spite of all the current discussion of a 'crime wave,' there is no statistical evidence of such a phenomenon. On the other hand, there is no blinking the fact that increases in arrests for drunkenness, which had reached a low point with the advent of national prohibition, account for a very substantial part of the total increase in arrests, particularly up to the end of 1923.

The important point in this connection appears to be that such crime data as are available — and they are meagre — afford no impressive evidence that prohibition has affected the crime level in any important way.

III

But the foregoing considerations do not tell the full story of the social effects of prohibition. An element of the situation that was perhaps not sufficiently elaborated in our report is the overpowering influence of political and moral factors which persist without reference to the concrete social gains that are undoubtedly attributable to the prohibition régime. The crucial point in the present controversy is, after all, not a question of fact as to whether or not the law has produced specific, desirable social results. The gravity of the situation arises rather out of the fact that a régime which has brought about definite material and social gains should be imperiled by a political and moral crisis precipitated by popular opposition to it in many sections of the country. This distinction between tangible, material effects of prohibition, on the one hand, and certain less tangible but equally significant political and moral effects on the other, is of the utmost importance. Mr. Hoover called attention to it in an interview some months ago, in which he expressed much satisfaction with the

former set of results, but less with the latter.

The degree of optimism or of concern with which one views the situation depends in part upon which set of facts one dwells most upon. The friends of prohibition are mainly preoccupied with the important and undeniable gains that have followed upon the outlawing of the liquor traffic, while its opponents, so far as they are sincere and disinterested, are chiefly concerned with other aspects of the situation. From their point of view national prohibition might conceivably be pronounced a substantial success by those most competent to judge its objective social results and yet fail to justify itself because of the incubus of lawlessness and corruption from which it has thus far not been able to free itself. It is not too much to say that if the moral and political problems that have arisen in connection with the prohibition régime could be satisfactorily solved the objective consequences of the closing of the saloons would more than justify the Eighteenth Amendment. But if prohibition is to become a permanent and accepted policy the law must be made sufficiently effective to acquire the same sanction that is accorded to other laws which regulate conduct.

The question here raised is one of political science and is quite independent of the ethics of the prohibition issue. Many other laws pass through a similar period of testing. Any measure that puts restraint upon the habits and predilections of a large part of the people must win such overwhelming assent that those who refuse to conform shall be a thoroughly manageable minority. Not only so, but those who violate it must be predominantly of that element in the community which is generally regarded as antisocial: if they are of the socially approved their conduct is likely to outweigh any legislative attempt to outlaw it. If the law is to sustain itself it must win a measure of assent that will give it full and permanent social sanction.

It is all very well to contend that the violation of a law is no reason for abandoning it. The fact remains that any law which continues to be defied as the Volstead Act is now defied in many of our most populous communities has to that extent been virtually abandoned already. The question whether it remains on the statute books or not is of secondary importance. I am saying this as one who believes that it is eminently worth while to keep the Volstead Act on the statute books, but that course can be defended only as the conditions now obtaining can be progressively improved.

The prohibition movement is not without wise and able leaders who realize all this. The difficulty is that the crisis has found the movement unprepared. Its technique has been developed almost wholly with reference to a militant legislative campaign. The present task is largely one of securing wider popular acceptance of the law whose enactment was secured with unexpected ease.

For this new task the militant strategy is inadequate. For the most part the violators of the prohibition law are immune to any moralizing on the subject. The effort to assure them that they are bad citizens, or even criminals, leaves them cold. Nullification is no longer merely an instrument of revolt: it is coming to be a philosophy, if not a cult. I was recently discussing the prohibition question with a group of men, several of whom were well-known educators, while others were writers who enjoyed a national reputation. In general, they would be considered a thoroughly socially minded and public-spirited group. In the course of the discussion I was assured that with one

or two exceptions all the men present believed in violating the Volstead Act at every opportunity that offers. These were highly trained and disciplined men. We may probably look for the spread of the opinions to which they gave voice, particularly in the colleges.

The third major finding of our study had to do with the problem of enforcement. We undertook to test the claim that all the inadequacies of the prohibition régime are directly due to remissness on the part of the constituted authorities. It is commonly asserted that all the so-called failures of prohibition are rather the failures of non-prohibition! This is partly true, but it is in part a begging of the question. If there were no criteria of effective enforcement except success, then all failures might be visited upon those who carry responsibility for enforcing the law. But obviously there are many conceivable laws that no government could enforce. The real question is, how much can be expected of enforcement and how far is the success of a law dependent upon the public attitude toward it. But more of that presently.

It requires little study of the situation at Washington and elsewhere to convince one that extensive violations of the Volstead Act have, in effect, been encouraged by the failure of the Government to make them difficult and costly. In its enforcement policy and programme there has been such a measure of inefficiency, weakness, and in many cases actual corruption (on the part of prohibition agents) as would inevitably cripple the operation of any law, to say nothing of a statute which demands an unusual amount of vigilance and an elaborate enforcement technique. There is much to be said by way of extenuating the failures of enforcement on the ground of the unprecedented difficulties that it presents. But there is no excuse for the extent of permit abuses which have flooded the country with industrial alcohol that has been diverted from legitimate uses, or for the scandals connected with the withdrawals of 'sacramental' wine, or for the leakage of spirituous liquors from warehouses and of beer from dealcoholizing plants, or for the general lack of coördination of effort on the part of the several government departments and divisions that are responsible for the administration of the law. The smuggling of liquor which went on almost without let or hindrance until a few months ago brought our Government into disrepute all over the world.

Responsibility for this situation lay chiefly with the Treasury Department. It was, to be sure, impossible to deal with smuggling without the equipment which Congress was tardy in providing, but it is unreasonable to suppose that a Congress as obviously 'dry' as ours has been for several years would not have responded much earlier had there been anything like strong and earnest leadership in the administration.

But it is easy to make too much of all this. The failures of the Government with respect to the prohibition laws are all of a piece with other Federal delinquencies and inadequacies. This particular case is more conspicuous and the results are more serious because this law is one that depends so largely upon governmental efficiency. Laws are normally self-enforcing. There is, it is true, a wide range of this self-enforcement; some laws are more dependent upon force than others. In the case of laws that are clearly established in the popular will, the responsibility for making them effective rests more largely with the Government. When the law in question is one that is still fighting for popular acceptance it is in the nature

of the case not possible to expect so much of the Government. The fate of such a law rests more in the hands of the people themselves than in the hands of enforcement officers.

Our experience with prohibition has thrown much light on the problem of legal administration, in that it has made clear the relationship of the Federal and the state governments in any matter where, as in this case, they have concurrent power. While it cannot be too strongly emphasized that the Federal Government has a responsibility for prohibition that it alone can discharge, it is equally true that the local and police phases of the task are quite beyond the power of the Federal Government as now organized. When one contemplates the plight of the Federal Government when confronted with criminal activities that are country-wide in their scope he understands the political significance of the old controversy over 'States' rights.' It is not merely a question of 'rights' in the sense of exclusive privileges, but of the limits of physical possibility. Our Federal judicial system, for example, was never designed to deal with police cases, and it cannot be forced into such functions without an enormous increase in its equipment as well as a revolutionary change in its procedure. As the Federal district attorney in New York City rightly says, either the state must take responsibility for the suppression of minor offenses, which we commonly consider police cases, or the Federal system must be enlarged to include police courts for the disposition of petty cases. Much criticism has been directed at the district attorneys because so many violators of the Volstead Act have escaped with light sentences meted out to them in return for entering a plea of guilty. Ordinarily such criticisms would be justified, but in this case the alternative would be a jury trial for every offense, with the prospect that the court calendars would be increasingly congested.

The situation is, of course, most serious in New York City, where there is no state enforcement law to fall back upon. Wherever there is a state statute the cases may be brought in the local courts and disposed of in the usual manner for minor offenses. But even then the state and the municipality must accept the larger share of the responsibility for the apprehension and trial of the small offender in order that the limited resources of the Federal Government may be concentrated upon the more important cases. This division of responsibility underlies the whole business of prohibition enforcement. No matter what verbal niceties may be resorted to in order to avoid a repudiation of responsibility on the part of the Federal Government, every informed person knows that this is about the way the matter stands. It is too much to expect that any responsible person at Washington is going to proclaim immunity for small offenders — that is much too crude a way to put it. Nevertheless a virtual immunity exists in many of our cities and will continue to exist as long as the people of those cities do not want enforcement badly enough to make it practicable by a much more general observance.

Of the utmost importance in this connection is the drift that is everywhere apparent in America toward political decentralization. 'Not more Federal government,' says Mr. Coolidge, 'but better local government.' And no Coolidge utterance has been more popular. Witness the fate of the Child Labor Amendment. The reorganization of prohibition enforcement during the present year — which has marked, by the way, a deliberate departure from the previous intimate relationship between the Government

and the prohibition lobby — has proceeded in accord with this principle of decentralization and the sharing of responsibility with the states. It has even extended to the administrative procedure. It is difficult to see what other course the administration could consistently take in the event of a failure of the present drive for enforcement than to put the problem squarely and finally up to the states and cities whose immediate concern it is.

IV

But the reader will wish to know how, in view of the conviction here recorded, — that the people themselves hold the destiny of prohibition in their hands, — I can justify the maintenance of the Volstead Act when it appears to be only partly enforcible in important sections of the country. The answer is that no one can predict what effect a serious and sustained effort at efficient enforcement of the law will have on the whole situation. I am assuming that, if the politicians at Washington do not cripple his efforts, General Andrews is going to give us a demonstration along this line. Suppose that the Federal Government should attain a reasonable degree of success with its own end of the task — that is, the 'wholesale' end of it; that liquor-smuggling is reduced to negligible quantities; that the scandals of industrial alcohol are eliminated; that effectual control is established over the big 'breweries,' or dealcoholizing plants, from which beer has been finding its way to an illicit market; that the big conspiracies that have made possible country-wide illicit operations are presently broken up. Would not the result presumably be to take the profit out of the business, to reduce the supply of potable liquors to dregs and thus destroy the market, and to create a 'psychology' of respect for the law instead of distrust and contempt, of success instead of defeat? And would not this enormously simplify the task of enforcement in the local community? In other words, the Government must bear responsibility for creating a situation in which general support of the law will naturally increase.

I am, therefore, personally opposed to any 'liberalizing' of the Volstead Act until an adequate attempt has been made to stop up the main illicit sources of supply. But if, when these rivers cease to flow, the demand for liquor continues so great as to promote the moonshine industry on a colossal scale, as is freely predicted, then our wet cities will remain wet until they have the will to be dry.

The proposal that the law should be modified to permit the sale of 'light wines and beer' should be viewed very critically. It is exceedingly plausible. The argument is that an inexpensive, standard, legal beverage of low alcoholic content will drive out of the market the hard liquors that now command a high price because the law has restricted the supply and surrounded the traffic with so great hazards. Theoretically this is correct. But there is no evidence that the light beverage will satisfy a well-developed appetite for alcohol. Canadian 'four-point-four' (which contains between two and three per cent of alcohol) has not been a commercial success. And, if the demand for hard liquor continues, what hope is there of preventing its illicit sale in the places which will be licensed to sell lighter drinks? The liquor traffic was ever a lawbreaker, and the plan proposed would presumably recruit its dispensers largely from the ranks of the bootleggers of to-day. It is not an encouraging prospect.

Much is said pro and con about the

state of public opinion on the prohibition situation. Our report gave only a few indications, but they have been supported by the notable study since published by *Collier's Weekly*. That study was carefully and conscientiously undertaken, and its result should be taken seriously. It indicated an overwhelming dissatisfaction with enforcement, and a widespread pessimism as to the enforcibility of the law. Nevertheless, no poll or canvass can be assumed to yield the same result as an election which comes at the end of several weeks of reflection and debate. The probabilities are that the country as a whole wants prohibition continued, but wants a more genuine article than it has yet been given.

The extraordinary treatment accorded our study by the press associations made possible a fresh appraisal of newspaper opinion. Five hundred and fifty editorials on the report were received and classified, of which 136 were expressly favorable to prohibition, 125 were hostile, and 289 were noncommittal. They were also classified as to their attitude toward the report: 340 were expressly favorable, 16 were hostile, and 194 were noncommittal. This would seem to indicate that the press is still open to conviction as to the outcome of national prohibition.

There were several minor findings of our study. No basis was uncovered for the charge that prohibition has increased drug addiction; in fact, it seems clear that it has had no effect either way upon the drug traffic. No support was given to the theory that prohibition has caused a moral breakdown among young people; rather, it appears that illicit drinking is one phase of a defection from conventional ideals and standards whose causes are difficult to probe but are certainly of complex origin. It is altogether likely that with the increased popular use of the automobile and the passing of chaperonage the hip flask would have come into the picture in any case in response to a demand for a sort of portable dispensary. The coming of prohibition has no doubt made it more of a toy than it would otherwise have been, and given it a preferred place in the hierarchy of illicit indulgences upon which our moral education has as yet made slight inroads.

Likewise, it was shown that the wholesale charge, now emanating from one side, now from the other, that all respect for law is being broken down by the want of observance of the prohibition laws rests upon a gratuitous assumption. Fortunately our attitudes toward law and government are, like our other attitudes, particular rather than general. We do not have one general attitude that we draw upon whenever a new law is passed; we tend to make up our minds about each law on its own merits. It is true there is a widespread feeling that the mere fact that a law is on the books makes it mandatory upon the individual, and many people are to-day observing the prohibition laws on that basis. But, by and large, we are coming to see that compliance with a statute must be secured by assent to that particular law on its own merits or there will be an increasing breakdown in its observance.

One finding of the study may be regarded as conclusive: the enactment of social legislation is never a substitute for social education. Whatever the result of the new enforcement crusade may be, — and there is much ground for hope that important progress will be made, — it is a safe prediction that the illicit liquor-traffic will be finally overcome only when and where education in temperate living strongly reënforces the arm of the law.

THE QUESTION OF PERSONAL LIBERTY

BY MORTON P. FISHER

THE great case in which Prohibition is the recognized defendant is now on trial before a jury of the entire nation. Within a comparatively short time the verdict must be rendered. Will it be repeal, amendment, efficient enforcement, or nullification? The decision is in doubt; the issues are vital. As never before, this jury of the nation needs a fair, impartial charge, from a court, imaginary or otherwise, clarifying the real issues, summing up the real facts, honestly submitting the whole to the public for the correct and final decision. Fanaticism, overexaggeration of many material facts, and suppression of facts equally material, have continued long enough, and neither press, pulpit, nor politics may be found guiltless. Proponent and opponent have erred in their zealous interest in the cause.

It would seem that a fair beginning in an attempt to understand the problem would be an inquiry into the reasons why certain outstanding, disinterested persons used their best efforts to secure the passage of the Prohibition Amendment to the Constitution. Many of the reasons are obvious; most are forgotten in the flare of excitement which now follows any mention of the issue.

Those engaged in law enforcement, from the prosecuting attorney to the policeman, knew from experience that a substantial part of the criminal population centred about saloons and dives where whiskey was dispensed. These saloons and dives not only were havens for the planning of crime and refuges for escape, but they furnished cheaply the stimulus of intoxication without which many crimes would never be planned or carried through. Moreover, the background of such places encouraged the existance of a 'gang' element, which created and maintained a code of existence in which the star of ambition was the more successful and larger-scale commission of crime. In addition, enforcement officials traced many isolated crimes of frenzy, of which the taking of human lives formed no small part, to the immediate stimulus of whiskey and the atmosphere of the saloon.

Employers of labor saw clearly the waste of time as well as the loss of money occasioned to them and to their employees because men did not come to work when their pockets were full enough to supply them with liquor for a day or more. Social workers saw abject poverty due solely to the drink habit of the head of the house; judges in divorce courts saw liquor as the real cause for the separation of otherwise well-mated couples. The increase in automobile traffic focused the eye of the public upon the evil of the drunken driver.

All of the above practical everyday happenings, appealing even to the thoughtless, fought side by side with the often sincerely religious belief in the immorality of the use of intoxicating liquor as such and the obvious danger to the community of any habit-forming vice. Needless to add, the fanatics, the opportunists, and the publicity-seekers gave their aid.

Enough reason, indeed, for practicable prohibition.

Doubtless the many sincere people who advocated the passage of the Prohibition Amendment, carried away though they were by enthusiasm, made an honest effort to foresee any practical objections to its passage. Two substantial objections appeared: first, the resulting loss in revenue to the Government and the losses to those who had invested their money in business which would be curtailed or abolished; second, the interference with the rights of personal liberty. No other objections were openly suggested, and no others appeared to exist, except the personal interest of certain politicians.

The first objection was readily dismissed. No question of revenue could be permitted to prevent or delay steps for the betterment of the nation in so important a matter. The investments of individuals would be taken care of — or at least that was the belief — in such a way as to minimize if not remove the possibility of loss.

There remained only the problem of the infringement of personal liberty. Did personal liberty in this connection involve a great principle? Was it a blow at fundamental rights for the Government to interfere with, or regulate, the right of an individual to indulge in intoxicating liquor? Would more extensive suppressions follow? The answer came that this is the age of necessary regulation. Our public-service commissions control our intrastate public-service corporations, and the people are educated to rejoice in the fact that they are not left to the mercy of street-railway, gas, and telephone companies. Our banks are subject to regulation by state or Federal government, our railroads by an interstate commerce commission; we are protected against trusts, profiteering, and price-fixing; our food is inspected; our traffic is regulated. In a word, we have accustomed ourselves in recent years to protection with respect to those public matters which are too large or too complicated to be coped with by the individual. And we realize the value of this protection on the whole. Viewed in that light, is not the liquor traffic — just as the narcotic traffic, with its important relationship to the public weal — a proper subject of regulation? So thought the supporters of the Amendment.

Did personal liberty mean the right to the congenial influence of liquor in the home, at the wedding, at the feast? Was this glowing aid to good-fellowship to be entirely abolished? Probably but few except those who viewed the prohibition of liquor as a moral instead of as a practical issue believed in such a possibility. They were aiming at the saloon, the rallying-place of drunkenness, the breeding-place of crime. That they, who were sure they knew how to drink their sip without excess, without harm to the public, might also be deprived appeared unnecessary, remote. That could be arranged. Or so they believed.

With such beliefs, upon such theories, with such support, and without a tangible fundamental argument urged in opposition, the Amendment itself was carried. Who shall say, if its enforcement had been planned in the same spirit, that the results would not have justified its passage?

But this is the age of overcompensation, in the insurance sense. Nothing may be done moderately. Advertising glares, slogans bellow, the press exaggerates, enthusiasts see but one side. The nation adopted a Prohibition Amendment. Congress, or the states, or both, were to enforce it. The National Prohibition Act was passed. Light wines and beer, as well as stronger drink, were legislated out of existence; every avenue of moderation, of compromise, of allowance for human

nature and the shock of great change, was closed. The need of the spirited and understanding support of a public accustomed to its independence was forgotten and discarded. Prohibition was to be imposed by force upon a people traditionally proud of personal liberty. The broadest exercise of regulatory power ever known to the world was to be rigidly carried out to its greatest extent without the wholehearted support of the nation; indeed, with a sincere opposition by a substantial and respected part of the people.

At this point, indeed, the question of personal liberty became a fundamental issue. Of all those who sincerely favored the Prohibition Amendment, only those who viewed the whole question of intoxicating liquor as a moral issue favored the strictness and inelasticity of the terms of the National Prohibition Act. With these sincere persons followed the politicians, and professional seekers of publicity. Opposed to enforcement as provided in the Act were the personal-liberty advocates, the believers in light wines and beer, and almost all those who had previously used and respected the moderate use of intoxicating liquor. Included in the above were those respected citizens, foreign-born or children of foreign-born parents, coming from lands where light wines, beer, or whiskey in moderation have been approved for generations. Naturally the laboring class opposed so strict an enforcement, as did those who spoke affectionately, and without much thought, of the 'good old days.'

Such a power of opposition has the strength to rebel successfully. Those who believe so fundamentally in personal liberty have real point to their argument that the law has gone too far. The original purpose of community good has been forgotten, and, instead of an enforcement directed only to the end of public welfare, there is an enforcement which insults the pride and suppresses the normal instincts of many good men. If necks are bowed to this yoke, what next?

Native and foreign-born alike who believe in the use of beer and light wines, and who have never seen evil result from their use, resent the needless interference with their rights and pleasures. Worst of all, they refuse to place a fullness of trust in a Congress which moves to needless lengths of oppression. They ask the reason for such deprivation. Some doctors reply that any amount of alcohol has a toxic effect. The citizen knows from his experience that such a toxic effect from beer and light wines will never affect the public in general, and that its effect on the individual is negligible compared to the benefits which the individual derives from the independent enjoyment of liberty. The reformer declares that beer and light wines must be suppressed because, if the public gets a finger, it will want a whole hand. The everyday citizen instinctively replies that the effect will be just the opposite; that a public safely satisfied with beer and light wines will offer little opposition to the prohibition of whiskey.

What wonder that there has spread over the nation a sincere indignation at the National Prohibition Act, which in many cases has grown to include indignation at the whole fundamental theory of prohibition. With the wave of indignation has also come a wave of sentimentality toward the 'good old days.' Out of this normal manifestation of human nature the bootleggers are reaping a fortune, and with experience the bootleg organization is becoming more and more efficient, and gathering, perhaps, a larger number of potential criminals to its banner.

Against this increasing resistance the Government throws its small band of prohibition agents, its district

courts with power of injunction, and its district attorneys. The stronger the sincere resistance, the greater the effort to tighten up by force. The safety valve of public opinion as an important moral aid slips further and further from the minds of enforcement officials. A vicious circle: stricter enforcement results in greater public opposition, and greater public opposition begets more drastic enforcement. And with it all comes the natural evil of a new and growing criminal class, bribery, corruption, and a public loathing of prohibition agents, without reason though it may be.

What, then, is to be done? Conditions will not remain unchanged, and to the average observation it appears that any change will be for the worse. What shall it be: enforcement, nullification, amendment, or repeal?

Conditions as they exist to-day indicate that enforcement of the present law in a satisfactory manner is impossible without the aid of public opinion. Public opinion is veering further and further away from enforcement. Views of individuals may differ as to this last statement, but the strongest advocates of the National Prohibition Act must admit that a large part of the public is showing a stronger and stronger disposition to oppose the principles of the Act. The longer such a condition exists, the greater the danger of confusing the issue of the National Prohibition Act with the fundamental issue of prohibition. Continued attempts at strong-arm enforcement appear to lead only in the direction of nullification.

Strangely, perhaps, many profound thinkers look to nullification as the best solution. I believe, however, that the best thought is to the contrary. A mere abandonment or forgetting of the law will be an unsatisfactory solution to both sides. Repeated attempts will be made to reinstate the enforcement machinery. The fundamental theory of prohibition will be neither sustained nor defeated. Individuals will be uncertain as to the safety of pursuing their desires, and will suffer from occasional attempts at enforcement. Advocates of personal liberty will have failed in establishing their great principles. The bitterness engendered by the National Prohibition Act will remain. Worst of all, an atmosphere of disrespect for the Government, its laws, and its courts will be fostered, with consequences that no man can foretell.

Should the Prohibition Amendment be repealed in order to eliminate the whole principle of prohibition from our national government? Probably many thinking people would reply spontaneously in the affirmative, with the picture of the present chaotic conditions clearly before them. Anything to eliminate the waste, the corruption, the engendering of criminal classes, the patent efforts at oppression so evident in the present laws. Properly led, a stampede of nation-wide opinion might conceivably accomplish the repeal of the Prohibition Amendment in the comparatively near future. Calm reflection, however, seems to show the lack of wisdom in such a course. Few fair-minded people, upon careful consideration, will deny that the whiskey habit has many bad effects which should be eliminated if possible. Few would oppose carefully planned steps to abolish the saloon as it formerly existed, and even to-day exists. The world is in arms against the drunken driver. All approve of reasonable means of divorcing the use of liquor from its causal relation with crime, existant or potential.

Again the question, what to do? Perhaps each of us has a different thought, depending on the individual point of view. Upon so important an issue it is the duty of each of us to

explain and discuss our carefully considered ideas. On some of the major premises we might all agree. Surely it would be a step forward to advance fair-minded, honest views.

It would seem important at the outset to realize that most important and effective criminal laws are passed and enforced to suppress as far as possible the willful commission of acts which are recognized by a substantial majority of the people as inimical to public welfare. These laws are not passed for the purpose of forcing upon an unwilling people rules of morality and conduct which the large majority of a respected and thinking citizenry would not otherwise obey. A proper criminal law presumes the support and obedience of the substantial people upon whom the existence and future of the nation depend. They do not require whipping into line. The law and the comparatively small enforcement machinery are aimed at the few enemies of the common welfare, the beasts of prey, who must be controlled if the honest citizen is to go his way in peace.

Let, then, the advocates of prohibition seek first to discover and impress the nation with the ways in which the use of intoxicating liquor is inimical to the public welfare. Many of the ways have been suggested, and a proper presentation of the facts to the public will bring a whole-hearted approval. Let there be eliminated from the enforcement laws those provisions which are not aimed at the elimination of a public menace. Let there be included those provisions which the fair-minded citizenry will understand are necessary for the betterment of the nation in aiding to eliminate the stimulus to crime, pauperism, unemployment, and treachery to the family. Recognize the importance and wisdom of public opinion and save the tremendous waste of attempting to oppress a people who hold the loftiest traditions of freedom.

A good beginning may be made by permitting light wines and beer for beverage purposes. The experience of the average man has been that comparatively no harm has ever resulted to the public from the use of such beverages. This is not advocated as a compromise or a sop to the people. It is their right. It is theirs to judge as to the use of food and drink where its use has no material effect upon the public. That a substantial reaction of public opinion in favor of prohibition would follow seems quite probable. The more oppressive and unpopular provisions of the Act would be eliminated thereby and the desires of a very large number of people would be satisfied harmlessly. Personal liberty would be a far less vital issue. The people would begin to appreciate that enforcement is to be carried out with reason.

Practical enforcement of the Act would be easier if beer were legalized. One of the great difficulties of enforcement is the inability of agents to distinguish between beer of more or less than one half of one per cent of alcoholic content. Many cases of illegal search have turned upon this issue alone. Eliminating home-brew, which is distinguishable by the sediment of yeast, beer and near-beer look alike, smell alike, and to many people taste alike. Whiskey, on the other hand, is unmistakable in odor, taste, and frequently in appearance. The task of the agent would be simplified if he were allowed to concentrate on hard liquor, the elimination of which as a beverage is the fundamental purpose of prohibition.

No one can say what the opinion of the majority of the people may be upon the question of whether whiskey as a beverage should be forbidden absolutely, or whether its use should be permitted in limited quantities under government supervision. It is reported

that the latter plan has been carried out successfully and satisfactorily in other countries. Honest investigation of such experience and fair-minded reports should place this country in a position to judge for itself. If the latter plan be practicable, it is invasion of personal liberty to refuse to permit it.

While considering some of the problems suggested by this great issue, let it be remembered that the advocates of prohibition have gone too far. The people are aroused. They will not change their opinions without clear indications that future changes are to be made with a view to respecting their rights and opinions; that enforcement will not be directed against them as individuals, but only against conditions and practices which menace the nation. To convince the people of such good intentions, it will be necessary to go further in the direction of personal liberty than would have been necessary at the time the Amendment was carried.

Meanwhile, the trial goes on with its conflict of evidence, conflict of propaganda, and conflict of opinion. Better would it seem to attempt the abolition of the saloon and the separation of liquor from crime by fairness, truth, and the support of the public, than to defeat forever the high ideal of reasonable prohibition by oppressive attempts to abolish entirely the use of alcohol as a beverage.

SCIENCE AND CASH

BY J. B. S. HALDANE

It is a commonplace that the wealth of modern societies is in a large degree the creation of scientific research, and it is therefore often suggested that scientific workers should share in this wealth on a scale more or less comparable to that on which labor and capital are rewarded. In particular Sir Ronald Ross has for some years supported the idea that scientific workers who have made important discoveries should, as a routine, receive pecuniary rewards from the State — of course the State — on a scale comparable to those rewards received by successful generals.

At first sight the justice of his contention seems clear. In other intellectual occupations — for example, literature, music, and the fine arts — those men and women who are most highly esteemed by their contemporaries enjoy fairly large incomes. A scientist can practically never hope to earn as much as £2000 per year as such, and is generally glad if he gets half that sum, while incomes of £300 are quite common. To make more he must go out of the path of pure research and teaching, and apply his talents to industry, administration, popular writing, or some other activity for which there is an economic demand. Very little can be made by taking out patents. One cannot patent a new fish or a new star, and medical etiquette rightly forbids the patenting of a new medicine or a new surgical instrument. The physicist and chemist cannot patent their great discoveries, for two different reasons. In the first place they do not know how

they will be applied. When Richardson discovered that all hot metals emit electrons he did not, presumably, suspect that he had made wireless telephony practicable. He could not take out a patent for all possible applications of his discovery; and many equally fundamental facts elicited at about the same time — for example, the emission of electrons by radioactive bodies in the cold — have found no paying application as yet.

Again, as a general rule, the greater the discovery the longer the time before it is applied. It was a long time before Faraday's discovery of electromagnetic induction could be applied to the manufacture of a practical dynamo. He did not make a penny out of it, and fortunately his heirs-at-law are not still being paid for it, as are those of Nelson for the Battle of Trafalgar. The Chinese might regard it as equitable that every user of electric light or power should burn at least one currency note per year before Faraday's image, and even a posthumous reward is better than none.

The French, for example, do not pay their men of science a living wage. On the other hand they give them statues — often very good statues — when dead, and call streets after them. And to many scientific men, such is our perversity, the prospect of becoming a street name is a better incentive to effort than a rise of salary.

The greatest difficulty of a scheme of rewards during life is to be found in the impossibility of estimating the importance of a discovery until the discoverer is dead or too old to enjoy the money. Any jury will inevitably tend to rate the discovery of a fact above the invention of a method of research. Let us take as an example the recent and thoroughly justifiable award of a Nobel prize to Banting and Macleod for the preparation of insulin, the substance by whose injection a victim of diabetes may be restored to health. The numerous extracts prepared before success was reached had all to be tested by injection into dogs in order to study their effect on the amount of sugar in the blood. Now accurate blood-sugar analysis is extremely difficult, especially when one has only a few drops of blood to work on. It has been brought to its present degree of efficiency by some sixty years of very persistent and rather dull work in hundreds of different laboratories. This work had occupied far more time and probably required more thought and patience than the final stage at Toronto. But its value was less obvious at the time and its appeal to the imagination is smaller.

As a matter of fact a great scientist is very lucky if in his own day he receives such recognition as a Nobel prize. Willard Gibbs, the father of modern physical chemistry, was probably the greatest American scientist of the nineteenth century. He was so far recognized by his contemporaries as to be made a professor, though I cannot believe that his lectures were very intelligible. His sister habitually compelled him to drive her round in her buggy on the ground that her husband was a business man and could not spare the time.

But the fact that under a system of rewards much merit would be unrecognized is the least argument against such a system. No conceivable system can forestall the judgment of posterity. It would tend to divert scientific effort toward the obtaining of sensational rather than solid results. If a prize of a million dollars had been offered fifty years ago for a substance whose injection would relieve diabetes (and insulin would have been very cheap at the price) many of the men who devised the methods of blood-sugar analysis

would have been drawn into fruitless attempts to isolate insulin.

Again, no chemical discovery is more obviously worthy of recompense than that of a new element. Three new elements — hafnium, masurium, and rhenium — have been discovered in the last three years. But in each case the discovery was made through the application of Moseley's law connecting the X-ray spectrum of an element with its atomic number. This law was arrived at as the result of a series of very careful and laborious measurements, which furnished the chemist with a weapon of enormous power. But I do not suppose it was considered worthy of a paragraph in the popular press at the time of its discovery, and I doubt if the public would stand the allocation of large sums from its exchequer as a reward for work which is unintelligible to it.

Scientific discovery should be paid for on a system of credit rather than of cash down. At present, research in pure science is mainly performed by professors and lecturers at universities in the intervals of the teaching and administration for which they are paid. A little research of this kind is paid for as such by the Medical Research Council and other public bodies, but the vast majority of public money spent on research goes out for work on various branches of applied science, such as aeroplane design and practical medicine. The Royal Society has established a few professorships wholly devoted to research work, and one cannot but hope that many more such will be founded. A great discoverer can generally expound his own work, but he may be a thoroughly bad elementary lecturer and an extremely incompetent administrator of a laboratory. It would be an advantage to education as well as to research if these duties could be more often separated.

And everywhere the salaries are extremely low. It is too late to reward Faraday, Hertz, or Pasteur. We can at least see that their successors possess an income large enough to allow them to bring up a family of five children and give them a first-class education, while allowing themselves such luxuries as a small motor-car. I can think of no professorship in Britain or France that satisfies this criterion. Our research workers are faced with the choice of deserting their calling on marriage or drastically limiting their families. I can think of some who have become expert witnesses, journalists, civil servants, and even tobacco salesmen, to their own economic advantage, but hardly to that of posterity. Others content themselves with one or two children — a questionable advantage to the public, since scientific ability is strongly inherited.

There is perhaps a final argument, from the point of view of the scientist, against a system of rewards for research: namely, that it should logically imply a system of punishments for discoveries adjudged to be of disadvantage to the public. The discoverer of a new explosive, a new poison-gas, or a new principle in aeronautics might find himself or herself condemned to the most appalling penalties. Such discoveries are often made by persons of the mildest character who have no idea that their work will serve to kill a fly, much less a human being. And as it is equally true that discoveries of immense general utility are often made by misanthropes only interested in pure theory, and caring not a rap for their own or anyone else's welfare, there is perhaps no injustice in refusing them pecuniary rewards which few of them have ever demanded.

However, it is not only unjust but contrary to the public interest that scientific research should be, as it is, the worst paid of all the intellectual professions.

THE SORROWS OF YOUNG WERTHER. II

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

[*Translated by George L. Howe*]

I

While his friends read and reread his touching letters, wept for him, and pictured his lonely languishings with an uneasy pity, Goethe was walking briskly down the pretty valley of the Lahn, on the way to Coblentz. There, at Frau de la Roche's, Merck was to meet him.

A misty chain of mountains in the distance, the whitened pinnacles of the rocks above him, a stream filtering under a vault of reeds in the bottom of a gorge at his feet, composed a landscape aptly solemn.

His pride in having broken the spell of Wetzlar tempered the pathos of his still recent memories. Brooding over the adventure he had just enacted, he thought, 'Why not make an elegy of it? Or an idyll?' Then he wondered whether, after all, his real vocation were not to draw and paint such scenery as he was now traversing. 'Come,' he decided, 'I am going to toss my good knife into the river. If I see it hit the water, I shall be a painter; if the reeds hide it, I shall give up Art forever.'

He did not see the knife sink, but he caught the rippling of the water. The oracle seemed ambiguous. He postponed his decision.

He walked as far as Ems, then took a boat down the Rhine and reached Frau de la Roche's. He was welcomed most graciously. Councillor de la Roche was a man of the world, a great reader of Voltaire, a skeptic and a cynic. His wife, accordingly, was a sentimentalist. She had published a novel, she entertained the devotees of letters, and in spite of her husband, or perhaps because of him, she had made his house the rendezvous of the Apostles of the Heart.

Goethe was specially taken with the black eyes of sixteen-year-old Maximiliane de la Roche — pretty, bright, and precocious. He took long walks with her in the country, where he held forth on God and the Devil, Nature and the Heart, Rousseau and Goldsmith, and played his part so perfectly, in short, that Lotte might never have existed. The memory of her even added a zest to the new friendship. 'It is a pleasant sensation,' he noted, 'when the heart listens for the first accents of an infant Love before the last sigh of a dead one has echoed itself into nothingness. Even so, turning from the setting sun, one hails the moon, climbing her own horizon.'

But before long he would have to go back to Frankfort.

The return to the paternal roof after disaster always brings a mixed feeling of relief and dismay. The fledgling has tried to fly; he has had to fold his wings; safe in the nest, he still

longs for the great space that would not sustain him. The child ecsapes the troubles of an exacting and hostile world; he returns to the domestic round, where old habits are renewed, but where he finds again the weariness of feelings he has known too well, the loving bondage of home.

Those who have gained a traveler's perspective are astonished to find their families still busy with stale and useless quarrels. Again Goethe heard in the house the same phrases that had irritated him when he was a child. His sister Cornelia complained of her father, his mother complained of Cornelia, and Councillor Goethe, whose temper was far from smooth, vowed he would drive back to his case-books a son whose head was so full of wraiths and fancies that he could not see the world about him.

Goethe felt himself succumbing to the depression he dreaded. He decided that his only hope of salvation lay in starting some great work of literature. The only difficulty was the choice. He still envisaged a Faust, perhaps a Prometheus, or perhaps even a Cæsar. But when he had sketched several schemes, written several verses, rubbed out and torn up, he admitted that none of it was good. Between his work and himself there always intervened the face of Lotte.

His lips still tasted the only kiss he had got from her; his hands remembered the touch of hers, so firm, so gentle; his ears remembered the sound of her frequent and cheery voice. Now that she was far from him he found she had always belonged to him. As soon as he sat down at his desk, his fancy rambled off to painful and profitless dreams.

Like all the bereaved, he tried to reconstruct the past. If Lotte had not been engaged. . . . If Kestner had been less worthy or less kind. . . . If he himself had been less honorable. . . . If he had been brave enough to stay. . . . Or to escape wholly, and crush by force of will the ghosts that tempted him. . . .

Over his bed he had hung a silhouette of Lotte, cut out of black paper by some rural artist. He stared at this image with an almost fanatic devotion. Each evening before he went to bed he kissed it. 'Lotte,' he would whisper, 'will you give me one of your brooches?' Often at nightfall he sat till late conversing with the portrait of his lost friend. Natural and easy as this make-believe was at first, after a few days it seemed an empty and sorry rite, but he still drew from it some balm for his unrest. The mediocre and even absurd snip of paper had become an altar.

Almost every day he wrote Kestner with tender messages for Charlotte. He still spoke of his devotion in that half-tragic, half-jesting tone which at Wetzlar had alone allowed him to release his stormy feelings without arousing Kestner.

'We were talking,' he wrote him, 'of what may be happening above the clouds. I am not sure, but what I do know is that the Lord God must be a chilly fellow to let you have Lotte.'

And on another occasion: 'Lotte has n't dreamed of me? I am very much hurt, and command that she dream of me this very night, and without telling you about it afterward.'

Sometimes spite and pride got the better of him: 'I shall not write again till I can tell Lotte that someone else is in love with me — deeply in love.'

After several attempts, he saw he could not go back to work on the themes he had planned till he had rid himself of this obsession. There was only one task now for which he

was fit—a book about Lotte, a masterpiece in which Lotte would be the heroine.

In spite of his vast material, his diary, his memories, even his still burning heart, the obstacles were great. The subject was distinctly slight: a young man arrives in a city, falls in love with a girl who is already taken, and retreats from his attempt. Was there a book in that? Why did the hero draw back? All the women would blame him. If he had really been in love, he would have stayed. As it had happened, Goethe had left because the call of his art, the will to create, had been stronger than his love. Who but another artist would accept that explanation? The more he thought, the slimmer and triter did the theme become, the less did he seem likely to make anything of it, the greater grew his weariness and disgust for writing.

In the middle of November Kestner sent him some astounding news. The young Jerusalem, the handsome melancholy youth in blue jacket and yellow vest, who had so often walked abroad in the moonlight and whom they laughingly called 'the Lover,' had just killed himself with a pistol-shot.

'Unhappy Jerusalem!' answered Goethe. 'The news is a terrible shock. . . . Those who experience nothing because they worship the idol of vanity and the bauble of pleasure — they are guilty of this misfortune and the misfortunes of us all. The Devil damn them, dear friends! The poor chap. . . . When I came back from our walk and met him in the moonlight, I said, "He is in love," and Lotte will remember that I laughed. . . . I had hardly ever spoken to him. . . . When I left I had one of his books. Now I shall treasure it, with his memory, as long as I live.'

The adventures of others always stirred Goethe when they completed the possible but unachieved fragments of his own experience. He pursued the story of Jerusalem with an almost morbid eagerness. He saw that if he himself had been only a little different, if a few elements had been lacking in the fabric of his own intelligence, he too would have tended toward the same despair. But he was specially interested in the tale because his first thought, when he had heard it, had been: 'I have got my ending.' Yes, the hero of his idyll could and should kill himself. Death, and death alone, held the element of tragic grandeur that had been lacking in his own adventure.

He begged Kestner for a full account of all he could learn of the case, and Kestner, who was not without talent, sent it to him.

II

Between his Wetzlar diary and the story of Jerusalem's death Goethe had certainly collected the beginning and the end of a masterpiece. The two tales were true; they would be tragic if only they could be convincingly set down. The book would breathe the deepest and intensest passion. At last he could write from experience. He was confident. He loved his subject. And yet, still busy with his dreams, he could not set himself to work.

In order to write, he had always needed, in some quick and lightning glance, scorning details, to survey the whole. This time that flash was lacking. His love affair with Lotte and the death of his friend would do, but the two episodes did not fit, for they were taken from different series in the game of destiny. The characters of the protagonists in the diary could not justify so dramatic an end. Kestner's equable good-nature, Lotte's gayety and wholesome simplicity, and Goethe's own invulnerable spirits and persistence were

traits which made the hero's suicide impossible. In vain he tried to picture the meetings of Frau Herd with Jerusalem, or his last meditations. He would have to recast his characters and forge another chain of events. But events are strangely linked. Touch one and the others fall apart. It seems that truth must after all be one, for as soon as you displace it, however slightly, however carefully, you open a whole Pandora's box of troublesome alternatives.

Again calm eluded him. A vast brood of purposes and plans romped in his weary brain. As soon as he caught glimpses of beautiful and misty figures, they would vanish. Like a pregnant woman obsessed by her womb, he could find no attitude that brought repose.

To learn the details of the drama he went back to Wetzlar. There was the house where the young man had killed himself — his pistols, his chair, and his bed. He spent several hours with Charlotte. The engaged couple seemed perfectly happy. Even the memory of their former evenings seemed missing from their calm and ordered life. Goethe felt unhappy and alone. His love revived. Sitting on the sofa in the Teutonic Headquarters, and gazing at Lotte, who was so placid and fresh, he said to himself, 'Jerusalem was right. And I, too, might — ' But Goethe remained Goethe, and returned to Frankfort master of himself.

Home seemed drearier than ever. Kestner's wedding was drawing near. At night, in his lonely room, 'upon his virgin couch,' Goethe pictured Charlotte in the bridal chamber, her gown striped with blue, her hair braided for the night — ravishing, chaste. Desire and jealousy cruelly kept him awake. If he is to live, a man must progress toward some goal. But what hope was left to him? He saw himself doomed to the life of a lawyer or petty official in a town whose stupid mediocrities would always be hostile to his dreams. His brain, which he knew could have created, would fritter itself away in foolish testimony and dispute. 'I shall live on here like a giant chained by dwarfs,' he thought, and if he was not modest, at least he was not wrong. It was as if he were to be buried alive. One after the other, all the comrades of his youth would go. His sister Cornelia was about to be married. His friend Merck was leaving for Berlin. Soon Charlotte and her husband in their turn would quit Wetzlar, 'while I remain,' he wrote the Kestners. 'If I do not marry or hang myself, conclude that I love life.' And a little later: 'I wander in deserts where no water is.'

He came to think that a frequent cause of suicide must be the hunger of a humdrum life to astonish itself, almost to amuse itself, by some act that would break the monotonous routine. 'The love of living,' he thought, 'depends on our interest in the regular round of day and night and the seasons, and on the pleasure their revolutions bring us. When that interest ceases, nothing is left but a weary burden. An Englishman hanged himself to escape dressing and undressing every day. I once heard a gardener groan in his boredom, "Must I always watch these dull clouds float from west to east?" — a symptom of that disgust which is commoner among thoughtful people than we know. . . . Think it over impartially: what have I to get from life? Another Frederica to desert? Another Lotte who will forget me? A stupid life as a lawyer in Frankfort? . . . I swear it would be natural, even praiseworthy, to escape delights like those.

'Yet, if we reflect on the methods of suicide, we see it is so repugnant to the nature of man that to cut himself off from the living he must have recourse

to tricks. With firearms we kill ourselves indirectly. When Ajax falls on his sword, it is the weight of his body which does him that last service. The only real suicide is that of the Emperor Otto, who plunged a dagger in his own breast.'

For several evenings as he went to bed he laid a dagger beside him. Before blowing out the light he tried plunging the point in his breast. But he could not even make a scratch. The flesh betrayed the spirit. 'After all,' he thought, 'it is because I wish to live.'

And when he questioned himself honestly, when he tried to brush aside the ready-made phrases and confusing prejudices which obscure the real thought, when he sought the reasons why, in spite of all, he wished to live, he found first the ever-renewed pleasure in the splendid spectacle which is the world, then the sweet and solemn prospect of the birth of a new love, and finally the vaguer but eager impulse to watch over the still mysterious masterpiece growing within him — growing, he felt, cruelly slowly. 'Do not be dismayed,' he wrote his friends in Wetzlar. 'I am almost as happy as you two who love each other; I am hopeful as a real lover.'

Just before Charlotte's marriage he begged the privilege of buying the ring himself. He had a strange passion for irritating his wound. Since he was to depict his woes, he should have them harrowing. Goethe, posing for himself, struck his best attitude.

On the morning of the wedding, Kestner wrote him an affectionate letter. Goethe had asked for the bridal nosegay. They sent it to him, and he stuck it in his hat for his Sunday walk. On Good Friday, he decided, he would take down Lotte's portrait, dig a grave in the garden, and solemnly bury it. But when the day came that ceremony seemed a little ridiculous, so he gave it up. The slumbers over which the black and white silhouette presided were peaceful from that time on. The Kestners had set out for Hanover. Goethe could not imagine their life in that new world, for he knew nothing about it. His sorrow, like his love, needed visible idols if it were to last. Had he not already lost the moment for preserving emotions so fragile?

III

He had kept up a sentimental correspondence with that delightful Maximiliane de la Roche whose black eyes had been such a consolation for Wetzlar. One day he learned that she was marrying a wholesale grocer of Frankfort, Peter Anton Brentano, fifteen years older than she, a widower with five children. 'Fine! Very fine!' wrote Goethe to Kestner. 'Dear Max de la Roche is marrying a distinguished tradesman!' Doubtless the skeptical Herr de la Roche had preferred to the Romance of Youth a large fortune with a numerous family.

Goethe was really sorry for poor Max, who was to exchange one of the sweetest nooks in the world for a gloomy mansion at Frankfort, and her mother's cultivated circle for a society of newly rich merchants. None the less he looked forward to being near so amiable a person.

As soon as he heard of her arrival, he flew to her, used every weapon to win over the widower's five children, and after the first quarter of an hour succeeded, of course, in making himself indispensable. When Goethe tried to please, no one could resist him. Brentano himself was flattered by the visits of a Bürgermeister's grandson who was said to be nobody's fool, so he displayed his most gracious welcome.

Goethe, picking up his passion where he had left it, rushed into an ardent devotion with his usual energy. To be with Max, to console her for 'her husband's manners and the smell of cheese,' to distract her by walks and readings, became the only aim of his life. Work was abandoned again. And why should he write? What occupation is there worth the fugitive smile, the sweet content and gratitude, one can bring to a beautiful face?

Max was unhappy among the jars of oil and the tubs of herring. She did not like Frankfort. She tried to love her husband, but it was not an easy task. Goethe became her confidant.

Being less practical than Charlotte Buff, she did not set him to peeling vegetables or to picking fruit, but she spent hours with him over cello and piano duets and the latest French novels.

They often went skating together. Goethe borrowed his mother's red-velvet mantle and threw it over his shoulder like a cape. He skated perfectly. Gliding with sovereign grace, while the wind behind him bellied out his royal train, he looked like a young god. So, at least, thought pretty Frau Brentano, for whom the spectacle was meant, and the Frau Geheimrätin, his mother.

'Everything is well with me,' he wrote. 'The last three weeks have been continuous delight, and now we are contented and happy as can be. I say we, for since the middle of January I have never been alone. The destiny I cursed so often has now earned the politer terms of benevolence and kindness, for this is my first recompense for the loss of my sister. Max is still the same angel whose simplicity and charm captivate us all, and my devotion to her is the joy of my life.'

How happy it would all have been had Brentano not been jealous! At the beginning he had found the little fellow convenient for escorting his wife, for he was occupied by his business, where no one could take his place. Several times he had chosen Goethe to judge between them; on certain points, surely, the sensible sex would all agree. Unfortunately Goethe was a traitor to it, because he was an artist. As the comic poets have noted, there is always a delightful comradeship between a husband and another man of sense, — that is, one who agrees with him, — but a lover who undermines the husband's authority is justly odious.

Brentano noticed that his wife did not get used to Frankfort, criticized the habits of his old and respectable family, and was always talking of music, books, and other unhealthy subjects. He concluded, not without reason, that some evil genius was whispering counsel subversive to the conjugal hierarchy, and that this foe was young Goethe.

As soon as he made these momentous discoveries, he began to treat Goethe with a coldness so insulting as to make his situation in the house most difficult. If he answered haughtily, as he should, he could never come back; if he meekly accepted the affronts, they would doubtless grow more frequent. Soon Max herself, worn out by quarrels which spoiled all her pleasure, begged him to be careful and to come less often. 'For the sake of my peace,' she told him, 'this cannot — no, cannot — go on.'

He began to pace about the room, repeating between his teeth, 'No, it cannot go on.' Max, seeing how violent he had become, tried to calm him. 'I beg you,' she said, 'control yourself. Think of the happiness you will earn by your wit, your knowledge, your talents; and be a man. Why *me*, Goethe, who belong to another — just why must it be *me?*'

He went home vowing never to return, but he was miserable. In his excitement he talked aloud to himself. So on the path to his happiness he was always to encounter the petty laws of society. Only in the constant and loving company of a woman could he find calm and joy and self-forgetfulness. Yet to earn that happiness legally he must either give up his own freedom or condemn his chosen one to 'misery and guilt.' The conflict between the aims of the individual and the rules of the State had never seemed so unjust. . . . Charlotte? Charlotte at least loved Kestner. But Max could not, did not even pretend to love her grocer. Yet he, Goethe, must yield. 'Your knowledge and talents will make you happy!' What mockery! Knowledge is dead, but the tree of life is green. Knowledge, too, is limited by human frailty. What do the wisest know? Nothing of the real essence of things. What is man, who lacks strength when most he needs it? Laughter or tears, is he not always confined, always brought back to the sorry spectacle of his smallness at the very moment he hopes to soar to the Infinite?

Then all at once, he did not know how, the crisis passed, and he was tranquil again, and master of himself. He looked down upon his own distress as if it had been another's. 'Why yes,' he whispered, 'that is how Jerusalem must have felt. And doubtless it was after such a scene as this that he . . .'

And suddenly, with a lucid flash, he saw how his unhappy episode could fit in with the death of Jerusalem. Doubtless it was less tragic, — in fact, it was not tragic at all, — and he knew that it was ended, but none the less it showed him the course and current of sensations he had never known. Max and her husband, Charlotte and Kestner, Goethe and Jerusalem, seemed to melt, to mingle and dissolve, while their component atoms, plunging incredibly fast through the vast spaces of the mind, combined in just and natural measures. It was all beautiful and delicious, and Goethe, at last, was perfectly happy.

Thus were born three new heroes: Werther, Charlotte, and Albert. Werther was a Goethe who was not an artist. Albert was a pettier Kestner, complicated with Brentano's jealousy and Goethe's own intellect. Charlotte was a Lotte who had been brought up by Frau de la Roche to read Rousseau and Klopstock.

The next day he locked himself in to work, and in four weeks the book was written.

IV

When Goethe had finished *Die Leiden des jungen Werthers* he felt as joyful and free as if he had just been to confession. Reverie and remorse, doubt and desire, had each found its fit and lasting place. The Cathedral was built. Already the last work-thoughts were leaving their labors. In the close, which was silent at last, the architect awaited the first of the faithful. His past was no longer within him, but before him. He saw that it was good, as he gazed on it with languid triumph and dreamed of the new life he could begin.

The book would not be put on sale till the time of the Leipzig Fair, but the author must first, at least, send it to Charlotte. He often tried to picture her reading it. Perhaps she would begin *Werther* at night, in her bed, when her swelling breasts would lift the counterpane; perhaps sitting in a chair across from Kestner, who, a little jealous, would study her expression unobserved. For the first time she would know what Goethe's love had been. Doubtless she would blush when she reached the passion of the end —

those furious kisses which she had never got from him and which now, by means of an art almost magical, he could imprint upon her lips. . . . And dear Max Brentano? She too would doubtless ponder long.

As soon as the first copies came from the printer, he made a package of two, one for Charlotte and one for Kestner. 'Lotte,' he wrote, 'when you read this little book you can guess how dear it is to me; this copy is as precious as if it were the only one in the world. It is for you, Lotte. I have kissed it a hundred times; I have sealed it that no one but you may touch it. Ah, Lotte! . . . I hope that you and Kestner read it separately, and that each of you sends me a line. Lotte, Lotte, farewell.'

Kestner and his wife smiled and proceeded to obey. Each took one of the little volumes and opened it with a loving eagerness.

Charlotte was a little uneasy. She knew Goethe's fiery nature and dislike of control, whether by himself or by the useful laws of society. In real life his fear of committing himself, of becoming involved, had usually pent in the brimstone torrent before it was too late. But what would Goethe be untrammeled?

With the very first pages she foresaw that the test would be hard for her husband. The scene at the dance, so simple in the event, had here somehow assumed a tone of passionate sensuality: 'To hold in my arms that most charming of beings! To fly with her like the storm! To see everything fade and vanish about me! To feel! . . . I swore then that the woman I loved should waltz only with me, at the risk of my life! You understand.'

Charlotte paused thoughtfully. Candidly, she had known from the first that Goethe loved her in that way. The idea had glided into the depths of her consciousness, but she had firmly locked it there, and long ago had succeeded in forgetting its indiscreet and restless presence. Yet the memory was there, for, as she read, Charlotte suffered a sweet, a troublous reminiscence.

She reached the passage: 'Ah, what flames course through my veins when by chance my finger meets hers, or our feet touch beneath the table. I fly as if from fire, but a secret impulse draws me back. Dizziness lays hold on me, and trouble is in my soul. Ah, her innocence and purity do not let her guess how the least touch of intimacy tortures me! When, as she speaks, she lays her hand on mine . . .' Charlotte set down the book and thought for a while. Had she been wholly innocent? Had she not always, in moments like that, fathomed the trouble of Goethe? Had it not stirred her deliciously? Even now did not an illogical delight steal over her as she read? She rebuked her coquetry. She looked across at her husband, who skimmed the pages of the little book with a dark and worried gaze.

After a short time he too glanced up, and asked what she thought. He seemed stiff and angry. 'It is unworthy,' he said impressively. 'Goethe draws characters who at first are like us; then somehow he transforms them to falseness and fancy. Who is this sentimental Lotte forever weeping over Werther's hand? Have you ever gazed at the heavens and exclaimed, "O Klopstock!" Worst of all, to a young man you had just met? . . . It is hard to imagine you in the rôle. Ah, I see now that Goethe never understood your charm. Only I, Charlotte, only I. . . . What is lovable in you is that gay and natural dignity which forbids every thought of evil. . . . But he — why, he has spoiled even his own portrait! The real Goethe behaved far better than Werther. During those four months there was something noble and generous in our friendship, but he

could not express it. . . . And as for me, whom he makes so insensitive; me, whose heart "does not beat in sympathy to a noble book" — am I really so cold? Ah! I am sure that if I had had to lose you, Lotte, it is I who should have been Werther.'

At that the couple approached each other. A scene of conjugal tenderness ensued which perhaps was hardly what the author would have wished. It was side by side, holding one another's hands, that they finished the novel together. Kestner, at least, ended the reading in a burst of anger. To disguise their simple and straightforward story as a tragic adventure struck him as nothing short of monstrous. Yes, this hybrid of Goethe and Jerusalem was some double-headed monster. Doubtless, too, Kestner saw that the last meeting of Werther and his beloved was taken whole from the letter he had written Goethe about Jerusalem's death. But when he recognized a heroine named Lotte, who had begun with the character of his Lotte, he suffered as if some sottish painter had chosen the face and body of his wife for the subject of an obscene picture.

Charlotte, to tell the truth, was more affected than angry, but she could understand her husband's feelings and agreed with him for the sake of calm. Besides, she shared his fear. What would the neighbors say? All their friends, in Wetzlar and even in Hanover, could not fail to recognize them. How could they explain which parts of the book were copied from them and which were not? How could they escape a gossip which would be malicious, but natural after all? Had they been clear-headed they would have foreseen that the vast ocean of human indifference and forgetfulness would swallow in half a year the adventure that seemed so momentous. But Wisdom and Sorrow are seldom bedfellows. Their happy and secluded life seemed forever spoiled by the indiscretion of their friend.

V

The next day Kestner wrote Goethe a severe and dissatisfied letter: —

> It is true that into each character you have woven something alien to him, and that you have joined several in one. That is very good. But, if you had heeded your heart in that weaving and mixing, the originals whose traits you have borrowed would not have been prostituted as they are. You wished to copy nature to make your picture real, but you brought together so many contradictions that you have missed your aim. . . . The true Lotte would be most unhappy if she resembled yours. . . . And Lotte's husband, whom you called your friend — and God knows he was — feels as she does.
>
> What a wretched creature your Albert is! . . . If he had to be mediocre, must you have made such a sot in order to triumph over him yourself and cry, 'What a fine fellow I am!'

For several days Goethe had been impatiently waiting for the verdict of Kestner and Lotte. He hoped for two long and enthusiastic letters, for lists of the passages that had specially moved them, for quotations perhaps, perhaps for the recalling of episodes he had forgotten or neglected. Happily and eagerly he broke the seal, only to be stupefied by that acid condemnation. 'What?' he thought. 'Is it possible that an intelligent man can understand so little what a book should be? Why does he wish Werther to be Goethe? On the contrary, it was necessary to kill Werther before creating Goethe. I may have had some traits of Werther, but I was saved in the crisis by that quality we call decision. Omit Goethe's will and you have Werther left. Omit imagination and you have Albert. Why does he say my Albert is "wretched"?

Why should I have made Albert unworthy? The beauty of my subject is that Werther and Albert, though they are rivals, are equal. Besides, why does Kestner assume that he is Albert? Does he think I cannot find a reasonable man within myself?'

The more he reflected, the more he reread Kestner's letters, the less he understood and the more his bewilderment grew. Yet he hated to think he had hurt his friends. For a long time he sought a way to appease them. But what could he do? Hold back his novel? He had not the courage: —

My dear displeased friends: I must write you at once to ease my heart. The deed is done, the book is out, so forgive me if you can. Do not write me till events have proved how exaggerated your fears are, and until you are able to see the mixture of fact and fiction that the book contains. . . . And now, my dearest friends, when you feel your anger mount, remember, only remember, that your old Goethe is devoted to you forever and ever and more than ever.

As they had expected, when the book was published the Kestners were asked questions and given sympathy. Lotte's brother, Hans Buff, sent them the verdict of the Teutonic Headquarters. There, at least, everyone knew Goethe, and the sorrows of the young Werther had met with brilliant success as a farce. 'By the way,' wrote Hans, 'have you read *Werther?* There is a curious spectacle here. There are only two copies in town and, as everyone is anxious to read them, everyone steals as best he can. Last evening Papa, Caroline, Lele, Wilhelm, and I read together from a single copy. We tore off the binding; each section went through five pairs of hands. . . . Poor Werther! We laughed heartily as we read it. Did he laugh too when he wrote it?'

Kestner had to swear to the importunate friends who sent their sympathy that his household was exemplary, that his wife had always loved him, that Goethe had never dreamed of suicide, and that a novel was a novel. Finally Charlotte persuaded him to write Goethe a letter of absolution.

But a pardon was nothing. The young author was intoxicated. All Germany was shedding tears for Werther's fate. The young men wore his blue jacket, his yellow waistcoat, and his brown-topped boots. The girls copied Charlotte's gowns, especially the pink-beribboned one of her first meeting with her friend. In every garden the sensitive built little antique monuments to Werther's memory. Climbing plants twined round Wertherian urns. Songs and poems were written about him. Even the French, who were so apt to be scornful, hailed this disciple of Rousseau. Since *La nouvelle Héloïse* no work of the intellect had moved Europe to such an extent.

Goethe answered in a tone which was hardly repentant: —

O ye of little faith! If you could feel the thousandth part of what Werther means to thousands of hearts, you would not even think of the sacrifice you have made to him. . . . To save my life, I would not suppress Werther. Believe me, Kestner, believe me, your doubts and dreads will fade like phantoms of the night. If you are generous, and do not torment me, I will send you letters, tears and sighs for Werther, and, if you have confidence, trust that all will turn out well and that gossip is meaningless. Lotte, farewell; Kestner, love me and trouble me no more.

After this his correspondence with the Kestners became most infrequent.

Embalmed, encased forever in his periods, they had lost most of their reality for him. Once a year, for a long time, he wrote them letters which began 'My dear children' and asked for news of an ever-growing family.

In 1816, Frau Sekretärin Kestner, a widow fifty-nine years old, ugly but pleasant and cheerful, paid a visit to His Excellency Minister of State von Goethe at Weimar. She hoped that the great man could be of service to her sons, August and Theodore, but especially to Theodore, who was going to devote himself to science.

She found an old man, polite but bored, in whose features she sought in vain the face of the young madman of Wetzlar, whom 'one was forced to love.' The conversation was halting. Goethe, not knowing what to say, showed her his engravings and dried plants. They read in each other's eyes surprise and disillusion. Finally the Minister offered the old lady his own box at the theatre, but begged her to excuse him for being unable to escort her. As she went out, she thought: 'If I had happened to meet him without knowing his name, he would have made no impression on me.'

The truth was that Doctor Goethe had died long ago; Fräulein Lotte Buff, who had been so fond of dancing and moonlight walks, was dead too. Of all the characters in that story only one was still alive, and he was the sorrowful Werther.

THE FALLACIOUS PROPAGANDA FOR BIRTH CONTROL

BY LOUIS I. DUBLIN

THERE has never been a time when the problem of population has received more attention than now. It is on everyone's tongue. In one phase or another, it is constantly the subject for discussion among individuals, for legislative consideration by Congress, and even for international interchange and agreement between nations. Largely in response to this increasing popular interest, a succession of scholarly and stimulating books on population have recently followed one another in England and the United States, all of them urging upon intelligent people the necessity for constructive thinking on a population programme.

It is not difficult to explain the current vogue. The Great War itself was, in a sense, an expression of the population problem as it confronted the nations of Europe eleven years ago. The crowding of the peoples of Germany and Austria was undoubtedly one of the underlying causes of the war. Each country believed it needed more room for expansion, and desired additional markets and colonies where its surplus people could be accommodated and food raised for the use of the homeland. During the war, and in the succeeding years, a flood of nationalist feeling was unloosed in each belligerent country, stimulated by a type of population propaganda which glorifies one's own people, but always at the expense of the enemy and even of the neutrals. Even at this time the population problem transcends all others; but the consideration it is receiving is not particularly sound or conducive to the happiness or prosperity of the nations or the peace of the world.

I

In our own country, intense nationalist feeling has fairly run away with us and has been particularly misdirected. It has expressed itself primarily in two movements: first, the Ku Klux Klan; second, the new immigration policy. Both appeal to a great number of native Americans in all parts of the country and may be summed up in the slogan, 'America for Americans.' What underlies these phenomena is, first of all, a distrust of the newcomer, resentment at his success, and the fear engendered by his greater fertility and rapid increase in numbers after his arrival. The adherents of the Klan see themselves losing control of the country. Their formation of an organized group, then, is really the expression of a defense reaction to the passing away of power from their hands and its concentration in those of aliens whom they consider inferior, or, in any case, unable to conduct properly the affairs of the country. Essentially the same reasoning is at the bottom of the new immigration law, which admits into the country only a limited number of aliens selected from the few countries whose peoples and standards of life most closely resemble our own. The stream of papers and books in recent years which has centred around and supported the Nordic myth is simply an effort to give the appearance of science to what is fundamentally an expression of unreasoned prejudice.

Such sentiments and passions, however, may be allowed to run their course. They will soon give way to better judgment. The extravagances of the Ku Klux Klan propaganda have already abated, and we are probably through with the worst phases of this queer phenomenon. The immigration restrictions, on the other hand, are of a different nature. These appear to have been based upon a scientific assumption — namely, that the country was rapidly reaching the saturation point. More than one writer has been sounding an alarm that America is rapidly becoming overpopulated and that, if we are to maintain our high standards of living and avoid the troubles of the rest of the world, we must keep our population down. They have been fearful lest the future growth of the country keep pace with the increase of past decades and tax our natural resources to the limit. They have, therefore, urged the most drastic limitation of immigration and have encouraged even a further restriction of our own fecundity. Such an assumption must be subjected to examination and criticism.

The fact upon which these fears are grounded is that we are increasing at the rate of a little over one per cent a year. Our birth-rates are still running as high as twenty-three per thousand per annum and our death-rates only about twelve, leaving a natural increase of eleven per thousand. If this rate were continued without let-up, our population would double in about sixty years even without any further additions from immigration. A population of more than two hundred millions by 1980 is too much, and all the horrors of overcrowding, of lower living-standards, and even of war with our neighbors, are conjured up to warn us against this horrible adventure. Careful study has convinced me, however, that there is really very little justification for this point of view. In spite of the crude figures of increase in recent decades, the American population has not been running wild, nor even approximately approaching the limit of its resources. We are to-day supporting only ninety persons per productive square mile of land, as against two hundred for France. If the density of the latter country per productive square mile

prevailed in the United States, the population would be two hundred and fifty millions. Yet France gives no impression of overpopulation. She is very well able to take care of herself, to supply her necessities of life, and even to export large quantities of goods to the outside world. To-day France has no unemployment problem and has, in fact, welcomed several million workers, especially from Italy and Poland, to her fields and factories. With our superior soil and incomparably richer natural resources in forests, coal, oil, and other minerals, we are as yet nowhere near the situation in which the quantity of our population need give us concern. The quality of our population is another question, and to that I shall refer later.

But I should point out that there is little, if any, immediate danger of our increasing our population to the density of that of France or of the other Western European countries. The time of rapid multiplication of our population has been left behind for good. Professor Willcox of Cornell University, from a critical analysis of American population statistics, infers that a natural decline in the native American birth-rate began as early as 1810 and that it has continued since that time. The decrease has been much more pronounced in recent decades. But this has received very little attention because its effects have been covered up, partly by an improvement in mortality and partly by the increases resulting from recent immigration. The increase in our numbers in the last half-century has been due in a large measure to immigration and to the results of immigration. In 1920, the foreign whites and their native offspring constituted 34.4 per cent of the population. Since 1900, over sixteen million foreigners have entered the country. These people are of fertile stock, accustomed for centuries to large families. They arrived here during their reproductive years, and they produced large numbers of offspring soon after their arrival. It is this which has given the appearance of rapid and healthy increase to our population figures, but few have analyzed them to their source or have attempted to understand the implications which are involved in them.

II

To-day the picture is on the way to being completely changed. The recent restrictions on immigration will take good care that our future increase of population, if there is one, shall not come from that alien source. More and more it will depend upon the excess of births over deaths in the native population. If present indications are any guide, the phenomenal growth of the past will never again be repeated. Already in 1920 the native stock residing in the urban areas was scarcely reproducing itself. The birth-rate of native Americans in our cities is among the lowest in the world. There are also clear indications that among the foreign stock the families become smaller in successive generations reared in the United States. With immigration restricted, and with the spread of American ideas and standards of life among the newcomers and their children, the birth-rate will decline to new minima. Professors Baber and Ross, investigating this subject among middle-class families of the present generation in the Middle West, found a shrinkage in family size from 5.4 to 3.3 children in the course of one generation. This is equivalent to a drop of 38 per cent in the number of offspring in the space of only a relatively few years. Others have found exactly the same situation in other localities. The tendency toward small families has apparently become a

fixed habit among the American people. Every population forecast that I know must, therefore, be revised with due regard to the declining fecundity of stocks now composing the American population. We must be prepared at a comparatively early date for a stationary population unless we completely change our present attitude toward the foreigner and his further entry into the country, and modify our approval of small families. Such a reversal is not likely to take place, because restriction in the number of children apparently offers many personal advantages and appeals to the average family, which is much more concerned with the immediate increase of its comfort than with abstract principles of obligation to country or to mankind in general.

It will clarify our discussion at this point if we consider the number of births that it requires, under present conditions of mortality, to keep our population stationary. According to the mortality and marital conditions prevailing in 1920, out of every thousand females born only 788 will eventually marry. In other words, we must count on 788 married women to give birth to a thousand daughters in order to replace the thousand from which they sprang. To put it another way, a thousand married women must have 1268 daughters to replace themselves and their unmarried sisters under present mortality conditions. Likewise, it can be shown that a thousand married men must be the fathers of 1350 sons in order to replace themselves. Combining our figures, we find that one thousand families, on the average, must have 2618 children, which means that each family must, on the average, during the reproductive period, produce 2.6 children to replace the original quota from which the parents sprang. Not all families have children, however; for, at the present time, about one marriage in six is either sterile or does not lead to live issue. The burden of childbearing, therefore, falls on the remaining wives, who must bring into the world an average of not 2.6, but 3.1 children. The family unit must, therefore, average 5.1 persons (including all the children born to fertile mothers, not merely the children living at any given moment). All groups of urban American families recently studied have shown that the average number of children born to a completed marriage is barely sufficient to maintain a stationary population. Only when the rural areas of the country are included do the figures show a substantial natural increase.

But even more disturbing is the fact that the rate of natural increase which we now have — namely, eleven per thousand per annum — is in the very nature of the case spurious and entirely temporary as an index of our true rate of growth. Our current methods of computing birth-rates, death-rates, and rates of natural increase on gross population are faulty and lead to grave error. Obviously such rates depend upon the character of the age distribution, and this is a shifting base. Dr. Lotka, the distinguished mathematician, and I have recently made an excursion into this field and have uncovered a number of highly interesting and even surprising situations. As the result of the higher birth-rates of past generations there is at the present time an abnormally large number of persons at the reproductive ages of life, and this tends to increase the current birth-rate. We have calculated what the present birth-rate would be if the age distribution at the reproductive ages were the result of a prolonged continuation of our present rate of procreation. The effect would be to reduce the figure from 23.4 per thousand, the present figure, to 20.9. In other words, what for

the time being maintains our birth-rate is not our inherently high reproductive vitality, but rather the fact that the surviving descendants of a more highly reproductive generation are to-day swelling the ranks of middle life and participating in parenthood. They thus lend a spurious appearance of vigorous growth to an otherwise meagrely reproducing population. At the same time a second result of this padding is to reduce the death-rate disproportionately, because the ages of early adult life have very low mortality rates. If the correction were made for an age distribution on the basis of the present life-table and the present rate of procreation, the death-rate, instead of being 12.4, as it is now, would become 15.3. The effect of these two corrections would be to reduce the rate of natural increase from 11 per thousand to only 5.5 per thousand per annum — that is, to reduce it to one half of its present value. This means that, aside from the transitory benefits of past high birth-rates which for a while we are still enjoying, we are actually increasing at the rate of only 5.5 per thousand per annum, instead of at a rate of 11 per thousand per annum.

Equally interesting is the result of our investigation into the effect of the recent improvement in mortality. The last five or ten years have seen a marked diminution in mortality rates, which has had the effect of increasing the rate of natural increase. If we should calculate the rate of natural increase of our population at our present rate of procreation and at the mortality rate of 1910, the result would be a rate of natural increase of only 3.6 per thousand per annum; and if we should go back to the mortality conditions of 1901 the present rate of procreation would barely keep us from the downgrade. The rate of natural increase would then be reduced virtually to zero. We should then have a condition of a stationary population. These figures bring home clearly how close to the danger line we are now going.

We must exercise particular care, as we approach the point of a stationary population, not to weaken its internal composition by increasing the proportion of defective and dependent stock. This is all the more important because a stationary population inevitably contains a relatively greater number of older persons than a growing population. The support of these more advanced age groups falls in part upon the young people, who must, therefore, face the prospect, in coming years, of carrying a greater burden than has fallen to their share in the past. The proportion of persons sixty-five years of age and over has been increasing in recent decades and is still going on. In 1900, persons at these ages constituted 4 per cent of the total population; in 1920, the proportion was 4.6. When the age distribution of our population settles down to that compatible with our existing powers of reproduction and of survival, the proportion of such older persons will then be 9.4 per cent. If in the course of time the population is reduced to a stationary state, the proportion of persons over sixty-five years of age will be 10.5 per cent. We are thus confronted with a vicious circle; for the greater the burden placed on young people, the fewer will be their children, and this will mean still fewer young people at the reproductive period in the next generation. If a population can increase in a geometric ratio, it can also decrease in the same ratio. This is the real danger.

III

In the light of this situation, we can see how misdirected at this time is the propaganda for birth control which is

so active all over the country. Its advocates seem altogether to have missed the true state of affairs in our national economy. They have certainly erred in their assumption of a too rapid increase in our numbers and of a crowding on our natural resources. I am confident that they have based their recommendations on an emotional reaction and not on a careful scientific analysis of the facts. They have observed that there are poverty-stricken and diseased people, especially among unadjusted immigrants, whose families are far too large for their own good or for the good of the community in which they live. They have generalized on such observations, forgetting apparently that only a very small fraction of our people are in such wretched condition and that the great mass are normal, self-respecting folk who do not assume obligations beyond their ability to carry them out effectively. Nor do they appear to realize that even now the practice of contraception is very widespread. There is no other reasonable way to explain the rapid decline in the birth-rate in recent decades. Accurate figures are not at hand, but the most reliable indicate that the drop has been one third in about twenty years. Yet certain persons seem to look upon birth control as a new force which need only be generally applied to solve most of our present-day troubles. They forget that in one form or another birth control has been practised for a long time and has had an increasing vogue in all civilized countries — and, what makes it most unfortunate, especially among those who need it least. The studies of Katharine B. Davis, Professor Cattell, and others, demonstrate this fully. The reduction of the number of children through contraception is an established practice among city dwellers belonging to the salaried class and among those who are economically best off. Such activity is distinctly antisocial, for it enables selfish people to escape their responsibility, ultimately to their own detriment and to the injury of the State.

One would think from reading the literature of the Birth Control League that the matter of parenthood was entirely an individual affair. As one gentleman recently put it, 'I suit myself with regard to the number of my children. I owe the State nothing.' This attitude is obviously shortsighted and indefensible. It serves, however, to focus attention on the conflict between the immediate interests of the individual and the more permanent interests of the State. The average man or woman generally determines his or her personal conduct without much consideration for the good of the community. It is often pleasanter and always easier to keep the number of our dependents down to a minimum. But the logical consequence of such an attitude is nothing short of a challenge to the permanence of the State, and this is generally recognized. Society seeks to protect itself against such a contingency by expressing general disapproval of celibacy and proscribing the dissemination of birth-control practices. On the other hand, it recognizes the dignity of parenthood and, as a crudely constructive measure, it has recently begun to take into consideration the number of children in the family as an item in fixing the amount of taxes. This is but an initial step that the State must later extend to make more attractive to its people the obligation of parenthood. The State must insist on its perpetuation, and cannot condone or argue its own suicide. We may express our freedom as individuals only within the limitation that the continued existence of the State is assured.

The real trouble with the birth-control propagandists is that their solution

is altogether too simple. They have made the snap judgment that our present population contains too many people. Certainly they have not made a sound population analysis that would attempt to relate our present population structure to the natural resources of the country and to the efficiency with which we utilize our resources. These are highly technical matters that cannot be decided out of hand, not even by generous and high-minded people. The problem is, in fact, one of the most complex which confront the social scientist. Variety of opinion still prevails among serious students on virtually every aspect of the population question. There can, therefore, be no ready panacea. But, if there is no consensus of opinion on details, there is at least general agreement that the population problem can be attacked only through long and intensive study of our present composition, with due regard to the natural resources of the country, to our future immigration policy, to the organization of industry, the improvement of our channels of distribution, the training and direction of our labor supply, and a host of other factors which will determine the limits of our future population. How different is the attitude of the advocates of birth control, who, without any hesitation, have ascribed most of our social and economic troubles to overpopulation and have proceeded forthwith to remedy them by striking at the very root of our national life.

It is to be observed, by the way, that the birth-control propaganda has proceeded without much effort to prove the efficacy and the safety of the measures that have been urged on the public. The best medical opinion is still very uncertain as to the procedures recommended. The activity of the birth-control clinics has as yet resulted in very little data of a trustworthy character. Those who have studied the work of the birth-control clinics abroad have been unable to discover definitely approved methods in general use. But more vital is the question of safety. Are contraceptive practices, in fact, without hazard to those who indulge in them? Gynecologists and obstetricians of the highest standing have been very suspicious of some of the devices in use and have traced serious affections back to them. There is also the very strong possibility that such practices result in permanent sterility of young married women. I know nothing so tragic as the case of young people who avoid children in the first years of their married life only to find later that they cannot have them when they want them. The number of childless marriages is rapidly increasing to the point of becoming a prime social problem. Contraceptive practices among young people may have a good deal to do with it. And what is the usual effect on the spiritual life of those who, through continued control, keep their families down to a miserly minimum? This is probably the most serious single consequence of the current fashion: that it robs those who indulge in it of the greatest of all blessings and the source of deepest inspiration — namely, a family to provide for and to live for. They sacrifice their birthright, the greatest influence in character development, for what usually turns out to be a mess of pottage.

Those who engage in this propaganda should be urged to follow a more constructive programme. One should expect from such people a well-balanced theory of parenthood. Instead of limiting themselves entirely to arousing sympathy for those who have suffered from overlarge families, they should take up the other side of the picture and help to arouse public sentiment in favor of fairly good-sized families

among the rank and file of normal people. They should help to set the fashion, not for large families, — the day for that is over, — but for families of at least three children and as many more as can be readily and effectively taken care of.

The organization that is now, in my judgment, doing much harm can shift its emphasis from the dissemination of propaganda to the propagation of scientific research; and it would thereby greatly increase its usefulness. We need to-day more light on the problem of population. An organization dedicated to this subject could do no better than to encourage study and investigation of the various aspects of the problem in the spirit of science. Only through this means will a sound population policy be developed.

IV

Probably nothing that we can do will alter the tendency among the great mass of Americans to reduce the size of their families. Reproduction will, hereafter, be more and more determined by intelligence and restraint. Excessive breeding should receive scant approval anywhere. We must not aim, at this time, for numbers at the expense of quality, but rather seek to develop a well-organized and happy society. That is the objective which should animate every student of population, every statesman, and every thoughtful citizen. We must be careful, however, about the way we take to arrive at this goal. Merely wiping out our natural increase by the first means at hand will not do it. We must not substitute real and serious troubles of a new sort for minor and even imaginary old ones. We must not, above all, forget that population mistakes are not easily remedied; that when they are once made, and their effects have become visible, it is usually too late to correct them.

Thus far we have considered the quantitative aspect of the population problem. When we turn to the qualitative side of the question, there are just as many misconceptions rife in our current thinking. It has been fashionable in recent years to lament the nonfertility of the native stock and the fecundity of the newcomer. It has been assumed that those who arrived here earlier, and especially those of Nordic origin, are innately superior. A warning should be sounded against too ready acceptance of a theory that establishes sharp class-distinctions without sufficient scientific proof. Evidence is hardly sufficient at the present time to warrant the sweeping conclusion that certain racial elements in our national life are vastly superior to others.

Reflecting very much the same aristocratic bias is the current view, especially pronounced among biological writers on population, that the country is headed for disaster because of the greater fertility of the 'masses' as contrasted with that of the 'classes.' The literature associated with the eugenic movement has overstressed the dangers implied in the differential birth-rate. 'Beware of reproducing from mediocrity,' is the warning. There is often a thinly disguised plea for a race of supermen who, presumably, could spring only from the upper social and economic strata. The common man has little place in this scheme of things, although he does, after all, make up the bulk of the population.

This basic assumption should be thoroughly tested, even though its acceptance does flatter our self-esteem and reflect the paganism of our times. I seriously question its validity and consider this attitude a very crude and unjustified application of biological jargon to human life. Its chief defect

lies in its almost total disregard of the influence of environment and tradition on our conduct and achievement. It is, moreover, a direct challenge to our best ideals of democracy and religion. When we have eliminated the upper and the lower ten per cent of our population, there is not sufficient indication of serious differences in innate ability among the remaining eighty per cent to justify the current fears and warnings against their deliberate participation in parenthood. They are neither spectacularly able nor do they abound in defects. If they lack the brilliance that would single them out for special distinction, they have usually other compensating, valuable, and attractive qualities. They are just plain folk carrying on the world's work. We see on all sides clear evidence of the ability of ordinary people to give birth to children capable of the highest achievements, as opportunity and environment release their power. Our social organization, by its very complexities and the perfection of its mechanical foundations, is conducive to stimulating in men from all walks of life the innate abilities that in a less well-organized society might go to waste. Throughout all ages, the leaders of mankind have come predominantly from homes that at first sight seemed most unpromising and commonplace. Will not the leadership of the next generation come, as it always has in the past, from that source?

For these reasons I consider some of the newer tendencies in the development of the American population far from inimical to our institutions and to the best traditions of the country. The rather free fertility still prevailing among those who have recently arrived is not to be deplored. If we can be careful to control — or, better yet, entirely check — the reproduction of the unfit, we are in no danger of racial deterioration. There has always been a differential birth-rate, and a replacement of one group of people above by another equally good from below. In all ages men have raised themselves above their inherited station in life and have occupied the seats of the mighty left vacant by those considered their superiors, who have neglected or have been incapable of performing their highest obligation to society — namely, parenthood. We must in all fairness examine critically the current point of view and shift the emphasis in our population discussion from a glorification of the upper strata to a more generous recognition of the inherent worth of the great mass of mankind; and especially so if we, who consider ourselves superior, persist in celibacy or in virtual or approximate sterility.

WHEN CHICAGO WAS VERY YOUNG

BY LOUISE DE KOVEN BOWEN

I

BECAUSE my grandfather lived in Fort Dearborn and my mother was born within its palisades, I naturally heard, from my earliest childhood, many stories of that valiant band of settlers, traders, and soldiers who made their home in what was then a wilderness and who endured hardships and braved dangers in order that they might establish a settlement between the East and the Mississippi River.

My early imagination was caught by the stories of Mrs. La Compt, a most remarkable woman who came to Chicago during the latter part of the eighteenth century. She was married three times and lived until she was 109 years of age! Mrs. La Compt was a woman of great mentality and an extraordinary constitution; she was also possessed of wonderful courage. She had always been good friends with the Indians, speaking their language and developing a remarkable influence over the Pottawattomies. She would often be awakened in the dead of night by an Indian friend who would tell her that the Indians were contemplating an attack on the white people. Instead of seeking her own safety, she would always set out alone to meet the war party, and never failed to avert bloodshed. Sometimes the settlers would arm themselves and await the attack, and after two or three days they would see the hostile Indians approach with Mrs. La Compt at their head, their hideous war-paint changed to sombre black, to show their sorrow for having entertained evil designs against her friends. This all sounds too good to be true, but I believed it then and I have properly verified it since.

I was told that in 1803 troops from Detroit, under Captain Whistler, were ordered to Chicago. When they reached their destination they found a few traders and friendly Indians, and they determined to settle near the mouth of the river, which they found about ninety feet across, eighteen feet deep, and bordered by low banks covered with bushes. There was then a sand bar at the mouth of the river over which the troops walked dry-shod. A fort was built as soon as possible. The Indians seemed friendly, but bothered the soldiers greatly by their thieving. Many traders settled around the fort and exchanged liquor for furs, so that rum played a big part in the building of the fort just as it did later in its demolition.

All early Chicagoans know that Fort Dearborn was maintained in Chicago for nine years. It was a tedious life for the soldiers, with little excitement except an occasional scare from the Indians and the arrival of some vessel bringing supplies to the little group of soldiers and traders in the settlement. There was an abundance of game; deer were frequently seen swimming in the river and wolves were often heard howling at night.

The stories of the Indians were

scarcely more exciting than those I sometimes heard of the soldiers. The personnel of the army at this time was not of a very high type; drunkenness was common and the usual punishment was a certain number of lashes. Sometimes the culprit was forced to run the gauntlet between two rows of soldiers, both ranks striking at the same time. Sometimes he had his head shaved and a bottle tied around his neck, and was drummed out of the settlement to the tune of the Rogue's March.

In 1810, years before my grandfather came to Illinois, Nathan Heald succeeded Whistler at Fort Dearborn; he married in Louisville and brought his wife to the Fort on horseback, accompanied by her black slave-girl, the first slave owned in Chicago. When the War of 1812 with the British was at its height, hostile bands of Indians were so numerous that Captain Heald received orders to evacuate Fort Dearborn and go to Detroit. These orders he was loath to obey, as the Fort was well provisioned and he felt it could hold out a long time, while if it were abandoned its inmates would not have a chance of reaching a place of safety, as the country was filled with Indians, many of whom were crazed with liquor sold them by the white traders.

Captain Heald, however, was a soldier and trained to obey orders. To help the little garrison, the Government sent him thirty Indian warriors under the command of Captain William Wells, a famous scout for whom our Wells Street is named.

Captain Heald ordered all liquor in the Fort to be destroyed, and this is said to have been one of the causes of the massacre the following day. All preparations being now completed for the evacuation, there issued forth the most forlorn little procession Michigan Avenue has perhaps ever seen. First came the Commander and some of the friendly Indians with their scout leader, then the militia, then Captain Heald's wife and the wife of the lieutenant, on horseback; then the women and children in wagons surrounded by the soldiers, while friendly Indians guarded the rear. The party went south on Michigan Avenue, at that time a sandy beach with sand dunes on the western side and the lake coming up to the roadway, until they reached what is now known as Eighteenth Street. Then Captain Wells, who had gone ahead, was seen coming back, waving his hat in the direction of the west, and peering out from behind sand dunes could be seen the heads of Indians, who swooped down on the little party. The friendly Indians immediately deserted; the children and some of the women were killed at once. Captain Wells fought so bravely that after his death the Indians cut out his heart and ate it, which was the greatest compliment they could pay him. Captain Heald finally surrendered on condition that the prisoners should be spared. Many of these prisoners were tortured, however, some being burned at the stake; nine men were taken prisoner and kept as servants until two years later, when they were sold to some traders and liberated. One of these men was named Joseph Bowen; he was, however, not related to my husband.

The story of one of the men who survived the massacre is interesting. His name was David Kennison. After the massacre his skull was crushed by a falling tree; later he had a bad fall and broke his collar bone and two ribs; the discharge of a faulty cannon broke both his legs; a horse kicked him in the face and smashed in his forehead. Nevertheless he survived all these injuries, was married four times, and had twenty-two children. The last two years of his life he entered a museum, as he felt that his many adventures

made him an object of interest, and his pension was not enough for him to live on. He died in 1852 at the age of 115 years, in full possession of all his faculties. He was buried in Lincoln Park and, when most of the bodies buried there were moved, his was not disturbed. In 1905 a monument was erected over his grave by some patriotic societies.

In 1815 an expedition was sent out to reëstablish Fort Dearborn, and the Fort was occupied off and on until 1832, when it again housed a garrison. This was the time of the Black Hawk War, and the Fort was crowded with settlers who had taken refuge there, something like two hundred people being housed under its hospitable roof. About 1835 my grandfather, Edward H. Hadduck, came to Chicago in charge of $200,000 which he brought in a prairie-schooner wagon from Detroit to Chicago. This money was to be used to pay the Indians for certain obligations which the Government had incurred. When my grandfather reached Chicago he saw so many possibilities for a young man that he immediately returned to Ohio, married my grandmother, and brought her to Chicago. They were obliged to take refuge in the Fort, and I have often heard my grandmother tell of the trials of living in the same room with fifty other people; of how difficult it was to get water, and how she had to sneak out of the Fort down to the river, to avoid the Indians, of whom she was very much afraid.

Help finally came from the East, but the garrison had hardly settled down before cholera broke out and many people died. From this time Chicago forged steadily ahead. Her position at the foot of Lake Michigan on the great highway of trade secured her commercial advantages which no other city could rival.

II

I became so familiar with the stories of these early days that it is difficult to disentangle them from my actual experiences, but my earliest recollections are clustered around an old-fashioned red-brick house belonging to my grandfather, which was set far back from the road on the corner of Wabash Avenue and Monroe Street. There were shade trees in front of the house, and a broad strip of greensward between the house and the roadway. This road was made of good black prairie soil. When muddy it was almost impassable, and when dry there were huge ruts in it which shook up everyone who drove over them. At one time there was a hole in the road opposite our front door and two boards were stuck in it, on one of which was roughly scrawled: 'No bottom here; good road to China.'

When my grandfather built this new house and moved from his Lake Street residence, the neighbors all regretted that he and my grandmother were to live so far out of town, where it would be difficult to meet in the evenings for the parties they so often enjoyed together.

The house itself was big and roomy. The front door, on Wabash Avenue, was opened only twice a day — once when my grandfather went to his mill in the morning and once when he returned at night. He had a partiality for that door and refused to use the side door, which stood unlatched during the day for the use of the other members of the family.

I always met my grandfather when he came home at night. He was an interesting figure, wearing black broadcloth clothes, with a high collar, an old-fashioned black stock, and, alas, a large diamond solitaire in his shirt-front. His high hat was always shiny, as well as his right coat-sleeve, which

served instead of a hat brush. When he came home at night he was all covered with white dust from his mill, and I used to get a brush to help him leave this dust on the doormat rather than in the immaculate hall. I can see him now, putting his head in at the door and calling to me; as I came running down the stairs he would take off his tall hat, which contained papers of all descriptions, — leases, deeds, mortgages, bank notes, even the morning paper, — and usually something he had brought home for me. I used to say to him, 'Grandfather, how do you manage to get your hat off when you see a lady on the street?' He would chuckle and reply, 'Oh, I just shake the brim of it a little.' When I said, 'Why don't you carry your money in your pocket?' he would answer, 'My dear, your grandmother does not like to see me with my pockets bulging.'

One time, when my grandfather climbed a ladder to look at a new building belonging to him which was in process of erection, he lost his balance and fell from the second story to the ground. He was picked up unconscious, with the tall hat, full of papers, crushed down over his head; but after it was pried off he was found to be unhurt except for a slight cut. The tall hat had saved his life, and in commenting on it afterward he said to me quizzically, 'My dear, always wear a stiff hat when you climb a ladder.'

On another day he came back from town and, taking off his tall hat, said: 'I sold the corner of Washington Street and Wabash Avenue [where Marshall Field and Company now stands] for a good sum, and I am going to divide it between you and your mother.' With that he pulled out bank notes and checks and made a fair division. This was the first money I ever had, and it gave me an income of $5000 a year that I was allowed to spend as I chose.

To the right of the front hall in the red-brick house was a huge parlor, which was kept shut except on rare occasions when we had a party. It had huge mirrors at either end, and the chairs were shrouded in sheets. The carpet was a wonderful study in green and white, representing an African jungle where, underneath obese bananas, succulent pineapples, and waving palms, little lambs played with snakes, and ladylike lions sat down with the lambs.

A little marble-top table, on which reposed the family Bible, stood in the middle of the room, and on Sundays, when I was good, I was shown the awful pictures in this holy book and told of the horrible fate awaiting those who wandered from the straight path. There were also whatnots and *étagères* about the room, filled with ugly bric-a-brac of every description, and on the mantel, between two candlesticks, stood a glass-covered monstrosity of wax flowers. I remember going into this room one day on tiptoe to see what it really looked like, when suddenly I saw another figure advancing toward me. I gave a scream and rushed for the door, upsetting on the way a statuette of the Prodigal Son, and flung myself into the arms of a small cousin who had come to spend the day with me. As a result of this encounter my cousin's front teeth found my forehead very hard, the teeth were picked up from the carpet, and I was borne bleeding from the room, only to be reproved later for playing in the front parlor.

In those days I was a pale, anæmic-looking little child, a fit subject for a nutrition class. I used to go about with a book under my arm called *Reading without Tears*, which belied its title, for I wept copiously over it every day.

As I suffered much from earache and sore throat, I usually had a hot onion tied over one ear, or a piece of raw salt pork around my throat. I hated myself because I smelt of onions and meat, and seriously considered suicide in the cistern. Possibly one reason for my poor health might be traced to our dark cellar where, on a high shelf, was crock after crock of different kinds of pickles, all of which I sampled every day.

I used to play in front of the house a great deal, because the open air was thought to be good for me. Across Monroe Street was an old garden belonging to Mr. Eli B. Williams. It had all kinds of fruit in it, and, though I was never invited to pick this fruit, there were occasions when I visited the garden uninvited and partook lavishly of gooseberries. I remember one occasion in particular when I almost stripped the gooseberry bushes and immediately afterward drank nearly a pint of cream that I stole from our cellar. The result was so very disastrous that I never visited the garden again.

We kept a cow, and one of my chief amusements was helping the hired man drive this cow up Wabash Avenue every morning to a vacant lot on Adams Street, where the cow ate heartily most of the day, coming home only in time to be milked. I can well remember, when this lot was afterward built upon, my grandmother complaining bitterly that the city was making no provision for the feeding of the cows of its citizens. 'What are we to do for milk if our cows cannot get fresh food?' she said.

Adams Street was then so far out of town that one adventurous pioneer who had built his house there faced it north so that he could look toward the town and see the lights at night, and not feel lonely.

III

In these early days the cattle for the stockyards were unloaded at the Randolph Street Station of the Illinois Central Railroad and were often driven through the streets to the yards. Michigan Avenue was not much more than a sandy beach, and as Wabash Avenue was a harder and better roadway the cattle were frequently driven down it. Sometimes the steers would become frightened and would rush from one side of the street to the other, coming up on the sidewalk and imperiling the passers-by. Many a time I have quickly climbed over the low iron fence around my grandfather's yard in order to get away from the frightened beasts. Indeed, the streets were not much safer sixty years ago than they are today, although the dangers were slightly different.

Walking along Wabash Avenue one morning, I heard a great outcry and was suddenly seized by a man who, carrying me in his arms, rushed up the steps of a house, ran into the vestibule, and shut the outside door. I immediately began to kick and scream, and kept it up until he said: 'Be quiet, you little fool! There is a mad dog out there!' And sure enough, a large mad dog, foaming at the mouth, ran past. I remember another innocent-looking, worn-out dog that took refuge on our front porch and, for some reason, was supposed to be mad. There was an old saying at that time to the effect that if a dog did not like cold water it was surely mad. We did not dare to open the door to throw the water, but my mother pulled the window down from the top, filled a dishpan with cold water, and, mounting a stepladder, dumped the water unceremoniously on the head of the unoffending dog. He naturally snarled his disapprobation at this Niagara and fled to another

part of the porch, while the whole family solemnly asserted that the dog was surely mad because it did not like water. I was dispatched out the back door to the nearest police-station to get an officer; he came, and perpetrated what remains in my mind to this day as a brutal, cold-blooded murder.

Another day, while I was walking with a child on Congress Street, just opposite the present Auditorium Hotel, an infuriated bull came rushing up the street. I saw him in time and managed to scramble over the fence, but my companion was hastily tossed into the yard belonging to Mrs. L. Z. Leiter, who took us in and comforted us, our feelings and our clothes being somewhat torn by the encounter.

We were country folks in those days and often went for all-day picnics to the old Gage Farm on Michigan Avenue near Sixteenth Street. It was a day's outing to get down there and back, and it took a long time to drive through the sand on Michigan Avenue. We were often bothered by what we called 'greenheads,' large black flies with green heads which drove the horses and even the people nearly wild. I remember our horse wore a black-rubber net which shook as he moved, and I covered my head with the lap robe to keep from being stung. As we slowly drove our horse and buggy my grandmother would tell me stories of the early days in Chicago when she lived in the Fort and used to ferry herself across the Chicago River on a little flat boat propelled by the passenger, who pulled a rope stretched across the river. She would tell me how she used to go to the North Side to pick blueberries; how oftentimes she would hear an Indian coming and would crouch down beside the bushes until he had passed. Then there were thrilling tales of Indian massacres and of her experiences when the Indians bombarded the Fort, shooting flaming arrows into it and attempting to set it on fire, and of how happy the beleaguered were when the scout, who had been sent out to get help, returned with soldiers, and the Indians were dispersed.

She told me of her first house on Michigan Avenue near South Water Street; of how convenient it was — she actually had a sink, and the water ran away in it. The lake was n't far off, and all she had to do to get water was just to take two pails across the road and dip water out of the lake. She said, 'It was like playing at housekeeping to have everything made so easy!'

She would point out to me, as we drove around in our buggy, the prairie-schooner wagons, which were often seen on our streets, and she would tell how my grandfather had come to Ohio for her in one of these wagons, and brought her all the way to Chicago; of what a lovely drive it was, although she sat with a loaded rifle across her knees. She told me of paying fashionable calls when she lived on Lake Street, and how the mud was so very deep that at times it was almost impossible to cross the street. When she first went there to live she would borrow a neighbor's ox-cart, which, when it had been thoroughly scrubbed and furnished with a plank for a seat, was backed up to the door. My grandmother and her friend, attired in clean calico dresses, would then mount the cart, take their seats on the plank, and be conveyed to the various houses where they were going to call.

When I was five years old we moved into a little house on Michigan Avenue just opposite Park Row. It was, of course, 'way out of town, too far out for me to go to Dearborn Seminary, which was where Marshall Field's Wabash Avenue store now stands, so I was sent to an old dame's school, half a block away from home, where

I endured a perfect purgatory. My seatmate — for we sat at double or 'intimate' desks — had epilepsy, and several times a week I would raise a shaking arm and say, 'Please, teacher, Belle is having a fit.' Poor Belle would then be pried off me, as she invariably clutched me around the neck, refusing to let go.

I went to this school at a time when every girl wanted to have curly hair; if nature had not so endowed her, she purchased her 'fringe,' as we called it, by the yard, — black or brown or red, as the occasion required, — and this fringe was sewed into her hat. I can remember seeing rows of these hats, with the hair sewed in them, hanging on the racks of the little coatroom.

Dearborn Seminary was later moved to Twenty-second Street and Wabash Avenue, and I used to drive there with my pony in a little low phaeton and put the trap in a near-by stable while I was at school.

When I graduated from this seat of learning in my sixteenth year, fully versed in all the isms, our graduation exercises were held in a large church. The twelve girls who stood highest in the class, attired in white-muslin dresses with blue sashes, read their graduation exercises from the platform to a large and appreciative audience of parents, admirers, and friends. I had composed a very elegant and artistic essay, rather foreign to my character, entitled, —

'Silently sat the artist alone,
Carving a Christ from an ivory bone.'

It began as follows: —

'The artist is king; he reigns over a mighty realm. His dominion is not bounded by earth or the stars. In his chariot of fancy, drawn by wingèd steeds, he travels through space, through cloud and sunshine, through light and darkness, until his object is attained; floods cannot drown, fires cannot burn his possessions. His title-deeds date from Adam. When God breathed into him the breath of life, then the grant was given to mortal man in dreams to see things invisible; in dreams to move and breathe and live a life which touches the Divine. All men are not given thus to live.'

Having soared around in the clouds and held communion with a few of the planets, I descended to earth, and, as I remember, the remainder of my essay was about the workingman and his difficulties. I considered the essay a work of art, but unfortunately my father would not permit me to be so unwomanly as to appear in a crowded church and take part in any graduation exercises. I was therefore not allowed to read my essay, but sat at the foot of the platform with those who stood lowest in the class, and listened to the oratorical flights of my more fortunate friends. It was no consolation that I had that morning been permitted to read my essay before the pupils of the school, for I felt they were not old enough to appreciate intelligently my flight into the realms of fancy.

IV

It has often been my bad fortune to have to collect money for charitable purposes here in Chicago, but I do not think I shall ever forget my first experience in begging. A little girl walking down Michigan Avenue was crushed against a lamp-post by a runaway horse and her arm was broken. I was very much interested in the affair and, finding there was no money to pay the doctors, I started to raise fifty dollars. Going up and down Michigan Avenue, I inquired at each door for the lady of the house, — I knew almost all of them and they knew my family, — and then asked for fifty cents for the child. In almost all cases it was given to me; but

I shall never forget the hurt to my pride when one of the richest of Chicago women, living in what was then a marble palace, not only refused to give me the fifty cents, but upbraided me for begging at her door, literally driving me down her steps with rough words and rougher gestures. Even the fact that I was able to collect $57.50 never made up to me for this, my first rebuff.

Although I had graduated from Dearborn Seminary, I did not feel that my education was finished, and for the next two years I prescribed for myself a careful course of study which consisted in looking through the index of the Cyclopædia, finding the subjects which interested me, and studying them conscientiously. Although this study cannot be said to have been along any one line, it certainly gave me a broad outlook. About this time my education was also being completed in the arts and in fine handiwork. I was made to practise one hour a day at the piano and, after several years of study, was able to play 'Comin' through the Rye' and 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' I also took lessons in making wax flowers and became more or less proficient. My handiwork — large bouquets of roses, japonicas, camellias, and violets — was treasured by my parents, a glass case being put over each effort, which was then placed on the étagère. My fancy-work, when we were *en famille*, always consisted of hemming sheets and wash cloths. By the time I made my entry into society I was ignorant in everything and accomplished in nothing.

There were many evidences of culture in Chicago at this time. New York was regarded as the hub of the universe, and whenever our family went there we brought home something highly recommended to us. I remember when bronzes were in style we purchased a large bronze Pocahontas, too big for the little canoe in which she was seated. This large bronze for many years obscured the view of the street, as, according to the prevailing fashion, it was placed in our front window that it might be seen by all passers-by.

When I was a little girl Lake Michigan's waves lapped Michigan Avenue and there was a small breakwater just outside. We children used to walk on this breakwater; and once I fell into the lake and was fished out, a very cold and frightened little girl, by a bystander. But the worst fright of my life occurred one day when I was looking underneath the sidewalk in front of my house. At that time every sidewalk in Chicago was built on a level of its own. When you walked along the street you went up and down innumerable steps, and swept them neatly with the long trains that were then the fashion in street clothes. I often made journeys of exploration underneath these sidewalks, and one day I stumbled over something in the darkness. To my horror I found it was the body of a man. Later it turned out that he had been murdered. After that I kept to the open and left unexplored the intricate mazes of the streets under the sidewalks.

The horse-and-buggy was at this time the vehicle used by Chicago people for business, pleasure, or shopping. I remember my father telling me one Sunday that a new park had just been opened on the North Side, and he took my mother and me in the buggy to see it. It was called Lincoln Park. It had been a graveyard, and as we drove through it we saw countless open graves, with a piece here and there of a decayed coffin, and every now and then, on a pile of dirt, a bone, evidently dropped by those removing the bodies. The whole place looked as if the Judgment Day had come, the trumpets had sounded, and all the dead had arisen from their graves, dropping now and

then a little piece of their anatomy as they fled to Graceland or Rose Hill, where they again deposited themselves underground. I remember coming away from the Park thinking that never should I be tempted to seek it for pleasure; and in later years, when I pleaded with park trustees and officials to see that the Park was better lighted and more adequately policed because of the young people who frequented it, I often thought of my first glimpse of the place and the anything but pleasurable effect it produced upon my childish mind. Years after, when the house in which I now live was built, I can remember bones cropping up from the ground when the foundation was being dug. The site had been a burial ground, and the first maids who came to me in that house said they were very doubtful about coming lest the people who had been buried in the basement should rise and haunt them.

As we stand now on Astor Street, with its great shade-trees on either side and its beautiful houses, and look north toward Lincoln Park, we find it difficult to realize that this street was once only a sandy beach which had been used as a cemetery.

I have lived for thirty-two years in my house on this street. It is big and comfortable, with large rooms which have been used at various times for all kinds of meetings. The dining-room, which has a small platform at one end, has seen all kinds of gatherings, from Suffrage meetings, where we were urging women to join the Suffrage ranks, to neighborhood meetings, where we made appeals for the betterment of conditions in the ward.

This room has been used many times for dinners at which some scheme to benefit the city or county has been hatched out behind closed doors. When my friend, Mr. Alexander A. McCormick, was made President of the County Board, he told me that he was most anxious to appoint good people as heads of the various county departments, warden of the hospital, head of the social-service department, and so forth, and that if we could suggest good people he would appoint them. I immediately called together about twenty-five people, heads of settlements, men interested in civic affairs, social workers, and so forth, and we sat all one evening trying to think of good men and women for the various county positions. But in spite of our efforts we were unable to select people for many of the institutions, as the county did not pay a large enough salary to secure first-class men. I remember what difficulty we had in trying to think of a man to head the county hospital. Such a position required experience and a genius for organization, and we were obliged to confess that we had utterly failed to find, for the salary paid, anyone who could fill it.

Some of the plans which we formed at these dinners or meetings were announced at large meetings held later, and I have heard people say that they wondered where the plan originated — but no one ever gave us away.

When a group of representative citizens come together to use their influence for the making of public opinion, it is not so difficult to swing a new project or a reform after a certain number of people have been secured as its backers. Unfortunately, one has only a limited number of interested citizens on whom to call in matters of this kind — too many people are indifferent to civic affairs. They blame the administration if things go wrong, yet they take no part in the great business of guiding a democracy through its governmental machinery.

(*To be continued*)

THE GOLDEN ROOM

BY WILFRID GIBSON

Do you remember the still summer evening
When in the cosy cream-washed living-room
Of the Old Nailshop we all talked and laughed —
Our neighbors from the Gallows, Catherine
And Lascelles Abercrombie; Rupert Brooke;
Eleanor and Robert Frost, living awhile
At Little Iddens, who'd brought over with them
Helen and Edward Thomas? In the lamplight
We talked and laughed, but for the most part listened
While Robert Frost kept on and on and on
In his slow New England fashion for our delight,
Holding us with shrewd turns and racy quips,
And the rare twinkle of his grave blue eyes.

We sat there in the lamplight while the day
Died from rose-latticed casements, and the plovers
Called over the low meadows till the owls
Answered them from the elms; we sat and talked —
Now a quick flash from Abercrombie, now
A murmured dry half-heard aside from Thomas,
Now a clear laughing word from Brooke, and then
Again Frost's rich and ripe philosophy
That had the body and tang of good draught-cider
And poured as clear a stream.

'T was in July
Of nineteen-fourteen that we sat and talked;
Then August brought the war, and scattered us

Now on the crest of an Ægean Isle
Brooke sleeps and dreams of England. Thomas lies
'Neath Vimy Ridge where he among his fellows
Died just as life had touched his lips to song.

And nigh as ruthlessly has life divided
Us who survive, for Abercrombie toils
In a black Northern town beneath the glower
Of hanging smoke, and in America
Frost farms once more, and far from the Old Nailshop
We sojourn by the Western sea.
And yet
Was it for nothing that the little room
All golden in the lamplight thrilled with golden
Laughter from hearts of friends that summer night?
Darkness has fallen on it, and the shadow
May never more be lifted from the hearts
That went through those black years of death, and live.

And still, whenever men and women gather
For talk and laughter on a summer night,
Shall not that lamp rekindle, and the room
Glow once again alive with light and laughter,
And like a singing star in time's abyss
Burn golden-hearted through oblivion?

TRAVAILS WITH A DONKEY

BY CAROL HAYNES

It began in New York, in the home of Mrs. B——, whose hospitality I was enjoying. I was on the eve of another visit to Haiti in order to acquire inspiration and malaria, and, in response to Mrs. B——'s request to tell her something of that fascinating and little-known country, I told her about the donkeys — or *bourriques*, as the natives call them. During my last stay in that land, where tom-toms throb at night, and odors of refuse mingle with the fragrance of frangipani, the donkeys had interested me far more than the Haitians.

I described them to my hostess: little gray beasts with sorrowful eyes, patiently picking their way along the tortuous mountain trails and dusty roads, with burdens three times their weight and size — the slaves of Haiti, without whose help the commerce of the country would come to a standstill, and yet how beaten and starved! Inspired by an attentive audience and Pommery sec (1911), I waxed eloquent and recited these verses: —

'Down from the hills in the morning
Where the trails are rocky and steep,
Past the low-thatched huts in the village
Where the naked brown babies creep;
With a load that would stagger a camel,
Sure-footed, steady, and meek,
Here he comes down to the market,
The good little gray bourrique.
Laden with goatskins and charcoal,
Coconuts, coffee, and cane,
With a green strap galling his belly,
With a torturing rope for a rein;
Burdened with baskets of mangoes
And casks full of taffia rum,
Here he comes down to the market:
Driven, and deviled, and dumb.
Fleabitten, famished, and faithful
(He 'll go without food for a week),
Here 's to the hero of Haiti:
The good little gray bourrique!'

Mrs. B—— was enchanted. What would she not give to be able to get a little Haitian bourrique! He would have nothing to do but take her children for rides, and when it was cold she could send him to her lovely farm in Virginia. 'How delightful,' she said, 'to watch him browsing there among those fields of peace and plenty and to know that one had rescued him from a life of toil!'

Fortune, I thought, had provided me with an opportunity to do Mrs. B—— a favor. I would send her a donkey from Haiti. What a delightful way of expressing appreciation! What an economical and easy way!

I returned to Port-au-Prince and established myself in a house which made up for its lack of conveniences by providing a breath-taking view of the bay, with a purple island hovering in the distance, like a fallen cloud. Before the tropical disease of putting things off had attacked me (would it had seized me on the day of my landing!) I remembered about the donkey and sent for Desty.

It is difficult to describe our relations — Desty's and mine. He had fallen into my hands — or rather I had fallen into his — when I first came to Haiti and he had told me that his name was Heureuse Destiné. He had stood before me, clad only in cotton trousers that clung to his lean hips in a puzzling

and altogether enviable fashion, and with melodious sentences he had convinced me that I would be nothing less than a fool if I did not avail myself of his services. I suppose I might have been called his employer, since I paid him for work which he rarely did. To a little shack behind my house he had brought his blanket, machete, gamecocks, and, as an afterthought, his wife and children — as uncertain about the number of this last-named possession as I was. Thereafter he sat in my yard beneath a mango tree, trimming the cocks' spurs, sorting coffee beans which his wife gathered and brought to him, or — but very seldom — cleaning my boots. If I wished to discourse about theology, if I desired to leave the common level and enter that rare atmosphere created by one whose simplicity of soul was coupled with an enviable flow of language, I had only to seek out Heureuse Destiné. How pleasant to see the smile which lit up his dusky face as a sudden light illumines a dark room, and what a privilege it was to associate with a mortal who was on such familiar terms with the Holy Occupants of Heaven that neither their exalted states nor their invisibility deterred him from including them in all discussions!

This, then, was the personage whom I entrusted with the task of purchasing a donkey for the charming Mrs. B——.

'I suppose,' said I to Desty, 'that I can buy one for about five dollars?'

He rolled his eyes toward Heaven. Ah, perhaps, if Madame wished a very wizened and sick little bourrique. But such a one as Madame undoubtedly desired would be dearer than that. He asked Saint Joseph if this were not true, and — after a pause which signified, I trust, a struggle with the saintly conscience — Saint Joseph evidently agreed with him, for he went on. He knew of a bourrique, he said, belonging to an old woman in the hills, an angel among bourriques and far too perfect to tread this dirty earth. He could not, of course, tell how much the old woman would ask for the animal, but as for himself, he would have to walk a great distance to make the purchase and that, of course —

'All right. I'll give you five dollars for the donkey and three dollars for your trouble, but mind — he must be a young animal and in good condition.'

'Eight dollars,' rejoined Desty, 'as the good God knows very well, will buy Madame a fine bourrique.'

When he returned that evening with the donkey, I thought he had brought me a jack rabbit.

'Why, he's nothing but ears!'

'He will grow up to his ears, Madame. Observe the fine, woolly coat.'

The fine, woolly coat did not deceive me. It was baby fuzz which the donkey was even then in the process of shedding, so that it gave him a moth-eaten appearance, and, as I ran my hand along his back and sides, I encountered terrifying depressions between sharp and bony promontories. However, I imagined that there was an appealing look in the soft brown eyes with which he sorrowfully and solemnly regarded me, so I decided to keep him and groom him and feed him, until he was fit to make the journey to the States. I directed Desty to tether him in the back yard and caused that philosopher no little disquietude by insisting that the donkey be brushed and curried every day.

In the silence of the tropic night I was awakened by a fearful sound beneath my bedroom window. Not until 'silence, like a poultice, came to heal the blows of sound' did I realize, sitting bolt upright in bed, whence this tumult had come. What, thought I, do people find to laugh at in the bray of a donkey? To me it is a heartbreaking sound —

a trumpet-call of distress, dying away in a diminuendo of despair; the cry of the most desolate animal in the world.

'He desires his *maman*,' said Desty the next day, as he tied a large rock to the poor beast's tail.

'Will you please tell me what you are doing that for?'

'Madame, with the rock holding down his tail he cannot bray.'

In the light of subsequent events, which totally destroyed my humane feelings toward that particular donkey, I am sorry that I forbade the experiment. It is not unlikely, also, that I might have discovered some heretofore unknown fact regarding the relation of a donkey's tail to his bray and might, at this moment, be writing an article for the Zoölogical Society instead of the present paper. You have only to watch a donkey braying to concede that an immovable tail would hamper him considerably.

But to return to our muttons, or rather to our bourrique. Despite the fact that a sum of money was given Desty each day for the purchase of grass and carrots, his charge apparently turned up his nose at such fare — at any rate, he did not fatten on it.

'If the good God wills it,' said Desty, 'I may prevail upon him to eat oats.'

In Haiti the feeding of oats to your horse is as much a matter of consequence as the feeding of gasoline to your motor, or the feeding of Chicago beef to yourself, for these imported articles of diet are costly. However, without demur I commissioned Desty to buy oats, and the results were astonishing. Not only was the bourrique prevailed upon to eat oats, but he was prevailed upon to consume such quantities that his feed bill, in no time at all, far exceeded his purchase cost.

I had a neighbor, an Englishman, who saw no good in anything in Haiti except the rum. It was, in fact, on account of the rum that he was living there. He pointed out to me one day that, while my donkey was undoubtedly growing fatter and stronger, by a singular coincidence the horse of Desty — a wretched, starving animal that bore its master bareback to and fro — was beginning to assume a more rounded appearance in the middle. Also the gamecocks, whose pugnacious qualities had, until now, been but poorly fostered upon fruit-skins, were strutting and crowing in a noticeable manner, and my neighbor insinuated that they were, in all probability, not feeling their oats — but mine.

I spoke to Desty — a little timidly, I confess — upon the subject, but, when he reproached me with a passage from the Bible and summoned three well-known saints on the spot to testify in his behalf, I positively blushed at my lack of confidence and beat a retreat to my study, pursued by words of undeniable eloquence and wisdom.

The donkey, I decided, was now ready to be shipped without danger of dying en route. So, having made arrangements for his departure, I cabled Mrs. B—— that I was sending a genuine Haitian bourrique on such and such a steamer and I hoped, when her children rode upon his little back, that she would remember with kindness her friend, and so forth. Thinking of the delight which this cable would bring to the B—— family in far-away New York, I went to bed and awoke the next morning to find that the donkey had disappeared. He had not strayed away of his own accord, for his rope was neatly sliced in two, and there was a distressing look of desolation about the place where he had lately been. Inquiries were made and Desty, on being summoned, broke into lamentations and Isaiah.

'I will shake the Heavens,' said Desty, 'and the earth shall move out

of her place, but I shall find for Madame the little bourrique.' I refused his request for money to lay at the feet of some patron saint in order to be assured of divine assistance in the search. However much I thought of the donkey, I said, I did not think it worth while to trouble the ears of Heaven about him, and thought I had made a fine speech. Desty looked at me pityingly. He did not answer, for his was a vast tolerance and he respected my peculiar notions; but how twisted my sense of values must have seemed to a man who would have readily exchanged any one of his children for a gamecock!

The steamer sailed without the donkey, but another steamer was leaving in two weeks, so I cabled Mrs. B—— again, and set out to buy another donkey. The streets of Port-au-Prince are filled with them. They block the crossings; they swarm across the Champ de Mars; they stand in solemn, fly-plagued groups about the market places, waiting the thwack upon the rump and the shrill 'La! Allez!' which sends them plodding on beneath another load. One supposes that one could go up to any ragged native and say: 'I wish to buy your animal — here is the money.' But donkeys are not to be bought that way in Haiti. In the first place, it is almost impossible to find one in full possession of all the parts belonging to him. (Haitian donkeys are like secondhand Fords in this respect.) Either one ear — or both — or the tail, for some mysterious reason, is missing. In the second place, the owner of a donkey, whether in whole or part, is unwilling to consider a sale. The matter looks fishy to him. Else why should you — wealthy, well-dressed foreigner that you are — descend from your automobile and desire to acquire a bourrique? No — better be on your way and stop trying to put something over on the suspicious Haitian, who has had enough to make him suspicious, goodness knows!

'I have seen a great many bourriques,' said I to my neighbor the Englishman, 'and I am convinced that the one stolen from me is the only one in Haiti with two whole ears and an unscarred hide. I'd give a good deal to get him back.'

'No use offering a reward. A Haitian won't bring anything back, even if he finds it, for fear he'll get locked up as the thief. Why not turn the whole affair over to the gendarmerie? It's marvelous the way they know how to handle the natives, and I'll wager they'll find your stolen donkey for you in no time. Only, knowing how squeamish you are, I'd advise you not to investigate their methods of procedure too closely. Give them plenty of cigarettes, and leave them to their own devices.'

Next morning, in response to my telephoned request, a squad of mounted gendarmes galloped into the yard, commanded by a sergeant who had doubtless won promotion through his ability to grow ferocious whiskers. What with pistols, sabre, and moustaches, he was one vast bristle. To him I explained my difficulties, while the soldiers lounged gracefully in their saddles, asking loudly and pointedly, from time to time, if anybody had any cigarettes. The sergeant asked me a number of irrelevant questions, and each time I answered he said, 'Ah-ha!' in a mysterious manner. Finally he sent for Desty and they engaged in a verbal duel which I was unable to follow, so rapid it was and so explosive. The final remark of Desty, however, delivered as the sergeant rehoisted himself into his saddle, was not lost upon me. I shall not repeat it here, but merely state, as a commentary upon discipline in the Haitian gendarmerie,

that the gendarmes laughed uproariously over the sally at their superior's expense. They left presently, after I had given each man a package of cigarettes.

'They are *pas bon*,' said Desty, watching as they galloped across my flower beds.

'They have assured me that they will recover my bourrique.'

'Ah, Madame shall see what she shall see.'

What I saw was a-plenty.

A little past noon, the cavalcade reappeared with sweat-lathered horses and a triumphant air. They were hustling along an old woman who was on foot and who was leading a decrepit female donkey. Arriving in my yard, the old woman sank down upon the steps. She was evidently in the last stages of exhaustion. And as for the donkey!

'Behold,' said the sergeant, looking as if he expected the croix de guerre, 'the woman who sold the bourrique to Madame, and behold the mother of the bourrique herself!'

'It is customary,' he explained, seeing my look of bewilderment, 'to sell something and then to come at night and take it away again. Therefore we have journeyed far and asked many questions in order to locate the one who sold the bourrique to Madame. But something has gone wrong, for this old woman seems to know nothing of the whereabouts of the bourrique; neither is it with the mother who bore it.'

'But why,' I cried in exasperation, 'have you brought them here?'

'So that Madame can plainly see that her animal is not with them.'

Just then the ancient donkey laid herself down quietly and expired without a groan. The woman began to weep and wring her hands. Her poor beast had been unaccustomed to such rapid travel. Where now would she find another to comfort her in her age and affliction?

'Quiet!' commanded the sergeant. 'You will have no need of such things in jail.'

Desty, appearing around a corner of the house, took in the situation at a glance.

'Madame,' said he with simple dignity, 'this old woman is my mother.'

I was more stricken with horror than ever.

'That is true,' sneered the sergeant, 'and now perhaps Madame wishes that we put you both in jail, eh? As for the old bourrique, she is already dead. So much the better for her.'

'You had better get out of here,' I said to the sergeant, 'or *you* 'll be dead. A fine mess you 've made of things!'

I was so angry that I spoke in English, which he did not understand; but my tone of voice and the manner in which I pointed to the gate needed no interpreting. However, instead of ordering his men to depart, he ordered them to help themselves to my bananas, which I had been guarding with great care and which were just then ready to gather. This order having been well carried out, the gendarmes departed, and not until the last hoof-beat had died away did the old woman's face lose its look of terror.

'*Ma mère*,' said Desty, 'this *gros blanc femme* does not desire that you be placed in the jail. Her heart is torn with sorrow over the loss of that so faithful bourrique which now lies dead before our eyes. She will assuredly buy you another animal.'

'Certainly,' I said, eagerly producing a bill.

'Furthermore,' said Desty, accepting the money for his mother with gratitude, 'you must return home, and if you have to walk any more you will die. Madame will provide something.'

'Certainly.'

He had a horse, he said, which his mother could ride and, affairs being as they were and Heaven witnessing, he would charge me no more than one dollar for the use of his horse.

Hearing them depart some time later, I was surprised, on looking out of the window, to see Desty upon the horse and his mother contentedly trudging along beside him.

'*C'est bien!*' he called to me gayly, for he was aware that I had odd notions regarding chivalry. 'It is well, Madame. We will take turns!'

During the week preceding the departure of the next steamer, I searched frantically for a bourrique. Having cabled Mrs. B—— that the shipping of her gift had been delayed, I could not consider disappointing her or her children a second time, and therefore I laid aside all my other work until I had accomplished that which I had set out to do. I grew less particular in my demands for donkey perfection and was even considering a slightly mangy animal with only half a tail when Desty informed me that he had heard of a bourrique in the country which was in excellent condition, and which could be bought immediately.

In desperation I filled the gas tank and, accompanied by Desty, drove my car out into the cactus wildernesses of Haiti. After losing the way and becoming so tightly stuck in the mud that I had to hire a passing team of oxen to haul us out, we arrived at our destination, a group of huts on the bank of a dry river-bed. The owners of these huts fled as soon as they caught sight of us, but, after boldly searching about, we discovered the bourrique tethered to what, with a stretch of the imagination, might have been called the front porch of a mud-and-bamboo residence. After repeated calls on the part of my companion, an old man came out from behind a poinsettia bush and greeted us. His hair and beard were braided in a peculiar fashion and I regret that I did not observe him more closely, for it is likely that he might have been a priest of the mysterious cult of vaudoux. But my attention was centred on the donkey. There was a familiar look about him.

'This animal,' said Desty, when he had talked for a time with the braided person, 'is for sale for eighteen dollars.'

I considered that an outlandish price, and said so.

'But if Madame will only recall how difficult it is to find a good bourrique. And if she will only regard the silken coat and magnificent ears of this one.'

I did regard them. The more I looked, the more positive I became that this was the very donkey that had been stolen from me — but how to prove it? There were the gendarmes, of course, and I did not doubt that I was in a perfect den of robbers, but I had had enough of gendarmes. So I separated myself from eighteen dollars, which Desty turned over to the old man, not forgetting to retain a certain sum that went into his own pocket. I did not see how much, but it looked like a good deal. It was his commission, he said.

By dint of much struggling, and a few unladylike words on my part, which I hope the pious Desty did not hear, we managed to shove the unwilling donkey into the car, where he balked in such a manner as to seat himself quite comfortably upon the rear seat, and from this position he surveyed the world in astonishment. Needless to say, we attracted a good deal of attention as we went along, and soon half the population of Port-au-Prince was joyously escorting us.

Deaf to the remarks in pungent Creole which were directed at me and which were not flattering, and blind to the gleeful hails of some acquaintances who considered themselves lucky

enough to be passing by at the time, I drove straight to the dock and had the satisfaction of seeing my donkey installed aboard the steamer, which was to sail that evening.

'Cheer up, old fellow,' I said as I left him, for he looked so dejected — at least I thought he did; 'you'll soon be where you'll live off the fat of the land.' He drew a long, shuddering breath and rolled his eyes at me.

On my way home I passed my neighbor, sitting on his front porch and staring sourly at the sunset. I told him that the donkey had sailed.

'Thank goodness, that's over! If I'd been told beforehand what a job it would be, I would n't have believed it.'

'Humph!' he answered, gulping down a glass of rum, 'where's your friend Desty?'

'He 's around somewhere.'

'He 's around, all right. He 's around a cockpit, betting his head off. Shrewd fellow, that! First, he steals a donkey from his mother which he sells to you for eight dollars. Then he steals it from you and you buy it back again for eighteen dollars. Twenty-six dollars; one hundred and thirty gourdes in Haitian money; more than five pounds in real money — not counting the oats. Pretty slick, what?'

'Perhaps. He may be a rascal as you say, but I don't know how I should have gone about proving it. What would you have done if you had been in my place?'

'Whaled the black hide off him the day the donkey disappeared — that's what I'd have done.'

'It's difficult,' I said, 'to treat him like an ordinary yard-boy. You see, he knows so many saints.'

'Bah! *Saints!*'

He did not even smile. I remembered suddenly that he was an Englishman.

Several weeks later I received a note from Mrs. B—— thanking me for the donkey, which had arrived safely and which she had immediately shipped to Virginia. It would be best to keep him there, she thought. She hoped I was well, and remained, she begged me to believe, still cordially mine.

It was not the letter of effusive thanks I had expected. Indeed, it struck me as being a little cold and unappreciative, though of course she was not aware of all the trouble I had taken with that gift which she had so lightly accepted and so briefly acknowledged. I was chagrined and disappointed. The more I thought of it — and one thinks of little things in the tropics until they grow to be enormous — the more I thought that Mrs. B—— was a graceless and ungrateful lady. I determined when next we met to inform her, in a laughing manner, of my vicissitudes, and I trusted that she would feel properly remorseful and rebuked.

When I returned to the States, the first thing I did was to take myself and my malaria to Hot Springs, Virginia.

Mrs. B——'s estate was near by and, although she was not there, I decided to ride over, a few days after my arrival, and pay respects to my old Haitian friend, the donkey.

The caretaker met me at the gate.

'Has Mrs. B—— got a donkey here?'

He reached for my bridle and nodded in a glum manner.

'I'd like to see him if you'll tell me where to look for him.'

'You 'll have no trouble finding him, ma'am, if you 'll wait a bit. He broadcasts himself regular. Listen!'

From an adjoining orchard came a sound which smote upon my ears and stirred my memory. We all, including the horse, turned our heads in the direction whence it came and waited in silence until the last painful note had died away.

'Did you ever hear the beat of that?'

demanded the caretaker. We walked slowly together toward the orchard.

'I'd like to poison him!' he continued. He chuckled disagreeably. 'And I know Master would like to poison the one that sent him up here.'

I tried to say something, but only succeeded in making a queer clucking noise, unnoticed by the caretaker, who launched upon what was, apparently, his favorite subject.

'You know where he come from, don't you? He come from Cuba, or Borneo, or some such South Ameriky place. Some fool woman — begging your pardon, ma'am —'

'Oh, that's all right,' I put in bravely; 'you need n't beg my pardon.'

'Well, anyways, that 's what Master called her. Some fool woman,' he repeated unnecessarily, and with relish, 'sent him up here trying to make out he was something onusual — like a unicorn, say — when he ain't nothing but the plumbest, ordinariest, lowdownest jackass ever I see.'

'But surely he has n't been much trouble to keep?'

'Trouble? There ain't been nothing but trouble since we heard of him. In the first place, it took a hundred dollars and a whole lot of pull to get him away from the docks in New York. They said he had hoof-and-mouth disease.'

'Hoof-and-mouth disease? Surely not!'

'Ah, well,' he rejoined cryptically, 'you wait an' see. What good is he anyhow? Look at him, the beast!'

I looked. Belly-deep in the sweet Virginia grass stood my Haitian bourrique. I should never have known him. Gone was the gaunt look; altogether vanished the humble demeanor. There was not a flicker of recognition in the cold eye which he turned upon me, as I climbed the fence and came toward him, holding out a coaxing hand as I used to do in the old days when a banana-skin had been a rare tidbit. As I drew near, he turned slowly and insolently about and presented his posterior. 'Mind yer eye!' called out a warning voice behind me. In the nick of time! A pair of vicious little hoofs struck the space where my head had lately been, and I set off for the fence as fast as I could go, pursued by a devil in the shape of a donkey — a gray whirlwind of gnashing teeth and flying feet.

'Tell me he has n't got hoof-and-mouth disease!' said the caretaker, trying not to show that he was enjoying himself. 'Bites and kicks — that 's what he does.'

'I don't suppose,' said I faintly from the vile dust from which I had sprung, 'that the children ride him at all?'

'I should say not! Think of sending that devil up here and saying he was for them little kids to ride! Disgraceful, I call it. Like to see her try to get on him once, would n't you?'

'No,' I replied, walking stiffly back to my horse, 'I should n't. What 's Mrs. B—— going to do with the donkey, do you know?'

'Give him back to that fool woman, Master says. Maybe she 'll enjoy being kicked. We sure don't.'

I tipped the caretaker, though every fibre in me cried out against it.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is indeed, I muttered to myself as I slowly rode away, to have a thankless child — or a thankless friend — or a thankless donkey! If it were not for me, that creature would be plodding along the scorching trails of Haiti at this very moment, with his bones sticking through his skin. If it were not for me —

And, even as I spoke, down the quiet roadway came the faint echo of a long-drawn-out 'Heehaw!' — for all the world like mocking, fiendish laughter.

THE CONTROL OF CRIME

A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION

BY JOHN BARKER WAITE

'Police headquarters, special division, Sergeant Howard speaking,' recited the sergeant as he picked up the phone. 'Yes, sir. We're supposed to look after gambling, streetwalkers, and blind pigs — yes. I'm sorry you think so, but we do the best we can. What makes you think he is selling hooch? At 905 Wells Street? Yes. What is your name? Well, you know we've got to —

'That's the trouble with these birds,' he said as he hung up the receiver and turned to me. 'They never want to be mixed up in anything. He wants us to pinch a place, but he's so afraid somebody'll get him for telling, he cut off as soon as I asked his name. Next time I'll ask it first, and then he won't complain. Funny how everybody hates to help the police.'

That was what might be called a keynote speech. I was there to learn, if possible, why the police of a big city make so many arrests that do not result in conviction — or, indeed, even come to trial. Almost daily the papers reported from fifty to a hundred or more persons, arrested for minor offenses, who were at once 'discharged by the superintendent' without being brought into court. Just a few days previous, over a hundred men had been arrested and brought to trial on a charge of gambling. All of them were freed by the judge — though the probabilities made them obviously guilty — with a scathing denunciation of the incompetence and overactivity of the police. I had asked the superintendent to explain, and had been told that I might watch and learn for myself. Accordingly, I had been introduced to the 'clean-up squad,' and they had been directed to take me wherever they went and to show and tell me anything I wanted to know.

'That 905 Wells Street is a new dump to me, but we've had several complaints, so I guess we'll have to take a chance and make it,' finished the sergeant. Four of us climbed into an open flivver, — the police are forbidden to use curtains in any weather, for the sake of expedition in action, — and from then till two in the morning the night was full of illuminating experiences.

Number 905 was a dilapidated story-and-a-half house amid slightly better surroundings in a slum district. It purported to be a private residence. Two men went to the front door and the other, with myself, to the cluttered and malodorous back yard. We could hear from the front a vigorous tattoo and 'Police officers; open up.' Inside were two tables, a dozen wooden chairs, a dilapidated stove, and seven men. Bill Flockton, the host, was a plumber by trade, though his tools were elsewhere. He lived in a room upstairs; his wife was away. He had no booze, he said. The 111 pints of beer which were later found in the shed were home-

brew which he had 'made for himself.' Five gallons of stuff that would burn when lighted with a match were unearthed from the cellar.

'Aw, Sarge, can't a fellow have a little hooch for his own use, when his wife has left him, without you fellows butting in?' complained Bill.

Howard merely laughed and said, 'We'll save your life, Bill, by taking it from you.'

Whereat Bill himself chuckled and confided, 'To tell the truth, Sarge, I would n't drink the stuff on a bet. All I ever touch is the beer.' The visitors were sent home, the liquor was properly pasted with identification labels, and Bill and the evidence were sent to the station in the wagon.

But Bill showed no worry, although his was a serious offense from the point of view of penalty. He had no need to worry, for he knew well enough what was coming. All it cost him was his stock of liquor and a night's loss of business. Next morning he was 'discharged by the superintendent.' Graft, favoritism, influence, official wrongdoing of some sort on the face of it! For Flockton was indisputably guilty and should have been convicted.

The answer is that those police officers did wrong when they entered Flockton's house without a search warrant. By the law of that State, evidence secured by the police through illegal search or illegal arrest cannot be used in any way whatsoever to convict a criminal, no matter how guilty he may be. To search a house as they did Flockton's, even police officers must have a warrant, accurately describing the place to be searched and the thing to be looked for, issued by a magistrate upon complaint under oath. These officers had no such warrant. Not even Bill's opening the door and his invitation to 'go ahead, you won't find anything' made the search legal. The evidence of guilt was there, but it could not be used. It would have been futile to bring Flockton before the court — worse than futile, for it would have produced another public condemnation by the judge of the oppressive incompetence of the city's police. So they let him go his way, to break the law again. They told me all this at the time, to explain Bill's unconcern. To my disgusted inquiry why, knowing the law, they had not taken the precaution to get a warrant, the reply was as vindicatory of the police as it was profane.

Magistrates cannot issue warrants except upon sworn statement of facts from which the probability of success in the search may reasonably be deduced. 'Information and belief' of the person asking for a warrant is not enough; he must state facts. Nor, the courts have held, is it enough for the officer asking a warrant to swear that he 'is informed by persons that they have purchased liquor at said place and it is a notorious fact that liquor is there sold.' Notoriety is not an acceptable sort of fact. Moreover, the person acquainted with the facts must himself appear before the magistrate. Even his affidavit of fact, sworn to before a notary public, is not enough, though presented to the magistrate by a police officer. The warrant will not be issued — or, if a warrant should be issued under such circumstances, evidence discovered through its use could not be used.

As Sergeant Howard said: 'Those birds who complained and cursed us out for not closing the dump would n't even give their names, let alone appear before the judge. After they tell us, they expect us to do the rest ourselves. How in hell *could* I get a warrant?

'I 've got another place where I think we can get a buy,' he continued. 'The patrolman says that taxis keep

stopping there all the time, and it ain't likely from the neighborhood they're on legitimate business; and there are a lot of other little signs that make it sure. The papers are crabbing, and we've got to get 'em some way.' So we picked up Jimmy — usually the department carpenter, but occasionally called on for special duty. He was really a likable, though simple, soul, but he did look like a wastrel. Jimmy was given a factory employee's badge and told to buy liquor in one of the row of brick houses which had seen much better days. The car was kept two blocks up the street. Back came Jimmy. 'She said, "Oh no, you 're mistaken — this is a private house. No, there's no such place in the neighborhood." But I could hear them racketin' in the back.'

We all got out and walked to the place, Howard and myself to the front door. The bell rang audibly, but no one answered, nor was there a gleam of light. 'If they don't open up in another five minutes,' said Howard, his finger on the bell-push, 'I'll kick in the lock.'

'Don't bust the door; I'll open up,' replied feminine tones, and we were admitted. 'I spotted your man; that 's why I did n't answer,' was her greeting. In the back rooms were three women and several men, all 'friends' of Mamie's who had just dropped in to see her. Hospitality was there, for each friend had a glass, but one social amenity had been omitted, in that not all the guests had been introduced — at least they had no idea of each other's names.

The draft-beer could not be found, — five minutes had been enough for its hiding, — but there was an untapped keg of illegal strength. Both Mamie and the keg went to headquarters, but it was a mere jesting and friendly formality, since everyone seemed to know that she could not be held. Indeed, had she or Flockton demanded a return of the liquor, the court would probably have ordered the police to restore it.

There, then, were two arrests for that night which did not come to trial. Yet neither could be called police oppression. Both Bill and Mamie were violating the law. Whether that law be wise or otherwise, it is the law, and it would have been better for society had they been punished as the law decrees. The one arrested was guilty; the police had evidence of his guilt; but use of the evidence was forbidden. Certain unprosecuted arrests were explained.

Prostitution, with its attendant public annoyances, breeds another class of unprosecuted arrests — those which the public demands shall be made, but which there is no evidence of crime to justify. The papers had been campaigning for 'a cleaner city.' Where were the police, they inquired, when streetwalkers infested certain districts? 'Get busy,' they yammered. 'Clean up; stop the annoyance of decent citizens.'

A large corporation had its main office-building in a district of transition from small houses to wholesale business. Its employees were tapped at from furtive windows and beckoned to from behind tawdry curtains. 'Your police must stop it,' they told the mayor, 'or our influence goes against you at the polls.' Orders went forth to the superintendent of police — from him to the clean-up squad. The inconspicuous flivver, with its four passengers, patrolled the streets apparently like any other battered car — save that it was curtainless in the dead of winter — and the plain-clothed officers strolled about. It was surprising to me how often women, talking to some man, or even walking along alone, would dodge quickly out of sight as

soon as the police car appeared on the scene. Nor did any of them accost an officer — save once — while I was with them. Yet just what the hall mark was I could not determine.

Sometimes a woman who had just stopped a man was detained and the man was questioned.

'What did she say to you?'

'Er — er — why — that is — oh yes, she just asked me how far it is to Elm Street.'

Quite possibly the man was one of those who complained of the annoyance, but he naturally objected to appearing in court, if only because of the time it would cost him. Had he told the truth, the officers could not have used his statements secondhand; they would have had to produce the man as a witness himself. The eventuality was either that there were in truth no solicitations at all that evening or that no man told the truth.

Obviously the chance of first-hand evidence secured by the officer himself was negligible. Nevertheless we gathered in forty or more women during the evening. Some had been seen to accost a man, though we could not know what had been said. Others were known to the officers from previous experience. Some were simply strolling along and might have been, as they usually insisted, returning to their rooms from the corner post-box. Superficially the whole proceeding was an outrage on liberty, an example of aggression and oppression on the part of the police, a disgrace to civil government. Perhaps it was, in fact. My own ire at times well-nigh broke bonds and cost me my chance to observe. But sooner or later, directly or indirectly, most of those women admitted to me — who, like the rest of the public, would not tell — that they were in fact members of the profession objected to. Their complaint was seldom that they were decent women, but rather that they had not been soliciting at that particular time. So far as I could judge, those officers made no mistakes in their judgment of the women arrested, although they occasionally stopped, for questioning, women whom they did not hold.

Yet none of the women arrested was brought to trial; all of them were among those 'discharged by the superintendent.' Four fifths of the arrests were illegal, and the officers were technically liable in damages to the women for false imprisonment. None of the arrests was supported by evidence sufficient to warrant a conviction. Yet again, illegal though they were, they served a purpose. As one experienced young woman expressed it: 'I came here from Chicago because I heard the town was easy, but they won't even let you walk on the street. I'm going back.' It was all illegal, but it accomplished in a practicable way what the public, through its papers, was insisting should be done. At any rate, that particular evening accounted for forty more arrests which were never prosecuted, yet which were police service rather than aggression.

Of the arrests which do reach the courts and are dismissed by the judge, there are various explanations. Three that came under my own observation will illustrate this point. Complaint came in of window-tapping in a certain house. We went there, one officer ahead. Someone, in fact, tapped on the glass to attract his attention, which he gave. He went in. There were three women, and each one sedulously denied that she or anyone else had called him in, or had ever tapped on the window for any purpose, or had any reason, desire, or occasion to tap on a window, or in any other way attract any man's attention. The woman who admitted the officer was

selected as the culprit and duly prosecuted. The judge's opinion was impeccable and a model of logic. He ruled that window-tapping was a misdemeanor punishable in the courts, thereby satisfying public righteousness. He added that, to convict thereof, the police must prove, not merely that someone in the house had been guilty, but that the particular defendant had done the tapping. This quite satisfied the unrighteous, as it meant absolute impossibility of conviction so long as darkness or the usual curtain screened the face of the tapper. It may have pleased the papers also, since it perpetuated their opportunity to rail at inefficiency. The police shrugged and continued either to ignore complaints by corporations and individuals or to make illegal arrests which at least held tappers to a degree of circumspection. Since that time, in the only case I know of where a policeman has said that he saw the particular defendant do the tapping, another judge has held that the woman's act was not unlawful. Since that decision the public must in justice direct its criticism of conditions at the law itself and absolve the police.

In that same court was pending a case which had been set for nine o'clock of that day. The State's witnesses were from a city some fifty miles away. Five times previously the case had been set for trial, and each time the witnesses had left their business and come into court to testify. But five times, by request of the defendant's attorney, the trial had been postponed, and the witnesses had traveled home with nothing accomplished. This day, as the morning wore on and the case was not called for trial, they rose in wrath and told the policeman responsible for the arrest that if the case were not called by twelve-thirty they were going home, to stay. He, poor go-between, so informed the judge, whose sole reply was: 'You police have that case ready for trial when it is called.' At twelve-thirty the witnesses departed as they had said they would. That afternoon the case was called; the State had no witnesses present; the court rebuked the policeman, dismissed the case, and discharged the defendant from custody.

One unexpected evening was devoted to the gambling-houses. The papers said they were notorious. They were — even a stranger could find them. The police made no pretense of ignorance. The places were as well known to the officers as the officers individually were known to the gamblers. The latter make a practice of sending their lookouts regularly to the courtrooms to study the faces of all detectives and witnesses called by the police. That night the off-duty crew was held over and both sergeants were on the job. The 'State's keys' were loaded into the autos. I say 'loaded' advisedly, for those 'keys' were heavy sledges and axes. A search warrant naming the place to be raided was procured, and it was reassuring later to find that no warning had leaked out thereby.

The entrance was a barber-shop with one chair, and a number of empty cigar-boxes in a small show-case. The first lookout's place was behind that counter, near a switch which he could throw with his foot. By some chance he was not at his post, and the watcher behind the partition did not catch us through his loophole till almost too late. Past him, down the corridor, went the key-bearers, around the turn, past the third guard's loophole — but the heavy door was closed. It took a moment even with those keys to get through its four inches of wood and iron sheathing. The other officers got in first by the rear entrance, when it was incautiously opened by

those inside who tried to escape. Within were a huddle of twoscore men and two large tables the size of billiard-tables — mere board flats set on trestles, covered with loosely laid cheap green cloth, with pendent lights over each table. But — and this was scarcely surprising — no gambling was in progress. Two bags of money were found, however, and many dice. On the floor was a miscellaneous collection of revolvers, pistols, and dirks, hastily shed by men who knew well enough that the carrying of concealed weapons was a felony. Young men mostly they were, who, in suspicious numbers, gave their occupation as that of taxi-driver.

All of them were taken to headquarters and booked either as gambling or as frequenting a gambling-house. The police had all the evidence there was; yet every single prosecution was dismissed by the judge, who, from the bench, reprimanded the police for bringing into court cases so inadequately supported by evidence. There, again, were many cases which came to trial but in which no conviction followed. And yet, again, they could not be characterized in any sense as police oppression.

It is obviously not difficult to learn why so many arrests do not mature into trial and conviction. To know what to do about the situation is quite another matter. The present objective of the courts and the law is to protect innocent citizens from even the possibility of mistaken molestation by the police — to discourage indiscreet activity by rendering futile all that departs from the form of stamp and seal. If incidentally it makes mockery of enforcement, that is an evil inherent in the objective. But in a period of criminal actualities it may be worth considering whether the fear is not born of misconception and imagination, and the objective a fallacy.

FISHING IN THE HUDSON'S ANCIENT GORGE

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

At four o'clock in the morning of July 25, I was on the bridge of the Arcturus when the captain signaled for Slow Speed. For an hour we barely pushed through the water, while two sextants were leveled at our namesake, which glowed brightly in the heavens. At last a pencil made a tiny dot on the chart, Full Stop clanged in the engine-room, and we floated quietly over our objective — the marvelous sunken gorge of the Hudson River. There was just a hint of dawn in the star-flecked east as I went to my cabin for an hour's sleep.

There are mirages and illusions of the senses and there are those of the mind, and in the full light of day I found myself laboring under both. The last mainland we had sighted was the old, pirate-famed harbor of Porto Bello; weeks later, by solar and sidereal

observations, we had been close to Chesapeake to make connections with the Warrior, and dredged there in fifteen fathoms with no hint of land in view. Now we were one hundred miles from New York City Hall, on the word of the captain, and in six hundred fathoms of water, according to the sounding wire.

I found it quite impossible to realize that my city was only an hour away by plane and a day by steaming. Our homeward-bound pennant with its one hundred and eighty feet of length, for the ninescore days we had been away, was furled, ready to be broken out, and as yet no thought of packing had entered our minds. We were all still in woolen shirts, khaki shorts, and sneakers, which had been our garb for half a year. The odious stiff collars and shirts, the silly-colored strings of neckties, the funereal dinner-jackets, together with all the other uncomfortable and unlovely portions of civilized attire, were still packed away, snuggled among moth balls in the hold. The sea stretched unbroken to the horizon just as it had done week after week, month after month, in the Atlantic and in the Pacific, and both our senses and our minds insisted that we were still thousands of miles from anywhere.

My present plan was that our last station — Number One Hundred and Thirteen — should be here in the depths of this royal gorge of the Hudson River, within reach of what was once by far the greatest waterfall in the world, and yet is only a scant hundred miles from our city of New York. I was about to grope about beneath half a mile of water for vague hints of whatever life the fingers of my dangling nets might bring up, and so it seemed not unreasonable to look back through past ages to the time when this gorge roared with the thundering stream of the Hudson, and to attempt with pitifully feeble gropings of the imagination to repicture some of that distant scene.

As nearly as we can judge, the period of the early Pleistocene was something like a million years ago, and at this time the northeastern coast of the United States was elevated a mile or more above its present level. This made of Manhattan Island an elongated line of rugged hills about one hundred miles inland, while the great Hudson drained, not only its own valley, but all the water of the Great Lakes. This mighty flood rushed southward through the Palisades, past Manhattan, and on out toward the Atlantic, augmented by the tributaries of the Housatonic, the Passaic, and the Hackensack.

So low has the coastal region sunk since that time that to-day the Hudson, as far up as Albany, is little more than an elongated fjord, the ocean's tides ebbing and flowing throughout this entire distance of a hundred and fifty miles. Even the Palisades and the Catskill bed of the river were much more imposing in olden times, for the glaciers had not then filled the latter with the hundreds of feet of rocks and gravel which now choke it. If we could then have floated down the Hudson, the Palisades would have towered four times as high above us.

In olden times the compound river rushed through the channel which on clear days can now be seen from an airplane as a dark streak beyond Sandy Hook. For a distance of forty-five miles beyond what is now dry land the Hudson flowed rapidly but evenly through a fairly deep bed, between the level banks of the wide, sloping coastal plain. Then, without warning, its waters plunged into the maw of a canyon mightier than man has ever seen. At the head it was less than a mile wide and rapidly reached a depth

of sixteen hundred feet. To-day our sounding line touches bottom four hundred feet down on the surface of the ancient plain, while a few hundred yards away the plummet sinks into the gorge to a depth of twenty-eight hundred feet. Four miles farther down the canyon, where the land of the ancient coast is now a thousand feet under water, to reach the bottom of the gorge requires forty-eight hundred feet or almost a mile of wire. Here the entire volume of the Hudson, plus the Great Lakes and the tributary rivers, dropped almost sheer over a precipice of more than eighteen hundred feet — more than a quarter of a mile. The only thing on the earth to-day to compare with this is Kaieteur Falls in British Guiana. This has a maximum drop of eight hundred feet, the highest waterfall in the world. To the chosen few who have seen this, the mind is able dimly to repicture the incomparable gorge of the Hudson as it once was. The thrill which came up over the vibrating piano-wire when we touched the very bottom brought to the imagination what the most marvelous piece of music conveys to the ear. It was a lost chord vibrant with all the wonder of past ages, before man or his kindred had begun to evolve.

During the successive glacial ages, when time after time the enormous masses of ice advanced and retreated, the coast slowly sank, and before the end of the Pleistocene Age it presented a contour much like that of to-day. During all this period the wild life of Manhattan and the adjacent country was diversified and wholly different from that of historical times. As the climate alternated from arctic to semitropical, successive faunas replaced one another. At Long Branch there lived, during widely separated times, such unlike creatures as walruses and giant ground-sloths. Mastodons were abundant even on Manhattan, while not many miles from the Hudson were wild horses, tapirs, peccaries, reindeer, musk oxen, bison, and giant beavers. Most of these animals lived long before the first evidences of mankind, and the great submarine canyon was never seen by eye of man or his immediate forbears.

And now, instead of thinking back through time forever lost to us, I was about to reach down through space equally forbidden to living man, into a region comparable to the ether beyond the neighborhood of comfortable planets and world sanctuaries — a region unthinkably cold, with ultimate silences, and darkness and pressure beyond all human imagination.

II

When our soundings revealed the fact that we were actually floating over the deepest part of the gorge, and had reached the point nearest New York City where we might expect to find the strange creatures of the abysmal depths, I gave orders to put out the string of nets that had yielded the best results during the past months. First there was paid out the otter trawl, a huge bag of netting forty feet in length, with its great gaping mouth held wide open by the oblique pull of two iron-bound boards. Then, at intervals of fifty fathoms, metre nets were lowered, each fifteen feet long and made of the finest, most costly silk, with a mouth composed of a brass ring a yard in diameter. Five of these nets were attached to the steel cable by guide ropes, and they trailed straight out behind at the various depths as the ship steamed at slowest speed through the water. For three hours they were pulled gently along at 500, 450, 400, 350, and 300 fathoms' depth, blindly, uncontrollably,

but usually successfully engulfing the weird beings that happened to float along in their path.

Although, as I have said, the expanse of open ocean conveyed no hint of the actual nearness of land and human beings, yet hardly had the last net disappeared beneath the surface when ships appeared on the horizon. A square-rigger drifted slowly along with slack canvas, while at her heels followed casually but watchfully a low subchaser. A line of smoke in another direction marked a dainty white revenue-cutter, which came tearing full speed toward us. We chuckled as we thought what a suspicious-looking craft we must be — all begrimed with the outboard trawling, six months of weed on our keel, and rolling in the swells for no apparent reason except an inexplicable steel cable leading obliquely down into the blue depths. We rather looked forward to the excitement of keeping up our mysterious character until we were boarded by this bootlegger policeman. We even anticipated offering the officer a cocktail, thereby breaking no law of which we were aware — being one hundred miles out at sea and having gauged our Panama supply to last exactly up to the moment before landing in New York. But the cutter's captain knew what he was about and had evidently been expecting us, for as he encircled us he dipped his ensign and saluted us with the usual three blasts. The unexpected compliment thrilled us, and we answered with the deepest basso profundo roars of which our whistle was capable.

During the succeeding four days and nights, which we spent drifting over the gorge, we had not a moment's idleness from lack of specimens. Throughout the day we kept up constant trawling or dredging, and at night we trawled with small surface-nets or harpooned and netted fish and other creatures from the pulpit and gangway. Even before the stormy petrels discovered we were a source of food-supply, the sharks came and circled us eagerly, not in hopes of any human being who might by chance fall overboard, — I had exploded this myth pretty thoroughly in my intimate association with them during the last six months, — but on the lookout for garbage.

The sailors borrowed some of my shark hooks and chains, and in quick succession caught three over the stern. All were *Carcharhinus obscurus* — the dusky ground-shark, which heretofore seems to have been almost unknown near New York, although common to the north at Woods Hole. The most noticeable character of these creatures was the pale color of the fins. The pectorals were grayish-white for half their length and in the sea appeared milk-white. These sharks arrived singly, converging toward the bow, and then drifted sternward. Perceiving the slowly dragging bait, they leisurely swam toward and engulfed it, with, however, none of the storybook-legend action of having to turn over on their backs before seizing their prey. A male shark measured over seven feet in total length and weighed one hundred and twenty pounds — after we had all estimated his weight at about three hundred!

At Porto Bello we had purchased two small puppies of doubtful — or rather of quite certain absence of — pedigree. They were most amusing little fellows and were thoroughly spoiled by everyone on board. Both unfortunately developed signs of mange, and much to their disgust we treated them thoroughly with the old reliable Glover's. They had grown and thrived apace, but now the smaller of the two pups — Blanco Ugly, as we called him — by

accident or intention (the Spanish-American temperament being so uncertain) fell overboard and drowned before anyone could see or save him. The first we knew of the tragedy was the sight of his little body drifting alongside the almost motionless vessel. Immediately a great shark rose beneath him, engulfed him with a single effort, and sank from view. As quickly as this had taken place, however, the shark reappeared and relinquished the puppy intact — Glover's mange cure apparently not appealing to the palate of this scavenger of the sea.

The previous day we had received a generally broadcasted wireless, warning ships to be on their guard against a derelict — a schooner which had been run down in our vicinity but not sunk. This was brought to mind when a hatch drifted past, then a chair and pieces of masts and rigging. Once a huge squared beam was sighted, which at first we took for an upturned ship's boat. I put over a small motor-boat, and the two men who went out to the floating object reported that the beam had been adrift for a long time, as it was covered with barnacles and weed. A host of fish swimming beneath it tempted me to use the last few sticks of dynamite that we had left. A number of fish were killed by the explosion, but all sank at once or were taken by sharks before we could secure them.

Whenever the vessel was moving we trolled with spoons and artificial squids for stray tunnies and mackerel. Large swordfish came several times to the shimmering bait, and an eight-foot individual even tasted it, but the slightly irritated nod of his head parted the stout cod-line as if it had been cobweb. I record all these casual occurrences to indicate the many ways in which it is possible to capture specimens at sea in addition to the usual nets and dredges.

III

Before we return to examine the contents of our deep-sunken nets let us see what the surface has to offer as we float where, long ago, great primitive eagles soared and looked down on ancient landscapes. In relation to those days this present year is more nearly 1001925.

The larger surface-life was abundant, and schools of tunnies passed now and then, looking from the deck like flocks of violet torpedoes, while pink-and-black dolphins came and inspected us, and went on their way rocketing. We watched one, which never failed to leap high, somersault, and fall back flat on his back with a resounding slap. If it was play, he was a confirmed humorist; if, unromantically, merely to dislodge barnacles or parasites from the skin of his back, he must have been assuredly successful. The most impressive visitors were schools of small whales or blackfish, which rolled in a dignified, elephantine manner through the waves and with huge sighs sent up spouts of mist.

Next to the general oceanographic machinery of nets and dredges the apparatus most constantly in use was the metal front porch or pulpit, which we let down over the bow close to the water. This was seldom vacant during the day and, when aquatic loot was abundant, two of the staff sometimes worked it at the same time, with long-handled net and pail. The objects thus captured, drifting over the sunken Hudson gorge, varied from scientifically rare, to beautiful, to merely amusing. Christopher Columbus hailed birds and floating grass as indicative of land — so the comic elements in our pulpit hauls adumbrated human proximity. Here is a catalogue of items taken on the first day, showing a pronounced lacteal dominance: —

Rubber nipple from a baby's bottle	1
Cardboard milk-bottle tops	4
Empty milk-of-magnesia bottle	1
Cans	2
Leg of rubber doll	1
Piece of bathtub	1
Empty Gordon bottle [1]	1
Large wooden bung-faucet	1

[1] Possibly autochthonic to the Arcturus

We were well inshore, away from any strong influence of the Gulf Stream, in an eddy-like backwater with little current, so that we found creatures which had drifted out of the main Gulf Stream, as well as others which hailed from the shore. Although there was no strong offshore breeze, yet an astonishingly large number of insects had found their way these hundred miles from land, and we captured thirty altogether, including moths, grasshoppers, beetles, and dragon flies. Some were struggling their last in the water, others flew wearily aboard the Arcturus.

Scattered bits of sargassum weed floated here and there — sad little plants of the sea, for all were doomed. Better for them if they had clung to the northward-flowing stream, within a few days to sink to a quiet death in the cold northern waters, than to bask here for a time in fancied security in this pseudo-tropic warmth. With every patch of weed — less in extent than an open hand — a tiny cosmos of creatures kept faith, the faith of unconscious heritage. It was tragic to see a tiny fish or a crab clinging to a thin strand, with no hope beyond another week, the sargassum even now beginning to blacken and water-log. We caught sea horses with astonishing powers of color change, turning quite black at night and pale yellow-orange in the daytime.

The small people of the surface were seldom by themselves. If they were not in schools, then they haunted the bits of weed, or chummed with jellyfish. Great pulsating *Cyanea* jellies throbbed slowly along, umbrella-ing with graceful heaves of their massive amber bodies. Behind them trailed for yards the medusa tangle of poisonous, stinging tentacles, and in and out of this living maze of nettles small fish swam. They were young and inexperienced, and they gave me the same sensation that I once had when I saw a scout crawl through a snarl of barbed wire into No Man's Land, where at any moment a Very light might shed its death ray upon him. I watched many of these small butterfish swimming carelessly along, protected from all outside dangers, while every now and then a small entangled corpse showed where the great jelly had taken toll of its pensioners.

Although the weed was so shredded and patchy, yet almost all its usual habitués were to be found: pipefish, sea horses, filefish, and *Pterophryne* — the latter magicked from weed to fish with scarcely any alteration of color, blemishes, floats, and fronds.

A host of other surface beings came to our nets, but I shall mention only two more. A few Portuguese men-of-war had drifted hither from far-off tropical waters, still iridescent as opals, buoyant as balloons; and among their terrible, fire-searing tentacles there also swam small fish — fairy *Nomeus*, to whom color was as balls to a juggler, one moment banded with black, the next wholly monochrome silver.

Almost the only being who was independent of weed or jelly or the society of its fellows was a little triggerfish, who outcolored even *Nomeus*. Isolated amid this vast waste of waters, this midget would be seen swimming sturdily and unafraid. He was the despair of my artist. Swimming quietly in mid-ocean or in an aquarium, he showed the usual oceanic coloring — ultramarine

above, silvery white beneath. As the Arcturus bore down upon one of these diminutive triggers, or the face of the artist approached the glass behind which he hung poised, he became purply suspicious. Another emotion induced a pale-green cast, while darkness impelled him to lower the black drop, until he reflected the colors of this printed page. At times — but I am certain never through fear — he turned a strong saffron-yellow, while at the approach of death, as weakness seized upon fins and gills, the little spectrum-palette of his body was slowly dimmed and a veil of silvery gray drawn over all his scales. Through every pigmental vicissitude, every colorful emotion, only his golden eye and scarlet tail remained unchanged. This little Joseph garment of the sea was one of my greatest delights; in his scant two inches I saw and respected what to me typified fearlessness, dignity, poise, adaptation, besides incredibly kaleidoscopic beauty.

IV

I have said that the sea stretched unbroken to the horizon, but after we had floated quietly throughout the first day this was not strictly true. After dinner I went up on the flying-bridge as usual to watch the sunset, which, however, was wholly drowned in horizon mist. We had no wake, of course, as our engines were still; but broadside on, to windward, — which was southeast, — was a long and irregular trail, showing our slow, wind-pushed, crabwise movement. Slick after slick marked the places where the galley had poured out gravy, or the engine-room oil, and here were gathered a host of stormy petrels. At sunset there were two hundred and eighty-six, and more were coming every minute. I watched very carefully and saw eight Mother Carey's chickens arrive singly upwind, appearing far away on the leeward side of the Arcturus, where they could not possibly have seen the oily slicks. Later three flew into vision at right angles to the wind, turning only when they were close. It seemed to me that these little birds, with their sharp eyes and long, tubular nostrils, probably make use of both senses under different conditions in discovering and directing their course toward a source of food such as this — doubtless getting a faint aroma of the floating débris from a long way down wind, or, on the other hand, perceiving and instantly interpreting any focused activity or unusually directed flight on the part of a distant fellow-bird, when upwind or far off to one side.

The mist on the horizon rose gradually after sunset and smudged out one star after another until there was only a handful overhead in the neck of the mist. This cloudiness presaged a good night for plankton — for all the floating organisms which love the darkness and which are kept down far below the surface by the rays of light from both sun and moon, seemingly as unable to face the light waves as if they were a rain of venomous fiery arrows.

I had the gangway put down after eight in the evening, and, with a cluster of electric lights focused on the water, sought to learn something of the surface night-life haunting the darkness here thirty leagues from Broadway. It is a curious thing that, while the creatures which swim on the surface at this time hate the light, yet when they come within the influence of a focused searchlight, or any beam of great concentration and strength, they are unable to resist it; there is aroused a reaction of fascination, and instead of fleeing they are compelled to enter its circle and swim back and forth in the glare of its influence. The first to come were the squids, but

any hypnotic force that may have drawn them hither became subordinated to their ravenous hunger when any prey came within sight. On this night all were of a size, about a foot long, with a single individual twice that length. They shot back and forth across the circle of light, now scarlet, now pale rose, now white, and when we scooped them up in nets and transferred them to our big tanks neither their activity nor their shift of kaleidoscopic colors ever ceased. Once, and once only, there came to the light a great, silver-armored, fang-jawed snake-mackerel, headed straight for the squids. Instantly the keen eyes of these mollusks perceived him; their bodies became colorless, and they melted into the blackness of the nocturnal sea.

After lunch on the first day we made ready to raise our nets, which for hours had been drawn slowly through the black, frigid depths of the Hudson gorge. This lunch, by the way, was an unusually delicious one of fried shark. No officer or seaman would share it with us, giving us thought concerning the human logic of refusing this, and yet with corresponding readiness consuming raw oysters and fried pork!

Up came the nets, sagging heavily, loaded to the very limits of their breaking-point. At first glance they seemed filled with a bushel of glass or solid water. A wild thought of submarine ice came to mind and instantly resolved into absurdity, and the moment the first net reached the rail the truth was evident. Our nets had passed through a zone of almost solid jelly composed of untold myriads of salpæ of three species. The tubfuls of salpæ on deck increased until our containers were all overflowing. These curious beings consisted of small, angular, double-pointed bits of glassy jelly, each with a pink nucleus, many connected so tenaciously in chains that they could be lifted up like a string of living pearls.

One of the officers, with the memory of his rejected shark steak still vivid, said, 'Well, I suppose you people would even eat that stuff!' whereat we all solemnly proceeded to eat a salpa. We got no enjoyment from this bit of bravado — just a sensation of very salty hard jelly. And then I aroused all the conventional, anti-Darwinian beliefs of our good skipper by informing him that in eating salpa I had, rather indirectly, been guilty of cannibalism — in that, far from being related to jellyfish, these oblong, glassy blobs of life claimed cousinship with ourselves and other backboned animals. But they have fallen to the lowest point in the scale — even the sea-squirts clinging to our wharf piles parading more highly developed offspring.

Salpæ have an intricate succession of alternating generations, so complex that no genealogy could ever straighten it out. The young larva grows attached to the blood system of the parent, and after a while swims off by itself, wholly unlike its parent in appearance, structure, and habits, and even quite sexless. After swimming for a time it develops a stolon on which buds form, which in time become adult sexual salpæ. These are liberated in sets of long chains, which in turn swim off chummily together, ultimately separating into individuals, which become the parents of the larvæ that complete the cycle.

It looked at first as though we should have to imagine the old Hudson canyon filled with dilute jelly, but on sorting over the hosts of salpæ the more interesting creatures of the deep began to appear. Although in the short time at my disposal I was able to make only a few hauls, yet in this Hudson River

gorge I took thirty-two kinds of deep-sea fish, many of which are new to science. These were represented by seven hundred and sixty-eight individuals. The most abundant were the delicate little *Cyclothones* — pale ones living in abundance at three to four hundred fathoms, while a larger black species was more abundant from five to nine hundred fathoms. They were as delicate as tissue paper, with series of lights along the body and relatively enormous mouths with which they engulfed the tiniest of swimming creatures. When they came up they looked like minute bits of string stuck to the nets, but, floated gently out in water, all their exquisite structure and illuminating apparatus became visible.

From four hundred fathoms down we secured deep-water forms of the myctophid fishlets, which we took at the surface after dark. Some had gloriously brilliant gill-covers, with the eyes scarlet or green. In the lower mid-depths appeared the curious, elongate *Chauliodus* and *Stomias*, with glistening scales, huge mouths, and enormously long teeth. Blue-eyed flounders came up, packed safely among the salpæ, and eels never seen at the surface or in any light of day. Some of these were sturdily built, with smooth skin of glistening bronze and long, straight jaws which boded ill for lesser fish that swam within striking-distance. Then there were spectral eels, which seemed more suitable adornments of a fairy tale — inmates perhaps of deep pools beyond Mluna; pale, slender eel-wraiths, with inconceivably evanescent fins, large staring eyes, and the most absurd and useless jaws imaginable. With lamentable belittling, some ichthyologist has named them *Nemichthys*, 'snipe eels' — the value of this simile being exactly one half of one per cent. Their remarkable jaws are threadlike, and just in front of the head they begin to diverge, each curving away from the other and ending in a conspicuous round ball. If tentacles were needed by this eel, why in the name of holy natural selection must the jaws be thus sacrificed! These eels were always quite dead when I found them in the heart of the salpa mass, and how they live and move and satisfy their appetites in the icy blackness half a mile beneath our keel I shall perhaps never know.

Close together in one net were a scarlet and wine-colored scorpion fish, all abristle with needle spines on fins and head and gill-covers, together with a lantern fish with glowing green eyes. Three other fish which I found living here within a hundred miles of New York City are typical of the depths of all the seas in the world. One has been appropriately named *Argyropelecus* — the Silvery Hatchet — and when young these fish look like nothing else. They are deep and narrow, with eyes that stare forever upward, the scales shining silver and interspersed with groups of luminous lamps. Another related form has the tail end of the body raised high, while the skeleton remains where it would be in a more normally shaped fish — the spare ribs being thus clearly visible and apparently outside the body.

Small and jet-black spots were occasionally seen embedded in the glassy piles, and in a dish of water these resolved into diminutive sea-devils — usually a huge mouth with merely enough tail to propel it through the water, or another with a long-armed luminous candle waving about as living bait over the great maw, or again an inch of fish with such elongated fins that it could never have touched the bottom without injury, or in fact have come near anything more solid than the icy water in which it was born, lived, and died.

THE MODERNIST'S QUEST FOR GOD

ANONYMOUS

One of the outstanding ethical and religious leaders of our day told me this story:—

'Before I left home on a recent trip I was visited by a man whom I had long respected for his sincerity, devotion, and spiritual insight. He had come to tell me a dream. "In my dream," said he, "I thought I saw you standing on a hilltop. And we — a great host of us — were crowded around, waiting eagerly for what you might say. We could see your lips forming the word, but no sound came out of your mouth. We tried to help you by calling out the word your lips were shaping, but we also were dumb. And that word was *God*."'

The story, I think, will have meaning for thousands of truth-seekers in the camps of both Jews and Christians. The whole movement dubbed Modernist, the movement which has set out to reconcile the knowledge and aspiration of this generation within the framework of existing religious organizations, strains to say the great, the essential word 'God' in tones which will make our yearning spirits hear. It is dumb. Out of its silence comes no small part of what strength Fundamentalism possesses. Even more assuredly is agnosticism born of that same silence. The religious problem of our time is whether Modernism can find a way to say the word 'God' in a voice of conviction and command.

Once I believed that it had found the way. I can think to-day of no greater satisfaction than to have that faith renewed. Because I am persuaded that the difficulties in the way of the fulfillment of that hope are not peculiarly mine, but are shared by others both within and without our various churches, I venture to ask them forth.

I was brought up in orthodox Presbyterianism, but, perhaps because it was not so fearful as Fundamentalism has since become, I was not continually reminded of its uglier, more irrational side. Indeed, as I grew older it became a source of some surprise to me that those whom I loved best were so much better than their creeds, so much kinder than their God. My father believed that God would damn forever all those who did not accept salvation through Christ, but never once could I get him to say that any particular sinner was damned. 'That,' he would say, 'rests with God.'

Nevertheless, in spite of the fact that I saw in the life of those closest to me only the lovelier side of old-fashioned Christianity, — its strict integrity, its real kindliness, its sense of obligation to others of the human race, its sure confidence in the reign of God and in His personal care for us, His sinful children, — the time came when my own choice lay between a liberal reinterpretation of the Bible and the creeds, and agnosticism. I chose what to-day is called Modernism.

The religious Liberalism of the pre-war period, during which I studied for the ministry, was for most of us a pleasant and satisfying faith. Biblical

criticism helped us to reject the scientific absurdities and ethical monstrosities which cumber the earlier of the Old Testament narratives, while at the same time it enabled us to claim uniqueness for the Bible by reason of its graphic witness to an extraordinary development of the ethical and religious sense out of crude beginnings.

As for a reconciliation of evolution and religion, that seemed to us so thoroughly achieved, thanks to John Fiske and others, that it was hard for us to understand the mental anguish of some of the great Victorians over this question.

The old creeds were more of a problem, but it is remarkable what can be achieved by a resolute will, not so much to believe as to reinterpret. As a last resort one could always fall back on the creeds as great hymns of the faith. (Parenthetically I may observe that I was always troubled by this process, which I have since concluded is a great weakness of one type of Modernism. Above all things our times require intellectual integrity. The tortuous metaphysics that enables a man to repeat, Sunday after Sunday, the simple language of the Apostles' Creed — which, on rare occasions he explains, he believes in a sense utterly different from the plain meaning of the words — scarcely fits him to be the educator of children or the guide of adults in the intellectual and ethical difficulties which press us round about. He ought to ponder earnestly that admirable text: 'Let your yea be yea; and your nay, nay.')

In fact, if not in name, for the elaborate theology of sin and salvation which had occupied historic Christianity we young Liberals substituted a kind of Ritschlianism; or, to put it less technically, we were caught up in the 'Back to Jesus' movement. We talked a good deal of 'the religion of Jesus as contrasted with the religion about Jesus.' The only sense in which we remained distinctively Christian was in our veneration of Jesus of Nazareth. God, we said, could best be understood by saying that He was like Jesus. That is, Jesus was the supreme revelation of God. (Which, in its way, is a religion about Jesus.)

We were interested in individual well-being, but for the enthusiasm of a Jonathan Edwards or a John Wesley for saving particular sinners we were inclined to substitute an honest, but far less intense, interest in 'saving society' or in 'the social gospel,' or — in New Testament language — in 'the Kingdom of God.' Rauschenbusch was the greatest prophet of this faith. We admired him, but few of us followed him into his uncompromising Socialism. Unconsciously we made out of this Jesus whom we venerated a high-minded, gentlemanly, but eminently practical social reformer, who, owing to the evil forces of his time, became a martyr for Truth. In the retrospect our conception seems almost as far removed from the intense, exacting, proletarian, miracle-working Jewish rebel of Saint Luke's Gospel as was the traditional Christ of theology.

This religion we buttressed by a pragmatism taken from William James, and later by much talk of creative evolution borrowed from Bergson; and in both cases we expanded what we had taken to an extent which must have vastly surprised those masters. To all doubters we proclaimed joyfully: 'Try our religion and see. It must be true, for it works.'

Not every one of my seminary contemporaries of those pre-war days found the complete satisfaction of this new religion. Most of us had to suppress, at times, doubts of one sort or another. But in general, and for a

considerable number, Liberal Christianity seemed as strong as it was delightful. We had God without the Devil, an eternal Heaven without necessarily an eternal Hell. Truth and Beauty, we were assured, must prevail and Evil be vanquished, for God is Love.

As I look over this description of Modernism I realize its inadequacy. For one thing, Modernism is amorphous, and there are wide divergences within it. Some of its adherents believe more than I have indicated and some less. I was amazed recently to discover in a club of young clergymen how many rejected a belief in immortality. They accepted it neither on the arguments of philosophy nor on the authority of revealed religion. As for the alleged scientific proof of psychical research, that seemed to disclose an immortality so petty and dull that extinction were a boon to be coveted. All these doubters were in the Church. Toward the Church itself Modernists greatly differ in point of view. Some, curiously enough, are High Churchmen; some are Low. Likewise a difference in emphasis exists with regard to the social gospel, some theological Liberals being hidebound social Conservatives. It is not without significance that Modernism in America so far has found its strength, not among the masses, but among the well-to-do. It is more at home on Fifth Avenue than on Main Street.

Not only do these varieties of Modernist belief make any brief inclusive description of it difficult, but doubtless my own later questioning has deprived my statement of the appealing power which the genius and sincerity of a Fosdick or a Coffin give to their expositions of Liberal Christianity. But greater eloquence or emotional warmth in stating a typical Protestant Modernist position would not of itself meet the difficulties inherent in it.

In just what aspect these difficulties present themselves will vary as individuals vary in temperament and experience. At bottom and for most men, however, they arise not so much out of the impossibility of reconciling science with religion, — some sort of religion, —or evolution with God, — some sort of God, — but out of making the supremacy of a God of Love square with the realities of our universe. H. G. Wells cut the Gordian knot by refusing to speculate about the relation between his 'invisible King' and a mysterious X, the cosmic force or principle. It is just that identification which is of chief concern to both learned and unlearned. Is ours a friendly universe? Is love the law of the universe, or must it be asserted by men who are greater than their universe by so much as they have learned to understand it and still to love one another?

Those religious leaders who make much of the tendency of science to explain the constitution of atoms and worlds in terms primarily of energy, rather than of inert matter, miss the point. Christian faith and Christian ethics were never so much bound up in the old philosophical struggle between materialism and idealism as in the question of the nature and quality of whatever energy or idea may be postulated as fundamental. To the Modernist, whether Christian or Jew, who has formed his conception of God from the lofty teachings of the Prophets, it is a matter almost of indifference whether science compels him to doubt the existence of any sort of God so long as it compels him to doubt the supremacy of One who is Love, whose care is over all His works.

The Modernist talks of the religion of Jesus rather than of the religion about Jesus. If anything can be clear concerning the religion of Jesus it is His teaching of God's fatherly care for

every created thing. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without His knowledge. The very hairs of our heads are numbered by Him. His is the anxious, saving love of the shepherd for the lost sheep, the father for the wandering son. Is this the God of nature, careless of the individual and careful of the type? A recent scientific writer has been at some pains to show us that there is more pleasure and less pain in nature and even in the relation of hunter and hunted than might be assumed from Huxley's famous reference to 'Nature, red of tooth and claw.' That may well be true. It is certainly true that mutual aid has been a great factor in evolution and is essential to the very existence of the higher orders of life. Nevertheless, it is hard to find evidence of the supremacy of love in the long, marvelous, but incredibly wasteful processes of evolution. And it is wholly gratuitous to drag in, as some Christian apologists have done, a generous doctrine of immortality for the fulfillment of the aspirations and the mending of the broken spirits of those who through long ages in darkness groped for light.

These difficulties in our day arise at least as much from the conclusions of modern psychology, of any of contending schools, as from modern biology. It is easy enough for Modernism, in the interest both of science and of an ethical conception of God, to reject the older notions of the effects of Adam's fall and the consequent depravity of the race. It is not so easy to reject the evidence from the opposing camps of behaviorists and Freudians that man carries about within himself those limitations and incapacities which frustrate his own highest aspirations. By understanding them he may deal more wisely with them, but spiritually he is sorely crippled by his inheritance.

The pragmatic justification of religion does not resolve these problems; it attempts to flank them and to fight out the battle on different ground. 'Our interpretation of religion works,' is its constant cry. But does it? And in what sense is the religion which works to be identified with Christianity?

For me it was the Great War which brought these questions to a head. They would have existed without the war, but, had it not been for that tragedy, my own absorption in the manifold and congenial tasks of a parish minister might have left me with neither the desire nor the intellectual energy to come to close grips with anything disturbing to a religion so dear to me, for a thousand reasons, as my own drastic reinterpretation of the faith of my fathers. When the so-called Christian world plunged into the dreadful holocaust of the Great War, when Christian fought against Christian with more than pagan cruelty, I found refuge in the familiar half-truth: 'It is not Christianity that has failed; Christianity has never been tried.' But then, where was my assurance that Christianity worked? Not only had the great multitude of professing Christians and all the organized churches never tried the Christianity that might have prevented the war; even its own Liberal leaders had nothing unique to say. At best Modernist religion gave a certain pious emphasis to Wilsonian political Liberalism, and such inspiration as it had was drawn far more from his phrases than from the extraordinarily difficult sayings of that pacifist rebel, Jesus of Nazareth. International Socialism was tried and found wanting before the floods of Nationalist passion, but, at least, even during the war it sought to hold its Stockholm Conference. Christianity, which is international or it is nothing, never even tried. Its erstwhile Liberal leaders were too busy getting this piece of

ribbon or that by their services, as members of a class exempt from combatant service, in maintaining the morale of the men who had to fight.

It was not Modernists as a group, but simple and primitive believers, theological Fundamentalists, Mennonites, and Molokans, who raised once more the issue of the irreconcilability of Christianity and war. Not only were the Modernists not uncompromising pacifists, but when they were confronted with the problem of objectors to war imprisoned for conscience' sake they all passed by on the other side. When, at the very close of the war, the sufferings of some of the Molokan objectors were reported to a Modernist leader and professional peace-time pacifist, his only comment was: 'Absolutist objectors are nothing but traitors.' In short, these leaders, who could not reconcile the stern theology of the Church Fathers with the religion of Jesus, in war-time — however it may be since — had no difficulty in reconciling it with bombs, poison gas, secret treaties, and all the lies of official propaganda. They remained blissfully unaware of 'the greatest irony of history: that the proudest, most militaristic nations of the world should have taken a pacifist Jewish peasant for their God.'

And this failure of the Modernists in war-time, as I sadly came to believe, was not a personal dereliction in time of extraordinary strain. It was of a piece with their general failure to bring to our struggling world either vision or courage for its salvation. Fundamentalism at its best — for example, in some of the work of the Salvation Army — has to its credit the dramatic healing of sick souls. Who ever heard similar tales of twice-born men as proofs of the living power of the Modernist word?

But there is the social gospel. In so far as it is identified with Modernism it is one of its chief ornaments. I have no desire to minimize its past achievements or future possibilities. But out of much experience I am compelled to assert that this social gospel, at least in America, has made little impression upon the working class, among whom Christianity had its origin; that it has made no original contribution to social theory; and that it has not so much reinterpreted Jesus to our time as weakened the staggering challenge of His teaching to a generation which finds His utter unconcern in the processes of production and distribution well-nigh incomprehensible.

This last assertion may be met with a multitude of conflicting statements as to what we really know about Jesus and His teaching. I know that some of these interpretations make Him the prophet of a gradual and wholly practicable programme of social amelioration, by which we shall all eventually become well-to-do, if not rich, and yet get through the eye of the needle. Others make him scarcely more than a pious Jewish fanatic. Here it is less important to argue the validity of these interpretations than to point out the havoc wrought to Modernism by its own conflicting statements as to what Jesus really said and did. How shall our perplexed world be expected to look for commanding leadership to a figure about whom and whose teaching critical scholars cannot more nearly agree? And if He is to be reduced to the stature of His portrait by such Christian critics as Kirsopp Lake, what, in heaven's name, have we left of distinctive Christianity? Behind all such queries lies the more fundamental problem: Can any man who lived in the first century be the adequate guide for men who live in the twentieth, with its vastly different scientific outlook and social and economic organization?

It is such questions as these that have compelled me, sorrowing, to doubt the real vitality or significance of Modernism. More than it realizes, it is living on its inherited capital — the stored-up memories and affections that gather about a traditional faith and the art and poetry of Christianity. As one of its most eloquent expounders said, in a moment of discouragement: 'I preach on many things, but always on the periphery of life. Sometimes I think I am afraid to tackle the central problem.' That central problem, he went on to say, is the question of God and His relation to men. Has He made us, given us such lofty aspirations and glorious dreams, only to leave us to the mercy of the stupidities and fears and prejudices which lead us, scarcely knowing what we do, into the prison house of our own acquisitive society and its inevitable wars? Are not these great human incapacities as truly His gift as our dreams? Shall we be saved by faith in Him or by a stern endeavor to take the universe and ourselves as we find them and then to see at what points we can remould our life nearer to the highest aspiration of our race? Has the Modernistic interpretation of the Christian, Jewish, or any other ancient religious faith an answer to these questions in terms of a great and convincing affirmation of God?

Perhaps; but thousands of us who have strained our ears do not hear that word. Neither do we see in the lives of those who profess to have heard it satisfactory evidence of its power. They who claim to know the supremacy of a God of Love looked not to love but to illimitable violence for their protection in the great emergency of war. In their daily lives they too are caught in the shoddy meshes of compromise that we know so well. What, then, does it avail to tell us of some inner comfort they derive? If we are worthy of the quest of Truth we cannot turn aside to enter any paradise of illusion.

And yet I who write these lines — and thousands like me — am by no means indifferent to the struggles of Modernism with Fundamentalism. Some of its issues seem to us petty, unreal, or beside the point. But if, out of the struggle, a religious leader will arise who can say in tones of triumphant truth the majestic word that many lips seek to frame, what joy and power might he bring to life, what peace to our hearts!

TO A LAUGHING WIFE

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

Why do you always laugh, by what strange power
  Alchemize all the sorrow of the earth
  To an elixir of celestial mirth,
Hanging with lamps of joy the blackest hour?

O most mysterious and potent flower,
  Hiding the silver sorrow of your being
  Deep in your heart far down beyond our seeing!

Dear woman stronger than a marble tower,
  And delicate as the shadow of a rose,
  In vain I question whence your valor flows,
Sustaining all and asking strength from none —
  But oh, believe your worthless lover knows
The wonder that his weakness leans upon.

A CONVERSATION ON DRAMA

BY EDMUND WILSON

SENEX. I have just been to *Ghosts* at the Century and it has filled me with melancholy reflections.

IUVENIS. Yet one should n't find *Ghosts* depressing: it is not intended to discourage us with life — merely to disgust us with false ideals. For of course Ibsen was n't writing merely the tragedy of a young man who goes mad from syphilis, as stupid people seem to believe, but the tragedy of a family brought to ruin through Puritanism and respectability. What was the cause of Oswald's disease? He inherited it from his father. And how had his father contracted it? From going with the girls of the town. And what had reduced him to doing that? The priggishness of Mrs. Alving and the dullness of the community. And what had made Mrs. Alving such a prig? The Puritanical ideals she had been taught, which made her take life as all 'duty' and no passion or joy — which not only made her marriage a failure but actually continued to prevent her escaping from her situation even after she realized it. It is a tragedy, in short, which has been brought about by an unworkable moral ideal.

SENEX. Mrs. Alving would have been sure to live happily, then, in a more liberal society?

IUVENIS. Of course; you remember what Oswald says about his mother's moral ideas: 'In the great world, people won't hear of such things. There, nobody really believes these doctrines any longer. There, you feel it a positive bliss and ecstasy merely to draw the breath of life.'

SENEX. But what about the tragedies of the 'great world'? People come to grief there too, don't they?

IUVENIS. False moralities and oppressive institutions make their effect felt everywhere.

SENEX. And it is the false moralities and oppressive institutions which cause all the tragedies?

IUVENIS. Yes, of course; and it is the purpose of the great writers, like Ibsen, to deliver mankind from their enslavement.

SENEX. But suppose Mrs. Alving had not been constrained by institutions and had held a noble ideal of duty instead of a narrow one — could she never have suffered a tragic fate?

IUVENIS. She might have held a noble ideal of duty and been persecuted by people who could not understand it. But that, in a sense, would not have been a tragedy, because the truth is indestructible, and, even if the prophet himself is destroyed, in declaring it he has triumphed. As a matter of fact, Ibsen has written a play on that subject — *An Enemy of the People*. Dr. Stockmann tries to act in obedience to a noble ideal of duty, and as a result his whole town turns against him. But Ibsen does not represent Dr. Stockmann as ruined, as Mrs. Alving has been. Mrs. Alving has lost everything, including her moral convictions; but Dr. Stockmann, who has lost only the favor of his neighbors, maintains the strength of his faith — in fact, he is

the stronger for having lost public favor. As Ibsen makes him say at the end of the play: 'The strongest man in the world is he who stands most alone.'

SENEX. Well, I cannot agree with you that the only things which produce real tragedies are false moral ideals which can easily be explained away. What provoked the melancholy reflections I spoke of was, precisely, seeing *Œdipus Tyrannus* only a few days before *Ghosts* at the same theatre. Now there is a tragedy which strikes me as more profound than the majority of modern tragedies because it has nothing in it of the conflict you speak of between conventional and enlightened ideas. Œdipus was a good and conscientious man, so far as his capacity went; he was proud, perhaps, but there is no reason to believe that he abused his position of power. Yet by reason of crimes which he did not even know he had committed he was eventually undone.

IUVENIS. And on that very account I have never liked Sophocles or been able to see the point of *Œdipus!* Œdipus is the victim of a convention — the convention which forbids incest — and it is outrageous that he should be made to suffer for an offense which he has committed innocently. Yet there is not a word of condemnation on Sophocles' part for the foolish prejudice which makes him blind himself and for the superstitious and stupid public opinion which drives him forth into banishment.

SENEX. No; as Mackail says, Sophocles accepts conventions because they are actual facts of life — they are among the motive forces of the world.

IUVENIS. But surely it is the mark of a second-rate mind to accept conventions in that fashion!

SENEX. But, after all, might n't the tragedy have been the same, whether there were conventions involved in it or not? Is n't it the point that Œdipus, who thought himself so securely established, so much what we should call nowadays a 'success,' was actually fated to be brought low by forces which he had himself unconsciously set in motion? And is n't that a catastrophe which in one form or another is likely to happen to us all? Do we not even in some sense, like Œdipus, destroy our fathers as the price of our own lives? And do we not have to expiate it just the same?

IUVENIS. No: that is too cruel, too unjust! We should never be obliged to expiate it in an enlightened society.

SENEX. Yet Sophocles is really much less cruel than Ibsen, for, instead of stopping his story with a definitive disaster, as a modern writer of tragedy would do, he follows the agony of *Œdipus Tyrannus* with the tenderness of *Œdipus at Colonus*, in which Œdipus, realizing at last his own innocence and the wantonness of his self-mutilation, knowing that in the eyes of the gods he has expiated his guilt, finds peace and honor among strangers. That is what Arnold meant when he said that Sophocles saw life steadily and saw it —

IUVENIS. Yes, I know; but my feeling has always been that he saw it a little too steadily. If he had been a little more upset about it, I should feel more enthusiasm for him. In any case, you surely would n't have the modern dramatists try to imitate Sophocles. When people attempt to reproduce classical tragedy, you only get the meaningless pessimism of the Greeks with none of their vividness — stuff like Corneille and Racine.

SENEX. Would that we did get something like Racine!

IUVENIS. But there you have the same unintelligent acceptance of conventions, and of conventions which were obsolete in the author's time at that! After all, why should n't Phèdre have

fallen in love with her son-in-law? It was the most natural thing in the world. And why should Bérénice have been debarred from marrying Titus simply because she was a foreigner and a queen? Racine would have been better employed in attacking the ridiculous errors which made these tragedies possible!

SENEX. And if the prejudices had been removed, the tragedies would never have occurred?

IUVENIS. Why, obviously.

SENEX. But might not the conflict between passion and duty or between passion and ambition have occurred in any case? Racine himself, as you say, does not take these particular prejudices any more seriously than you or I, but, like Sophocles, he accepts conventions as among the motive forces in men's lives, and these prejudices represent the particular conventions of the societies he is writing about. The fact that human beings once considered them important is enough for Racine; he knows that if the emotions of his characters had not been balked by these obstacles they would have been balked by others of the same kind. If it had not been a taboo against falling in love with her son-in-law which interfered with Phèdre's passion, it would have been the duty to her husband and her home, like that which prevented Mrs. Alving from running away with Pastor Manders. But, whereas Ibsen is interested in attacking the particular convention, Racine sees convention as universal and it is the universal that interests him. So with Shakespeare, it is not social problems which preoccupy him, — most of the societies he presents are imaginary, — but the universal fatality of moral character undone by some weakness involved in its very strength. It is not the breakdown of a particular system of morals and conventions that the great classical dramatists deal with, but the failure of man himself.

IUVENIS. None the less, it is plain that in Shakespeare we have already the modern rebel. His Othellos and his Lears do not interest me; they are the heroes of a glorified melodrama. But in *Hamlet* and in some passages of his other plays you have already the arraignment of authority. It is not his weak character which inhibits Hamlet from revenging his father's death, but his realization of the uselessness and absurdity of the conventional code which demands it. He is superior to the society about him, not merely incompetent to play a part in it — as some people try to pretend. It is only his father's ghost which drives him toward revenge — the voice of authority, of tradition, the voice of the dead past. And it is Hamlet's struggle against this past which makes him heroic and admirable.

SENEX. But surely it is not Hamlet's ideas in themselves which primarily interest Shakespeare: it is the moral curve which he follows. He is equally interested in Macbeth and Coriolanus, who have no ideas at all.

IUVENIS. Yes, perhaps; I suppose that on the whole I must agree with Shaw about Shakespeare — a man of impressive poetic genius but very meagre ideas!

SENEX. Ah, Shaw! There you have a clear example of the shortcomings of the modern point of view. Compare Shaw — the great modern comic dramatist, I grant you — with the great classic comic dramatist, Molière. When you read what Shaw has to say about Molière, you realize the great difference between them; because it is only what he takes for the revolutionist in Molière that Shaw really admires. He applauds *Don Juan* because it represents a rebel and *Tartuffe* because he thinks it an attack on an institution;

but *Le Misanthrope* he regards as Molière's 'dullest and worst play' because he cannot see that it solves any social problem. Yet is it not evident that Molière begins where Bernard Shaw leaves off? Shaw has been preoccupied all his life with a crusade against certain middle-class prejudices which did not exist for Molière; he has depended for almost his whole effect on shocking an audience which held them. And that is why he has never been successful with the French, the audience of Molière: they have inherited as a part of their very national culture the sort of realistic recognition of human conditions which Bernard Shaw has been struggling and protesting all his life to achieve. I see that he has recently been denouncing the conservatism of the French for their lack of appreciation of his plays: 'I am too old,' he says, 'to educate Paris. It lags too far behind and I am too far ahead' — or something of the sort. Actually, he has never caught up to it yet. For, like you, he has believed that if certain prejudices were destroyed, and society more efficiently organized, all would thereafter go well. For him, all problems are soluble; in his plays and his prefaces he has worked out the most hopeless of human complications with the elegance of geometrical demonstrations. But for Molière life is not so simple as that. For him the best man — or the best idea — does not invariably win. There is not merely a conflict between human values: there is very often an utter deadlock. It is not suggested, for example, that any reform could have relieved the painful situation of Alceste or of George Dandin — though Bernard Shaw would probably have blamed them both on a feudal society. These situations are as much the fatalities of moral character as the situations in Racine. The only difference is that Molière smiles, whereas Racine, like Antiochus in *Bérénice*, has no comment save 'Hélas!'

Iuvenis. But it is not because we understand life less than our ancestors that our dramatists have become reformers: it is because we understand it better! We understand the causes of things so well that we have at last come to doubt the necessity of their taking place in the way they do. Would you really exchange Bernard Shaw and his world for Molière and Racine and their world, or for Sophocles and his? Molière and Racine are both courtiers in a fixed artificial society imposed by tyranny upon mankind — a system whose security they believed eternal, but which, as a matter of fact, was soon to blow up. How can you hold such an extravagant opinion of men who either did not realize the falsity of their situation or lacked the courage to declare it? And as for Sophocles, life was terrible for him precisely because he understood it so little; intellectually, he was still half a barbarian, still very close to the primitive mythology from which he and his fellows drew their themes. He saw that life was full of suffering and, not yet realizing that suffering was preventible, he blamed it on the gods or on Fate or on some other primitive hobgoblin. For the Greek dramatists, a neurotic derangement which we should nowadays refer to the doctor was a visitation by the Furies! I remember that once when I was at college I had to write something on *Œdipus* and that when I came to read the literature of the subject I found half a dozen contradictory accounts, all by equally illustrious critics, of Sophocles' moral ideas — including one by John Addington Symonds which made him a pious Victorian Christian with a philosophy of moral retribution similar to that of George Eliot. The conclusion I finally came to was that Sophocles had no real moral ideas, but

had merely taken over old legends and made harrowing tragedies out of them. But we to-day walk a different world, whose roads we have already charted and shall presently have made safe, and we stand under a sky which has been cleared of the punishments and thunders of the gods. We are the masters of our universe — or know that we are capable of becoming so. We can no longer see the necessity of resigning ourselves to a cruel Fate, like the Greeks, or of embracing suffering, like the Christians, in the hope that it may buy us salvation after death. We realize now that our sufferings are needless, that they are only the accidents of our ignorance, that by the exercise of a little economy and the stimulation of a little good-will we shall be able to purge life forever of privation and violence. And in the meantime we have no longer any use for the gospel of despair!

SENEX. Ah, I am afraid you take too short a view. That is precisely what I deplore in modern literature. Have we not all, since the eighteenth century, been inclined to take too short a view? The liberals of the eighteenth century thought a millennium was close at hand; they could not foresee industrialism and the effects of democratic enfranchisement, the afflictions which the stupidity and selfishness of men made of their science and republicanism. So the modern liberals of ten years ago did not really foresee the war, and when it came they expected more of the peace than anyone had a right to. Now even Shaw, I think, begins to realize that he has expected too much too soon. Before the war he seemed to have little doubt that Fabian socialism would settle everything and that its progress would be unimpeded. Now he writes in a somewhat different strain. In *Heartbreak House* one felt something like disillusion. In *Back to Methuselah* one found him contemplating a future which should see an end of socialism and a continuance of wars. And now in *Saint Joan*, for perhaps the first time in his life, he has written a play in which the representatives of authority are equally impressive and morally admirable with the rebel and the heretic, and in which the conclusion is not a hopeful one. I feel sometimes that all Shaw's early iconoclasm merely served to inculcate in your generation a code of social morality as narrow as the religious one he was reacting against — a new kind of priggishness for the old. But Shakespeare and Sophocles and Molière would never have made prigs of their readers. They do not explain away all the irremediable evils and the irreconcilable conflicts of life, as Shaw, for example, does. They are that rare thing in our own day, men of the world who know the world thoroughly, yet continue to take it with intense seriousness. That is the great thing about a classical education: it enables us to know the worst early, yet encourages us to maintain our dignity in face of it. The classical writers allow us no illusions; yet they make it possible for us to do without them. Their doctrine is not the doctrine of despair, for despair means defeat by life, whereas the great poets have mastered life, — not by fixing their hopes on expectations which are certain to be disappointed, but by grasping the failures and disgraces of humanity at the mercy of external nature and its own, and imposing human beauty upon them, — so that, from being a horror which we cannot bear to look at, which we will flee to any rabbit-hole rather than face, life becomes something we can tolerate the thought of, which we can even in a sense love, because it has been shown

us in our own image. This is, I believe, the only kind of victory of which we can be sure that humanity is capable: to leave behind, and to derive consolation from, its judgment of its fate.

IUVENIS. But we still have pessimists of the type you admire; one does not have to go to the ancients to find them. Thomas Hardy, for example.

SENEX. A few moderns have something of the steady and comprehensive point of view that one finds in the classical dramatists, but in general the level of civilization has sunk so that the poet to-day has to waste the greater part of his career climbing back to where his ancestors started. I read your writings and those of your contemporaries with considerable admiration, but I am dismayed by the disadvantages you are working under — as Shaw and Ibsen did before you. You are under the necessity of using up your whole energy, perhaps devoting your whole lives, to the destruction of Victorian bigotries and middle-class superstitions which you should never have had to cope with in the first place. You lose the best years of your youth battling for a place which should have been yours right from the beginning. You speak of Hardy, but there is a great difference between Hardy and the Greek dramatists to whom you would compare him. Almost as much as Shaw's master, Samuel Butler, he has reacted against a narrow orthodoxy into a heresy equally narrow. His catastrophes are as naïve and ridiculous as the happy endings of the Victorians. His tragedies are unsatisfactory from the moral point of view because they make everything depend on external accident; with the possible exception of *Jude the Obscure*, character plays no real part in them. Hardy's people are merely the victims of an evil spirit — really a satire on the benevolent Providence of the pious — who plays practical jokes upon them.

IUVENIS. But is that not precisely what the Greek Fate does?

SENEX. No, because the Greek Fate was called Necessity and was inherent in the situation: it was set in motion by the characters themselves. The point of the tragedy of the Atreïdai — like that of the family of Œdipus — is that crime inevitably breeds crime and that it has its source in human perversity, whereas for Hardy there is only a melodrama, in which man, the amiable, the innocent, is continually foiled by the villain God. And that, as I am sure you will agree, is not a convincing account of life.

IUVENIS. No, but I respect Hardy for his reaction against a blind belief in Providence.

SENEX. So do I; and I think that he and Butler present a far more edifying spectacle than the Victorian writers who allowed themselves to accept the comforting optimism of the time. Thackeray, for example, who seems always to be taken for an unusually attractive personality, affects me far more disagreeably, on the whole, than either Butler or Hardy, who are admittedly more or less unpalatable: for Butler and Hardy are courageous and straightforward, whereas Thackeray is timid and insincere. Half the time he is a real critic of life, with a profound feeling for its moral complexity, and half the time he is a correct family author, paying his tribute to the middle-class virtues. When Thackeray comes to deal with Helen Pendennis, he cannot make up his mind whether to tell the truth about her or to say what his audience would like to hear; the result is that one moment he will describe her as a saint, a model of piety and motherly devotion, and the next moment, as if with an outbreak

of irritability, he will let you see how narrow, how ugly, and how foolish he really feels that she is. Butler, on the other hand, has become so much embittered by a long enslavement to Mrs. Pendennis's virtues that when he comes to deal with a similar type in *The Way of All Flesh* he can produce only a caricature so repulsive as scarcely to be recognizable as the portrait of a human being. Ibsen, who had more strength and more genius than either, gave us neither the angel with part of the gilt rubbed off that we get in Helen Pendennis, nor the bugaboo of Christina Pontifex, but the tragic figure of Mrs. Alving. So I prefer Ibsen, not only to Thackeray, but also to Butler. But I prefer Shakespeare and Molière to any of them. For it is only when Mrs. Alving and what she represents have ceased to haunt literature — or, better still, when they have never begun — that the real masterpieces are created. And ever since the early nineteenth century — Byron and Stendhal felt her first shadow — Mrs. Alving has been at the back of all minds. She has had a place, even though an invisible one, at every intellectual table. And we have had always, in our conversation, either to defer to her or to defy her — whereas it would have been better if, as at Plato's Symposium, she had not been among the guests at all.

IUVENIS. But you said a little while ago, in comparing Shaw to Molière, that the French were still civilized. Have n't they been affected by middle-class ideas?

SENEX. Yes, of course; but not so much as we. Remy de Gourmont and Anatole France and the rest represent perhaps the highest civilization in Europe, but even with them one feels a hostile influence in the air that they are a little conscious of affronting: Remy de Gourmont has his M. Croquant, and France is really in full reaction against the narrow version of the Christian virtues characteristic of the nineteenth century. With the French, the revolution in society has brought, not so much sentimentality and hypocrisy, — as it has in the English-speaking countries, — but rather a kind of intensification into vices of the classic virtues of the French bourgeoisie, so that their thrift has been reduced to meanness and their prudence to timidity. As you know, the bourgeois was the bugbear of French writers throughout the whole nineteenth century. He clipped the wings of the Romantic movement, which had produced some bold and admirable poets. Flaubert and Baudelaire, for example, had both been launched by the impulse of the Romantics; yet Baudelaire, when he composes a Litany to Satan, has begun to turn from the free enjoyment of that impulse to the assault on a bourgeois society almost as much as Flaubert when he turns from the first version of *La Tentation de Saint Antoine* to *L'Éducation sentimentale*.

IUVENIS. Well, I think you exaggerate the difference between the present and the past in the matter of the criticism of society. After all, there have always been great writers who were not afraid to be reformers. After all, Sophocles may have been resigned, but Euripides was a revolutionist and made some of his most celebrated tragedies the vehicles of feminist and antimilitarist propaganda. Molière may have been willing to play safe, but Beaumarchais, not so very long afterward, had spirit enough to direct a comedy against the outrageous institutions of his time. He and the other French writers of the eighteenth century did not hesitate to put their talents at the service of the crusade against feudalism and the mediæval Church. Why then should we be

ashamed to put ours at the service of the crusade against industrialism and against Puritan morality?

SENEX. I did not say that you ought to be ashamed: I approve of what you are doing. But you are worse off than Beaumarchais and Voltaire and the rest because they had the benefit of the aristocratic standards cultivated by the very institutions they were attacking, whereas your intellectual integrity and your taste are seriously impaired by industrialism and democracy. And your task is becoming more and more tremendous — cleaning the Augean stables is nothing to it! Think of the ablest contemporary American writers and then consider how much of what they have written has been merely an indictment of vulgar tastes and commercial ideals. H. L. Mencken, Edith Wharton, Sinclair Lewis, Van Wyck Brooks — in one way or another they are all preoccupied with the struggle against middle-class standards. And the result is — as I said of Shaw — that, where they leave off, the real criticism of life begins. That is what I meant when I said that seeing *Ghosts* had started a depressing train of reflection. I foresee that any sort of genuinely high culture will very soon become impossible in the United States, and that when Europe becomes Americanized too, as it seems well on the way to becoming, the same thing will be true there. That will leave China — if she manages to stall off for a time the influence of the business man and the missionary — with what will, so far as I can see, be the only first-rate aristocratic culture in the world. So you are in a different and less favorable situation than the philosophers before the revolution: in their case, the system they were attacking was already in decay — feudalism had flourished and was ready to fall. But industrialism is still on the rise; it has, in fact, probably only just begun. And so long as we have a democratic society and the people are ignorant and uncultivated, as they will be for many centuries, we shall have such a lowering of standards, both in the world about us and therefore even within ourselves, as it seems extremely discouraging to oppose.

IUVENIS. Who knows? You speak as if industrialism and business were identified with the ambitions of the people. But as the régime which these things have imposed on us becomes more and more oppressive, as it becomes plainer and plainer that its conditions do not comport with human life, how do you know that the people will not rebel against it? How long will men go on working in factories and in offices? The servant class has nearly disappeared. What will happen when the employee begins to go, as he already shows signs of doing? When the people are a little better educated, how can they help getting bored with their work? And in the meantime our nerves have been stretched too tight. Even now they may be snapping!

SENEX. Perhaps; but do not hope too much, if that should occur. It will not solve the problem of culture. And I fear that life will still supply a good deal of material for Sophoclean tragedies.

THE LOYALTY OF PEEGUK

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

Peeguk, the Flat-footed One, lived, when he was at home, not a thousand miles from Fort Herschell, and for the Arctic this is a fairly close address, from which he would be easily found by one who knew the country. Fort Herschell is, as all the world knows, a mass of rock as big as two or three English counties, and situate not a great way from the mouth of the Coppermine River. It is wind-whipped, storm-smitten, and ice-blistered, and, in the short-lived summer, occasionally warm. The Fort — though there is no fort — is the farthest-north spot where abide representatives of law and order.

Peeguk's very mobile headquarters were on the mainland. Sometimes he found it rather lonely, and this in spite of the fact that his joys and sorrows were shared by Oomgah, the Moon-faced One. There was never any shortage of food. White whales, for instance, came ashore every now and then in summer, and as soon as Peeguk saw that they were firmly wedged among the rocks he would move his topek — or, rather, Oomgah moved it — to the nearest point, and the whale furnished a free lunch counter from which, perhaps for weeks, they carved lean and fat as their leisurely fancy desired. By night the white bears came along to help themselves, and after them the lesser fry of the curved-clawed, short-furred, sharp-toothed family. Under this combined assault the whale, which weighed only from twelve to fifteen tons, did not last very long. But all was quite amicable, with the rules of precedence mutually remembered and recognized.

It happened on a day that some coast Huskies came along in the fine weather, floating like gulls on the placid sea, and camped at the mouth of Wind River, not far from the summer residence of Peeguk. Among them was a certain Atokwok, the Farsighted One, known to many of the small brown tribes as being wise and of great experience. Especially was he learned when it was a matter of the doings and habits of white men. And it occurred that when Peeguk and he were sharing a still living salmon, which the latter had just jerked up through six fathoms of cold green water, Peeguk, whose throat was full of fish, asked if there was anything new in that particular part of the world.

Atokwok picked a salmon bone out of his gums and waved a greasy hand.

'I have come from the Island on a whaler to the mouth of the Mother of Rivers [he meant the Coppermine] and thence here. But on the Island I saw those who had arrived from the far south, bringing with them a strange new devil.'

'Does it live in a box, and speak without a tongue, and make a noise like a dog scratching the ice when its speech is finished?'

Atokwok shook his head. 'No — not that one. But nevertheless kindred to it, for, of a truth, this I saw is born in a box. But it will not stay there, and leaps out of it across a place as big as many topeks, whereupon it sticks to the wall.'

Peeguk blinked at him. 'Then you can catch it, or scrape it off?'

'Not so: for when I tried to do this there was much laughter, and my hand went through the devil and felt only the wall.'

'Then it escaped — for there cannot be a devil made out of nothing.'

'Yet there is, and I have seen it. It is the spirit of a very powerful and active one, and lives in the dark.'

'Since when has my brother seen in the dark?' asked Peeguk satirically.

Atokwok, undisturbed, helped himself to the tail of the salmon.

'Verily this thing crossed the dark on a bridge of light, as the ice makes a bridge over a narrow lane of deep water in a season of the year. Thus it came to the wall of which I spoke, and there it stuck.'

Peeguk surveyed his visitor gravely. Men did not lie to each other when they sat on a flat rock, side by side, and ate fish on the shore of the sea. At least Eskimo men did not. But all this was a deal harder to swallow than the salmon. A devil that stuck to a wall, and could not be scraped off! Then he had an idea.

'Had it a voice?'

'No — nor was there any sound save a small rattling noise in the box from which it jumped. But no voice.'

'And your hand went through it?'

'As I have told you. The part I touched was water, with many strange boats on it — boats that moved with men in them, speaking, it seemed, together. And though I dipped my hand in this water I felt no cold; nor was my hand even wet. Have you no more salmon?'

Peeguk did not answer at once, being too occupied with many reflections, novel and stirring. He knew enough to realize that the white man was all-powerful. It was always a surprise to him to hear that a white man had died, and he attributed it to the fact that one of the numerous devils in the white man's service had for a moment got the better of his master — which was not infrequently correct. In a way it made one feel more contented with one's own lot. But this last revelation surpassed anything he had ever heard.

'No,' he said slowly, 'but in the next bay is what is left of a young whale whose meat is rotten and therefore very tender. What size is this devil?'

Atokwok heaved himself up. 'How far away is that whale?'

'As far as a tired man can walk in one hour,' answered Peeguk. 'Again I ask how large is this devil?'

'Twice as long as my arms can reach, and twice as high; and,' added Atokwok impressively, 'it all came out of a hole in the box of a bigness that could be filled by the nose of a jar seal.'

He waddled off, his own nose questingly in the air, for thereby he would inevitably find what he sought; and Peeguk sat quite motionless. He gave up trying to understand, but at that moment there was born in him the determination to see this thing for himself. If Atokwok was a liar — well, the word would go forth to that effect; and if he was not — well, the heart of the hunter swelled at the very thought. So, because he wanted to work the thing out carefully in his own mind, he asked no more questions, and when Atokwok and his friends moved off eastward next morning, into the empty wastes of the Beaufort Sea, Peeguk merely waved a hand and said nothing. But the kayaks of the voyagers had hardly vanished round the nearest point when he turned to Oomgah with an odd look in his black eyes.

'I go to see something of which Atokwok has told me, and in two months I shall be at the mouth of the Mother of Rivers. Meet me there with the dogs.'

That was all he said, this being a

matter he had decided to handle himself, and he went off with the quiet assurance of those who can live without fire or water, and whose larder is the deep green sea from which they take what they need when they need it. He did not worry about Oomgah, she being well able to take care of herself in this fat season of the year, when the salmon lay like silver slabs in the shallow waters, and the runways beside the small inland lakes were crowded with plump, pink-fleshed, half-feathered geese and swans that waddled coastward while their plumage grew. Nor did storms delay Peeguk, and day after day his kayak, tight as a drum and unsinkable as a soda-water bottle, nosed along the naked shores of the Arctic, its slim prow set steadfastly toward Herschell Island. Then, for the last leg of the trip, an obliging Alaskan whaler gave him a lift over from the mainland, during which he worked his passage with rising excitement in his barrel-like breast.

He approached the Fort with strange misgivings that intensified when he learned from a Coppermine Husky of the notable things which were being done there almost every night. It was certainly great magic. The man who told him this said, his eyes rolling, that once he had crept up to a window of the Fort, and, looking in, had beheld two white men fighting with guns against the wall; that one of them was killed, for he fell down and did not move, and there was no noise at all of fighting or firearms.

'This thing I saw,' he repeated earnestly. 'So, being much afraid, I ran away, and for two days watched the Fort from a little distance. But there was no white man's body carried out to be put with those who died of the great sickness, nor was there any sadness or mourning. Without doubt it is a place of devils, many and strong, and there lies much danger in this matter.'

'Why?' demanded Peeguk, setting his teeth.

'It is in my mind that when a man is thus killed he is forthwith eaten. Otherwise where is his body?'

Peeguk took a long, long breath. In the year of the great hunger men had been eaten on the shore of the Beaufort Sea, and he knew it. But they were mostly old men, who could be spared, and an old woman or two, not of much value. This, however, was spoken of only in whispers, because evil things had befallen many of those who thus saved themselves. Pitalik, for instance, who ate some of his grandfather, was killed by a bear within two months; and Sinuluk, the Large-eared One, whose wife's mother was at the very end of her life the mainstay of the family, came to grief over a difference with a bull walrus the very next spring. So, for every reason, the subject as well as the practice was wisely avoided. But he felt that a large hearty devil might well lick his lips over such fare.

'Atokwok told me that he had put his hand through this thing.' Peeguk's voice was stubborn, but his bowels felt as though they were turned to water.

'I do not know or care what Atokwok said, but it is true that he, being admitted to that place for a short time, came out very quickly with his face the color of sand when it is mixed with mud where the white foxes play at the edge of the water. Also he did not ask to go back, though the chief of the Fort was willing, but started for the anchorage of the whaler that brought him.'

Peeguk glanced apprehensively at the ship from which he had just disembarked; then his jaw stiffened. Had he not come a matter of twenty days' journey to see this thing? He felt in the leg of his long walrus-hide boot, and brought out a sheathed skinning knife with a bone handle, a twelve-inch

blade, and an edge like a razor. Testing this reflectively with a leathery thumb, he gave a little grunt.

'I go to seek this devil,' he said curtly, and strode toward the Fort.

To the man behind the counter — there was much profitable trading done here — the request was made known, the brown face a mask for feelings many and mingled. It then appeared from what he was told that the thing had been brought by a medicine man six moons ago as a present for the chief of the Fort, that no such devil had ever been seen in the North before, that it came out only in the dark, and that, though it was a white man's devil, an exception could be made for himself since he had come so far.

'Then it cannot get loose?'

'Only when the light shines in the dark, and then when it is permitted.'

'Atokwok told me it went across to the wall on a bridge of light.'

'That is what happens.'

'And otherwise it lives in a box?'

The trader nodded. A patient man, used to dealing gravely with those who were aware only of first principles, he could enter into the mind of this hunter with the quick, black, questioning eyes and the soul of a child. The seal of the North was over them both. There were also mysteries on Peeguk's side — strange stories handed down from father to son of a Thing that walked by night, and, passing near an igloo, was shortly and inevitably followed by another visitor, even more grim and relentless. It had been heard and seen, but the full story was locked in pagan breasts where it would lie concealed. And there were other cardinal and more earthly mysteries pertaining to birds, animals, and fishes, which the short brown people read at sight but no white man could ever decipher. Besides all this there was that which one feels for another if that other comes of a breed that will walk up to the hungry she-bear when she issues gaunt and ravening from her winter fast with her cub lurching beside her, and, taunting the great brute in his queer, clicking tongue, will drive his spear into her vast furry body. So, take it all in all, the trader found nothing to laugh at when he looked at Peeguk.

'There is much that is hard to put into words concerning this matter, but come you here after I have eaten, and you shall see for yourself.'

Peeguk went out, and for the next three hours sat on a rock not five yards from the door. His stomach was empty, but he craved no food. At times he took out the knife, tested the edge of it with his tongue, and put it thoughtfully back. The feel of it was good against his leg. At nine o'clock, when it was as dark as it would be for the next three months, the door opened.

'Come, and fear nothing. While this thing is on the wall it is not permitted to any man to speak. You may laugh or cry — but no words.'

Peeguk took a look around before he went in. The gray of the Arctic sea tilting flatly up to the horizon; rock ledges, worn smooth by glaciers in the distant past; the low Island buildings, hugging the solid earth as though they feared being uprooted by winter blasts; a cluster of topeks just above tide level; a few hungry, mangy dogs; the miniature whaler, riding, slack-chained, in the bay; and, over it all, the suggestion of illimitable space and emptiness. This was very familiar. Now it was in his mind that he might never see it again, for all that the trader said, because the trader did not know what he proposed to do. But he only made a soft little noise in his throat, and followed. And this, perhaps, was the bravest thing he ever did in his life.

The room, the biggest in Fort Herschell, was used indiscriminately

as a church, when a missionary came that way; as a courtroom, when, for instance, a magistrate journeyed five thousand miles to try Tetamagama and Alikomiak concerning the murders for which they were subsequently hanged; or for trading, when the rush was on in the springtime. Some of the whaler's crew sat on benches at one end, with a few other whites. Behind them was a small wooden house with a hole in one side. Peeguk noted that this hole was of the size of the nose of a jar seal.

'It is the devil house!' he whispered to himself, and took the seat nearest the door.

Someone turned out the lamp, and a moment later light was visible inside this house. A voice spoke, saying that all was ready. Peeguk did not stir a muscle, but the hair crawled up the back of his neck.

Then out of the hole in the devil house leaped a great light that hit the opposite wall so that there came a space like a very white cloud and very round. At the same time was heard a sound like small gravel running down the bank of a stream, or many, many rifles being cocked quickly one after the other. In the white cloud appeared something Peeguk did not understand, but knew to be the writing of white men; then a face, very large, the face of a woman who opened her mouth showing many teeth, and smiled at him — Peeguk, the husband of Oomgah. At this his soul quivered within him, and he was glad Oomgah had not come. After that another white woman — also beautiful, and with as many strong teeth, but not fat enough for a good wife. Then two men, evidently not hunters, because their necks were thin and their shoulders narrow. They also looked at him, and went away, and behold the white cloud remained without a mark. Of a truth this was great magic!

His brain began to spin, while, mutely, he searched his past life for something by which he could judge this matter. There was nothing. He desired greatly to get away, but was mysteriously anchored to his seat, not frightened as much as he expected, but reduced to helplessness because there was so much beyond his understanding. When one has traveled four hundred miles, one wants to understand. It would be no use trying to describe this thing to Oomgah. It would pester him for the rest of his days.

He became aware that these spirits — for they could be nothing else — had something to do with each other. One man and woman rubbed noses. He understood that. The other man saw it, and was angered. This also was comprehensible. There were many devil things they got into and out of, black like porpoises — things that ran about over the ground and carried people in their entrails. Peeguk did not worry about this end of it, because he expected that the males were going to fight about the woman. He had seen several fights about women in the last few years. So now he tried to soothe his palpitating heart, and waited. Also he loosened the knife that lay against his right calf.

It came before he was ready for it. One man — or devil — sat smoking, the woman having melted away from him, when the other came up very quickly from behind, and stabbed him between the shoulders. Peeguk did not think much of the stabbing, because he who did it evidently knew little about the proper use of a knife; also when a man was stabbed he generally twisted about on the ground for a while before he died, whereas this one died at once. But great anger stirred in the pagan breast when, a little later, the murderer came upon the woman, and, taking her in his arms, rubbed noses

very hard indeed. She did not like it, and fought with him.

Peeguk writhed on his seat, hot fury mounting in him. He had seen much the same thing before when Ugnuk carried off Pilyuka, the Cross-eyed One, and wife of Tolpan. Tolpan had stabbed very efficiently when he caught them. But here was a woman who had none to help her. She went on fighting, her hair flying loose like much dry seaweed. Then — just as she became all soft, and bent like a fish in the arms of the murderer — Peeguk, who had suffered all he could, saw red. Whipping out the skinning knife, he rushed across and drove it deep into the man's heart.

In that instant several things happened. There was a great shout that filled the room as with laughter; the murderer faded away as a salmon swims under the ice; the gravel-like noise ceased altogether; and there was the knife sticking into the breast of the woman! At that the stomach of Peeguk stood upside down within him. He gave one loud cry, and fled for the open air.

Oomgah, the Moonfaced One, had come at her leisure to the mouth of the Mother of Rivers, paddling close to the shore while the dogs yelped and scrambled westward over the barren land. The journey was nothing to her. She fished, trapped, slept as much as she liked, and in a general way enjoyed a sort of rest cure. As to Peeguk she had no anxiety. He might come at the end of two moons; but if it were three, what matter? She rather expected him to do some visiting first.

She was therefore surprised when, a week ahead of time, she saw his kayak floating like a dry leaf opposite the camp. He came ashore, rubbed her nose in a rather thoughtful manner, asked a few ordinary questions, ate heartily, and resumed life in the good old-fashioned way. But never a word he said of what had taken place at Herschell Island. She endured this for some days, then went at him.

'It is in my mind that after talking with Atokwok you journeyed to see certain magic. Did you see it?'

He nodded stolidly.

'It was great magic?'

'Too great for a woman to understand.'

She turned that over for a moment, and then sent him a knowing glance.

'Where is your skinning knife with the walrus-tusk handle? Mine is broken.'

'I lost it, and therefore bought another. Also I bought this for you.'

He drew out a small packet, the contents of which had cost him much thought. It was a purchase made from the cook of the whaler on the way back from Herschell Island, and paid for with an otter skin. He had anticipated awkward questions from his life's partner, questions he was not prepared to meet; so, with the wisdom that may be found on the Beaufort Sea as well as off it, he pitched on the oblique method of evasion. Women, if diverted, give no trouble. Therefore divert them. He handed Oomgah the packet.

Inside she found a four-inch shaving-glass, backed with copper. Her lips widened in delight as she stared into it and saw the moonlike globular face, with rows of rusty teeth, broken and jagged from much chewing of walrus hide. Here was a great treasure, and what a husband was hers! So she laid her round oily cheek against his, gurgling her satisfaction.

'It may be that you saw other women at the Island?' she said throatily.

He shuddered a little. 'Yes — one devil woman.'

'Was she beautiful?'

He surveyed her critically. 'Yes, but not so beautiful as you.'

'Then she will not come between us?'

'Never!' said Peeguk triumphantly. 'I killed her!'

ON THE GRAND CANAL

BY JUDITH SCEVA

We were floating southward on the Grand Canal toward the Celestial City, Hangchow. It was raining — a soft, warm, intimate June rain. Soft striped curtains of rain hung over the shores. The whole gray canal was a gentle flutter under the drops. On the cabin roof, fairies were dancing in tiny, soaking clogs. A soothing world, bounded by rain — skyless, almost shoreless, full of minute, liquid sounds. *Lop-pa, lop-pa,* went the great, calm oar.

Behind the quaking reeds of rain, directly over our path, a shadow arc appeared. It thickened, it solidified into a camel-backed bridge. A chill dread seized us. So low hung the bridge that under its highest point our mast could not pass. And yet nearer, inexorably nearer we were being pushed. And suddenly, as if to abet our own destruction, we were shot swiftly forward. Was it possible that our boatman did not see the danger? Of great, ancient blocks of stone the bridge was made; wads of wet weeds dripped from its cracks. Only a few yards more. All was lost. Already we felt the crash, the shudder of timbers, the tip, the plunge, the choking, swirling flood.

But, at the moment when we were quite done for in our own minds, the boatman skimmed forward over the sleek deck, jerked the heavy loops of rope, and, at the very instant we passed under the bridge, lowered the tall, slippery beam.

Saved! Twenty times a day, at every camel-backed bridge, we perished thus mentally, and were saved actually by our deft little boatman. 'But why can't you lower sooner? Why give us such scares?' Affable, smiling, the little boatman chattered back. He was raising the mast again. He understood not a word we said. We gathered not a syllable of his. Our dialects did not hitch. No matter! We got on famously. We asked questions and made answer without the bore of connections. We smiled and gesticulated. No one felt the least embarrassed.

The bridge was far behind now — a graceful, harmless arc again. Someone was mounting its rim — a man in a long blue gown under a yellow-paper umbrella. He stopped on the vertex to gaze after our boat.

The rain was drawing off. With little farewell sighs, with a parting shake of drops, it trailed down the canal. The shores stood forth — mulberry groves like rank on rank of shriveled coolies under loads of dripping leaves. A shred of white light tore the clouds in the west. But elsewhere they hung low, swelling, only waiting to gather tears enough to sob forth again.

In the meantime we approached a soggy, gray little town, perched on the twin banks of the canal. The shops and houses pressed tightly to each other as if to keep from sliding down into the water. Here and there dilapidated stone steps dipped to the stream, their worn cups full of rain water now; there on a bottom step some hasty housewife, fleeing from the last shower, had left

her clothes-paddle. Along the roof rib of the village temple, against the sky, the little animals sat in a row, glistening after their bath; the lotus bell dripped under the sodden eaves.

Someone had seen us. A shout went up. 'Foreign devils! Foreign devils below!' The whole village poured forth. Babies were lugged out, gaffer and grandam tottered to a place of vantage. Here was a sight no one dared miss. Not every day did the gods grant a boatful of aliens with jutting noses, light-colored eyes, and incomprehensible clothes. 'We may not have a theatre, nor even a fair,' the townsfolk seemed to reason; 'we are only a poor, monotonous, muddy little village; but come! Here are foreigners! Make the most of them!' They did. They gaped and giggled and pointed; they called down remarks and speculated gleefully among themselves; our boatman was plied with questions concerning our nationality, age, and general intentions. The whole village was more alert than it had been for weeks. We sat on the deck and grinned back. It was such a simple way of giving pleasure.

But now the inquisitive village dropped behind and the clamor of its small excitement died away; again we floated through the quiet country. The little farmhouses, warm-toned, the color of the earth, stood in the midst of their fields; over their roofs flowed ceaselessly the restless green waves of the bamboo.

A flock of ducks lay like a brown-and-white quilt on the shore. Suddenly the rain returned. With the first tapping of the drops, the ducks rose en masse and, shrieking and squawking, waddling and hurtling, floundering over themselves, falling on each other's backs, plunged madly down the embankment into the canal. There the hysterical squawks sank to complacent cluckings. How sweet to escape out of the rain into the water!

Thus passed those gentle days on the canal — a floating under half-moon bridges and high villages, past rice *padis* and water buffaloes, mulberry groves and ducks. Sometimes we met a sampan or a junk or a fishing vessel with its cormorants. And all day long *lop-pa, lop-pa*, went the great, calm oar, and from the rear deck purled the chatter of the boatman's family. It was the dialect of Soochow which they spoke, a dialect often shrilled by the great ladies and the lovely 'sing-sing' girls of that city. But in the mouths of the boat folk it had become a liquid speech, soft and rhythmical, full of the sounds of dipping oars and lapping waves.

The boatman and his little wife and their little sweet-smiling boy lived out their life on the tiny after-deck. And their life flowed by as monotonously, but as beautifully, too, as the shores by which they drifted. A life unpremeditated, handed down by their ancestors, fixed in all its forms; a life reduced to the smallest scale, and yet, in its severe economy, in its simple rhythm, affecting one like a work of art.

Their only room in the world was the hole under the planks of the rear deck, a mere pocket of a place with an opening perhaps two feet square. Here were kept their entire goods and chattels — the little roll of bedding, the teapot, the rice-kettle, and the charcoal-burner.

And the goods and chattels stored within their heads were doubtless quite as limited — a little roll of inherited superstitions, a teapot bubbling with small waterside gossip, a rice-kettle full of practical knowledge, of the current price of *bei-tsai* and the cheapest place in which to buy fish. But they had also their inner charcoal-burner, the serene and faithful flame

of family feeling which warmed and lighted all the simple acts of their existence.

Very early in the morning the daily rowing began — soon after midnight. And if you chanced to wake at dawn when soft streamers of color — green and rose and coral and gray — were shifting over the canal, against them you saw the patient body of the boat-woman rise and dip, rise and dip at the great oar, and her calm eyes were fixed, not upon the bizarre east, but upon the homely fields beyond the shore.

All day long one or another of the three bent over the oar. Now the husband took his turn while the wife went below to stir the rice or sat on deck chatting with her child. Now the boy rowed while his parents rested, leisurely smoking and watching the shores go by. At mealtimes, while the boat drifted lazily, all three squatted on their haunches on the deck and, deftly balancing on the finger-tips of their left hands their heaping bowls, with the chopsticks in their right, swiftly transported the great, steaming mouthfuls of rice.

At favorable moments when the sail was to be lifted, the whole family was busy at once. Now the mother steered, while the boatman hoisted, and the little boy came skipping forward to help with the ropes, casting a shy smile at the foreigners as he came, and tossing his neat little pigtail over his shoulder. One felt always the equality of life on that little after-deck. Among peasants the world over, the oppression of woman is largely a fable. Where there is no superfluity, no lion's share of anything, the necessities are equally divided, pleasure and work, and the small possessions, too.

At night the anchor was dropped in the shadow of some shoreside temple. The boat folk bathed and ate their rice and went to bed, packing themselves neatly into the narrow hole beneath the deck. They slept at once, secure in the nearness of the gods.

Over the canal and over the shores pressed the thick white mist, fold on fold. From the temple came no sound — the gods slept; but on the damp air was borne the ashy smell of old incense. A cryptomeria spread its dark arms over the temple roof and reared a vague shadow into the mist. High in its branches hung a festoon of fireflies; they burned steadily their small green flames, and then put them out, one by one, as though they fell asleep.

Somewhere in the hidden sky a full moon rose and climbed. Through leagues of mist its light struggled; broken, scattered, and dissolved, it brought to the earth only a wan dusk. Through the faintly moonlit mist, from afar off, rose a boatman's song. Maybe the words were only of some tinsel love, but the melody seemed to spring from the boatman's soul. It asked, it beseeched, it implored; denied, it sank in despair; in a last yearning effort it leaped up, to break off in mid-air with a cry — For what? Ah, for what? What is this unknown for which the soul eternally cries?

Out of the mist glided a phantom junk, the singing boatman a bowed shadow at the pole. Into the mist vanished the junk, and the song languished and died away.

THE LAND OF DIGNIFIED CREDIT

BY ARTHUR POUND

I

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, when a single dollar was still an imposing piece of currency and sales psychology had not yet developed its formulæ for undermining caution, an outside real-estate firm brought into our hitherto quiet county-seat town the slogan, 'A Dollar Down and a Dollar a Week.' Both the language and the methods of installment buying were new to our community. Our merchants did a good deal of credit business, and farmer accounts frequently ran a year, from one crop to another; but these transactions were always based upon property and character. It was quite another thing to trust anyone who happened to have a dollar in his pocket. Old-fashioned folk denounced the innovation; some even thought it immoral, and all expected the promoters of that subdivision to go bankrupt. My employer, the newspaper publisher, demanded cash before he would print their dollar-down advertisements. But they did n't go broke. Instead, they prospered, and on some of the lots then sold now stand huge automobile-factories whose products are being disposed at the rate of millions of dollars a year, through the medium of a shrewd time-payment system that involves billions of bank credit and is of immense social significance.

That crude early phrase — a dollar down and a dollar a week — seldom confronts the eye nowadays in sophisticated sections. It was, however, the sledgehammer that broke down the sales resistance of a generation geared to small things, a generation that had known years of hard times in the nineties and therefore looked to its pennies. Meantime we have grown rich, not only in hard cash, but in euphemistic phrases, with the result that the public is invited, even harangued, to buy to-day and pay in the long to-morrows; to use, wear, ride, play, and listen while paying; to avail itself of the apparently endless supply of 'dignified credit for the masses.' Only the other day I read that 'the traditional barrier to home-ownership no longer exists — the down payment is done away with in buying our houses.'

One who brings merely an honest face to the counter and a job to the notice of the credit man may buy a motor car for $12.60 down and $5 a week, a $200 talking machine for $5 down, a suit of clothes for $3 down and wear it away, jewelry for nothing down and a set of dishes thrown in. If one chooses to answer certain advertisements, one need not even show his face or explain his job: dishes, books, furniture, and what not will be brought to the door in response to a signed coupon and left there on approval for thirty days. All you have to do to secure possession is to pay the expressman a small sum and promise to pay the seller like sums each month, if you decide to keep the goods. If the goods are found unsatisfactory within thirty

days they may be returned without charge. Credits can get no looser than that — the seller asks the buyer no questions, conducts no investigation, and has no information whatever about him except a name and an address.

Hire-purchase contracts are old in law and history. The Babylonians recorded them on bricks and the Romans on parchment scrolls. In real-estate purchases they are obviously suitable, since real estate worth buying produces, or can be made to produce, revenue. In a settled land every family must pay rent or its equivalent. The expense for shelter and standing-room is inevitable; and if some prefer to pay that expense in the form of taxes, interest, insurance, and monthly sums to a creditor instead of as rent to a landlord, it is well that they have the opportunity to do so. Provided that a buyer's bargain is sound as to price and terms, and his schedule of payments is not out of line with his earning power, he secures the satisfactions and securities of home-ownership without economic loss and with the chance for gain if property values increase. Moreover, he has bought something which cannot be stolen, lost, easily damaged, or soon worn out, and which consequently is rated good security for a relatively large loan.

Tools and machinery, likewise, have long been sold on hire-purchase contracts, in recognition of the patent fact that in capable hands they pay for themselves by increasing output. Railway-equipment trust certificates are a modern variant of this ancient credit form. Installment sales of sewing machines and other devices that reduce household labor and save servant hire fall into the same category, unless the time which they save is wasted.

Obviously there is a distinction between such goods and those which cannot be applied to future production, which depreciate in use without producing value to offset that depreciation, and which can give the owner nothing more tangible than entertainment, comfort, luxury, pride of possession, and a sense of social superiority, such as comes to Mrs. Johnson when she spies Mrs. Richards looking enviously upon the delivery of the new Johnson piano, or to Miss Shaughnessy when her new frock — $5 down and $3 a week for ten weeks — charms Billy Maguire and makes jealous the less fashionably but perhaps more warmly clad Miss O'Malley down the street. Where the first cost is the only cost, or practically so, one negative factor is removed from the installment equation; perhaps the most satisfactory installment 'buys' from that standpoint are books and pictures, with furniture a close second. But when an article combines high costs of operation, upkeep, and depreciation with little or no earning power, costing money every day from the moment it enters one's possession until the day it leaves, then it would seem that such an article is, on the very face of things, unsuited for carrying long-term credit, especially to purchasers of small means dependent upon wages.

Yet reality gives the lie to theory. Actually the largest volume of installment trading proceeds in precisely that kind of goods — automobiles. Eighty per cent of all automobiles manufactured in 1925 — approximately 3,000,000 — were sold on deferred payments. On the basis of an average price of $800, the sales of new cars totaled $2,400,000,000, of which the contract cars totaled $1,920,000,000, and the credit extended on them $1,280,000,000. But the trade on used cars has also been brisk, and the percentage of used cars sold on credit is probably larger even than the percentage of new cars sold on credit. Also more used cars are sold than new ones. Consequently the

volume of credit extended in the field of retail automobile sales in 1925 was not far from $2,500,000,000. Practically all of it was extended by banks and discount companies, in the ratio of four bank dollars for one company dollar. As bank funds are the accumulations of savers and the balances of traders, it follows that the savers are financing the spenders, and work is financing leisure, to an impressive extent. These figures are conservative to a degree; in 1923–24 motor-car production reached $3,476,000,000, but this included trucks and cars for export, with which we are not here concerned.

While the automobile is the big frog in the installment puddle, it has plenty of company. Pianos were the first luxury-article to be vended systematically on time-payment plans, and 90 per cent of all musical instruments are to-day sold in that way. Add to the $2,500,000,000 worth of automobile debts written in 1925 the commitments for musical instruments, household appliances, furniture and other furnishings, radios, clothes, tires, books, furs, and the numerous other articles dealt in on the installment plan, and the year's total credit extended in installment accounts must approach, and may exceed, $5,000,000,000. This is one twelfth of the estimated national income — though estimates of national income are not highly convincing — and more than a tenth of what is available for direct spending, since the savers still insist on tucking away about 20 per cent of the country's annual takings. Indeed, if they did not, installment credits, and other credits likewise, would be greatly curtailed.

Business, consequently, has invaded future purchasing power to the extent of $5,000,000,000. Most of the notes which are part of this vast sum will be paid off within the coming twelvemonth, but until they are canceled the debtors, presumably, will buy less for cash or on open account than they would buy if they were free of debt during the interim. Of course, if wages go higher, that would take up part of the slack, and easy money poured into the installment game may stimulate buying sufficiently so that the lag will not be noticed for a time. Nevertheless, the situation is such that a busy year may well be followed by a quiet one in the installment lines. This tendency has already been noted; certain parts of the country that bought automobiles briskly in 1923 bought fewer in 1924 and came to the front again in 1925, although the general condition of those districts, from the standpoint of crops and payrolls, was better in 1924 than in 1923. The fact that automobile credit is being cheapened by manufacturers entering the credit field, through subsidiary discount companies, may hide for some time to come the tendency to periodicity inherent in the invasion of future earnings on twelve months' paper, but that tendency is almost certain to appear as time runs on. Marvelous things can be done with ledgers and figures by shrewd financiers; but, after all, credit is not and never has been a bottomless pit, as all discover who proceed long upon that assumption. The pit is deeper than it was before the war, and its contents are being more skillfully handled, but the bottom is still there.

It is not my purpose to read the automobile trade a lecture. This article deals with the installment situation in general; and, if the automobile trade occupies a large place in it, that is merely because the automobile industry, with its usual initiative, has blazed the way of late with novel and efficient credit-methods which represent the keenest practice in the installment field. I have a wholesome respect

for the automobile industry; by and large I suppose that no great industry is better managed or does more business on the capital invested. Certainly none has shown more initiative and courage, especially in its early years. Nevertheless, the leadership which the automobile trade is giving the installment interests at present leads straight toward trouble. It is forcing the pace in trading in futures on a gigantic scale, and some day events will call the turn — perhaps not soon, but eventually.

II

Banks, as I said, furnish four fifths of the credit extended to the public on motor cars. They do this chiefly by discounting the notes of finance companies which carry the other fifth on the strength of their capital stock and reserves. The growth of finance companies, both in number and resources, has been amazing. Some six hundred are members of a national association, and there is hardly a county-seat town where one of these companies does not stand ready to assist customers into debt. One concern, starting in 1912 with only $300,000 capital, now has $67,000,000 in assets and a turnover of nearly $200,000,000 a year. It is still growing, branching out, buying up smaller companies and turning them into branches. Present indications are that this automobile financing, which has been highly profitable, will be curtailed by the entry of manufacturers into the field, through their subsidiary finance companies, but even so the installment business shows such vitality that the finance companies no doubt will find opportunities in other lines.

A comprehensive description of the interrelations of buyers, dealers, discount companies, and bankers is impossible in a paper of this length. The fundamental, however, is that the discount company acts as a go-between. As a collector it stands between dealer and customer; as a financier it stands between the dealer and the banks. It takes the time customer's notes off the dealer's hands and collects them, most efficiently. It gives the dealer his money promptly, and the banker his money when due; the companies have excellent records in that regard. Procedure varies widely in different localities and among various companies in the same field. Some of the notes — or, in the trade phrase, 'paper' — arising from these transactions are sold outright by the dealers and endorsed by them without recourse, thereby releasing them from further liability in that connection; but the remainder, and considerably the larger part, they endorse in the ordinary manner and so are bound to see the deals through to the end. Many banks require trust agreements from the borrowing discount companies, whereby a trustee holds certain blocks of notes as security for company notes; others require surety bonds as additional safeguards; still others loan to finance companies of high standing without collateral.

As the finance companies grow in age and resources, the tendency is toward eliminating complications of all sorts in order to arrive at 'clean deals.' The late James B. Forgan said he would not loan a man a cent more on a bill of lading than he would loan him without it. More and more banks are taking the view that dealer endorsements, surety bonds, and trustee agreements are not worth the work they entail.

Finance companies charge well, but on the whole not usuriously, for the services they render and the risks they take. Their rates vary from two to three per cent above the bank rate. If the banks are loaning at six per cent, the time buyer pays eight or nine

per cent. An automobile buyer who commands bank credit by virtue of his possessions and reputation would save money by going to his bank and hiring the money as against buying on time and letting the dealer sell his note series to a discount company. Nevertheless many substantial persons pay the high rate, perhaps because it is less bother, perhaps because they would rather not discuss with their bankers loans for such a purpose. By borrowing directly, they would not only save the differential in interest rate, but might also secure an additional discount on the list price from the dealer. Many a dealer gives five per cent discount on a clean cash deal, with no 'trade-in.' The going discount-company rates are due for diminution all along the line, since the financing branch of one of the great manufacturers has announced its intention to buy automobile paper from its dealers on a six per cent basis, plus a small charge — a standard which competition cannot ignore. This liberality, however praiseworthy in itself, tends to pull more customers into the credit orbit and increase the number of cars sold on time.

In Germany and Russia the disastrous effects of currency inflation were mirrored to the world; but the public does not as yet appear to grasp the truth that the bank check is a form of currency and that many of the evil effects of inflation inevitably follow undue expansion of credit, even though currency output remains stationary, or nearly so. Overexpansion of credit encourages overexpansion of plants, heavy output by manufacturers, and overstocking by their customers. The danger of overstocking dealers' shelves is now generally recognized, both by manufacturers and by dealers; but there seems to be no general recognition as yet of the equal danger of overstocking consumers' households on credit.

A good many bankers, however, do recognize this danger. Some two hundred of the leading banks in the country made an effort over a year ago to regulate automobile credit in the interest of conservatism. After conferring with representatives of the leading discount companies, these interests jointly agreed upon the Chicago Resolutions, adopted at that city on December 10 and 11, 1924. These Resolutions embodied a credit code which it was hoped the buyers and sellers of automobile paper would adhere to, thereby correcting recognized abuses and reëstablishing fundamental principles disregarded in the stress of competition.

All finance and bonding companies were urged to purchase, discount, lend upon, or guarantee only such automobile retail paper as met the following requirements: —

'On monthly installment paper covering new passenger-cars, the maximum maturity shall not exceed twelve months, payable in equal monthly installments.

'On monthly installment paper covering new passenger-cars, the minimum down payment by purchasers shall not be less than either one third of the cash or 30 per cent of the time selling price at point of delivery, including accessories and equipment.

'On monthly installment paper covering used passenger-cars, the minimum down payment by purchasers shall not be less than either 40 per cent of the cash or 37 per cent of the time selling price at point of delivery, with a maximum maturity of twelve months, payable in equal monthly installments.'

East of the Rockies these standards were to become effective February 1, 1925; and 'as soon thereafter as may be feasible' on the installment-mad Pacific Coast, where easier terms had long prevailed.

Considering the peculiar inappropriateness of the automobile as a chattel in long-term credit, and the strength of the sponsoring banks and discount companies, the Chicago Resolutions seemed reasonable and likely to stick. But they did n't. Cheap money and heavy output of cars proved too much for the conservatives. 'The stress of competition,' which the Resolutions referred to as the cause of the very condition which the Resolutions attempted to cure, continued its acquisitive wrestling, and the Resolutions were soon torn into scraps of paper. In some districts they are still adhered to; in others they were never applied; in still others they were tried and failed. Enough dealers would sell, enough discount companies would buy, and enough bankers would lend on the terms and conditions which the conservatives sought to outlaw, to upset the reform programme entirely. Other attempts to regulate the credit flow to automobile retail sales will be made from the inside, but something more than reason and logic is usually required to teach erring human nature its economic lessons. The failure of the Chicago Resolutions indicates that the trade in retail automobile credits, and other installment lines likewise, will go on until it gets its 'come-uppance' from an alarmed public. Thereafter it will be more cautious.

III

The claim that automobile paper is 'self-liquidating,' though often advanced, is ridiculous. The larger discount companies, it is true, have excellent records at their banks; but this is the result, not of the much overrated 'honesty of the people,' but of their prompt and tireless collection-departments, which lose no time in getting after delinquents. By no means all automobile paper is paid when due; extensions of one, two, and three months are not unusual even in these piping times, and many a secondhand sale is forced by the customer's inability to meet his obligations and the certainty that he will lose his equity entirely unless he sells promptly. Repossessions are relatively few, because the debtor prefers a small loss to a large one and because the market is still absorbent. But the inference contained in the self-liquidating claim, that all time buyers of cars meet their contracts fully and automatically, is false. Discount companies earn their money by taking risks that banks refuse to take and by performing efficiently collection services that dealers do not care to undertake.

In attempting to regulate retail automobile credits from the inside, the bankers and the more conservative discount-company heads were foredoomed to failure because, for excellent reasons, they could not take their case to the public. They did not want to 'start anything' which would shake public confidence or unduly diminish trade. They realize that high production involves high consumption; and that limiting automobile sales through limiting credit would reduce employment in many lines, since the automobile industry is an important user of many basic products — notably steel, rubber, plate glass, paint and varnish, and machine tools. To hit the automobile industry unfairly or unnecessarily is to hit the nation. Consequently the conservatives in the saddle at Chicago in December 1924 did not carry their warning to the people. That warning went to the manufacturers and money-lenders and dealers, but it did not reach the man in the traffic jam. And, as long as the latter keeps on mortgaging his future to buy motor-transportation at rates that

make his trade profitable, manufacturers, money-lenders, and dealers will keep on supplying his wants. In an easy money market there is practically no way of checking installment buying except through propaganda appealing to the common sense of common people.

Such propaganda is now getting under way, despite the diffidence of bankers and the coolness of newspapers which reflect, in their attitude, the influence of an enormous volume of automobile advertising. The grocery trade has been hard hit by installment selling, and so we find the National Grocers Association telling the world that many installment buyers let their grocery bills run overdue in order to keep up payments on luxury goods. To lose the car or phonograph would be to tell one's neighbors a dismal truth; but no one except the little grocer on the corner knows the sad story his ledger tells. The National Hardware Association recently went on record to the same effect. Installment debtors not only use vast sums of credit for which they pay, but, by running bills overdue, they also use merchants' credit for which they do not pay. A Western banker says that a neighbor boy told him: 'The car's ours now; we have just met the last payment.' Within a week the family had moved, owing the landlord three months' rent.

In order to possess nonessentials many families cut down on essentials, set a less nourishing table, buy fewer shoes, and skimp on living-quarters. The family that runs a car and yet cannot afford to install a bathroom may be found in every town. Statistics of trade increases in installment lines are clearly not net gains for the nation, because part of those gains must be offset by lessened buying in other lines. No wonder the spokesmen for those other lines are beginning to be heard.

Anti-installment sermons are coming also from the mourners' bench, from firms which have tried selling on futures to Tom, Dick, and Harry, and live to rue their experience. Their explanations, after the merchandising cant of the time, usually dwell upon their duties to cash and substantial credit customers; but reading between the lines one infers that their adventures in installment selling simply did not pay. Presumably these firms did not advance prices to time-payment customers sufficiently to cover the risks and expenses involved, or their volume of deferred-payment business was not enough to let them maintain a sufficiently capable organization to follow up debtors and enforce collections. At any rate their experience ought to go some distance toward convincing the public that installment buying skies costs and prices, and to dispel the myth that installment debts are, from the creditor's standpoint, self-liquidating.

But the hardest blow yet struck at the installment trade came from another quarter — from organized labor. Headquarters of the International Typographical Union issued a broad criticism of the practice, containing, among others, these points: —

'Good wages and healthful working-conditions cannot add greatly to the wage-earner's happiness if he persists in getting into debt. The root of the evil is the tremendous growth of the credit business, which in the last decade has raised a need of defense against the high-pressure type of salesman. . . . Insinuating salesmen, trained in selling-psychology and in "credit desire," abetted by wives jealous of neighbors' displays, are constantly waiting to take the breadwinner in a weak moment and unload something on him.'

Here, too, as in the case of merchants who have fared ill in the installment game, it is necessary to analyze motives a little. Union printers over-

loaded with installment contracts are likely to be sluggards in paying union dues; that, I dare say, is the root-reason for this particular criticism. Union labor has plenty of other good, selfish reasons for objecting to arrangements which, in effect, enforce upon conscientious workingmen a new sort of peonage. A union man carrying a load of contract debts is likely to suffer long and stand much. In a strike he must have more help from headquarters than his fellow who has larger savings, untapped credit, and few or no obligations. Whether you think this effect of installment debts is good or ill depends upon which side of the employment fence you sit upon; Judge Gary might think it good while President Lynch thinks it bad. But both the industrial leader and the union head no doubt would agree that debts discourage many workers to the point where they cannot do good work, and that thrift surpasses extravagance as a foundation of worker responsibility.

IV

In preparing this article I have talked to bankers and merchants in widely different parts of the country, and I have heard and weighed all sorts of arguments in favor of installment trading. Losses are surprisingly light. One large finance company, specializing in automobile paper, lost less than one fifth of one per cent thereof over an eight-year period. Actually it is safer to loan on pleasure cars than on trucks, because frequently ability of a truck buyer to pay depends upon his keeping the truck busy, whereas the pleasure-car buyer's earnings come from another and presumably more dependable source. I realize that the discipline of debt makes some men where it breaks others. Stimulating the sense of possession in a man of tenacious character is likely to steady him and stir his ambition. Likewise I am sure one merchant spoke the truth when he said that in this rough world of ours many a working girl could never get far enough ahead to own in fee simple a wardrobe suitable for her job. Likewise countless deserving clerks and laborers could never get homes of their own unless real estate and furniture were sold on the installment plan. Labor certainly is a better financial risk under the present immigration laws than it was before; and with our enormous gold stock, and the facilities offered by the Federal Reserve Bank, likelihood of a depression fades into the far distance. Statistics of savings-bank deposits, life insurance in force, and stock-ownership by employees are all most reassuring.

None of these arguments, nor all of them put together, quite justify the present landslide of easy credit toward the consumer. From the banking standpoint the test is yet to come; the experience, while favorable so far, is too short to be a safe guide to the future. 'The people are honest'—unquestionably most of them are; but more of them are honest in good times than in bad, and if a family becomes waterlogged with debt it sinks somewhat, honest or no. Dodging the installment collector is, even now, a popular indoor sport, references to which are 'sure-fire stuff' with vaudeville audiences inured to the game. There are better methods of applying the discipline of debt than through luxury goods; its most fruitful practice requires an enduring object for which one can sacrifice without remorse. Wages are high and may continue so, but in every country of large exporting power labor must compete with foreign labor through the price competition of goods for sale in world markets; no legislation can entirely ward off that risk.

Finally, it is axiomatic that the roots of industrial depression are not to be found in the closing of factories and the reduction of staffs. Those are symptoms, not causes. One cause is overexpansion of credit, easy money which stimulates too much buying and selling at too high prices, too heavy goods-production, too many long-term deals, until at last confidence is undermined and creditors call the turn. In so far as installment buying and selling inflates credit — and it does just that on a tremendous scale — it is setting the stage for future reversal.

A banker put the case thus to me: 'A general situation like that is merely the net of a huge number of personal deals. If all of those deals are sound, there can be no possible danger financially, though there may still be some encouragement to extravagance. But, considering the mutations of employment and the chances of illness, it is not sound personal finance for a wage-earner to tie up more than 25 per cent of his disposable annual balance in long-term debt contracts. His disposable annual balance is not at all the same thing as his income. If a family man earns $200 a month and his fixed necessary expenses are budgeted at $150, his disposable balance is $50, and he can pay $12.50 a month on installment purchases without danger of getting caught and also save steadily. A bachelor might go further without danger. If part of the income is derived from securities, the margin of safety rises. But the facts are that too many persons have contracted to pay out practically all their disposable surplus. This means that unlooked-for expenses or loss of income may mean the loss of goods under contract or a cut in the standard of living. To save a phonograph the family may go short on milk, and to save the motor car a lad may go to work when he should be going to high school. There is nothing wrong with installment buying as a system; but by every test I can apply it is being overdone in enough cases to alarm me, not only as a banker, but as a citizen.'

I have quizzed many employers as to the effect of installment buying on their employees. Only one could be found who gave whole-hearted approval. The others expressed various shades of disapproval, and for various reasons. I was told of the poor devil who has to borrow money from his boss each week, because he has overbought on contract goods. Also every town seems to have at least one unfortunate whose sales resistance is so low that his contracts total more than his earning power for the next year.

Into their decalogues for salesmen our best business houses have written this phrase: 'Thou shalt not oversell the dealer.' When the words 'or consumer' are added thereto, and the amended sentence is accepted by the responsible business community, all will be well in this Land of Dignified Credit for the Masses. For the consumer is financially all 'skin and bleed'; he is no artificial person with large reserves, like the corporation, but merely an optimistic, rather inexperienced flesh-and-blood fellow with a job, a family, a home, and an overweening appetite for the good things of this earth. Hit him, and he does two things — he bleeds and he hits back, usually by electing to office politicians who are bad for business. Our serious radical movements, those which put substantial blocs into Congress and affected legislation, have all been counter-attacks by the debt-driven. Those business men who are busily making debtors through credit sales may well take a few minutes off to ponder the possible social and political results of overselling the consumer on deferred payments.

THE NEW MAP OF EUROPE

BY ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

I

On what general lines has the map of Europe changed since the Great War, and, on a long view, have the changes been for the worse or for the better? Such questions are bound to occur to our minds at a moment when the settlement agreed on at Locarno seems not unlikely to stereotype, at least for some time to come, the territorial provisions of the settlement imposed at Paris half a dozen years ago.

The first answer is that there are several maps of Europe between which we must distinguish. There are the political, the linguistic, and the economic, and — running through them all — there is the map of feeling, of those subjective sympathies and antipathies which often cut sharply across the maps based upon objective criteria. For practical purposes this map of feeling may be the most important, yet its subjectivity, complexity, and sensitive variability make it the most difficult of all to plot on paper or describe in words. Before attempting to appraise the political map of Europe which has resulted from the war, let us examine these other post-war maps and discuss the relation of the political map to each of them.

On the linguistic map — to consider that first — there is a marked contrast in degree of change between Western Europe and Eastern Europe. In the West, the linguistic map has not changed perceptibly since the late war, or indeed since the Dark Ages. In a general way it still displays the distribution of languages which prevailed in the last days of the Roman Empire. There are outlying exceptions, like Sicily at one extremity, where a Romance language superseded Greek and Arabic in the Middle Ages, or Ireland at another extremity, where English superseded a Celtic language in the nineteenth century; but mediæval Sicily was part of the Oriental world, and modern Ireland has many Near Eastern traits. These are exceptions that prove the rule; and in Western Europe for many centuries the rule has been that the peoples speaking different languages have been segregated in large, homogeneous, compact territorial blocks with sharp boundaries which have shown little if any tendency to vary.

In Eastern Europe, on the other hand, the distribution of languages has changed enormously during the past century and a half, and during the last ten years this process of change has culminated in wholesale massacres of minorities and wholesale exoduses of populations: of Muslims from Europe into Asia, of Greeks and Armenians from Asia into Europe, of Bulgars from Macedonia into a truncated Bulgaria. This steeply rising curve of change in Eastern Europe has been leading toward a goal which substantially has now been attained: namely, the assimilation of the linguistic map in the East to that in the West of the continent.

A hundred and fifty years ago the several linguistic groups in Eastern Europe were territorially intermingled. Their members lived, cheek by jowl, in the same districts and the same cities, and this intermingling was a fundamental principle in the structure of society, since each nationality was identified, often to the point of monopoly, with a particular trade or trades, so that the presence of each on the spot was indispensable to the economic well-being of the others. As a result of the changes which have culminated during and since the Great War, the East European peoples have been redistributed violently into more or less compact linguistic blocks on the West European model; and thus, on the linguistic map of Europe, where such a strong contrast between West and East displayed itself in A.D. 1775, the continent appears in 1925 as a single unit with a uniform structure.

In passing, it is interesting to note that, at the time when Eastern Europe has just completed the transformation of its linguistic map to the West European pattern, the United States — a country originally colonized from Western Europe and therefore substantially homogeneous in nationality, like the older countries of the western world — has developed a tendency (though it is, of course, no more than a tendency) toward the East European type of intermingling. During the last quarter of a century before the outbreak of the Great War, the shifting course of the stream of immigration brought into the United States great numbers of aliens who have not proved readily amenable to assimilation, but have continued to live their own lives and speak their own languages among themselves. They have even tended — again on the East European pattern — to economic specialization on lines of nationality. Greek immigrants have concentrated upon selling fruit and shining shoes; Italians upon spade-work; Poles in the Connecticut Valley upon onion-growing; while Irishmen have almost monopolized the careers of policemen and politicians. This analogy is not fanciful; for the new immigrants into the United States who have behaved in this novel way actually came in large part from Eastern Europe, whereas their predecessors had mostly come from the northwest of the continent and had therefore arrived speaking English or kindred languages as their mother-tongue, and expecting to merge themselves in the national life of their new country, as they would have expected any immigrant into their old countries to merge himself in the national life of those.

II

To return to Europe, let us now consider how the new uniform linguistic map of the continent and its new political map are related to each other. In the redrawing of the political map, the declared principle of the statesmen who presided over the Paris Peace Conference of 1919 was to make it coincide with the linguistic map of nationality in so far as the exigencies of the economic map permitted. The divine right of nationalities was a dogma which governed their decisions as powerfully as the divine right of dynasties had inspired their predecessors at the Vienna Conference a century before.

On the whole, considering that in 1919 the passions and prejudices aroused by four years of war were still unabated, it is remarkable that the Supreme Council of the Allies did not show more unfair discrimination than it did in applying its principle to ex-Allies and ex-enemies. At the same time, its practice, in doubtful cases, of giving the benefit of the doubt to

its friends, and still more its tendency to substitute the economic map for the linguistic map, where the latter was economically impracticable, in favor of its friends and not of the defeated nations, have left a wide margin of difference between the new frontiers (professedly based in a general way upon the linguistic map) and the actual boundaries between the groups speaking the different languages. For example, on grounds of economic geography the 3,000,000 Germans of Bohemia have been included in Czechoslovakia, whereas the Slovaks have been detached from Hungary, although the economic arguments for retaining them within Hungary are just as strong as those for including the Bohemian Germans in Czechoslovakia. Thus different parts of the political frontiers of Czechoslovakia have been drawn on different principles, which, in the different cases, have invariably produced a result favorable to Czechoslovakia and unfavorable to Austria and Hungary. Again, Poland has been given territorial access to the sea by the creation of the so-called 'Polish Corridor' and of the Free City of Danzig, whereas Germany's equally strong claim, of the same order, for the maintenance of the previously existing territorial continuity between East Prussia and the rest of the *Reich* has been disregarded.

In fairness it must be said on the other side that, however impartially the new political frontiers had been drawn, a residuum of minorities would have been left, in any case, on the wrong side of the line, and would have found themselves in the power of alien majorities. This was inevitable because the economic map could not be left out of account, and, in most cases where it differs from the linguistic map, it possesses, in the last resort, a more compelling power, because the practical consequences of ignoring it are more inconvenient. It must be added that the Supreme Council foresaw that minorities would need protection and drafted treaties to this end, in which it laid down the rights of minorities and placed them under the ægis of the League of Nations. The newly created or enlarged states of Eastern Europe were compelled to sign these treaties as a condition of receiving recognition of their sovereignties over their new territories, and the Supreme Council showed patience and determination in overcoming their disinclination (which was especially strong in the case of Rumania) to bind themselves in this way. Nevertheless, the aggregate numbers of the minorities left on the wrong side of the line are greater than they need have been on purely economic grounds, and therefore greater than they ought to have been in a settlement professedly based on the principle of nationality.

The authors of the Paris settlement will reply that at least the number of millions in Europe under alien government has been vastly reduced by their labors, in comparison with the pre-war political map, under which not only minorities but entire nations were living in subjection. To this it may be retorted that, though the subject populations are certainly less numerous now than before the war, yet their condition is worse — partly because the passions aroused by the war are only slowly dying down, and partly because there has been not only a reduction in numbers but a reversal of positions. The 'top dog' of yesterday is the 'under dog' of to-day, and the former under dog, finding his old oppressor suddenly placed in his power, is likely, at the beginning, to take his revenge and to indulge to the full his long-repressed instinct to domineer; whereas the old masters, who had been in control for

centuries, had no recent wrongs to avenge upon their subjects and had been sated with dominion too long to exercise it oppressively for the mere delight of tasting power.

These features in the new situation make the lot of the present minorities unenviable. All that can be said is that the passions aroused by the war and the desire of the under dog to 'get his own back' are presumably factors which will diminish as time goes on. Meanwhile, much depends on whether the Minority Treaties can be made effective. Twice-over the League of Nations, taking action in pursuance of the Polish Minority Treaty, has successfully intervened in favor of German minorities in Poland. One of these cases is noteworthy, in as much as the Germans concerned were colonists who had been settled, before the war, by the Prussian Government upon lands expropriated from their lawful Polish owners. Thus these Germans, though they were not personally blameworthy and though their acquired rights were undoubtedly safeguarded under the Minority Treaty which the Polish Government had signed, were in an invidious position, so that, if the League has been successful in this instance, it may reasonably be expected to succeed in less difficult cases.

On the other hand, another step on behalf of minorities, which would have created a valuable precedent, has proved abortive. During the Fifth Assembly of the League of Nations in the autumn of 1924, the Greek and Bulgarian representatives were each induced to initial two identic treaties drafted as between their respective Governments and the Council of the League, in accordance with which either Government was to place under the protection of League officials on the spot the members of the other nation who were permanently domiciled, as a minority, in its territory. The League officials designated for this task were a Belgian and a New Zealand officer, who were supervising the voluntary migration of Bulgars from Greek territory into Bulgaria and of Greeks from Bulgarian territory into Greece, under the terms of the Peace Treaty between Bulgaria and the Allies. The new draft treaties would have extended the protection of these officers to the members of both these minorities who elected to remain under alien rule, and would have made their new duties permanent. Unhappily the Greek Government repudiated the action of its representative at Geneva — partly because the mere news of the draft treaties produced an immediate slackening in the stream of voluntary intermigration, and this was not to the Greek Government's taste; partly because Jugoslavia brought great pressure to bear upon Greece to repudiate the arrangement. The motive of Jugoslavia's intervention is illuminating, while deplorable. One effect of the Græco-Bulgarian arrangement with the League, if it had been ratified, would have been the formal acknowledgment of a notorious fact — namely, that on Greek territory a Bulgarian minority existed. Now this Bulgarian minority in Greek Macedonia is linguistically and nationally part and parcel of the adjoining Bulgarian minority in Jugoslav Macedonia. The official Jugoslav view, however, regarding this latter Bulgarian minority is that it is nonexistent and that the people are Serbs. The acknowledgment of the Bulgarian nationality of the Macedonians on the Greek side of the frontier would have undermined Jugoslavia's entrenched position, and might have opened the way for a demand that she render an account of how the Macedonians under her rule were faring. This illustrates the present maladjustment between

the linguistic map and the political.

At present, the struggle between subject minorities and dominant majorities is being waged, in different parts of Europe, by very different methods. In Bohemia, as between the German minority there and the Czechoslovak Government, voluminous dossiers and counter-dossiers are filed with the Secretariat of the League by the disputants, without injury to life and limb. In Macedonia, as between the Bulgar minority and the Jugoslav Government, the argument is being conducted by battle, murder, and sudden death. A general solution of this problem can be brought, if at all, only by the hand of time. There is no solution to be found in a fresh change of frontiers tending toward a restoration of the political map as it existed before the war. Such a solution readily suggests itself to a detached observer's mind, because the Unmerciful Servant is such an unsympathetic character that we should naturally be glad to see him receive his deserts. The punitive or vindictive temper, however, is not the atmosphere in which fair and stable solutions are discovered. The very reason why the present map is unsatisfactory is because that fatal spirit inspired its authors in too great a degree. The true solution does not lie in throwing the political map back into the melting-pot, with the fearful destruction and suffering which this violent process involves — as we know from our recent experience in the Great War. It lies in modifying, not the lines on the map, but the resentment, the vindictiveness, and, above all, the fear in the hearts of both parties to the controversy.

III

The economic map of Europe next claims our attention, and here we observe an increasing tension between two incompatible tendencies — a tension which has not yet been resolved, but which is bound to find its resolution sooner or later, and perhaps, in doing so, to revolutionize the European situation. The first of these two contrary forces is the tendency for the effective unit of economic activity in the modern world to increase in scale progressively. The second is the tendency for the acceptable unit of political life to decrease in scale under the influence of a more and more minutely articulated consciousness of nationality.

Before the war every independent state consciously aimed at economic self-sufficiency; and, as the scale of economic operations increased under the influence of the Industrial Revolution, the structure of the states at first adapted itself more or less successfully. Throughout the century preceding the war the general trend on the political map was for small states to be eliminated and for a few Great Powers to increase their domains, and in many cases — for example, the establishment and maintenance of the United States, the unification of Germany and of Italy, and the postponement of the break-up of the Hapsburg Monarchy — the Great Powers patently owed their creation and preservation to the fact that they, and no states of smaller calibre than theirs, were commensurate with the scale at that time attained by economic activities. During the last phase before the war, however, the scale of economic life continued to grow and the Great Powers began to be dwarfed by it. It was in vain that they partitioned Africa in the effort to acquire home-grown tropical raw materials. The increase in the scale of economic life persisted until the unit became nothing less than the world itself — leaving any state, short of a world-state, incapable of economic self-sufficiency.

Meanwhile, underground, even those aggregations of territory which the Great Powers had succeeded in amassing were being prized asunder by the leaven of nationalism at work among their component populations; and, under the impact of the war, one Great Power out of the eight was extinguished and two others were mutilated. The consequence is that, while the world-scale of economic life seems to have become established definitively, the independent states of Europe, on the present political map, are more numerous, and severally smaller on the average, — in other words, even less capable of economic self-sufficiency, — than before the war. Thus, while the new political map follows the linguistic map of Europe in its main outlines, so that the problem of minorities which arises from the remaining discrepancies is not insoluble, the new political map and the economic map are antithetic and irreconcilable. The present tension between them is so great that it cannot long continue. One or other map will have to adjust itself to the other; and, since the economic map is inexorable, or at least cannot be forced on to different lines without the permanent economic ruin of Europe, it is in the political map that the readjustment is to be expected.

The extent to which the political map of Europe has been broken up as a result of the war, in defiance of the economic factor, can be measured not only by the increase in the number of independent European states and the diminution in their average area and population, but by the increase in the number of small states without a seaboard. One of the most noteworthy features in the evolution of the political map during the nineteenth century had been the almost complete elimination of this class — a class which had been numerous in Europe in 1815 and at all previous times since the break-up of the Roman Empire. In 1914 only two completely landlocked independent states were to be found on the continent — namely, Switzerland and Serbia. Of these two, Switzerland alone was highly developed economically, and Switzerland had learned how to adjust her economic life to her position by long experience — aided by the fact that she marched with no less than four countries with seaboards, none of which was unfriendly to her. Serbia, though less dependent than Switzerland on foreign trade, was less fortunate in her economic relations with her neighbors, and her consequent desire for a seaboard of her own was one of the contributing causes of the general war of 1914–1918.

When we turn to the post-war political map, we find, it is true, that Serbia has secured her seaboard by expanding herself into Jugoslavia; but on the other hand we find that the total number of landlocked states has risen to four — namely, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, and Hungary — and that several other states are partially landlocked — Bulgaria being entirely cut off from the Ægean, and Russia almost entirely from the Baltic, while the access of Poland to the Baltic is inconvenient and precarious.

This means that there are many more states than before on the political map of Europe which are utterly incapable of economic self-sufficiency — a self-sufficiency which, already before the war, was ceasing to be possible even for a state of the calibre of Austria-Hungary. The most significant example of this general fact is the economic consequence of the reacquisition of Alsace-Lorraine by France from Germany. Before the peace-settlement of 1919, the coördination of the iron-ores of Lorraine with the coal-fields of the Ruhr was one of the rare remaining instances in which all the necessary raw

materials (though not all the necessary markets) for a first-class European industry were still contained within the frontiers of a single state. The political transfer of the *Reichsland* has temporarily broken up this economic combination, for the coal remains in German hands while the iron has passed into French hands. At present, when both parties, under the psychological influence of the war, are still thinking in terms of politics rather than of economics, each may dream of damaging her late opponent by refusing to go into economic partnership with her. With that half of the assets of the Ruhr-Lorraine coal-and-iron industry which they hold respectively, each has been scheming how to revive the industry for her own exclusive benefit; just as Czechoslovakia has been scheming how to recover the markets for her manufactures which she enjoyed before the war as a part of Austria-Hungary, while at the same time erecting high tariff walls against those other parts which have turned into separate 'successor states.' All these dreams are vain, and time is rapidly demonstrating that they are ruinous to those who harbor them. In the economic field, neither post-war Germany nor post-war France nor post-war Czechoslovakia is able 'to stand alone under the strenuous conditions of the modern world.'

What is the solution here? Again it certainly does not lie in redrawing the political map on the lines which it followed before the war. The point has been emphasized already that to throw the political frontiers of Europe into the melting-pot for the second time within the space of a few years would be to court irretrievable disaster. Nor would this in any way solve the economic problem, since already before the war, as has been pointed out above, even the greatest in calibre among the Great Powers had become economically inadequate. Evidently the way to a solution is to be found, not in altering the new political frontiers, but in leaving them where they are and then gradually making them fainter. We can hardly expect that they will ever become so faint as are now the boundaries between the thirteen once sovereign states which were the historical nucleus of the present United States of America. In the New World, political unification on a continental scale has been made possible by the existence of a degree of political fluidity which in Europe is unattainable. Among a new population in a new environment there is a blessed absence of those ancient bitter memories which in Europe are graven deep on the face of the land and in the minds of the people. As far ahead as we can foresee, a United States of Europe cannot be discerned on the horizon; but a European *Zollverein* — or, short of that, a European economic entente, on a scale comparable to the economic unit constituted in America by the United States — seems much less unlikely to arise in a not too distant future. The Conference of Locarno has given greater hope of a political *détente* in Europe than we have had at any time since the outbreak of the Great War, or, indeed, since the last decade of the nineteenth century; and the objective necessity for a European economic entente is so urgent that, if once the political obstacles to it are removed, or even diminished, it is reasonable to expect that rapid and effective moves in this direction will be made. Otherwise Europe cannot possibly retain, or rather recover, her parity with the United States of America in the economic life of the world; and it is desirable in the economic interest of America, as well as in that of Europe

herself, that this parity should be reëstablished, since the economic decline of Europe would deprive America of her chief natural field for foreign trade.

IV

We now come to the map of sympathies and antipathies, which is the least easy to visualize. We can catch the clearest glimpses of it in places where it runs counter to the linguistic and economic maps and produces instability or disturbance in their outlines. For example, the economic map, if left to itself, would have kept the Adriatic ports of Trieste and Fiume in political union with the countries of the Middle Danube Basin, which constitute the hinterland on which their commercial life depends. The natural economic map was expressed politically in the pre-war Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary. Yet the antipathy of the Italian inhabitants of the two ports toward Germans and Jugoslavs, and their sympathy for Italy, have resulted in their being cut off from their hinterlands by new political frontiers drawn a few miles inland, while they have been united politically with Italy — a country with which they have no natural economic connection. Again, the economic map would have kept Lorraine, and both the economic and the linguistic maps Alsace, in that political union with Germany which existed from 1871 down to 1918. Yet the antipathy of the *Reichslanders* toward Germany and their sympathy for France persisted so strongly for half a century that the counter-attractions of economic interest and linguistic affinity were eventually unable to prevail in Germany's favor.

How is this powerful but elusive force of feeling likely to affect the evolution of the political map from now onward? It is not inconceivable that throughout Europe we may witness before long a sudden loss of interest in the dogma of nationality and in the effort to achieve national unity and uniformity by force. At any rate, this is suggested by the analogy of the Wars of Religion, which dominated the development of Modern Europe in her pre-nationalistic phase. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Europeans fought one another to a standstill in order to bring about conformity, on rival lines, between the political map and the map of religion; and then suddenly, toward the end of the seventeenth century, they ceased to fight over religion and began to fight over quite other things. So thoroughly noncontentious has the religious map become in Europe as a whole (with certain vanishing exceptions in Ireland and the Balkan Peninsula) that, though it can still be plotted out, it is now a curiosity of history and not an active factor which has to be taken into account in considering contemporary European affairs. The psychological reasons for the cessation of the Religious Wars seem to have been both negative and positive. On the one hand, the combatants at length learned from repeated experience that the results which they desired could not be achieved satisfactorily by force and that the efforts which they were making were bringing in diminishing returns. On the other hand, positive new interests, such as the rivalry for the economic control of India and North America, arose to occupy their attention.

In contemporary Europe the furore of nationalism may quickly be banished by similar psychological changes; and the most potent stimulant may well be the economic exhaustion which overindulgence in nationalism has produced. To a large extent the European nationalism which resulted in the general war

of 1914–1918 can be interpreted as a luxury of those who have waxed fat, a precipitation of surplus energy during a period when Europe was accumulating raw energy faster than she was learning how to employ it constructively. Throughout the century ending in 1914 there is a significant correspondence of line between the rising curve of national fanaticism and the rising curve of industrial production. In the terrific explosion of the war, however, this head of steam was blown off; and the problem which faces post-war Europe is not how to dispose of surplus wealth and energy, but how to avoid a permanent restriction of economic opportunity and lowering of the standard of living. This change in the situation is likely to divert attention from conflicts of nationality to conflicts of class; for, if there is a serious permanent diminution in the total wealth, the different social classes will be driven to contend fiercely for the possession of what remains. In the class-struggle, so far as it has yet become a reality, there is a marked tendency for the forces of the proletariat throughout Europe to combine on international lines; and, if this Communist international offensive becomes formidable, presumably the European bourgeoisie and skilled artisan class will be forced in self-defense to build up a common international front in order to resist it.

In this way the shifting map of sympathies and antipathies may affect the political map profoundly; and here again the rise of new Powers beyond the borders of Europe may assist the process. It has been suggested above that an economic entente between the independent states of Europe may be stimulated by the economic pressure of the United States of America, where an economic unit of the calibre of the whole European continent has the advantage of being under one government. Similarly, a class entente of the entire European bourgeoisie may be stimulated by the sudden establishment, since the war, of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics on Europe's eastern border. The U. S. S. R., as an aggregate of territory, natural resources, and population, is comparable in scale to Europe or to the United States; but like the United States, and unlike Europe, it possesses the additional asset of political unity. If Europe is to hold her own, not only in economic competition against the United States, but in the class-war against the Soviet Union, she will have to coördinate her forces. 'United she stands, divided she falls.'

This leads us on, in conclusion, to consider the general position of post-war Europe in the contemporary world. The outstanding new fact is that the separate communities into which Europe has been divided hitherto, since the history of modern Western civilization began, have been dwarfed by the rise elsewhere of communities on a greater scale. Before the war of 1914–1918, the Great Powers of Europe were still the Great Powers of the World, even though only a fraction of the territory, resources, and population of the continent went to the making of each of them. Now, however, Great Britain, Germany, France, and Italy can no longer compete as separate units against the present strength of the United States of America and the potential strength of Russia, Canada, Australia, Argentina, and Brazil, not to speak of the latent possibilities in China and India. In fact, there has come upon the states of modern Europe the crisis that overtook the states of ancient Greece after the conquests of Alexander had suddenly enlarged the boundaries of the world and had thus increased the scale of political and

economic activity. The ancient Greek states which, in isolation and rivalry, had yet dominated their world in the fifth century before Christ found themselves faced, in the second century before Christ, with the alternatives of coöperation among themselves or subordination to new Great Powers of larger calibre — the 'successor states' of the Persian Empire in the Levant, Rome and Carthage in the Western Mediterranean. In this crisis of her history, ancient Greece did not lack prophets or statesmen. There were constructive efforts at permanent political coöperation, like the Achæan and Ætolian Leagues; and in 217 B.C. there was an attempt to 'outlaw war' in Greece while Rome and Carthage were engaged in their life-or-death struggle for world power.

'Behold the cloud in the West,' said a speaker at a peace conference of Greek states which came together spontaneously in that year under the stimulus of the external menace. 'The states of Greece,' he added, 'are like wayfarers in a wilderness who have to cross a river in flood, and may count themselves lucky if, by linking hands in chain, they struggle safely to the other side.' In this crisis ancient Greece just failed to achieve unity, and immediately paid the penalty by falling under the dominion of the Roman conquerors of Carthage. The crisis with which modern Europe is confronted in 1926 is not dissimilar.

ONE FARMING PROBLEM

BY GLENN W. BIRKETT

I

In a local blacksmith-shop a few days ago a farmer and a salesman were arguing. The farmer, alleging that implements made in the United States were sold at lower prices abroad than at home, claimed that such discrimination against the American farmer was unfair. The salesman did not deny the allegation; he replied that farmers had no kick coming even if implements were dumped in the ocean so long as industrial workers were kept employed at high wages. Wages buy food. To which the farmer retorted: 'Yes — and food ought to buy implements. Maybe if we destroyed part of our crops you city people would benefit because of our increased purchasing power.'

To me one argument was no more vicious than the other. However, to the salesman, although it did not seem wrong to limit production of farm implements, or even to destroy them, if necessary, to keep up prices and wages, there was something wicked about any tiller of the soil who would not extend every effort to produce food, because 'people must be fed.'

A fundamental error in all proposals to help agriculture is an erroneous attitude toward food. It has a sort of all-important, no-importance-whatever status. The first is a hangover from

tradition and the Malthusian theory, the second is the natural result of an abundance of food, of living where anyone who will work need not be hungry.

A young instructor of political economy challenged part of my arguments as presented in an article in the *Atlantic* for December 1924. He brought up Malthus and assured me that very soon the Malthusian *law* would be in effect in this country. I asked him what proportion of salary or time his food cost.

I have been wondering about the Malthusian theory for several years. It seems to me faulty in that it overemphasizes land in food-production. Food results directly from land and labor. Either is a limiting factor, and much land plus little labor produces the same amount of food as much labor plus little land. Therefore an increase in population carries with it its own remedy — more labor for food-production. We American farmers are berated because the Belgian hen lays more eggs than the American hen, or because the Danish cow yields more butter fat than the American cow. In those countries, land being the limiting factor, more is produced per hen, per cow, per acre, and consequently less per man. The amount that this 240-acre farm produces per acre is low, but compare the labor on it with that on 240 acres in Denmark and it may appear that I produce as much as half a dozen Danes. In France I have seen twelve men and fifteen women making hay in a five-acre field. The only farms in this country which approach that amount of help are demonstration farms. On the local model farm, four to eight men go after one load of hay. Frequently the cost of the labor exceeds the value of the hay. To ordinary farmers who must manage on a business basis it is obviously uneconomic to use labor whose cost exceeds the value of the work done or the crop handled.

Another error in the Malthusian theory as present conditions obtain is that in the matter of food-production it makes little or no recognition of the value of products from nontillable land.

When Malthus lived tillable land had a load which has since been removed. Even before he died iron and coal had begun to displace horses and grain in transportation. We no longer get our artificial light from the soil via the sheep and cow. The candle remains only in the unit of measure. Twenty years ago automobiles, oil, and gasoline invaded almost completely the farmers' city market for horses and oats. A mountain or a desert, worthless as a direct food-yielder, furnishes minerals and mineral oils to do the work formerly done by farm products, and so releases sustenance for people. Up to ten or fifteen years ago draft animals, products of the land, required a considerable proportion of food to produce food. Now draft animals are being displaced by tractors, and the grain and forage which tractors do not eat become butter, meat, and bread. In the main, tractors have benefited food-consumers rather than food-producers.

When Malthus lived chickens resulted from eggs incubated under a hen. Grain furnished the heat. And while a hen was sitting, and for a number of weeks thereafter brooding the chicks, she could not be laying eggs. To-day a large proportion of eggs are incubated and the chicks are brooded by the heat of mineral oil or electricity (50,000,000 chicks are hatched annually by commercial hatcheries alone). When a hen becomes a 'cluck' she is 'broken up' and made to go to work laying eggs. Malthus could not realize that falling water would be transformed into heat and transferred on copper to do a considerable part of a hen's job. Man cannot make eggs or their equivalent, but he has learned to relieve the hen

of a number of weeks of nonlaying work.

Last winter I received a letter from a California fruit-grower who objected very much to the efforts of agricultural extensionists to increase production. He mentioned an annual surplus of 100,000 tons of raisins. These 200,000,000 pounds of fruit not wanted as food are made into denatured alcohol, for which purpose they are worth about one cent a pound. Selling at this price is, of course, a loss to the grower. A food is salvaged to some extent by transforming it into a fuel. Having turned to food-production minerals and fuels, some of which were not known in the time of Malthus, we are now trying to get a balance by turning food into fuel. If a process were discovered whereby milk might be made into gasoline or corn into rubber, farmers would be prosperous.

The Malthusian theory represents the theoretical attitude toward food. Price represents the actual attitude.

This is an old farm. Accurate accounts beginning in 1882 are available. It is these accounts which have destroyed my belief in the Malthusian theory. On the basis of hour effort, food and firewood are much cheaper since 1920 than during the four previous decades.

September 8, 1890, Joe Dobson received 'for cutting 9½ cords of wood @$.75 — $7.25' (apparently twelve and one-half cents too much). Wood sold for from $4.00 to $4.75 per cord. Therefore the labor cost in the wood was less than one fifth of its value. Last summer trees totaling over fifty cords blew down, and in order to get the wood worked up I gave fifty per cent of it, which was cheaper than hiring labor outright. Joe Dobson, now a retired farmer, was one of those working on shares. The purchasing power of his hour effort had risen over 150 per cent. Joe, like many another older man, often tells how much the purchasing power of his dollar has decreased, but he does not see that the purchasing power of his hour has increased.

Along in the eighties butter sold for from eighteen to thirty-three cents a pound. The average was around twenty-five cents. Emergency help was hired for one dollar a day. Four pounds of butter paid for a longer day than a man will now work for six, seven, or eight pounds. If I were unfair and compared the highest prices then with the lowest since I have farmed, I should choose an entry of 'October 16, 1882: 8 hogs, 2050 lbs. @ $7.80 — $159.90,' and set it against the price I received for hogs of about the same weight forty-one years later — $6.25 per hundred. In 1882 four hogs would pay the taxes and ten the hired man. In 1923 it would take twenty-three for the taxes and thirty-seven for the man. The fact that a farmer pays with his products is frequently ignored. As I look through the old records it is clear that the food-purchasing power of the laborer's hour has more than doubled.

About two years ago a friend whose business success depends upon a good demand for ferrous metals told me that business was dull — farmers were not buying enough tractors and machinery. I had $1750 in a tractor, $215 in a plough, $445 in two binders, $200 in a milking machine. All told, I had over $4000 in equipment. (Farmers were not buying enough. But how frequently are we lectured on our misuse of machinery with resultant unnecessary overhead!) We discussed. It appeared that his household expenses were $254 per month, and of that only $35 was required for food. It would take him ten years to spend as much for food as I had invested in products made almost entirely from the metals with which his business was concerned.

According to the Chicago *Drovers' Journal*, the domestic-science classes of the agricultural college at Manhattan, Kansas, were demonstrating that palatable, wholesome, sustaining meals could be prepared for hard workers for twenty-five cents per day. Such information is absurd, I am sure, but it sets a low food-cost standard for housewives to try for. Many of us farmers object when agricultural schools teach that money ought not to be spent for food.

It is maintained frequently that farmers profit if urban labor is very highly paid. I used to believe this, but I have learned that people do not buy more food with more money. Three years ago a capable young fellow who had worked for me all winter left to work on the road. He said that no farmer could afford to pay what road-construction offered. I agreed, but told him that higher wages for him meant higher prices for me. A little later he had a new car and I realized why food does not advance in proportion to wages. Automobiles are numerous not because they are cheap but because food is cheap.

Every attempt of organized labor to increase wages and decrease hours and output is an attempt to buy food for less effort and decrease the purchasing power of the farmer. Increase of wages increases his cost of production. It is a fallacy that a farmer can overcome high labor-costs by increasing his ownership of equipment. He pays for labor whether he hires it outright or buys it in tractors or milking machines.

For many years organized labor has resisted successfully the law of supply and demand. It has increased its buying power through restriction of effort. One hour of bricklaying, carpentry, hair-cutting, buys several hours of food. While labor has bought more by producing less, the farmer has bought less by producing more. However, a readjustment is near. Just as labor and taxes forced up building-costs and rents, so are they forcing up food-prices. The fact that one can buy food for less hours at almost anything than at its direct production is the fact that is lessening the amount of farm products and will continue to do so until labor in food approaches the value of labor in other services and commodities.

Most of us have a tendency to assume the highest price we ever received for our own services as normal, and at the same time to consider any advance over the lowest prices we ever paid for the services of others as profiteering. With all our talk about coöperation and mutual dependence, we fail to realize that school-teaching or mining is a cost of food as much as food is a cost of school-teaching or mining.

Inasmuch, therefore, as non-farmers have increased their charges in food-production, they must expect to find these charges in the cost of food.

TELLING CINDERELLA'S FORTUNE

THE FUTURE OF CANADA

BY C. H. BRETHERTON

THE writing of history before it has been enacted is always interesting and may be profitable. More speculation — but not much more — is involved than in the recordation of past events, but on the other hand there is not the same temptation to attach undue importance to trivialities. A forecast of the progress of Canadian events in the next twenty-five years is the more interesting and should be the more valuable by reason of the fact that the British Empire and the United States are even more deeply interested in it than the Canadians themselves. Things *may* take a turn in Canada in the next decade or so that will lead to the ultimate breaking-up of the British Empire. They *may* so move as to affect vitally the economic future of the United States. They *might* so eventuate as to assure to the Canada of some still more distant day the position of keystone of the English-speaking and English-thinking arch. The one thing certain is that forthcoming events in Canada are bound to have economic, and are more than likely to have political, results of international magnitude.

Canada is a vast land with vast potentialities. These call for development on a corresponding scale, with large resources of money and men, and, above all, with big vision. The vision may be there, but the men and the money cannot be found by Canada herself. The United States can and will find much money for Canada's industrial development, but has neither men nor money for the development of Canadian agriculture. Britain could, but does not, finance Canadian industrial development. She can find, but is not at present finding, both the men and the money for Canada's agricultural development.

Probably in the next ten years, and certainly in the next twenty-five, one of the following things must happen: —

1. Canada will become an integral part of the United States.

2. Canada will remain politically British, but will have complete economic union with the United States.

3. Canada will become more firmly attached to the British Empire by new ties of sentiment — the result of British settlement in Canada on a great and organized scale — and by new economic ties in the form of a very substantial measure of intra-Imperial free trade.

Canada cannot herself do much to help, and will certainly not do anything to hinder, her own development. It is true that the Dominion is saddled with racial duality, but this is not, as in some other countries, a source of chronic discord and corresponding stagnation. The large Catholic French Canadian population of Quebec is consolidating its position, but it is not extending it. The French Canadians

outbreed the Ontario English, but their surplus young men and women migrate, not to the newer Canadian Provinces, but to the New England mills. Of the seven largest cities of Massachusetts four have French Canadians as their predominating foreign element, and so has the State of Massachusetts as a whole.

The French Canadians take no interest in the British Empire and very little in France. The United States has no sentimental message for them. Their religion is their politics, and, as there is nowhere an ecclesiastically dominated State such as their almost mediæval Catholicism would allow them to be attracted to, they 'keep themselves to themselves,' as the charladies say, make the most of the power that their votes give them, and resist to the best of their ability such evils as conscription.

In so far as the future development of Canada is concerned, the French Canadian does not count. He is outnumbered, and in any case he has sense enough to realize that progress and development in any part of the Dominion must indirectly be of some benefit to himself.

The people of Canada are industrious, energetic, and prosperous. They have no capital, but they pay their way and can afford to manage their national affairs with great efficiency. No money is spared, for example, to supply the Canadian agriculturist with the very latest knowledge, the very newest machinery, the most productive seeds, and the stock best suited for his environment. Some of the performances of the Canadian Department of Agriculture — for instance, the establishment of the Prince Edward Island egg industry — read like miracles. Until recently Canada was the greatest cheese-manufacturing country in the world. To-day Canadian butter takes its place in the British markets along with that of Denmark and New Zealand and is actually imported into Ireland. Canadian store cattle, shipped thousands of miles, fetch twelve shillings a hundred more than Irish store cattle shipped from Dublin and Belfast. Efficient organization is the answer. As the manager of one of Canada's many and splendidly equipped experimental farms said to the writer: 'There are only two things in agriculture we cannot produce as well as or better than any other country in the world. Those are farmers and money.'

Canada cannot produce farmers because she has no surplus population. She can make enough money to pay her way, but has no large invested reserve with which to finance great projects of development, agricultural or industrial. We are apt to think of Canada primarily as an agricultural country looking for agricultural development. Canadians themselves are convinced that their country has an industrial future comparable with the industrial growth of the United States in the last half-century. They will point out to you that at the present time only one of the many raw materials of industry with which Canada is well provided — pulp wood — is being appreciatively exploited. The United States has no pulp wood for its pulp factories, no pulp for its paper factories, and no paper for its news and other needs unless Canada obliges. So plenty of American capital is forthcoming to buy Canadian pulp wood, if Canada allows it to be exported, to buy wood pulp if Canada prohibits the export of the wood, and to buy Canadian paper if Canada prohibits the export of both wood and pulp.

Anything else that Canada manufactures she manufactures in competition with the United States, which has both factories and raw materials. There

is no American capital forthcoming to exploit Canadian steel, iron, coal, or copper, or articles manufactured from them. Eighty per cent of the world's asbestos is mined in the Province of Quebec. The United States needs asbestos; so we find that the capital behind the asbestos industry is mostly American. It is not always America's need of imports, however, that results in the development of Canadian industry. The McKenna Duties place an impost of 33⅓ per cent on American motor cars but only 25 per cent on Canadian cars. To get the benefit of the difference many American cars intended for export to the Empire are now assembled in Canada.

One other accessory of industrialism — it can hardly be called a raw material — that Canada possesses, and is prepared to export to the United States in unlimited quantities, is water power. The most optimistic Canadian industrialist does not entertain hopes of seeing more than a fraction of this power driving Canadian mills for the next hundred years.

Another mineral that Canada produces and the United States needs is nickel, of which Canada mines about seventy per cent and New Caledonia the rest.

Water power, pulp wood, asbestos, and nickel represent Canada's hold on the industrial affections of the United States. Of these commodities the Empire takes no water power, one eighth of the unmanufactured wood-products taken by the United States, three fifths of the nickel, and a negligible amount of asbestos.

Canada's industrial potentialities have never been even approximately assessed. As an example, however, we may consider the fact that alone among the countries of the world she has the raw materials of an immense iron and steel industry in such proximity that no one of them needs to touch a freight car. Cape Breton Island has immense deposits of the finest and most easily workable steam and other coal situated on tidewater. Near it is limestone in adequate quantities. A short sea-journey away, also on tidewater, are unlimited supplies of Newfoundland iron ore.

Canada is dependent on the United States at the present time for tobacco and cotton, and to a smaller extent for petroleum and sugar. Both tobacco and beet sugar are raised — at present in small quantities — in Canada, but these cannot be called thriving industries.

It is perhaps an imbecile act for any country to seek industrial development if it can export its surplus population and keep those that stay at home in tolerable comfort. The modern world does not take that view, however, and Canada would be glad to see its surplus young French Canadians going to work in Canadian factories, since they will not become Western farmers, rather than migrating to work in New England factories. Migrate they do, however, and even if Ontario had the factories to absorb them it seems likely that they would still prefer the milder and more Roman Catholic environment of Massachusetts.

The political absorption of Canada by the United States is a possibility, and that is all that can be said. Sentiment is involved, and national sentiment operates according to no known laws. At present British sentiment is very strong in Canada. Sentiment in favor of annexation to the United States is more often professed for political purposes than actually held. The United States-born population of Canada is only something over four per cent. Sentiment will never turn Canada toward the United States, but if pro-British sentiment dies out, and the

Canadian becomes simply a Canadian, economic considerations might easily pave the way to his becoming an American.

At the moment, Americans are regarded in Canada as freaks, in just the same way as the Mid-Victorian Englishman was regarded on the Continent as more than a little mad. One has only to see the middle-aged American females who bob up in Montreal and Quebec in 'plus fours' and horn-rimmed spectacles, and the collarless curiosities that accompany them, to realize why. A country can ill afford to be advertised by its tourists. Generally speaking, however, Canadians are moving, in all the details of their social and economic life, away from British and toward American models. One can imagine — without being dogmatic about it — that a judicious mixture of the two cultures would in time make Canada the hub of the intellectual English-speaking — or, rather, English-writing — world. At present, however, Canada is getting more and more out of touch with British culture and more and more identified with North American culture — in a word, with United States culture.

Canadians will quite possibly resent the suggestion that under any circumstances they are likely to acquire any culture that is not distinctively Canadian. It is practically impossible, however, under modern conditions, for a new country to evolve an endemic civilization, no matter how peculiar its environment may be. Climatic conditions may make the Canadian as different from the Southern Californian or Texan as chalk from cheese, but it will not differentiate him from the people of Maine and Vermont and Wisconsin and the Dakotas and Washington. Nor is race important beyond a certain point. All the great civilizations of the world have sprung from the amalgamation of two races, but there is no instance of an important new civilization materially and tangibly contributed to by half a dozen at once. If there is to be a great Canadian nation it must be contributed to equally by Britain and by the United States. Even now these two peoples alone are exercising a decisive influence on Canada's culture, notwithstanding the fact that considerably less than half the Canadian population is of British extraction.

Identity of environment, proximity, and unity of commercial interest, all tend to efface the guinea stamp with the dollar mark in Canadian national life. Those who believe that the United States will sooner or later absorb Canada do so on the theory that facts are stronger than ideals, and that Canada, which is rapidly becoming Americanized in fact, is bound thereafter to become American in sentiment. They also assume that Britain will not within the next few years 'pull her socks up' and make a bold bid to keep Canada British, but will continue her traditional policy of cultivating her enemies and neglecting her friends.

Britain has ready to her hand two means of keeping Canada British: the extension of Imperial Preference to the point where it becomes in effect Imperial Protection, a substantial tariff-wall within which the self-contained Empire does business with itself to the exclusion of the foreigner; and the settlement in Canada of Britain's surplus population on a large and well-organized scale. Before considering these possibilities, however, we have to ask ourselves whether economic union with the United States really offers — in the absence of any counter-move by Britain — the substantial advantages to Canada that it is generally assumed to carry.

The question is a very complicated

one, and figures do not provide a solution. The United States, like Europe, is overindustrialized, and immigration has been curtailed. Moreover, there is a steady movement of the industrial population from the colder to the more temperate parts of North America, as witness the shifting of the cotton textile industry from Massachusetts to the Carolinas and the beginnings of industrial development in and around Los Angeles. Canada has any quantity of cheap water power and can draw from Europe an unlimited quantity of industrial workers. It would be hard, nevertheless, to point to a single Canadian industry that is at present prevented by American tariff restrictions from securing a big or substantially bigger foothold in the markets of the United States. Canadian agricultural products would benefit, but Canadian agriculture is restricted at the present time, not by lack of markets, but by lack of labor. On the other hand, it is possible to enumerate a number of infant but thriving Canadian industries that *are* being fostered by the Canadian tariff and would be lost to the United States the moment the customs barrier was lifted. For example, Canada in 1924 employed over eight thousand people in the manufacture of tobacco, seventy thousand in the production of clothing, and eighty-five thousand in the manufacture of industrial equipment. Much of this employment might be lost to the United States if the Canadian tariff bars were to be lowered.

More important is the question of pulp wood. This, if cut on Crown lands, must be manufactured in Canada. Otherwise it can be exported. The result is that Canada manufactures 70 per cent of the pulp wood cut and exports the other 30 per cent to the States. The percentage manufactured in Canada increases yearly, and before long there will be nothing to prevent her from establishing a monopoly for all North America, not alone of wood pulp, but of paper also. Without artificial protection a much greater percentage of the pulp wood might be shipped to the States and manufactured there.

Those who think otherwise argue that the result of economic union would be to bring American brains and capital into Canada in a way that would result in Canada's not only holding what she now has but increasing her industrial products at the expense of the United States.

Two other factors must be considered. In favor of the economic union is the fact that all boundaries are a source of expense and all customs barriers an unmitigated nuisance. The instinct of Governments is to preserve both; the instinct of the citizen is to do away with them. Against the economic union is the fact that at any time Great Britain, now the consumer of an enormous quantity of Canadian agricultural produce, may go in for protection. Already Canada has done well out of Imperial Preference, for it has given her a virtual monopoly of the Australian automobile market. To have the free run or a strongly preferential run of the British cheese, butter, egg, bacon, and cattle market against present Danish, French, United States, and other competitors would be a tremendous thing. Add to that, as we may, a possible preference over United States and South American exporters of wheat and meat, as well as a preference over Baltic exporters of paper and paper pulp, and enormous vistas of Canadian development and Canadian prosperity are opened.

In the long run, Canadian development means more trained agriculturists — not a few more, but hundreds of thousands more — and the great capital

outlay required to settle them on an organized and lasting basis. Great Britain is the only country that can undertake this with advantage to herself as well as to Canada. There are a million and a half unemployed in Britain — many of them becoming rapidly unemployable — and this even though there are more in employment than before the war. The upkeep of these unemployed is costing the country many millions a year; their presence is demoralizing the employed workers. The actual unemployed are not in most cases of the stuff that Canadian farmers can be made of, but if a million of the right kind were shipped to Canada a hiatus would be formed into which the existing surplusage could be absorbed.

Two things are required. Great Britain would have to set up a number of large agricultural training schools for the intended emigrants and give them at least a year's thorough grounding in the principles and practice of scientific farming before sending them out to Canada. A scheme would have to be formulated to settle these agriculturists in village colonies of five hundred to a thousand, each with its cinemas, chapels, concert halls, playgrounds, and other media of social existence, and with some organized industry giving the opportunity of profitable occupation during the months when there is no farming to be done. Then these settlers would 'stay put.' Otherwise they will simply dribble back to the cities and finally into the United States, or back to England, as so many do at present. To-day Canada loses two of her population in this way out of every five added to it. All this would cost a tremendous amount of money, but the sum would not be a third of the capital value of the sums now expended annually on unemployment relief.

A million immigrants of this class would do a lot to keep Canada British in habit and temperament. The idea is quite practical, but there are no signs that the next few years will evolve a British leader or party with the vision or determination to carry through a scheme of such magnitude. Successive British Governments are much more likely to go on treating Canada as a more or less useful but not-to-be-too-much-encouraged Cinderella until she is driven to contract, *faute de mieux*, a marriage of convenience with the wealthy and eligible fairy prince who dwells on the other side of the lake.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CONFESSION OR NOT?

My father, at the age of twenty, was a fiery young Irishman with three great ambitions: to free Ireland, to abolish stupidity, and to be a great actor. He read omnivorously, studied poetry, literature, and languages passionately, and taught school while he studied law.

In his class, an eighth grade, a little blue-eyed, curly-headed girl, the daughter of a long line of New England Congregationalists and Methodists, took fire from his fire. Two years later, when she was sixteen and he twenty-two, they defied their respective families and were married.

As the children came — we were six — each branch of the family fearfully looked us over for horns and tails. My paternal grandmother bitterly regretted thinning the blood of 'the one true faith.' My maternal grandmother, whose ancestors burned witches and papists indiscriminately, loved us devotedly, but had a ready hereditary excuse for any childish deviltry we perpetrated. Aunts, uncles, and cousins were all honestly lined up on one side or the other and never found a common ground.

In the midst of this sectarian whirlpool my parents went their own way. They read, studied, recited poetry, and talked, talked, talked on every question that stirred city or country. At the age of four I listened to Free Silver until someone remembered to put me to bed. Personally I thought free silver would be very nice. From that age to this I have never failed to support some side of each question and some candidate in each election with enthusiasm.

We lived in the best part of the best ward and went to what was then known as the 'silk petticoat' school. With the advantage of trying to hold our own at the family table, we debated all the questions of the day in the schoolroom. It was n't an easy existence. We were the only 'nice' people who ever went to the Catholic Church, voted for Democrats, and believed in Woman's Rights.

I remember well how bitterly my older sister cried when she debated Free Trade and outpointed her stolid opponent on every phase of the question, and then the class voted twenty-seven to two against her.

I myself was only seven when a big ten-year-old boy at dancing-school knocked my bonbons all over the floor because I said saloons should go. His father was a mighty brewer and the brewery now makes candy, but there never was stronger feeling on the prohibition question than on that day. It took the dancing-master and two very embarrassed mothers to separate us. Contrary to all the rules of the feminine game, I did n't cry over my candy, but proceeded to trip him up in the latest approved fashion.

My Irish grandmother marshaled us all to a children's Mass each Sunday at eight-thirty. We loved the ceremony, the candles, the incense, and dear old Father McGill.

My Methodist grandmother picked us up at ten o'clock and took us to Sunday School. We loved to sing lustily, to recite Bible verses, to listen to Bible stories, which we acted out in the afternoon. We loved dear old

Mr. Trueman, a saintly soul whom we called Father Time because of his venerable long white beard.

My Irish grandmother was little and quick. She wore her decent black silk and her bit of a bonnet with an air. 'The life,' she would say, 'of an old hat is the cock of it.'

'Now don't be crying,' she would say to one of us. 'Think shame to yourself. What will the wee good people be thinking?'

'The wee good people' were a species of canny little fairy who sat about under the leaves and danced in fairy rings o' nights, and who knew if you were afraid of the dark, or forgot your prayers. They would point their fingers at you and laugh at you. They knew things about you that you would n't even tell Grandmother Gordon, so it behooved you to steer a straight course.

'Grandma Gordon,' said my brother one day, 'if 't is wicked not to go to church of a Sunday, how about my daddy?'

'Now, glory be to God, will you listen to the likes of that!' answered she. 'Your father is a grown man and a good man. Say your prayers now that you may be as good.'

My Methodist grandmother was a big, capable woman. She was the one with the hospitable cookie-jar and the big platter of molasses candy. She took care of us when we skinned our knees or had measles. No fairies spied on us when she was about, but a long line of exceptionally upright ancestors did.

'No Emerson ever tells a lie,' was her forthright way of restraining us. Fibs were not in her vocabulary.

'An Emerson washes behind her ears,' was a remark often needed.

'Grandma Emerson,' I said one time, 'all the Emersons go to church except mother. Why does n't she?'

'My dear,' she answered, 'your mother is an unusually good woman.' And for some reason I felt reassured.

The grandmothers grew to be great friends. With the six of us they had inexhaustible material for finding and appropriating family traits.

We were a fleet-footed crew, so we won races when Grandmother Emerson took us to the Methodist Sunday School picnic. With great impartiality we repeated our conquests when Grandmother Gordon took us to the Holy Rosary picnic. The year the two picnics fell on the same day the second, fourth, and sixth went with Grandmother Emerson — for she was the better hand at taking care of the baby — and the first, third, and fifth went with Grandmother Gordon. We came the nearest to having a religious argument in the family when we discussed the respective merits of the picnics that night. We signed a peace treaty when my father threatened not to take us to the Irish picnic the next Saturday if we did n't go to sleep.

I think the polite rivalry of the grandmothers each Sunday was a source of great enjoyment to our parents. This competition gave them a chance to talk uninterruptedly for a whole morning.

My father, who was a lawyer, a district attorney, and a judge, and my mother, who raised and educated six children on the rather meagre salaries which go with these offices of honor and distinction, never did finish talking. They had been married thirty years when my father died. My mother was left with so many wide interests, so many vivid points of contact with the world, that after a year or so, during the war, she found herself again in service to the city. I think, though, that she is putting by topics in her mind to talk over when they meet.

During these years of growing up I

never remember my parents going to church but once. A Baptist preacher, a close friend, had urged them to come to hear a particularly fine sermon he had prepared. During their absence my brother broke his arm and my sister ran a crochet hook in her finger. My parents arrived home from church just after the second doctor left, and they found a very wan little family. That night I urged mother never to go to church again, because we expected her home when we got there, and besides, she did n't need it anyway. 'Grandmother Emerson said so.'

We went a controversial way through school and college. We were forced, because of our intimate acquaintance with both sides of what was then a most debatable question, to be on the other side always.

After a heated argument one group of friends would say: —

'Well, of course you are sort of Catholic, but you are different,' meaning to be complimentary.

'The black Protestant in you has done you no harm,' would be the final statement in another argument just as heated.

I think I was twelve when I explained at home that people did n't really talk about religion — 'they just got mad.'

''T would save a deal of bitterness if the world recognized that,' said my father.

So now when I hear a good K. K. K., who was once an A. P. A., and who has never known Father McGill and never had an Irish grandmother, explain the mysterious menace of the Church, I think of Uncle John. Uncle John, the youngest and dearest son of my Grandmother Gordon. Uncle John, an Annapolis man, who gave up a loved career in tireless devotion to an invalid wife. Uncle John, who writes poetry with a mixture of brogue, sentiment, mystery, and religion, but with a lovely lilt to some of it. Uncle John, who says his long Latin prayers with a sort of slow, melodious chant.

And when the Protestant churches are berated as social centres, as places where argument replaces faith, 'when, by accepting, one could be so content with God,' I think of Aunt Deborah. Aunt Deborah, who sacrificed her own life to be with her mother. Aunt Deborah, who works with little Poles, or Indians, or Mexicans, and wastes no time mourning over their sometimes temporary conversions. Aunt Deborah, who earnestly and devoutly each day addresses God in the somewhat chatty fashion of the Methodist revivalist.

My own religious convictions? Oh, yes. They are the fundamental things I learned from my Irish grandmother on the way to Mass, and which my Methodist grandmother emphasized on the way to Sunday School, and which my parents practised at home: Believe in God, believe in prayer, tell the truth, shame the Devil, and don't whine.

WE ASK YOU!

Jim is a nice boy with a strong natural urge toward the arts — one of that large appreciative class happy in the artistic temperament, if sometimes puzzled by its sterility. However, he is conscientious and faithful, and had been much excited at getting a position with Kueller and Company, the art dealers, evidently regarding it as having large potential possibilities. But he had lost his job.

'I opened the window and the air blew in on their exhibition of modern art,' he said ruefully.

It seems that the dealers had arranged the show of the season, a traveling collection of modern-school French painting, and at the same time had

complacently offered part of the gallery for an exhibition of the work of the younger children of the public schools of the city. The whole thing had been a great success. Everyone had come to look. The papers had spoken with proper discernment of the powerful, if provocative, work of the contemporary masters, and of the amusing, naïve work of the kiddies.

But one day Jim left a window open, and with one puff of wind the pleasant entente was over: the great and the little fell foul of each other as sketches and labels were strewn about. The works of the Modern French School and of the Harding Grammar School were inextricably mixed. Of course, Jim said, it seemed an easy task to sort them, and the sorting went smoothly enough until the first breath of suspicion cast its doubt over two sketches of nudes. One was known to be 'A Study,' by Rodin, and one was known to be 'Seen at the Beach,' by Minnie Schultz. They were alarmingly alike. The clerks took sides as to which was which of the extraordinary females, each merely outlined in pencil and with only a couple of washes — from Minnie and Auguste, not the ocean.

The confusion was increased when no less an authority than Mr. Kueller himself picked out as the Rodin the one the others were all finally agreed was a Schultz. Then the old man snatched away and hung carefully in the centre of the south wall, with the gilt label 'Cézanne,' the picture of a green girl, with one eye, leading a bale of hay, which young Mr. Kueller told Jim to hang on the school wall with the label, 'Mabel Hascam, aged nine years.' During this straightening-out process, although the doors were closed, a small child managed to leak in somehow and, pointing to the picture labeled 'South Sea Islander — Gauguin,' took what he was sucking from his mouth and lisped stolidly, 'I done that — it 's Pocahontas and the Indians.' Jim said that Kueller, distraught as he was, would have strangled the child if there had n't been witnesses.

'The fruit pieces,' said Jim, 'were the worst. There were four almost alike. Matisse and Van Googh had done two — we knew that — and Annie Bloomfield and Ed Jigger had done two, we were quite sure. The big one, with the butterfly on the banana, Mr. Kueller said he could see by the breadth of treatment, and the nice feeling for tactile values, had come from the brooding brush of Matisse, but Ed Saunders, the janitor, said flatly that it had had "Annie Bloomfield, Class III" on it when it came.

'Well, things calmed down after a while and got straightened out pretty well — though they insisted on calling the picture of the old brick high school "Cadiz Bay — Picasso" — and would 'a' been all right if they had n't sold the "Study by Rodin" to Mr. Hoffer, president of the Kiwanis Club, for $5000.'

'Why, was n't it a Rodin?'

'It was not — it was a Minnie Schultz.'

'Did Ed Hoffer discover it?'

'No — but old man Schultz did. And when he found they 'd sold Minnie's picture for $5000 he naturally wanted to know where he — and Minnie — came in, and he sued 'em, and when Ed Hoffer found out he 'd paid $5000 for a Schultz, *he* sued 'em.'

'He did n't know before that he 'd got a second-class article?'

'Oh, it was n't second-class — Minnie was in the First Class, all right. As for me, who opened the windows and caused all the trouble, they fired me.'

'They did n't believe in letting a breath of fresh air in on modern art?'

'No, sir, and you can't blame 'em. I leave it to you — if the labels get mixed, how 's anybody going to tell?'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

George Byron Gordon is the Director of the University Museum of Philadelphia, whose field expedition in collaboration with the experts from the British Museum has been since 1922 uncovering Ur of the Chaldees, the city where Abraham lived and whence he started on the pilgrimage which his descendants have not yet completed. ¶Liquor is to-day the most advertised product in the United States, and if there is anything in the American idea of publicity every citizen is consciously or unconsciously occupied with the complex question of Prohibition. **Dr. Frederick Ernest Johnson,** Executive Secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ, conducted the most impressive investigation to which the Volstead Act has been subjected. Beside his conclusions we place those of **Morton P. Fisher,** for nearly three years a Federal district attorney of Baltimore. **J. B. S. Haldane** is the Sir William Dunn Reader in Biochemistry at Cambridge, with a war record of the utmost daring. Mr. Haldane has won in these last years a reputation as brilliant as that of any young chemist of Europe. He is a nephew of Lord Haldane, late Chancellor of the Exchequer. **André Maurois,** who is coming to America this winter, wrote and published *Les Silences du Colonel Bramble* during the war, and *Les Discours du Docteur O'Grady, Ariel, Dialogues sur le Commandement,* since. His latest manuscript, the half-ludicrous and wholly charming love-story of young Goethe, was begun in our January number and is concluded in this. The delicate task of translation has been well done by Mr. George L. Howe of Providence.

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Louis I. Dublin, chief statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, meets with eloquent facts and figures the arguments of the advocates of birth control, and meets them squarely with their chosen weapons from the arsenal of modern science. ¶A Chicagoan of three generations, **Mrs. Louise de Koven Bowen** has grown up with the city and has long been identified with its social and civic progress and with its pleasantest society. ¶From Pembrokeshire **Wilfrid Gibson** sent us his verses, so full of sensibility to poetic things and to the still deeper affections of the human heart. ¶The wife of a naval officer, **Carol Haynes** has followed her husband 'east coast, west coast, all around the world.' 'When not engaged in meeting ships,' she writes, 'checking baggage, or settling for a short while in house or hotel, I have been writing poetry. "Travails with a Donkey" is my first attempt in prose.' ¶In the present agitation over the control of crime **John Barker Waite** utters some cautioning truths. In his own experience Mr. Waite has seen why the arm of the law can seldom strike home.

* * *

Not thirty leagues from Broadway **William Beebe** proved that there were queerer fish in the sea than ever men lied about. ¶The irreconciliation of social and spiritual gospels, which since 1914 has distressed many Liberals, is described by an **Anonymous** minister in terms of poignant sincerity. **Richard Le Gallienne** is a versatile Englishman long resident among us, distinguished for his verse and prose as well as for his portrait by the incomparable Max. **Edmund Wilson,** a Princeton graduate, has found many subjects for lively criticism and conversation since his coming to New York City. ¶A member of the most traveled nation in the world, **Alan Sullivan** finds in his wanderings the bright and elusive threads for an admirable yarn. ¶For three and a half years **Judith Sceva** taught English in Tsing Hua College of Peking. We quote the following from her recent letter: —

It's a bit startling, upon being called to account to you, to discover that my career consists of a

long list of unrelated, futile, and sometimes uncomfortable items, — a journey by steerage, a job in a cigar factory, for examples, — each to no better purpose than to enable me to 'see what it's like.'

For that reason, which appears to have been the ruling motive of my past, I went to China five years ago. Out of three and a half years there, I like best to remember such moments as those recorded in the sketches. I did n't mention, therefore, in connection with the journey on the Grand Canal, that we lay at night between rows of incense — sacrificial offerings that we were — while a cloud of fierce and hungry mosquitoes waited above for a stick of incense to burn down, to be about their dreadful business. Neither did I remark how we bumped our heads to vertigo on the lintel of the cabin door, whose pigmy proportions we could seldom quite appraise. Nor how our journey's supply of butter melted all over the deck. After all, these are the things one easily forgets.

Farmer, editor, and author by turns, **Arthur Pound** lives in the Hudson Valley, is an associate editor of the *Independent*, and is the author of *The Iron Man in Industry*.

* * *

Arnold J. Toynbee, the author of a Survey of 1924 for the British Committee of International Affairs, visited this country last summer to take part in the Williamstown Institute of Politics and later to lecture at the invitation of the Lowell Institute. ¶A Wisconsin dirt farmer, **Glenn W. Birkett** acquired with his land an old account-book beginning in 1882, which has proved a valuable source for disproving certain accepted theories. ¶In an illuminating visit to Canada last autumn **C. H. Bretherton,** an editor of the London *Morning Post*, was moved to write about the future of that vast and wealthy Dominion.

* * *

We wish that this letter may be widely read. We would sincerely eradicate the impression that the *Atlantic* does not believe in the single-minded and beautiful devotion of most evangelists. Occasionally we do permit ourselves to doubt whether the results of certain missionary work are what many people like to believe. Yet, as in all such issues, full justice must be done to the good on either side.

NORTHFIELD, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I read you faithfully every month, and I notice letters at the back of you in modest fine print. I would like to be one of these.

I don't like your articles on evangelism. I like everything else, but almost every religious article hits evangelism hard and paints a portrait of an impossible evangelist. This is n't fair, and I have a right to portray my experience.

I am the daughter of an evangelist, and I married the son of an evangelist. To be sure, they were both pioneers in this field, and their type may be rare. However, the public should know that it does exist.

My own father was a prosperous business-man in Chicago. When he resigned from the Elgin Watch Company, the head of the company offered to double his salary if he would stay. My father then had a wife and two children, but he held firmly to his conviction that he had been called to be an evangelist, and from that time until his death he lived a life of absolute faith. He never allowed money to be spoken of in connection with his work. He took what God sent him and we never lacked for the necessities of life. Once in Ireland those in charge of his mission insisted upon taking a collection each night to defray expenses. This so grieved my father as a token of weak faith that he refused to accept a penny when he left that place after two weeks of preaching three times a day. There was an interesting sequel to this. When I was married a marvelous box of linen came from this committee in Ireland, with a message to the effect that they would be even with my father if I would accept this token of love for him as a wedding gift.

My father had a 'passion for souls,' which is the requisite for every true evangelist. Every man, woman, or child whom he met at dinner, or traveling, or in meetings, was to him an immortal soul, needing his Saviour. The love of God was shed abroad in him by the Holy Ghost. It looked out of his face; it impelled his every action and word. He was never greater than during his last three years of terrible physical pain. Often he would have callers who believed in faith healing, and my father, a man of prayer, would have but one answer: 'My brother, it takes more faith to suffer and believe that God loves you than to claim your healing.'

The last time the family gathered about his bed to partake of the communion he said: 'While you are all here with me I want to give you my testimony. I have never once doubted God's love for me.' Only those who had witnessed these years of his terrible agony could realize the power of his words.

I watched him like a cat all my early years. I proved him to be absolutely sincere and humble.

For him, to live was Christ. He was always willing to apologize to his children when in the wrong, and so we never stumbled over him. 'I am sorry I spoke to you in anger. My Master would not do that. Will you forgive me?' These are words which spoke to my childhood of the power of God.

There will be many in Heaven because of his faithful living and preaching a Saviour's love.

My father-in-law was better known, though he could not be a better man. They were devoted friends and co-workers. It is true they were pioneers, and that since their day hundreds of evangelists have been made who possibly were not 'called' to give up lucrative positions and live by faith. Yet what I wish your readers might know is that there are still evangelists of power and sincerity.

In our small village we have just experienced a week with such a man. Our whole village has been stirred by a supernatural power. As Dr. Newton says in his article, in the December *Atlantic*, they have been making the discovery that religion is actually true and that to neglect it is for the race to perish. From every direction one hears appeals for a revival. Why, then, cast any disparagement over the medium for revivals whom God has used for that purpose since the world was — the evangelist?

MARY W. MOODY

* * *

Here is an identical education fostering two widely divergent creeds.

MONMOUTH, ILL.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I was born and reared in a county adjacent to the one in which Mr. Calkins, the author of 'The Natural History of a Soul,' spent his youth. In a near-by denominational college was received a training which has aided me in making a living, and contacts were formed which strengthened and enriched my character.

Many of the experiences of which he tells were duplicated in my life, but with entirely different reactions. While they left him uncertain as to whether there is a God or a future life, they built up in me a very definite and sustaining faith in a Power that is directing the universe, and a confidence that the best that is in humanity will go on living and developing throughout eternity.

The homely little churches, the revival meetings, and the Bands of Hope were a conserving force that has made these Middle-West communities good places in which to rear families and has produced men and women who are a stabilizing force in the midst of the unrest to-day.

M. C.

Faust and damnation.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

There was very much to interest me in your issue of November, particularly the article by Earnest Elmo Calkins, entitled 'The Natural History of a Soul.'

Just before leaving far-off Bucharest, where I had been for the past four years as an attaché of the American Legation, I beguiled one lonely evening in setting down the following — from my own experience: —

Are there any limits to what a boy can be made to suffer by an ancestry compounded of approximately equal parts of Dutch Puritan, Scotch Covenanter, and Irish Primitive Methodist ancestry? I am not denying that there are also benefits and satisfactions — these show themselves much later. I am now speaking of the boy himself, as a boy.

It was a dreary, dour creed to which we were bidden to subscribe, and might have been summarized something like this: All natural desires are wrong and must be suppressed.

I recall an occasion when my young soul, though 'cabined, cribbed, confined,' showed that it had dynamite enough to explode under pressure. For a Christmas present I had received a large fine new writing-slate and pencil. How I yearned to use them! But Christmas that year had come on Sunday and, though our presents had been given out that day, we were not permitted to enjoy them. Sunday morning at ten o'clock all the older folks were at divine service. I had been excused only because I had a sore throat. As the moments slipped by, the temptation finally became too strong to be withstood. I must write on that slate. I marched to the door of the room in which lay that precious slate. Then I paused. The game must be played fairly. My training prompted me that the Power about to be flouted must be warned. That was only fair and just. Therefore I paused. Then I saluted and spoke, firmly, if somewhat fearfully: 'Now, God, I 'm going to do it!'

The joy — forbidden, sinful joy — was worth the price. Moreover — a break had been made. I was never in quite the same fear afterward lest thunder and lightning might follow upon a violation of the Sabbath-keeping regulations.

One outstanding feature of my religious life in early days was its very partisan and sectarian character. The boys of my set were all bitterly anti-Catholic. The young Catholic boys of the neighborhood, of course, were just as anti-Protestant. Both sides must have afforded the community a very unlovely exhibition of the beauties of Christlikeness.

My grandfather was horrified when I told him

that I had been to service in one of the beautiful Roman Catholic churches of the neighborhood. On the other hand, I recall vividly how one day, when I had succeeded in persuading an Irish boy friend (less bigoted than his parents) to go with me to a Methodist Sunday School, his people came near to disowning him. He told me the priest had imposed a severe penance. How times have changed!

Incidentally, I must not neglect to record how thankful I have always been to my stern grandfather (the Scotch-Irish Puritan aforesaid) for having compelled me to learn by heart long passages of Scripture. During the years from eight to fifteen I committed to memory almost one half of the English Bible.

In my boyhood our Sundays were very sombre periods. Six times during that 'Day of Rest' we were conducted (I had almost said driven) to religious services: —

9:30 — Sunday School
10:30 — Morning Preaching
12:00 — Class Meeting
2:30 — Temperance Meeting
5:00 — Epworth League
8:00 — Evening Preaching

Besides these, there was midweek prayer meeting and Christian Endeavor meeting.

For seven long years this programme was adhered to rigidly. Then the weariness of the flesh began to react on the spirit. Vague feelings of dissatisfaction, of imprisonment, arose in me.

The end came when, at twenty years of age, I was a 'Steward' of the Methodist Church in one of what were then suburbs of New York — now in the greater metropolis. It was actually proposed to bring me to trial — with expulsion as the penalty — for attending a performance of grand opera. I had heard and seen *Faust*. Human nature rebelled. I withdrew from the Church. And this event was my intellectual and (I say it reverently) my spiritual emancipation.

I traveled much; I visited many of the holy places of the world — Palestine, Greece, Rome. I saw the cathedrals, the mosques, the synagogues, all the temples and shrines of men's faith and aspiration. In all I found God — meaning by God the embodiment of the highest, finest, and most lofty conceptions of which the human soul is capable.

I do not know what is the meaning of the extraordinary changes in our morale as a race which have come about since the Great War. As a man of fifty, I fear some of them greatly. But we are, at least, more frank and less hypocritical and petty than we were when I was a boy.

Very truly yours,
LOUIS E. VAN NORMAN

A prettily turned compliment from Mr. Arthur Peter of Louisville.

AN APPRECIATION OF THE DECEMBER ATLANTIC

Print more verse with a lilt, and rhymes
With a swing of words we understand;
And tho' such form's behind the times
It's more enjoyed than the later brand.

Put in one for the highbrow crowd,
All blank verse and blank impassioned;
'T is all, we think, should be allowed,
For most of us are still old-fashioned.

'Hakluyt Unpurchased' fills the bill —
Good old verse with no uplift.
It makes us glad to welcome still
Atlantic for our Christmas gift!

* * *

Dr. Walcott, the professor from the Middle West who attended one of the Margery séances at Cambridge, feels that his part in the proceeding was incorrectly described. Dr. Walcott is a sincere investigator. We are glad to print important excerpts from his letter and to ask the reader to remember that the 'impulse' which he acknowledges below was — despite its annoyance of Walter — instrumental in solving the problem of Margery's 'teleplasmic arm.'

HAMLINE UNIVERSITY
ST. PAUL, MINN.

EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC,
DEAR SIR: —

In your issue for November 1925 is an article by Mr. Hudson Hoagland entitled 'Science and the Medium,' which unwarrantably impeaches my integrity. . . .

On page 675, left-hand column, the writer says: 'Now it so happened that the visitor from the Middle West had, during the course of the evening, said certain things that greatly annoyed Walter, though he had come with the understanding that he would not deliberately offend Walter or the Crandons.' The term 'deliberately' is wholly unwarranted. . . .

In regard to blowing the so-called 'doughnut,' I will say that I did so the first time wholly impulsively, without any deliberate intent, and then stopped, fearing that I might have violated my pledge, but later repeated the attempt, urged on by those sitting near me and by the medium herself, as I think the dictagraph will show. . . .

Very truly yours,
GREGORY D. WALCOTT

What 'Good Business' cannot buy.

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It hardly seems probable that the banker in 'Good Business' of the November issue died from shock, for the article contains nothing really new, although the facts as stated cannot be denied. Yet, anyone familiar with the real values of life knows that there are some compensations which are above even 'Good Business' and which money cannot buy.

The banker did not talk Horace with his English butler, nor did he put into the hands of his head chauffeur his rare collection of early editions. He paid them each a salary for services rendered. There was, on the other hand, a non-negotiable bond between the banker and 'the humble instructor' which was tied up with the genial wit and lyric grace of a poet.

As I write this, I am on a train which is bearing me away from a university town, where for eighteen hours I have seen the culture and the charm that 'Good Business' can never buy. The contacts reach out from that quiet, scholarly group of people to the ends of the earth; and the international, understanding minds, which will some day save 'Good Business' and America, are there being developed and conserved.

N. P.

* * *

In all fairness to other *Atlantic* contributors who may go tramping, we publish this warning from the Shotgun Belt.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

DEAR EDITOR: —

Permit me to call attention to the article of one Paul Ernest Anderson in the December issue of the *Atlantic*, entitled 'Tramping with Yeggs.'

In the concluding paragraph of his article Mr. Anderson states, 'In the end, perhaps, only darkest and most backward Arkansas will be left as his (the tramp yegg's) sole hunting-ground.'

This statement is so misleading that one comes to suspect that the whole article is rather worthless; nevertheless I feel it must not pass unchallenged.

For the information of Mr. Anderson and his yeggs, it is a fact substantiated by the insurance companies that there are fewer bank-robberies in Arkansas than in most of the states of the Union, New England excepted. Moreover, the records of these companies are more likely to be precise than are the statements of any of Mr. Anderson's associates. It is well to note here, for the benefit of Mr. Anderson's friends, that in practically all the cases of bank-robbery, whether daylight or yegg method, the criminals have been apprehended and are now serving sentences of from twenty-five years to life duration.

Mr. Anderson would impress his readers that the knights of nitroglycerin are accustomed to hold the entire population of 'yokels' at bay by simply firing a few shots over the heads of the citizenry, which reduces them infallibly to a state of abject terror. I wonder if Mr. Anderson ever read the story of the Siloam Springs Bank robbery?

Yes, Mr. Anderson, this is the Bible Belt — but it is also the Shotgun Belt.

Yours sincerely,

J. P. FISHER

* * *

Here is a challenge for someone who understands Einstein.

SIR!

I beg to report the finding of geometric explanation of *why* twice two is four.

I use 'positive geometry and logic' originated entirely by myself, after thirty-two years of effort.

By results of this finding, I offer to disqualify the current 'Theory of Relativity' which I understand to be postulated by one Einstein as a universal condition; such disqualification to be accomplished in not more than two hours, before a competent jury.

I shall criticize or suggest nothing; the jury is to make its own conclusions.

Being without education whatsoever, I command no scientific credit whatsoever.

Reasons for disqualification of the 'theory' are unprecedented and of utmost importance to future actual civilization of mankind in general and of white race in particular.

Your good offices or return of this letter with or without comment are requested by,

Yours truly,

R. A. SEDLACEK

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MARCH, 1926

LAWRENCE OF THE HEJAZ

BY EDMUND CANDLER

I

We shall have to wait a long time for the truth about Lawrence and his Hejaz expedition. The public edition of his *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* is to appear in 1927; the private edition, limited to a hundred copies, sometime in 1926. In the meanwhile the really zealous pilgrim may consult the original Oxford edition in the Bodleian, of which five copies exist, printed on a hand press. But he had better make haste, for the author's tyrannous and exacting literary conscience has condemned these volumes to an auto-da-fé. I am not sure if the Bodleian copy is to be destroyed with the other four. It is to be hoped not, since the limited edition, which is to appear Phœnix-like out of the ashes, is not to be a complete resurrection. Some twenty per cent of the original text will be omitted. The revision is, I believe, regarded as an improvement from the technical point of view of unity and perspective, but I should be sorry to lose one of those hundred and forty chapters. The public edition will comprise a little more than a third of the Oxford text. Still, as it runs to 120,000 words, nobody will have a right to complain of short measure.

In the original text there are many books — a history, an intimate human document, a book of travel, a war book much more exciting than a novel, a code of philosophy, a manual of irregular desert-warfare. Which of the many books are going into the public edition I cannot say. I doubt if we find the real Lawrence in it, as we have pieced him together from inferences and confidences in the quarto. He is a quietist, a visionary, a scholar with a passion for the classics, a poet himself in his own medium, but ridden by a demon of self-criticism and self-distrust; and his *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* falls short of his standard.

He hates noise, and does not care a rush what people say or think of him so long as they leave him alone. One of the many legends about the liberator of the Hejaz I can vouch for as true — that for greater privacy and detachment he quitted his fellowship at All Souls to become a private in the Air Force under an assumed name.

Lawrence's flight from the limelight, his refusal of decorations and rewards, his general self-effacement, have been attributed, by people who do not understand his shyness, to vanity — a subtle sort of self-advertisement. I saw him described the other day by the editor

of a reputable London journal as a very vain boy who loved to dress up in Arab clothes. The article speciously discounted his Arabian achievement. Lawrence has been so obstinate in not coming out to receive his ovation — and worse, in locking up his book — that he has made a number of people impatient.

There is also a class of soldier — not Allenby and his Staff — that has misunderstood him. As an amateur and an irregular he was suspect of the professional. He broke all the rules. In appearance he is academic and aloof, not a comfortable or clubbable person. I confess to certain misgivings on my own part when I first saw him among soldiers in his stainless khaki Staff uniform in Mesopotamia. He had come over from Egypt on some chimerical political errand — which, incidentally, he detested. This was before his Hejaz campaign, and it never occurred to me that he could fight. And I doubt if it had occurred to him. He was not born a man of action, but had to cast himself in this clay.

That he was able to put himself into the Arab mould seemed, to all who were merely acquainted with him, a miracle. Physically he had been condemned as unfit for active service, but his body was driven by his spirit, and he became as efficient and enduring in the desert as his Bedouin companions. His habits of the recluse helped him here. He had always made it a rule to avoid rules in food and drink and sleep and rest — 'not to regulate my life by hours and bells.' Thus he was able to go dry between wells.

But this haphazard, unsociable hermit's existence does not qualify one for command. Lawrence shrank from responsibility and action. Men were not his medium; he hated soldiering, and felt himself unfitted for it. True, he had dabbled in theory. As an undergraduate of catholic interests he had read the usual books — Clausewitz and Jomini, Mahan and Foch; he had played with Napoleon's campaigns, worked at Hannibal's tactics, and followed the wars of Belisarius, 'like other Oxford men,' but without thinking himself into the mind of a commander. However, his studies in strategy and military history must have been more than an academic hobby. After he left Oxford, but before the war, he knew Syria exactly, and had the strategic geography of the Crusaders and the first Arab conquest in his head. Thus during a lull in the fighting, when he made a secret excursion in disguise behind the Turkish lines, he was able to adjust his knowledge of the terrain and its possibilities to the new factors in the game — the railways in Syria and Murray's army in Sinai.

Lawrence probably knew as much about the technique of war as many professional soldiers. But he owed little to Foch or Clausewitz; he was not a book theorist, and he distrusted axioms. One detects a thinly disguised contempt for the text-crammed Staff College officer, not in his own sphere of shock tactics, but in his inability to understand Lawrence's irregular guerrilla activities — a form of warfare which he invented, suitable to his material, reducible to no rules, but informed with an uncanny insight into the Arab's temper and psychology.

An enthusiast was needed who was a specialist in Arabian affairs, and Lawrence alone had the sympathy, vision, imagination, the 'touch' with the Bedou; combined with, as it proved, an entirely unexpected genius for handling men, and, more unexpected still, a practical knack of making his dreams material. Thus he became one in the historical succession of England's emergency men.

II

Lawrence enters the scene as a Staff captain in Sir Archibald Murray's Intelligence section in Cairo. Here he prepared maps, reported on the distribution of the Turkish army, and edited the Arab Bulletin, the secret weekly record of Middle Eastern politics — an occupation for which he was, no doubt, eminently fitted, but one which he was not likely to endure long. The Arab Revolt was at this early stage discredited. Few of the Headquarters Staff believed in our Shereefian allies; and they had reason, for without Lawrence the Arabs would have continued an uneffectual mob. Lawrence, however, was regarded with equal suspicion. He was too much of a zealot in this Arab business, and marked as a dangerous man. A plot was hatched to get him out of the way, into some sphere other than Arabia, where he might rust harmlessly. But he met stratagem with stratagem.

His stratagem in Cairo was to make himself intolerable to the members of the Staff on the Canal. He irritated them by his literary airs, corrected the split infinitives in their reports, and pointed out their general incompetence for their job. 'In a few days they were bubbling over on my account, and at last determined at no price to endure me longer as a colleague.' When he took this strategic opportunity to apply for ten days' leave to go for a joy ride on the Red Sea it was granted him.

Lawrence did not return from his joy ride. As soon as he had broken bonds he got himself transferred from the Foreign Office to the Arab Bureau, which was not directly under the Egypt command. His task now was to find a leader for the Arab Revolt. He visited the Shereef, Hussein, at Jiddah, and sounded him. He sounded Abdulla, Ali, Zeid, sons of the Shereef — all of whom, for one reason or another, he found wanting. But in Feisal he discovered the inspired prophet he was looking for, 'the finest instrument which God ever made for the Orient — more than we had hoped for, more than we deserved in our halting course.' Lawrence was drawn to Feisal at first sight. There was a great deal in common in their rich personalities. They were both dreamers, obsessed with one idea — Lawrence the driving power, Feisal the rallying-point. Lawrence was the stronger and more practical. He, now the man of action, seems to have established a complete ascendancy over Feisal, but he does not tell us this.

He found himself in virtual control of the Shereefian army very soon after absconding from his Staff work in Cairo, but for some time his position was undefined — a sort of liaison officer. Later he speaks of himself as Feisal's chief-of-staff. When a British officer was put in command at Akaba, Lawrence served as his subordinate. At twenty-eight he was too young for command, though Akaba was really his private gift to Allenby. He was never nominally the leader of the Arab forces.

On his return to Headquarters Lawrence was surprised to find himself popular. The Staff was afraid that he was going to ask for troops and jibbed at the idea of crippling the main offensive in Palestine for his crazy side-show. But to everyone's relief he declared strongly against the dispatch of a British force to Rabegh. His policy from beginning to end was to make the Arab movement self-supporting as far as practicable, except in material. Incidentally he believed that it would not justify its creation if the enthusiasm it inspired did not carry the Arabs on their own impulse to Damascus. This was his inward faith; but he had

stronger reasons, of course, against landing Allied troops in Arabia. The Shereef could rally his tribesmen only in a national cause, and they would have melted away into the desert at sight of a khaki-clad British regiment.

We had always to take into account the Arab's natural suspicion of foreigners. Even Feisal had his uneasy moments. 'We should be more at ease,' he once remarked to Lawrence, 'if they (the English) were not such a disproportionate ally.' And again: 'Does the ore admire the flame that transforms it? Our race will have a cripple's temper till it has found its feet.' Lawrence gave his orders to the Arab troops through their own chiefs. He won their confidence, hypnotized them, and played on them as on wind instruments. He was indistinguishable from an Arab in his Mecca clothes. Feisal asked him to wear them because khaki would be suspect. The only wearers of khaki the Bedouin knew had been Turkish officers from whom they shrank with instinctive distrust. Until Lawrence adopted Arab dress Feisal had to explain his presence to every stranger. So we have the legend of the very vain boy who loved to dress up in splendid robes and preen himself as a prince of Mecca.

It is astonishing that any of the Staff should have seriously thought of landing British troops at Rabegh for the defense of Mecca — a movement which must have meant the complete shipwreck of the Arabian adventure. Possibly they would have been glad to be quit of it, and, having no great faith in the Arabs, were content to use them opportunely, without admitting them, as an organic and responsible part, into the plan. Or, more probably, they failed through ignorance to understand the Arab's sensitiveness to the invasion of his sacred soil by the foreigners. The French, however, could not plead ignorance. It was their studied policy to discredit the Shereef by making him appear our puppet. They had no interest in the success of the Arab Revolt — very much the reverse. Thus their advice was dictated by political, not military, motives, with a view to colonial expansion in Syria after the war. They wanted to confine the Arab movement to the Hejaz, and even there to make the Shereef dependent on foreign aid, so that when Turkey was defeated the Allies could confer Medina on Hussein as his reward, leaving Syria to be exploited by France. It did not in the least suit their book that the Hejaz should deliver Damascus.

Naturally Colonel Bremond, the Chief of the French Military Mission, was loud in his insistence on landing an Allied brigade at Rabegh. Happily, however, Lawrence's counsel prevailed, and the project was abandoned. This was the first of many intrigues against the Arab movement which Lawrence countered. He might have been of the prophet's family, so single-minded was he in his determination that the movement should progress on its own feet, impelled by its own spirit; and, above all, that its success should be cumbered by no mortgages. His whole pride in the campaign was embittered by the fear, amounting almost to a conviction, that we were going to break our faith with the Arabs. The tribesmen trusted him, and no doubt believed, if they thought about it at all, that the Government he served had the same standard of honor.

Lawrence felt like a conspirator. One of the reasons why he consistently refused decorations was that he wrote his own dispatches, and so would be rewarded on his own evidence; but the main reason was that he was obsessed with the idea that he was playing a fraudulent part, play-acting, 'exploiting

the Arabs' highest ideals,' leading them on with false pretenses which, if we won the war, would be so much waste paper. But why? He was perfectly frank with Feisal. It touched his honor to disclose the conditions of the Sykes-Picot treaty, an agreement with France inconsistent with Sir Henry M'Mahon's pledge of Arab freedom, and he persuaded him that it could be set aside only if the Arabs redoubled their efforts against the Turks. His hope, and Feisal's, was to establish a *fait accompli* at Damascus, and thus be in a position to extract a fair settlement from the Powers in conference. Lawrence repeatedly urged Feisal to trust in his own performance and strength. The fact of holding would be the justification of his right to hold.

Lawrence had this justifying vision before his eyes through the whole campaign, and in the end was able to secure from Allenby assurance that the Arabs should be the first to enter Damascus and should there set up their own civil government. Lawrence's directness with Feisal and old Nuri Shaalan would have put any other man on easy terms with his conscience. As for the simple unpolitical herd, he gave them their life's desire, abundance of loot, and an opportunity of killing Turks of which they had never dreamed. Nor had they any spiritual cause against their leader. Lawrence himself admits: 'By our swindle they were made heroes. We paid, and they profited by the deepest feeling of their lives.'

Lawrence's part in the 'swindle,' if there ever was one, is not apparent. He kept faith with the Arabs and with his own country. Feisal accepted his advice, and the uncertainty of the settlement, and our possible — no doubt his mentor said 'probable' — ingratitude, with resignation. And Nuri Shaalan, advised always to accept the latest of our contradictory pledges, fought without illusions. Thus he and Feisal carried on the war in the Hejaz, and, later, on Allenby's flank in Syria, to its honorable conclusion — Feisal 'hidden in his tent, veiled to remain a prophet, to keep alive the fiction of his leadership,' and Lawrence the inspiration. His part was synthetic. He 'combined all these loose sparks into a firm flame.'

Nevertheless the sense of fraud continued to rankle and poison the cup of victory. We had incited the Arabs to fight for us by definite promises of self-government, and they looked to Lawrence for his endorsement of the written promise. Lawrence, of course, could never be sure. Even now he seems to regard himself as a successful trickster because he did not advise them to go home and not risk their lives in such an uncertain cause. So tender was his conscience on this point that he not only refused titles, rank, and decorations, but would not even touch his pay for the period of his service on the Arab front, though, as the event has proved, the promises have been fulfilled in both letter and spirit.

III

When Lawrence joined Feisal the Arabs had recaptured Mecca from the Turks and were looking toward Medina. But the Turks, reënforced, were again threatening Mecca. Feisal had suffered a reverse; he was for concentrating at Rabegh, the bulwark of Mecca, where there had been a question of sending a brigade, but he was persuaded by Lawrence and the others to move two hundred miles up the coast to Wejh, ignoring the main body of the enemy, to cut in on their communications. It was a bold move, as it risked the loss of Rabegh and Yenbo, and they had to march as a self-contained force with no base behind them and enemy country in front. But the Turks were taken by

surprise, and the diversion justified itself.

The capture of Wejh by threatening the enemy communications with Syria by the Hejaz railway entirely altered the face of the Hejaz campaign. The Turks had to abandon their offensive against Mecca and fall back on an entrenched position covering Medina. There they remained, crippled for lack of transport, and with the one link which connected them with their base very much at the Arabs' mercy, until the end of the war. The Headquarters Staff and all the strategic experts, as well as Feisal, Hussein, and the whole Arab contingent, were for evicting the garrison straightway. Lawrence, after a little reflection, saw that it would serve our purpose better to keep it there. This was entirely contrary to the manual and did not commend itself to his chiefs. Still it was sound strategy, as events proved.

It became Lawrence's habit to return to Cairo with something big in his pocket, and he was the more welcome in that he never asked for troops. His tribesmen had to be armed, of course, and paid. They were not such keen nationalists as to fight for the ideal only; indeed fighting, except in tribal feuds and forays, is not in their nature. And the allegiance of many was doubtful. I think there has been a tendency to idealize the Arab movement as if it were some great permeating wave of enthusiasm like the Italian *risorgimento*. Lawrence undoubtedly idealized his Bedouin; he had to — otherwise he could have made nothing out of them. One feels that his tribute is the loyalty due from every successful leader to the material with which he works. When it comes to action, his sheiks and shereefs — Feisal and Nasir always excepted — seldom live up to the standard. Even old Auda — 'that chivalrous name' — could traffic with the enemy. Lawrence is scrupulously honest and accurate in the detail of his narrative. This honesty in the particular corrects the tendency to idealize in the general. So we get the balance in the end.

As had been anticipated, the capture of Wejh converted the whole of Western Arabia to the Shereef's cause. The port actually fell to the guns of the Hardinge, which did not wait for the concerted land-attack, fearing that the Turkish garrison would melt away. The triumph, to Feisal, was moral rather than military. It was significant of the new spirit of service among the Bedouin tribes, and without a first-hand acquaintance with the Bedouin it is difficult to appraise it. Lawrence has described the Arab idea of nationality as the independence of clan and village, and the ideal of national union as 'the episodic combined resistance to an intruder.' Feisal's irregulars were drawn from tribes traditionally hostile to one another, who were happiest when they were cutting one another's throats. Now for the first time the Bedouin were falling into coherent units under their sheiks, and could be persuaded to leave their tribal boundaries and to fight in the same cause, often in the same unit, as their blood enemies. As Feisal moved north he could boast that there were no blood-feuds behind him in the districts through which he had passed. This suspension of the normal, if it ever existed, was too good to last. The Bedou never forgot for long his joyous independence, or became a responsible or public-spirited person. The Hejaz and Syrian campaigns seem to have been fought with relays of Bedouin drawn from the changing scene of operations. The beginning of a system and a common ideal, and of at least the surface of unity, was the real triumph of Wejh. Lawrence admits that it was the first

time within memory that the manhood of a tribe, with transport, arms, and food for two hundred miles, had left its district and marched into another's territory without the hope of plunder or stimulus of blood-feud.

The initiative had now passed out of the hands of the Turks, who were confined to the passive defense of Medina and the railway. Obviously the next objective in our enveloping scheme was Akaba, the nearest port to the Hejaz railway, only seventy miles distant, as against the one hundred and fifty miles from Wejh. The great strategic importance of Akaba was that in the hands of the Turks it threatened Sir Archibald Murray's right flank in Palestine. Also it commanded the only road open to wheeled transport between Egypt and the Dead Sea. And, what touched Lawrence more nearly, our holding of the port would mean the joining-up of his Arabs with the British army then in front of Gaza.

To Lawrence and Feisal, Akaba meant a step on the ladder to Damascus, which they must reach at the same time as the rest of the army, or before. If they were not active and tangible in the main battlefield they would certainly lose their share of the rewards of victory.

Indeed, there was very little division of counsel as to the necessity of Akaba as the new base, though there was some diversity of motive. The difficulty was in taking the place. Lawrence, who knew the terrain before the war, speaks of it as a natural defensive position of almost unequaled strength. To summarize his description: There was no covering-position to the beach, which could be shelled always from the hills. The enemy garrison was posted in these hills, in elaborate prepared positions, constructed one behind the other in a series, as far as the mouth of Wadi Itm. The Turks would be quite secure, for their line of communications with their railway base, seventy miles away, was up this very Wadi Itm, and so they would be able to increase their defending force or to change its disposition at their will.

The British would be able to deliver themselves from attacks only by forcing the twenty-five magnificently defensible miles of this gorge in the teeth of the enemy. The Wadi was from two to five thousand feet in depth, and often less than one hundred yards in width, and ran between fretted hills of granite whose sides were precipices hundreds of feet in height. The hundred-yard width of the bed was so encumbered by rocks that in places camels could pass only two abreast.

Lawrence increased his popularity at G. H. Q. by advising against the dispatch of British troops to Akaba. He saw that the only hope of taking the place was a surprise attack from an Arab irregular force descending the Wadi Itm from the east. The Turkish defensive positions were prepared against an advance from the sea; the idea of an attack from inland appeared to them impossible. And it was essential too to raise all the tribes in the area without letting the Turks know that they were being raised. It should be remembered that, in the case of a British landing, these tribes would have stood by and left the regulars to do the work, or possibly would have attacked them. That was one good reason, apart from the economical one, that raids and doubtful offensives should be left to Lawrence and his 'scallywags.' Regular troops were of little use to him. What counted most in his success was the favor of the sheiks in whose tribal area he was fighting, and this could be secured only by Feisal.

Lawrence thought Akaba was worth trying. Needless to say, he was not

officially charged with the adventure, but slipped off Bedou-like into the blue, as on the occasion when he applied for ten days' leave for a joy ride on the Red Sea.

IV

In the meantime the Staff was preparing to attack Medina. Lawrence had his own ideas about that, and they were entirely opposed to those of the regular soldier. Medina was the enemy's railhead, advance base, headquarters in the Hejaz, and their strongest garrison, and it was hanging on to Damascus by the precarious eight-hundred-mile thread of a single line. Nor must we forget its sentimental and political importance as one of the two Holy Places, second only to Mecca.

The Arabs naturally were with the strategists. To leave Medina in the hands of the Turks was unthinkable to them. To Lawrence, however, nothing could be more undesirable than its surrender — except, of course, its evacuation before attack. In that case the release of the garrison, with all the intermediate posts on the railway, would increase the enemy's strength on the Beersheba front, where it was least desirable, by from twenty-five to forty thousand regulars, mostly Anatolian troops, with guns. It was due to Lawrence's irregulars that they were pinned down in the desert, five hundred miles from anywhere, until the Armistice. For all practical purposes they were our prisoners for two years, but we were spared the cost of guarding and feeding them, while their supply trains fed us. Competition to join a raid was high.

Lawrence thought it all out on his sick bed at Wadi Ais, immobilized with dysentery and fever. What on earth was the good of Medina? Its harmfulness when we had been at Yenbo was patent. The Turks in it were going to Mecca. But the move on Wejh had countered all that.

And as he pondered it dawned on him that we had already won the Hejaz war. Out of every one thousand square miles nine hundred and ninety-nine were now free. 'If we held the rest the Turks were welcome to the tiny fraction on which they stood until peace or Doomsday showed them the futility of clinging to our windowpane.' And this 'tiny fraction' was the one spot the holding of which every soldier trained in regular warfare pronounced essential.

He calculated the area the Arabs wished to deliver. A hundred thousand — or, say, a hundred and forty thousand — square miles. 'And how would the Turks defend all that? No doubt by a trench line across the bottom, if we came like an army with banners; but suppose we were (as we might be) an influence, an idea, a thing intangible, invulnerable, without front or back, drifting about like a gas? . . . It seemed a regular soldier might be helpless without a target, owning only on what he sat, and at what he could poke his rifle.'

Then he calculated how many men the Turks would need to sit on all this ground and save it from our attack in depth. A fortified post every four miles was his estimate, and a post could not be less than twenty men. If so they would need 600,000 men to meet the raids of the Bedouin and his irregulars. Lawrence's campaign then would be a war, not of contact, but of detachment. His plan was to liberate the Hejaz by making it untenable for the enemy, at a minimum cost of life to his Arabs. 'Many Turks on our front had no chance all the war to fire at us, and correspondingly we were never on the defensive except accidentally and in error.' It suited his plan exactly to give

the enemy the freedom of Medina for the duration of the war.

Why, one wonders, were the Turks so demented as to stay. The German High Command, seeing the danger of envelopment, repeatedly urged them to evacuate and to abandon the line south of Maan, but Medina was the last remnant of Turkish sovereignty in the Holy Places. To hold it meant that the Caliph was still the guardian of the Prophet's tomb. Happily sentiment won the day.

And one wonders still more why our British military advisers wanted to evict them. Lawrence's strategy appears not only sound but obvious, — after the event, — but we have no record that he ever converted the Staff. One wonders if Lawrence ever opened his heart about Medina to Allenby direct. Probably not. He had great tact, when tact was needed. So he gave the Staff to understand that he and his daredevil Bedouin were too poltroon to cut the line about Maan and keep it cut. In the end, however, deception was unnecessary; his scallywags destroyed so much of the enemy's rolling stock that evacuation became impossible.

Lawrence did not disobey orders. As a matter of fact he had no orders — only options and requests. He just slipped away from the railway scheme to discuss his private plan for the Akaba offensive with Feisal and Auda ibn Tawi. All he withdrew from the Medina operations was his person, but that seems to have been enough.

He brewed a plan with Auda to march to the Howeitat in their spring pastures in the Sirhan, and from there to raise a mobile camel-force with Rualla and Sherarat contingents, and with their help to rush Akaba without guns or machine-guns, which could not be carried on the long and difficult desert-route. Auda was hopeful about raising the tribes. Indeed, he thought that with money and dynamite all things were possible.

To stimulate keenness they carried a purse of £22,000. Nasir, a shereef of Medina, the pioneer of every precarious advance, was their leader. He and Auda, — an even bigger name, — who went with them to rally the tribes and lead them in battle, are the best of Lawrence's portraits, if we except Feisal. Nasir's mare was bespangled with enemy decorations, the spoils of a raid, a headdress of gaudy clanking Turkish medals, a panache characteristic of the élan and challenge of the modern Saracen. But the richest color in the scene will be associated with Auda, a sort of Arab Rustum — a terrible and ruthless old man, given to uncontrollable impulses and passions, yet jolly and lovable, capable of freakish humors, half savage, half poet.

His coming in to Feisal was a turning-point in the campaign. Lawrence describes how, when they were dining together that night, Auda scrambled to his feet and flung out of the tent with a loud 'God forbid!' They went out to see what was amiss and found him bent over a great rock pounding his false teeth to fragments with a stone. 'I had forgotten,' he said. 'Jemal Pasha had these made for me. I was eating my Lord's (Feisal's) bread with Turkish teeth.' Poor old Auda went about half-nourished after this until we had taken Akaba, when Sir Reginald Wingate sent him a dentist to make him an Allied set.

The astonishing thing is that Lawrence was able to reconcile and control these untamed spirits, and to compel them, without ever letting it appear that he assumed authority, to move according to his suggestion. Constantly it was a matter of life or death to check their follies. Auda and Nasir, reënforced by the tribes, became heady

with enthusiasm, and wanted to leave Akaba, an uncontained enemy-base, in their rear and attack Damascus, which they could not have held for six weeks at this stage, even if they had taken it. And to lose Damascus after capturing it would cost them the support of the tribes. Then Nesib wanted to raise a Syrian rebellion, independent of Feisal, under his own leadership. Lawrence in his dealings with the unstable Syrians showed the wisdom of a Solomon. He headed off Nesib, and he was able to persuade Auda and Nasir that Akaba was the only door by which they could unlock Syria. At the same time he whispered to Auda that in the Damascus objective all the cash and credit would go to Nuri Shaalan.

They started from Wejh in the summer heat. It was a tremendous turning movement on which they were embarking, involving a desert march of six hundred miles to carry a trench line within sight of our ships at Akaba. At the end of three weeks, after long endurance of sun and thirst and hunger, and a plague of snakes, they reached the Howeitat in the Wadi Sirhan. Another fortnight was spent in resting or replacing their camels. Their first essential objective was Aba el Lissan, sixteen miles from Maan, where there was a large spring at the head of the great pass, Naqb el Shtar, down which the road dipped from the Maan plateau. With the Arabs in command of the pass and astride the road between the railway and the sea, the Turkish garrison would be starved out, and the hill tribes, hearing of their success, would come flocking down to wipe out the local posts. But it would have to be done before Turkish reënforcements could come down in strength from Maan to dislodge them.

Lawrence's plans were so well laid that the Turks were still unsuspicious. He bluffed them into thinking he was going to attack farther up the line and had designs on Aleppo and Damascus. They believed the Shereefian force was in Wadi Sirhan on the road to Jebel Druse, and sent out cavalry to intercept it. They were not anxious about Maan, since they had blown up all the wells on the desert road, leaving the Arabs no camping-ground. The surprise to the Turks was so complete that Maan would have been a negligible threat if it had not been for an accident which might have upset the whole scheme, and which forced Lawrence into one of his few 'imperative' battles. It happened, on the morning when news came through to Maan of an Arab attack on a local post, that a relief battalion of new troops from the Caucasus arrived in the station on its way south. The troops were detrained with their transport, and formed into a punitive force with pack guns and a detachment of cavalry. Thus battle was forced on Lawrence. He could not go forward to Akaba with this battalion in undisputed command of the pass.

While the Turks slept in the valley the Arabs split into sections and, unobserved, crowned the hills round about them. The Bedouin poured lead into the Turks all day, but they could do nothing valid in return. 'We were no targets for their rifles, since we moved with speed eccentrically.' The shells of their little mountain-guns burst behind the Arabs harmlessly. In the evening Auda, with fifty horsemen, charged down the slope into the Turkish infantry, huddled together under the cliff ready to cut their desperate way out to Maan at the first sign of dusk. They began to sway in and out, and finally broke before the charge. Then the camelry plunged down the hill on the flank to cut into the head of the rout, at a terrific uncontrollable pace, four hundred of them, extending

right and left when the ground widened, and shooting into the Turkish brown — Lawrence among them, until his camel fell and hurled him like a stone from a catapult into the middle of the Turks, where happily the carcass of his beast formed an island which diverted the fugitive stream to either side of him. He lay there half-stunned, waiting for the Turks to finish him, but when he came to himself he saw the battle already won, and the Arabs driving together and cutting down the last remnants of the enemy. They took one hundred and sixty prisoners, many of them wounded; and some three hundred dead and dying lay scattered over the valley.

The Arab dead were two. Lawrence deplored these casualties. He aspired to win a campaign without any.

At the cost of two Bedouin killed he won Akaba, which would have taken three divisions of British regular troops to carry from the coast. For Aba el Lissan gave him his objective. The Turkish garrison between Maan and the coast, seeing itself cut off from support and supplies, surrendered with little resistance. Lawrence's Arabs entered one empty post after another. The main defensive position to which the Turks retired at the mouth of Wadi Itm was now hardly tenable, with the hill tribes occupying the peaks all round and firing down into the gorges. The Turks had not considered an attack from the interior; not one of their posts or trenches faced inland.

Lawrence, of course, gives all the praise of Aba el Lissan to Auda, but one may be quite sure that the tribesmen would never have attacked without him. By themselves they were disorganized by victory and looked only to the momentary advantage. Lawrence held them in leash, and loosed them on the essential quarry.

V

The Hejaz campaign was finished, but there was no rest at Akaba. Five hundred irregulars, seven hundred prisoners, and two thousand allies (as Lawrence courteously terms the Bedouin who rush to the succor of the winning side, and expect their reward) had to be fed, and there was nothing to feed them on except the tough and sinewy camels which had carried them to victory. So, after making dispositions for the defense of the Maan-Akaba line, he started the next morning to ride across the Sinai peninsula, one hundred and fifty miles, waterless save for one well, to Suez. He made the journey in forty-nine hours. Not a bad finish to fourteen hundred miles on a camel in four weeks in the Arabian dogdays. Lawrence felt that he deserved a bath and a change, — his clothes were all sticking to his saddle sores, — and a long drink with ice tinkling in the glass, and something more revivifying to eat than camel sinew. And incidentally, as we have mentioned, he had Akaba in his pocket, which would have taken three divisions of regulars to capture. But he was refused a launch across the Canal by the Inland Water Transport.

That sort of thing was constantly happening to Lawrence. He just escaped being arrested by an Australian private as he was entering his own Damascus, and in the city he received a blow from an Australian officer, but preserved his temper and incognito. Lawrence carries himself obscurely. He does n't explain himself. I believe he liked going about unremarked and feeling that nobody knew who he was or what he had done. If he has a weakness, it is in doing big things and assuring himself and other people that he is indifferent to them, or that they are not big. Lawrence, I think, would deny that he is modest, but what vanity he

possesses is his pride in his modesty, the last infirmity of genius. The dozen or more British officers who contributed to the victory on the Arab flank receive their full share of praise.

Lawrence is not what you might call a hero-worshiper, but in his eyes Allenby is something like a superman. In Cairo, Allenby sent for him. I have omitted to mention that Lawrence has an individual and elfish sense of humor, uncommon in men of such a quixotic and crusading spirit. He watched Allenby weighing him. He could see the problem working behind Allenby's eyes, as the latter sat in his chair looking at him — not straight, as was his custom, but sideways, puzzled. Allenby, 'physically large and confident, and morally so great that the comprehension of our littleness was not easy to him,' was hardly prepared for 'anything so odd as myself, a little barefooted, skirted person, preaching a Willeson strategy of communications, offering to hobble the enemy by preaching, if given stores and arms and a fund of two hundred thousand sovereigns to convince and control the converts.'

When Lawrence had finished explaining, Allenby looked at him, put up his chin, and said, 'Well, I will do what I can.' Men with the slightest experience of the Commander-in-Chief knew that this meant everything.

Lawrence was now a tooth in the big machine, no longer an independent adventurer forcing events, dropping in unexpectedly at Headquarters with chunks of liberated Arabia in his hands.

Akaba was practically the finish of the campaign in the Hejaz. Wejh was closed down. Feisal was transferred from Hussein's command to Allenby's. The Arab forces became Allenby's right flank, only a hundred miles from his centre. Akaba faced north, it must be remembered, to Damascus. Mecca was left behind; the Turks still hung on to their absurd exposed position at Medina.

The new part Lawrence and his Arabs had to play was in the Dead Sea campaign. Allenby wanted them to march north and link up with the British on the southern shore of the Dead Sea, to prevent the Turks getting round and attacking them in the rear; also to cut off the enemy's food-supplies up the Dead Sea to Jericho. Lawrence's programme was carried out precisely according to plan. Tafileh was isolated by raids on its communications and surrendered to the Arabs, who had no casualties. The Turks then counter-attacked unexpectedly and were routed, losing all their guns and machine-guns, with six hundred killed and two hundred and fifty prisoners; a bare fifty survived. This was Lawrence's second 'imperative' engagement. Then the Arab cavalry, by a surprise attack, destroyed the Turkish flotilla at Kerak on the Dead Sea, one of the few engagements in history between horse and ships. The crews were sleeping unsuspectingly on the beach and in the reed huts near by. The destruction of the Dead Sea transport was Lawrence's second objective; his third, the junction with the British at the mouth of the Jordan, would no doubt have been effected had not Zeid, Feisal's younger brother, in command on this front, diverted to his own uses the gold necessary to pay the tribes through whose country they were fighting. Lawrence resigned in disgust, but Allenby refused to let him go.

The Arabs, whether as a fighting force or as political allies, had their limitations. Lawrence does not emphasize these, but from time to time we are reminded of them incidentally, as when he had to explain to Allenby that they could not attack or defend a place — meaning, I suppose, that they

could not in the dogged, dependable way of troops trained in shock tactics. Nor could they stand overhead risks, or indeed casualties of any kind; with much bombing they would break up and go home. And inaction demoralized them; even Feisal fell to pieces when nothing was happening. A serious reverse would have nipped the Arab movement in the bud, and victory, in its local reactions, often had the same effect. After a successful foray they became no longer an organized raiding party, but 'just a baggage caravan stumbling along loaded to breaking-point with all the household goods needed to make rich an Arab tribe for years.'

Then they were torn by internal dissensions. Feisal could not long keep up his boast of the abatement of blood-feuds. Lawrence reminds us that the conduct of the war in France would have been harder if each division, almost each brigade, had hated every other with a deadly hatred, and fought when they met suddenly.

One feels that what little idealism or national spirit the Arabs had Lawrence himself pumped into them. 'Their minds wore my livery.' He admired their simple virtues, but he knew exactly how far these would carry them. 'We were dealing with one of the shallowest and least patient races of the world.' And he knew how the Arabs owed their strength to being 'geographically beyond temptation.' The shade of a tree or running water is a luxury to the Bedouin, and with too much comfort they become corrupted. They owed their virtues, continences, and endurances to their hard, uncompromising struggle with nature. There were times when Lawrence found it difficult to raise a party for a hazard like the demolition of the Yarmuk bridges. Wealth had spoiled the men and made life too precious.

VI

Such was the material Lawrence had to work on, and it must be admitted that he made the most of it. The Bedou is a brave, hardy, enduring person, who believes he is the salt of the earth; but he has not learned discipline, and probably never will, and so in mass fighting he is of very little use. But in nobility and endurance he is unequaled. On camels Lawrence's irregulars were independent of supplies for six weeks. They left their base with half a bag of flour, forty-five pounds in weight, strung to their riding-saddles, and half a pint of water only. Some of them never drank between wells. In summer the camels would do about two hundred and fifty miles after a watering. Thus, starting from their base with six months' rationing, they could cover a thousand miles out and home. When their flour failed them they had two hundred pounds of potential meat under each saddle. They halted and killed their worst camel.

They rode light. It was an army independent of labor or communication corps. Every unit served in the line of battle. Through economy of ammunition they were able to move without led camels, though they carried a quantity of high explosives. Most of them were qualified by rule-of-thumb lessons in demolition work. Lawrence evolved methods of his own for rapid destruction under fire. Before the end of the war he had destroyed seventy-nine bridges and culverts, apart from track and rolling stock, with his own hand.

The Arabs' part in this last phase was to keep the Turks busy on the Hejaz railway, to confirm them in their idea that the coming offensive was to be there, to prick and irritate them by continual raids, but not by any premature offensive or cumulative attrition to drive them on to the other flank where

Allenby was preparing to break through. Then, when the final thrust was delivered, to cut the railway behind them at the junctions, isolating them on all three lines from their food and ammunition bases, to seize Deraa and Damascus, and to create a rising of all the tribes in their rear.

To achieve this Lawrence, or Feisal, moved northward step by step, using the newly converted tribes as his ladder, as in the march to Akaba. His aim was to occupy more territory, not to force battle or to kill Turks; and for his purpose he depended on the tribes through whose country he fought. They knew the terrain best; also more might be expected of them, as they were defending their homes and crops. The Bedouin did not fight so well as the Arab regulars, but it was they, and not the troops, who would win the war. Feisal's regulars Lawrence defines as 'our static side, the means of securing the fruits of tribal opportunity.'

One virtue of this system was mobility in pursuit. The ranks were refreshed by the manhood of the new clan through whose territory they were passing. Another advantage was the wide, but economical, distribution of energy. They would be fighting in one district on Monday, in another on Tuesday, and in a third on Wednesday. This fluidity of movement was the virtue of a defect, since it was difficult to combine the tribes in a raiding party on account of their suspicions and jealousies. One could not use the men of one territory in another. Lawrence characteristically discovers advantages in these limitations. 'In a real sense maximum disorder would be our equilibrium,' he remarks, and explains how the absence of any formal system of units must confuse the enemy's intelligence and make it hopeless for him to gauge the Arabs' strength at any point.

Here are a few of Lawrence's axioms, the equation of his reading with his experience. His fighting-tactics were 'always tip and run, not pushes but strokes, never to maintain or improve an advantage, but to move off to strike again somewhere else, to use the smallest force in the quickest time in the farthest place.' 'If our action continued until the enemy had changed his dispositions to resist it, we should be breaking the spirit of our fundamental rule of denying him targets. If the enemy brought us to action we should be disgraced technically.' 'Our target was the line anywhere. The Turks defended a myriad points to cover it all, for every yard of it mattered to them. To us these points were alternatives. A few of them we wanted to take, but there was not one of them we must take. The ease, the deliberation, the freedom, were ours.'

Lawrence had not pictured himself as a commander in the field, but he became what he had to become— strategist, diplomatist, guerrilla leader, and, among other things, expert camel-master, trained engineer, competent electrician, wise in explosives and the intricacies of demolition. His train-wrecking chapters alone contain enough thrills and hairbreadth escapes to supply a writer of books of adventure with material for a lifetime. There is nothing so intriguing as the bookworm who suddenly puts on chain armor to lead a crusade, unless it is the crusader who rests under the shadow of a rock to study the Logos and the early metaphysicians. And Lawrence was both. His Bedouin, of course, knew nothing about this, but they regarded him as a sort of superman, and they were not far from the mark.

The Turks also learned his value. After the capture of Akaba they put a price on his head — £20,000 alive or £10,000 dead. He strengthened his bodyguard to ninety — free lances from

nearly all the tribes, many of them blood enemies; but feuds were set aside as in a Pathan company of an Indian regiment. This gave him spies, or guides to precede, accompany, or inquire for him wherever his business lay at any point of the compass. They were a loyal and proud crew — outlaws, men with no family ties, ready to engage in any uninsurable occupation. Sixty of them died for him. Lawrence says they developed 'a professionalism almost flamboyant.' He discovered that they had a tribunal of their own, like the prefect system in the English public schools, which flogged offenders and all who flinched. It must have been exhilarating to ride out with his singing Bedouin dressed like a bed of tulips in all imaginable colors except white, which was his own wear and therefore presumption in his bodyguard — a poet on the right and a poet on the left, among the best singers, so that their ride might be musical. 'It hurt them that I would not have a banner like a prince.'

His physical frailty made the achievement the more wonderful. He had to live up to his bodyguard, riding a thousand miles each month on camels, tempering the body, learning to walk barefoot, hardening the feet over sharp, pebbly, burning ground, often near breaking-point with fever and boils and thirst. He learned to lie on his belly in times of enforced fasting, for 'that prevented the inflation of foodlessness.' His weight was less than seven stone after the fatigues and privations of the Akaba march. In the summer the heat stabbed. When they started on a raid in September the temperature was 123° in the shade of the palm gardens of 'cool Akaba.' But it was in his trial of strength with the winter climate of Edom that he excelled his bodyguard. Many of them, and their camels, died of cold and overstrain.

Lawrence obtained his leadership by being entirely one with his men, conforming even to their excesses and abstinences, drinking too much at wells and too little between them. Men of his school argue that the Bedouin will not understand a stranger or open their hearts to him. The least slip in etiquette, or understanding, or even in dialect, or in the knowledge of social relations between clans, may be fatal to confidence. If one cannot behave like a shereef, one is cut off from esteem. Lawrence was always one of the family. The last thing he wanted, or could afford, was a badge of distinction setting up a barrier between himself and his men.

The Bedouin do not understand distinctions. Lawrence, if he had any consciousness of class or race distinctions, did not show it. He kept a little aloof from his Arabs in manner, never in spirit. A display of even unconscious condescension would have estranged them. Most of the British who had dealings with them were officials. 'The veil of office, as subtle and impermeable as our veil of flesh, lay between them and the people.' Lawrence knew exactly what an Arab felt when confronted with them. The first time he met an Englishman when he was disguised in his Mecca clothes he was chilled by 'that awful blankness in his eye which saw not a fellow man, but landscape or local color.' He endured the beastliness of the fetid and promiscuous life among the Bedouin, gave up his privacy and his books, was bored and vermin-ridden, that he might banish from his eye this very blankness.

As he worked his way north keeping step with Allenby — it was essential that he should not be half a day too early or too late — the tribes flocked in to Feisal's standard. They did not want the Turks, but they were not going to show their hand before they were certain that the offensive was

not a raid merely, but an occupation. The Syrian peasantry are a settled people, not like the Bedouin; they have no desert into which to evaporate after a reverse; their families and properties lie open to reprisals. That is why, earlier in the year, when he might have got into Damascus independently of Allenby amid a general rising, and the sheiks were urging him to move, Lawrence held back. He doubted if he could hold the city until Allenby broke through, and to capture and abandon it would have involved the population in the most ruthless massacres. Lawrence recognized that there could be only one rising, and that that must be decisive.

At the end, when the tribes of Syria entered Damascus in the Arab triumph, people turned to one another and said: 'Here is Feisal's army. They have come in at the finish when all is over' — not knowing that these late comers were the last rung of the ladder of tribes by which Feisal, independently of Allenby, had been climbing for two years from Yenbo to Damascus.

VII

Lawrence saw his Arabs through, and then returned to his cloister, or hangar. He stayed only a few days in Damascus, just long enough to evolve order out of chaos, counter the intrigues against Feisal, and establish a de facto Arab government and the nucleus of an army. Then he asked Allenby to let him go — the only personal request he ever made of him. It was characteristic, this last slipping-away at the end. And on his return All Souls was not quiet enough for him, and he chose to spend his days in a seclusion less penetrable — a numbered human unit, cleaning aeroplanes for cadets to learn to fly in.

The *Seven Pillars* ought to be a triumphant book, but it is filled with a sense of the futility of achievement. To Lawrence victory is a sort of death; before the fruits of it were in his hands he wanted to reject them. Arabia was a great experiment, but its unimagined success killed the enjoyment of it. His delight was in the race, not in the cup. That old copybook maxim was never better illustrated than in Lawrence's first night with his victorious Arabs in Damascus.

'The Muadhins began to send their call through the warm, moist night over the feasting and the illuminations of the city. From a little mosque quite near there was one who cried into my open window, a man with a ringing voice of special sweetness, and I found myself involuntarily distinguishing his words. "God alone is great. I testify there is no god but God, and Mohammed the Prophet is of God. Come to prayer. Come to security. God alone is great, there is no god but God."

'At the close he dropped his voice two tones, almost to speaking level, and very softly added, "And He is very good to us this day, O people of Damascus." The clamor beneath him hushed suddenly, as one and all seemed to obey the call to prayer for this first night in their lives of perfect freedom; while my fancy showed me in the overwhelming pause my loneliness and lack of reason in their movement, since only for me of the tens of thousands in the city was that phrase meaningless.'

So all is vanity and disillusion. In the next paragraph he speaks of 'this false liberty drawn down to them by spells and wickedness.' One is never really persuaded that he believes in his Arabs, or in their power to hold the freedom he gave them.

WHAT IS MORAL SUPPORT?

AMERICA'S GRATUITY TO EUROPE

BY AGNES REPPLIER

In the 'News of the Day,' as presented in a moving-picture hall last July, there was shown to the audience a photograph of President Coolidge speaking in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Washington's taking command of the Colonial forces. The caption read: 'President holds out helping hand to Europe.'

Naturally the photographer did not know what was in Mr. Coolidge's outstretched hand; but the reporters for the press were better informed. The headlines of one newspaper, July 4, ran thus: 'Coolidge Bids Europe Frame Security Pacts. Pledges Moral Support of United States But Specifically Excepts Political Participation.' An editorial in another newspaper of the same date emphasized the President's approval of 'mutual covenants for mutual security,' and quoted to this effect from his speech: 'While our country should refrain from making political commitments where it does not have political interests, such covenants would always have the moral support of our Government.'

Words have a meaning. It is all that gives them value. Therefore the two words 'moral support' must have a tangible significance in the minds of those who use them. Henry Adams, who hated mental confusion, and had the prevailing discontent of the clear-sighted, said that morality was a private and costly luxury. 'Masses of men invariably follow interests in deciding morals.' Yet, while Americans are frankly and reasonably determined to let their own interests dictate their policies, they retain morality as a political weapon, or at least as a political weight. They offer the approbation of the American conscience as something which is directly or indirectly an asset to the nations of Europe. If they are acute, as is President Coolidge, they admit that the financing of foreign enterprise is a matter of policy. If they are blatant, as is the occasional habit of politicians, they intimate that moral support is a species of largess in the gift of moral leadership, and that moral leadership is a recognized attribute of size and numbers, as exemplified by the United States. Like the little girl who was so good that she knew how good she was, we are too well-informed not to be aware of our pre-eminence in this field.

Last May the American Ambassador at the Court of Saint James delivered himself of a speech before the Pilgrims' Dinner in London. In it he defined with great precision the attitude of the United States toward her former allies. His remarks, as reported, read like a sermon preached in a reformatory; but it is possible that they had a more gracious sound when delivered urbanely over the wine glasses, and that the emphasis laid upon 'the

position of the plain people of America toward the reconstruction of Europe' was less contemptuous than it appeared in print.

'The full measure of American helpfulness,' said our representative, 'can be obtained only when the American people are assured that the time for destructive methods and policies has passed, and that the time for peaceful upbuilding has come. They are asking themselves to-day if that time has, in fact, arrived, and they cannot answer the question. The reply must come from the people of Europe, who alone can make the decision. If it be peace, then you may be sure that America will help to her generous utmost. But if the issue shall continue to be confused and doubtful, I fear the helpful processes which are now in motion must inevitably cease. We are not, as a people, interested in making speculative advances. We can undertake to help only those who help themselves.'

I try to imagine these words addressed to an American audience by a British official (presuming conditions were reversed), and I hear the deep-mouthed profanity rising from the heart to the lips of every American who listened to them. If we were taxing ourselves to the utmost in order to repay a debt to Great Britain, profanity would seem to be in order. Yet the American press in general expressed no distaste for such lofty hectoring. Editors reminded us that it 'did no more than state the feeling of the nation'; that it sounded a 'timely warning' to Europeans who counted on our aid; and that it was 'in the nature of an ultimatum from one hundred and ten millions of Americans.'

Our passion for counting heads is occasionally misleading. If one hundred and ten millions of Americans acquiesced seemingly in this 'timely warning' to our creditors, it was because one hundred million knew little, and cared less, about the matter. The comments of the foreign press were naturally of an ironic order, though the London *Times* took the wind out of our sails by acquiescing cordially in our Ambassador's views, and congratulating the United States on its 'coöperation with Great Britain in the task of reconstructing Europe'; thus robbing us of the lead with a graceful and friendly gesture, and a reminder that England had yet to be paid the first of the debts of her allies. The Paris *Temps*, on the other hand, offered with exaggerated courtesy the suggestion that France was endeavoring to follow America's advice to help herself, and was, at that very moment, engaged in repairing the devastations wrought by an invading army purposed to destroy. She was 'peacefully upbuilding' her shattered towns. As for the Berlin newspapers, they seemed unanimously disposed to consider both the speech and the ensuing discussion a personal affront to von Hindenburg.

The interesting criticisms from my point of view were contributed by the *Cleveland Press*, the *New York Evening Post*, and the *New York Times*. The *Cleveland Press* generously regretted that 'our highly desired and much sought moral helpfulness had been conspicuously withheld from Europe.' The *Post* said with severity: 'The aid we are now giving, whether monetary or moral, will come to an end unless good faith and mutual trust drive out hatred and mistrust.' The *Times*, with the habitual restraint of a vastly influential newspaper, contented itself with observing that 'the Administration seems to believe the time has come for a show-down, and that Europe must display more earnestness in settling her own affairs if she is to keep on

asking for American moral and monetary support.'

Here are three clear-cut recognitions of moral, as apart from financial or political, support, and three clear-cut intimations that moral support is in itself a thing of value which the nations of Europe would be loath to lose. Yet I cannot think that any one of those three journalists seriously believes that England and France covet our esteem any more than they covet the esteem of the rest of the world. Why should they? Every nation must respect itself, and make that self-respect the goal and guerdon of all effort. 'Great tranquillity of heart hath he who careth neither for praise nor blame,' wrote the wise à Kempis; and the single-mindedness of the man who has some better purpose than to please is but a reflex of the single-mindedness of the nation which reveres its own traditions and ideals too deeply to make them interchangeable with the traditions and ideals of other nations.

Suppose Italy were to threaten the United States with the withdrawal of her moral support. How droll the idea would be! Yet Italy is a country civilized to the core. Her ignorance is often less crude than is information elsewhere; her methods of approach have in them the charm of immemorial amenities. She is as seriously religious as we are, and her people are more law-abiding than ours, perhaps because they are given less choice in the matter. There is every reason why Rome and Washington should respect each other, and be as morally helpful to each other as they know how to be; but there is no reason on earth why the moral support of one should be of more value than the moral support of the other, unless we translate morality into terms of strength and wealth.

This is what the Governor of Wisconsin did when he besought President Coolidge last September to make no terms for the settlement of the French debts until the war in Morocco was ended. He assumed our moral right to dictate the foreign policies of France because France owed us money, and he assumed that America was qualified to decide what was right and what was wrong in Morocco because she was the creditor nation. He earnestly desired that our Government, by refusing negotiations with France, should lend its moral support to the Riffs, who are formidable fighters, and who would have been amazed rather than flattered if they had known how they were being written about in sympathetic American newspapers. 'The murder of helpless, defenseless women and children' was a picturesque, rather than an exact, description of the campaigns of Marshals Lyautey and Pétain in Morocco.

As there is nothing new under the sun, history supplies us with more than one instance of moral support offered in place of material assistance, and always by a nation strong enough to give weight to such an unsubstantial commodity. The great Elizabeth dealt largely in it because it cost her nothing, won the approval of her subjects, indicated her authority, nourished her sense of omniscience, and gave opportunity for the noble wording (she was a past mistress of words) of purposes never destined to be fulfilled.

How superbly, yet how economically, the Queen placed England on record as the champion of the oppressed, when, after the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew, she draped herself and her court in mourning before consenting to receive the importunate French Ambassador! What a magnificent gesture of grief and stern repudiation! It is probable that the unlucky Frenchman felt himself as embarrassed as he was meant to be,

though he knew perfectly well that Elizabeth had never kept her 'fair promises' to Coligny, and that she had no mind to discontinue her international flirtation with the Duke d'Alençon, merely because his royal mother stood responsible for the murder of many thousands of French Protestants. He accepted the rebuff to his country as disagreeable but not dangerous, and created a diversion by producing a letter from d'Alençon — one of the many amorous epistles which passed between these make-believe lovers — which was very graciously received. Notwithstanding the fact that England was filled with 'an extreme indignation and a marvelous hatred,' the Ambassador was able, six weeks after his humiliating reception, to write to Catherine that the English Queen would stand firmly by her alliance with France.

The relations between Elizabeth and Catherine de' Medici form an engaging page of history. Their correspondence is to be recommended as a complete course in duplicity. Both were accomplished liars, and each politely professed to believe the other's lies. Catherine cherished the preposterous hope that the English Queen would marry one of her sons. Elizabeth had no such intention; but she liked—Heaven knows why! — to pretend she would. Her only bond with Catherine was their mutual fear and hatred of Spain. It was a heavy cross to her that she could not weaken France without strengthening Spain. Providence was hard on her in this matter. Providence was hard on her in the matter of the rebellious Netherlands, and in the matter of John Knox. She never wanted to give more than moral support to any cause, and she was constantly being pushed to the fore by virtue of the power she held.

The Protestant insurgents in the Netherlands had the sympathy of England. William of Nassau was a hero in English eyes, and Burghley stoutly advocated his cause. The London merchants raised a force at their own expense, and shipped it to Rotterdam, with Sir Humphrey Gilbert at its head. But Elizabeth held back her hand. It was not only that she hated to spend the money, and not only that she was by nature incapable of committing herself generously to any principle. It was that in her heart of hearts this daughter of the Tudors disapproved of subjects opposing their sovereigns. She was a sovereign herself, and she knew that fomenting rebellion is like throwing a boomerang. Being at odds with the Pope, she would lend moral support to the French Protestants; and, being at odds with Spain, she would lend moral support to the Dutch insurgents. This was in accord with her own conscience and with the conscience of England. But, like conscientious America a few centuries later, she would 'refrain from making political commitments where she did not have political interests.'

With the same caution, and the same characteristic understanding of her own position, Elizabeth was content that John Knox should harass the Queen Regent, Mary of Guise, and, later, the young Queen of Scots. Such harassments were commendable, as being a species of warfare against the Church of Rome. But as for permitting this firebrand, this arrogant defamer of feminine sovereignty, to set foot on English soil, she would as soon have thought of raising John Stubbs to the peerage. Her cold and vigorous understanding set at naught the protestations of a man who had presumed unwisely on her indulgence. So did the great Tsaritsa Catherine regard the Lutheran and Calvinistic clergymen, to whom she had lent her moral support when they were conveniently

remote, and who, confiding in her good will, actually sought to enter Holy Russia, and build their chapels at her doors.

The interest felt by France in the rebellious American Colonies was called sympathy, an intelligible word with a modest and a friendly sound. The cause of the Colonists was extolled as the sacred cause of liberty. Franklin, like Mrs. Jarley, was 'the delight of the nobility and gentry.' If the French Government delayed sending money and men until the American arms showed some reasonable chance of success, it stood ready to turn that chance into a certainty. Louis the Sixteenth cherished a sentimental regard for principles which eventually conducted him to the scaffold. He gave Franklin six million francs out of his own deplenished purse; and the citizens of Franklin's town repaid him by hailing with indecent glee the news of his execution. It is to be noted that the logical French mind never disregarded America's real needs. France took no great risks; but neither did she offer her esteem as an actual asset to the Colonies.

So 'moral support' still defies analysis. The phrase appears and reappears without significance. Count Karolyi, President of the short-lived Republic of Hungary, a man of many grievances and of many words with which to give them utterance, declared last autumn that he was not permitted to speak to Americans because his unworthy country feared the withdrawal of America's 'moral and financial support.' A writer in *The World's Work* has recently intimated that the United States, being congested with money, stands in need of Europe's 'moral support' — a novel but not a clarifying point of view. The only nation that makes its meaning plain is Russia. Her moral support is always translatable into solid substantialities. Moscow makes no idle boast of wealth; but she can afford the biggest standing army in Europe, and she can afford foreign propaganda on a scale of well-considered lavishness. While America puts on weight and wisdom, Russia puts on speed and dynamic force. America will mend the world in her way, Russia will mend it in hers; and the beautiful, dangerous world, which cannot be 'dry-docked for repairs,' is patched here and there with amazing ingenuity while she whirls on her unresting way.

PARTICIPATING IN THE GREAT ADVENTURE

BY ROBERT KEABLE

It was the day after I had received the sentence: I might live six months or six years. I was, I was told politely, like an old automobile tire that sometimes surprises its owner by outlasting a couple of good ones. On the other hand, the owner is sometimes less pleasantly surprised.

So I had learned the night before, and, the doctor having given his verdict, I had gone pretty soon to sleep; because, anyway, there was no use in worrying, and one had to sleep. But in the morning we sat over our breakfast coffee, my friend and I, and talked.

The day was as fair and the scene as beautiful as either the one or the other this side of Paradise. We were on a green lawn beneath the shade of a towering old mango, and breakfast was set before us on small tables. A few feet away and a few yards below, the calm, clear river, which but a few hundred yards higher up had been a rushing torrent emerging from the craggy valley behind the house, flowed gently to the sea. It was possibly fifty yards wide; then came a strip of sand and pebbles; and beyond that strip the mighty Pacific, whose waters, though they reached us from the Pole itself, were merely lapping on the sand. I remember now the cheery group of natives splashing their brown bodies in the shadows. I can see, and I hope I shall see forever, the play of sun and shadow on those green hills, up the coast, that fell sharply, in tropical luxuriance, to the sea.

We had been talking of trivialities — if they are trivialities. Flowers, and whether one could grow garden peas in the tropical islands. A bit of a silence had fallen; and then I broke it, returning without explanation to the question of that verdict.

'It does not seem to matter much,' I said, 'anyway; but, supposing one was to flick off, what do you suppose one would find?'

Christian Aalborg, the big Dane, whom the natives called Kiriti, smiled. He smiled that slow smile of his which I have learned to know. There is little Kiriti has not read and less upon which he has not thought. Besides, Kiriti's thinking is worth while. He gets into his thinking something of the serenity of his lovely island, and even his words seem to escape the clangor of city folk.

'I don't suppose,' he said, 'in that matter. I only hope.'

I reflected a little. Then I too smiled. 'That is all right,' I rejoined. 'But I know you well enough to be sure that you, Kiriti, do not hope without foundation, whereas I think I am disposed to hope with none.'

'"Hopes may be frail or fond,"' he quoted with mock gravity.

Something in the remark aroused me. 'That is precisely the point,' I said. 'The hopes of immortality one sees expressed in religious articles, or hears on the lips of popular preachers, appear to me to be remarkably frail and sickly fond. I am tired of them. I have been for some time. But under the present

circumstances I should like to know yours.'

'I am not good at lecturing and I cannot write,' said Kiriti. 'Suppose you repeat to me these same frailties and let me see if I can answer them.'

That was how it all began, and I should like to write our talk down before I see the end of the game from my seat in the grandstand.

At the time, I remember, I tossed away the end of my cigarette and took another.

'The doctor said you were not to smoke too much,' said Kiriti.

'Confound the doctor,' said I, holding the match suspended. 'However, the first orthodox argument is one I heard, for instance, eloquently expressed by a doctor the other day — seeing that we are talking of doctors. It runs much as follows. It is as old as the hills, of course, but here goes. In and before the dawn of history, natural man knew that death was not the end of life. He never thought otherwise. He took his immortality for granted. If a chief died, his wives and slaves were killed to bear him company in the other world. The orthodox make a lot of that. Belief in survival is the natural instinct, they say, belonging to the age of man's childhood, when he was not so far from the Kingdom of God. It is only when —'

Kiriti interrupted. 'I know. It is an old argument. The intelligence of the savage, who attributed a "tummy-ache" to the Devil and often propitiated him with human sacrifices, is nevertheless to be our guide in the matter of God. The faith that believed some stone to be a deity who could kill is to assure us in our hope that death does not. Not too little but too much knowledge has proved to be a dangerous thing! But unfortunately even this argument, in the first place, is not true. Quite definitely and simply it is a lie invented to sustain an argument. The savages we know do not always believe in survival, or believe it only of certain persons, or regard it as only conditional or temporary. I have known a savage who mourned his father with strict obedience to rules, the breaking of which was said to trouble the spirit, for three weeks, only to indulge thereafter in conduct the exact opposite. I expostulated. "Father finish now," he said, grinning all over his black face. And the savages we do not know, the real savages of the dawn of human life on earth, we do *not* know, and that is the end of it, despite all that our friends guess to the contrary.'

'Can't we infer things?' I questioned. 'Stonehenge, for example?'

'Stonehenge? At least savages did not build Stonehenge. Whatever people did do so were far on the road to sophistication, but no one knows, as a matter of fact, who built it or when or how; and, even if it and such monuments express primitive man's faith in survival, they are also connected with sun-worship and human sacrifices. And that brings me to my second point, that this argument, if true, would prove too much. History does not tell us of any savage yet, believing in the survival of the human spirit, who did not believe also in the survival of the spirits of cattle and dogs, food and drink, spears and stone clubs! If the natural man was so much wiser than we, who are we to limit his intuition? If he was right in supposing by intuition that the soul survives, how dare we say he was wrong in supposing, equally by intuition, that a thoroughly good club, if burned at the funeral of a chief, would prove an excellent weapon for him when he came to knock on the gate of Heaven? And perhaps still more, if his spiritual intelligence was so fine, how came it that his moral intelligence was so weak? Why take his faith and refuse his

conscience? The one, we are told, soared to belief in God and the immortality of the soul, but the other, we know for certain, stooped to murder, polygamy, incest, and rape.'

Before he had finished I was getting out another match, for honestly, even I know enough of savages to be aware that Kiriti was right. But I lit my cigarette, forgetful of the doctors. However poor, one plank had gone. So I thought a while, and then said: 'Very well, let us leave ancient faith; let us come to modern knowledge. We know that the very body does not perish. Nothing material that we know perishes. If we accept it as true that nothing of us that is material can be annihilated, is it then not foolish to suppose that the one thing about us which does perish should be the animating principle, the life, the soul, call it what you will?' I even got pretty excited at this point, and, as my foolish habit is, jumped to my feet.

'Why — ' I began.

'Sit down!' said Kiriti shortly. 'That's another thing they said you were not to do. And don't talk rubbish. The body does perish, utterly. You have just eaten an excellent dish of bacon and eggs, and, if the boy had brought in some blackened cinders and a nasty smell, would you as cheerfully have eaten your breakfast maintaining that bacon and eggs had not been destroyed? A number of elements, in a strange and mysterious combination, make up what we call the body, the hand we love to touch, the lips we crave to kiss. At death they are released. The elements of what was the body do exist somewhere, but unless they are reassembled the body we know is destroyed forever. There is no reason in the whole of observed science to suppose that on the other side of death the combination is ever renewed. Actually, the kind of immortality that we know the body possesses is enough to destroy hope in immortality itself. Practically, my parts furnish new bodies for trees and flowers; but thought out the thing is simply horrible. The particles of my body have actually been the particles of someone else's body. Or of worse. If there is any analogy to be drawn from the continuance of the elements that made up the body as to the survival of the soul, it would be that that survival is in a form so unlike what we knew as to be unrecognizable and indescribable. Swinburne is right enough: —

> 'The grave's mouth laughs unto derision
> Desire and dread and dream and vision,
> Delight of heaven and sorrow of hell.'

'That's all right as far as it goes,' I said. 'I admit it. But surely there is more in the argument. Some control — the soul, the ego, what you will — inhabits the body to use it as an instrument. Surely pure Materialism is defunct. It is not the brain that thinks. If, therefore, the brain dies, whatever it was that used the brain as a thinking instrument is, so far as we know, left untouched. In all probability it is provided with some higher instrument on which to play.'

'Humph,' said Kiriti.

'You don't think much of that?' I queried.

'It's the sort of probability that rather bores me,' he said. 'A great musician, let us say, has some slight accident which deranges part of his brain matter. Your deduction would be that he is still a great musician, though he is now a certified lunatic? Your argument is that the essential ego is not changed, eh?'

'That's about it,' I said.

'And if he had been born, by a mischance,' persisted Kiriti, 'with an injured brain, then no one would know that he was a musician?'

'I suppose so,' I assented. 'I don't see that that affects the argument as a whole. Our physical being changes every so many years, yet we are well aware that we are the same individual. The ego of my university days is my ego now, however much wiser — and sadder! So it looks as if something which sat behind my brain did the controlling, and not the brain itself.'

'What is the brain?' asked Kiriti suddenly, as if he were off on a new line of thought.

I stared at him. Then I laughed. 'You mean ultimately?' I queried.

He nodded.

'Well,' I said meditatively, 'I suppose, as with all natural things, it can be reduced to particles of negative or positive electricity.'

'And what is a particle of electricity?' demanded Kiriti.

I laughed again. 'Of course you have me there,' I said. 'I suppose you want me to say that nobody knows.'

'Oh no, I don't,' said Kiriti. 'Or at least not particularly. Electricity is at least energy.'

'I suppose it is,' I said. 'What about it?'

'Well,' said Kiriti, 'consider rationally the whole affair. Begin with your musician. You admit that with a disordered brain there can cease to be any sign of his musical ability, and that if he were born with a disordered brain no one would know him to be a musician. Yet your logic demands the belief that his is the mute soul of an inspired musician. It is thus a reductio ad absurdum which gives away the whole show. On that argument the soul of a cannibal may be a very Plato. The last criminal lunatic we electrocuted may be another Christ. Or, in other words, all human standards may be nonsense, and your friend the savage may be justified indeed in supposing some devils to be loose. You must, also, compensate this musician, who has not given and cannot give any sign of his being a musician, by creating for him, by sheer guesswork, an etherial instrument in an etherial world. And that is precisely what orthodoxy *does* believe and do, constituting a theology of great moral difficulty and practical absurdity.'

'But how get out of the dilemma?' I persisted. 'For it is a dilemma.'

'Well,' said Kiriti, 'I suggested an avenue of escape when I asked you the composition, so far as we know it, of the brain. Can you argue that it is this assumed soul of the theologians that is engaged in driving negative particles of electricity around a positive core in your brain? But if it is not, then the energy which does the driving may well be the energy which produces the musician, and in that case all we know of that energy is that it is apparently impersonal, part of a greater whole, and diffused or transmuted after death into other substances. In a word, dust should go back to dust and energy to energy.'

I sat silent a minute, watching three tropic birds descend the valley and plane to the sea.

'The nuisance is, Kiriti,' I said, 'that your scientific explanations are harder than the religious ones. The material is more difficult to believe than the spiritual.'

'Just exactly so,' said Kiriti, 'and we are beginning to come to what I have called my hope. It has always been the obvious and the so-called spiritual that have been wrong. It was obvious to primitive man that, when his friend was killed by lightning, some devil had done it on purpose. All his priests said so, too. It was obvious to the ancient world that the sun, illumining and sustaining the whole of life, was a god. All the mystics said so, too. It was obvious to the mediæval world,

and plainly supported by Scripture, that the earth was flat. The spiritual Church was prepared to burn the materialist who said otherwise, and saints to preach at the spectacle. It was obvious to Protestant reformers that this earth, the scene of divine interference and revelation, was the centre of the universe, and everything on it predestined. Calvin put Servetus to death for denying that very thing. Up to quite lately, up to Einstein even, it has seemed obvious that matter is not spirit, "that there must have been a beginning," and so on. Why, the poor atheists and materialists (though I hate the words) are still proscribed under the blasphemy laws — in England, anyway — if they preach the contrary! And yet the materialists are proving right again. However seemingly paradoxical to say that that stone is in motion with boundless energy, we know it to be true, and it is equally true to say there never was a beginning.'

'Explain that last,' I said.

'Well, human thought has always had to take refuge in some eternal. Somebody must have started the first hen on the egg-laying process that resulted in our hens, we said, so we said that God made the first hen. The obvious retort there, the retort of all children is, "Who made God, Mummy?" That question is just as rational in reality as "Who made the first hen?" or "Who made the first nebula?" Theologians of all ages answered for us by asserting that God was eternal, and since God was a mysterious entity, neither seen nor heard, nor figured in the advanced religions, the statement stood. It was, and is, of course, simply a phrase. Empty words. You can think of anything being eternal only if that thing is incomprehensible — which is exactly what the Christian creed was forced by the Greek intellects to say of God: "The Father eternal, the Son eternal, the Holy Ghost eternal; the Father incomprehensible, the Son incomprehensible, the Holy Ghost incomprehensible."

'Now Science has at last found something that is eternal. Radioactivity not only exhausts itself so slowly as to be practically inexhaustible, but in certain processes of apparent change and loss it actually regains and even increases its energy. We just know that the basic stuff of matter is, so far as language is of any use in such metaphysics, eternal. So far as knowledge goes, we know that the whole creation has evolved out of demonstrably eternal energy, and simultaneously Einstein helps us to understand how that might be by showing that time itself is relative. Time is a result of a condition. It is not itself a condition. What with one thing and another, the necessity for God has disappeared.'

We both sat silent for a while.

'You see,' said Kiriti gently, 'what an absurd ass the first man must have seemed who said that the earth was in motion about a stationary sun! We have forgotten that only by a miracle have our brains been drilled to accept a later theory. And I think that our brains will yet be drilled into a wider hope and a more glorious faith than that of your friends the savages.'

I contemplated my friend while my thoughts raced. I wish I could give you an idea of Kiriti. There was never anyone less theatrical, more reasonable, more possessed of what the Greeks — or the Bible, for the matter of that — called 'wisdom.' I think he is the only true philosopher I have ever met — the sort of man who would quite simply and unemotionally rearrange his thoughts from top to bottom if he were faced with some new fact. Moreover, he is the kind of man who would

follow his thought wherever it led him, irrespective of consequences. There is something of the Eastern mystic about Kiriti, but not the Chestertonian type of Eastern mystic. He is neither the emaciated wild-eyed saint of the Gothic churches nor the closed-eyed meditative Buddha. He is more like some bronze sailor who stands on the prow of his ship, with steady eyes that have looked on great spaces, and discerns port. But if that vision proved to be a mirage, Kiriti, undaunted, would still sail on.

I took up his last words. 'Has the necessity for God wholly disappeared?' I queried. 'If He has disappeared as an answer to our question, "Who began it?" does He not remain as an answer to the question, "Who designed it?"'

'You do not say "designs"?' quizzed Kiriti.

I smiled. 'What is the difference?' I said.

'Oh, I only wondered if you were among the sentimentalists who supposed, not only that God arranged the cosmic law of rain, but also that, if petitioned, he would design to make it rain at a given time and place.'

'Not quite that,' I said. 'But surely the universe is designed?'

I thought Kiriti's face grew a shade more grave.

'I wonder,' he said. 'Anyway, the kind of argument that Bishop Butler used to prove design is as inefficient to-day as the cannon of the eighteenth century.'

'Explain,' said I.

It was unusual for Kiriti to be sarcastic, but he was sarcastic now.

'"What divine Providence!" cried a hungry lion as he discovered the fat baby which an African mother had allowed to stray from her hut. "How marvelously is the universe designed!" cried a typhus bacillus, as he lighted upon a healthy young man with a wife and three children dependent upon him. And — a thing about which I cannot joke, however — is it Providence that designs the laws of hereditary cancer, venereal disease, and insanity?'

'"The hand then of the Potter shook"?' I quoted interrogatively.

'No,' said Kiriti, even bitterly, 'that is precisely what it does not do. Would God it did! The hand never shakes. The old Persian was neither daring nor blasphemous; he was only foolish. Law is immutable. It is designed, if it be designed, for the well-being of the typhus bacillus, as much as for that of the best of the human species. Even so awful a phenomenon as cretinism is a law. When a child born to healthy God-fearing parents is nevertheless damned from its birth to grow into a bestial condition that does not bear thinking, it is only because a thyroid gland has not been able to develop. No, what we see is a perfectly incredible and conflicting muddle of inevitable laws. The law of the lightning will kill you, however much you pray, if you stand on an ironstone hill; the law of the lightning conductor will save you, if you erect one scientifically. Two plants develop side by side; one is deadly poison, and the other its antidote. Law is forever clashing chaotically with law. And all religions have recognized this.'

'What!' I exclaimed.

'I said that all religions had recognized this, for they have all tried to explain it away. As it was necessary to postulate God, the Designer, so it was necessary to explain the credible fantasy of the actual design by the introduction of some nasty person who had muddled it up. Everything harmful and destructive to man had to be put down to his interference. Hence every religion has its Satan, and the

early Christian theologians were hard put to it even to explain Satan. They have had to invent wild tales of his origin, to give him a reign of a thousand years, to provide him at the end with a bottomless pit. They have, of course, failed to convince us moderns, but the point I want to make is this: the modern thought which rejects the Satan idea as rubbish cannot escape the dilemma which Satan was invented to meet.'

I thought for a while, and the more I thought the less I could see an answer. Then I had a bright idea. 'How about the stars?' I asked. 'Surely they move in regular courses.'

'No better example,' replied Kiriti. 'The stars looked orderly to man until the invention of the modern science of astronomy; until, too, we became aware that man has not been long enough on this planet even to perceive the motion on the whole of the stellar universe. Nevertheless, astronomy is aware that worlds dash into worlds every day like automobiles in the streets of modern cities; that streams of stars are whirling in every direction with the giddiest motion conceivable; that our own tiny solar universe is flying through stellar space, whence and whither no one knows. And even in the solar system every meteor is an example of disorder.'

'All that is rather appalling,' I said.

'Is it?' retorted Kiriti. 'I don't think so. In a universe of conflicting laws so incomprehensible that in one mood one is inclined to attribute them to a brainless fool and in another to a devil, there is one busy designer at work. There is someone regulating the headlong, crazy traffic at least in his own street, tidying and cleaning up his own back yard. He has indeed succeeded so far that chance observers, seeing the result of his work, are actually inclined to forget that the original property was in a horrid mess!'

'Whom do you mean?' I asked.

Kiriti remarked quietly and very gravely: 'Man.

'Yes, man,' he said. 'Let's go back to your original savages, before any record, before man was even barbaric. Do you realize what a designless universe he lived in? His life was one perpetual fear, one dim, almost immemorial struggle for existence. He was like a baby left alone in a room with a fire burning in the grate, with razors lying about and dozens of dangerous machines, which looked fascinating to play with if he would. He had to fight for his life, not only with wild beasts stronger and better-armed than he, but with drought and flood, with hail and tempest, with unseen and undreamed-of microbes, ignorances, superstitions, and the dreadful wisdom of his own wise men. If you go back early enough, to a world that had not done with chaotic disturbances on a world-wide plane, he had to fight glacial ages, drying oceans, flooding continents. The very fact that he was man added to his worries, for the laws that ruled his embryo imaginations peopled the heavens with terrors and warred with his own advancement exteriorly and interiorly. Thus in the world about him, and in his own mind, he had to fight his way among a thousand gigantic forces striking one at another and at him. When he emerged into the state of the savage as we first know him, he had already inherited a legacy of inhibitions. I myself knew in East Africa a tribe which had more than two hundred classified and pictured devils. Each devil owed its origin to some law or another which primitive man had noted and had been able to explain only by personification.

'Out of that chaos man has not only

partially climbed, but he has even created something of a cosmos. He has indeed created enough of a cosmos for good people to talk about Design. He has subdued all of the big beasts and many of the microscopic. He has learned the way to counteract, even sometimes to abolish altogether, the elemental disturbances that used to kill his crops. He has brought it about that great plagues are rare and that he is surprised when he is ill. He has taken elemental powers — such as electricity, from which he used to fly in terror — and bound them to his will. He has conquered laws, such as that of gravitation, to fly in the air and under the sea. He has diverted rivers, divided continents, spanned mountains, almost conquered time. He sees further into space and deeper into matter than his ancestors conceived the very gods could do. He has even begun to get to grips with his most dangerous foe — himself. Human imagination, mentality, psychology, is at least a territory in which he has planted his flag. Yes, if there is a designer in the universe, it is man!'

'There is a real sense, then,' I asked quietly, 'in which man is God?'

'God?' queried Kiriti. 'I would rather not talk of God. It would appear as if God wished to remain veiled, and maybe there is something impious in attempting to raise that veil. The wisest of the old faiths said so in as many words, although their followers forgot the ancient wisdom and insisted on picturing him. Do you remember Mr. Gissing? "Somehow he felt that to account for a world of unutterable strangeness they had invented a God far too cheaply simple." Even our knowledge of that is a vast step forward. The ultimate reality is not yet. I think we should rather foster a working religion.'

'Is there one?' I demanded.

Kiriti smiled. 'If one has faith, hope, and charity, even the Fundamentalists would admit that one has a religion, I suppose,' he said.

'Well,' I queried, 'what is your faith, Kiriti?'

Kiriti stared thoughtfully out at sea, where the sunlight was dancing on the water and where the mountains of a distant island lay so lovely on the horizon that they seemed not of this world.

'My faith,' he said, 'the solid rock beneath my feet, is in the beauty of things, and, as it were, in the unity of that beauty. Have you ever realized that it is only educated man who sees beauty? Your savage does not stop to admire a sunset. Even the barbaric tribes of to-day have, many of them, no name for flowers or even for color other than colors that relate to food. Even when they make beautiful things they see no beauty in them. African tribes that used to make lovely pottery think empty kerosene-cans far more lovely. Most decorative work on the part of savages is the result of boredom, or of ceremonial magic. It mainly achieves the grotesque. No, realization of the beauty of the world is a slowly dawning revelation which the highest among us feel most. And not only the beauty of the physical earth, but the beauty of thought, the beauty of love, the beauty of communion of mind with mind, all belong to civilized man.

'It was this realization which made man first articulate. Once articulate, the tiny span of historic life on earth began. If you represent the life of the globe by one hour, then only for two seconds, proportionately, has man seen beauty! It would be difficult in those two seconds to detect advance, but I think we can. Not only the rare artist and philosopher, but educated men generally are beginning to hate ugliness, and our much more universal love of beauty is becoming detached from the

old superstitions that sometimes aided and sometimes impeded its spirit. Faintly and dimly, but surely, we are beginning to want beauty for beauty's sake, and in that beauty I have faith in the face of death. Personal survival, beyond the dissolution of the grave, of individuals as we knew them presents one with so many more difficulties than it eliminates, and is so plainly a relic of savage and mediæval thinking, that I hold with it scarcely at all. Only this I believe: that, as there is beauty here, there is beauty beyond; as there is love here, there is love beyond; as there is fellowship here, there is fellowship beyond — beyond time perhaps; in some state in which neither time nor place belongs; in some way certainly beyond our limited range of thought; in some relationship that transcends our idea of personal relationship on earth as our idea of Heaven would transcend that in the mind of a dog; but somehow, sometime, somewhere. And I do share in that, here and now,' said Kiriti.

'It is so great a wealth, that in which we share,' he went on dreamily. 'Take one aspect of it. The old faith was so harshly exclusive, but the new — Why, I love Jesus again, as when I was a little boy. I love the great-hearted martyrs, whether Catholic or Protestant. I love rugged old Mohammed, and the emptiness of Saint Sophia. I love the gentle Buddha, and all the wise, simple, quiet Eastern saints. And I love even the impulsive sinners that the old ways did not allow us to love. I think I even love modern scientists! We share a place together in the great adventure.'

In the shallows of the river a fat baby was splashing. Her mother ran and picked her out, laughing and kissing her. Kiriti watched the simple little incident with a smile, and I watched him. Then he said: —

'I believe, too, that what we call Evolution is a first guess at what will prove to be a truth more splendid than that of the first chapter of Genesis, or the teachings of Buddha. It is to me, as it were, a first childish attempt to name a great universal movement in all nature. Every fresh discovery or hope links in with it and deepens it. It is not the physical side of it that matters so much as the spiritual. It is of small moment that man is a cousin, many times removed, of the gorilla, but it is a very big thing that his perception of beauty, his reachings toward the infinite, have evolved from the first consciousness of mere being to the thought of a Tolstoy or an Edison. Moreover, as it has widened, so it has become humble. Not only am I one flesh with beasts and flowers and rocks, and glad of it, but in so far as I can understand spirit I am of the same spirit, too. My energy, my composition, though more highly evolved, are theirs. I do not think Saint Paul knew what he was talking about, but in his own times and in his own way he guessed at a truth. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together," and the goal of the great procession is what man in the days of his ignorance called God.

'More. We see it all as long-drawn-out and painful and irregular. It is my faith that it is no one of these three things, but what I have called an adventure, with a sure end, in which we are participating now. Death does not matter, nor what we call time, nor pain, nor apparent defeat — that is my faith,' said Kiriti.

'And the second of the trinity that poor Saint Paul enumerated?' I questioned, smiling. 'Incidentally, he was again right in declaring they three abide forever!'

'He was,' laughed Kiriti, 'and hope is the practical side of my religion,

which should buoy us up in our dark moments. My hope is that even in our own time and day, even with my own success and folly, I can do something to move things along. I confidently hope that one day disease and poverty and hate will be banished by man's own effort on this earth, and that one day we shall jettison, universally and without heartbreaking, what is still left of the old religious bogies. We shall cease to muddle what is essentially pure with what is dogmatically or legally or socially labeled pure. We shall be honest, not only in the sense that we shall not steal, but in the sense that we shall put an honest value on work and on production. We shall have got rid of false values; and, without every one of us becoming a Diogenes and living in a tub, we shall have seen the truth of that old story. Lastly, I honestly hope that we shall stop talking rubbish about what we do not know; that we shall stop guessing, and making ourselves and other people miserable with our guesses; that we shall banish fear, bred of ignorance, which has been master of the world so long. Then we shall begin to know something definite about something. Ultimately the old crazy, rickety ladders will be all tumbled down, and on a ladder of truth we shall climb to Heaven. It is of no earthly importance,' said Kiriti, 'but I guess when we get there — ' He broke off abruptly.

'Yes?' I queried.

'Well, that's guessing,' he chuckled. 'I've just said we have got to stop guessing.'

And he got to his feet as if he had finished.

'Here! Hold on a minute,' said I. 'You have forgotten the charity part.'

Kiriti regarded me in silence. Then he said, rather stumblingly, 'That's the practical side of religion toward other people, and it's not for me to preach it.'

And as I looked up at Kiriti and thought about him; as I remembered one or two things that I knew of Kiriti in the past; as I told myself that if Kiriti could take upon himself my sentence, or any other greater sentence, he was just the sort of man who would do it unhesitatingly, I am not ashamed to say — perhaps as I was so soon to take my leave — that a mist gathered in my eyes. For 'greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'

TO A YOUNG MAN BENT ON ENTERING THE PROFESSORIAT

BY GEORGE BOAS

I JUDGE from your last letter that nothing will deter you from this step, that you are determined to become a teacher, and a university teacher at that. My counsel has, I see, like most counsel, been futile.

Well, you ought to make an interesting professor, but you will never make a successful one.

You are too sophisticated. You do not believe that *Marmion* is a great poem; you are bored by Dickens; you do not think that teaching is Service; you cannot edify people; you are not fond of inchoate minds; you do not think that business men are inherently swine; you do not think that professors are inherently intelligent; you are not enthusiastic about social reform; you are skeptical in religion and philosophy; you are epicurean in your enjoyment of ideas; you take nothing seriously; you have no violent prejudices; your written style does not imitate Lamb's, and you do not write of pipe and bowl and the fireside.

With all that sophistication, you naïvely think that you can be happy in an academic chair. What will you find there?

You will find that every step you make is an approach to death. Some day, for instance, you will say something ironic in your lectures. It will be spotted as ironic by one student — who will not see its target — and will be taken as literal by the others. They will repeat what they think you have said, and the people to whom they repeat it will repeat what they think they have heard. Soon at the Faculty Club one of your colleagues will say, 'So you don't believe in God?' Or you will be dining out — oh, those dinners! — and someone will say, with half-serious jocosity, 'So you're trying to dechristianize our children?' You will look puzzled. It will finally appear that you said in class that God does not exist. You will feel somewhat foolish and will dart a look at your wife — for you will have a wife — to see if she heard. You will spend the rest of the evening trying to discover which of your students could have spread this report, so that you may infer the remark which was its source.

Finally you will remember.

You said one day in class, 'If God existed, there would be no room in the world for men who spend their days trying to prove the obvious.'

Learn above all things never to speak in metaphors or similes, in tropes or other figures of speech. Never be ironical. State facts as literally as possible, and, if you make a joke, be sure that, like the old Greek dramas, its plot is already familiar to your audience.

The penalty of irony is a reputation for cleverness, and, when that reputation is gained, no amount of serious work will balance it. 'Oh, he's a clever fellow, but no scholar.' Or, 'He's a good lecturer, but that's all.' You may make a discovery as important as the atomic structure of matter. The world will say, 'Another of his little jokes.'

You may come to the aid of a noble cause. Your aid will damn it. You will find yourself admired by a few of the less rustic students, feared by the more stupid of your colleagues, shunned by serious scholars lest your name contaminate theirs. Your penetration will be called 'destructive criticism,' as if that phrase answered it. Your most superficial observations will be suspected of having some hidden meaning. People will quote you and you will be accused of seeking a cheap notoriety.

No — above all, be literal.

But, you are thinking, some of the younger men will surely appreciate the comic spirit. The younger men in universities are worse than the older, because only prospective failures go into academic work nowadays — or men like yourself. Many of them will appreciate you. And it is they who will be your ruination. For you are doomed to be the man about whom they will cluster. There is in every university a number of *révoltés*. Some of them are genuine individuals moving in an orbit of their own. They will do you no harm. The others are just waiting for some larger and more luminous body to attract them, and, when it appears, will spin round it like electrons round the atomic nucleus. You are clever, but not clever enough to select your admirers judiciously. You are somewhat like an actor in your secret love of applause. There is in every artist, however modest, that impulse to show his works to his fellow men, that love of seeing the eye light up and the mouth broaden in a smile of satisfaction. I should not be ashamed of it — it is healthy and sane. But it will lead you to forget that your admirers are no more intelligent than your detractors. Many of them will be simply lazy-minded folk who pick up the latest style in ideas as others pick up the latest style in clothes. You are inexperienced and you won't be able to distinguish between the people who admire you intelligently and those who admire you stupidly. At the end of a few years you will wake up to the fact that you are a fad, like Mah Jongg, crossword puzzles, or radio.

Worst of all, you will find that you cannot keep up the pace with civilization. You will be stopping occasionally to think — and civilization will have moved on. I give you five years in which to begin intellectual atrophy. After that you will grow more and more like your colleagues, except that, whereas they have been putting in their time building up a reputation for scholarship, you will have put in yours entertaining friends and students. You will find that these magazines which welcome your articles, now that they are gay and insouciant and cynical, will find them somewhat less pleasing when they become thoughtful and perplexed and bitter. Editors who formerly asked you to write for them will now regret that their readers should not share their own keen taste. This stage of receiving polite but regretful letters will last two or three more years, and you will be back at the stage of printed slips — the primordial slime from which your literary career first arose. Then you will pick up a magazine and see three or four of your old classmates on the title-page, and you will understand that you are behind the times — you, the leader of the advance guard! However intelligent you may be now, will you be intelligent enough then to understand why you are not on that title-page? Or will you make excuses for yourself?

Your wife will tell you that it is because you are too good for the magazines, that you are over the heads of the readers. But she, poor thing, will be wrong. The reason will be that your articles are tiresome. They will dwell on some little point which seems important to you because it is of fundamental

philosophic importance. But who cares for philosophy in this merry world? They will be, moreover, written in a vocabulary vitiated by scholastic associations. Their style will be just too burdened — the sentences heavy with qualifiers, the rhythm slow and monotonous, the meaning so nice as to be finicky. Your wife will not see that. She will see only your intent and will hate the editors.

In cold fact the trouble may be worse than that. That bite of yours, which sinks its white teeth into its victim and kills it without a struggle, will grow dull. Your aim will falter. Sometimes the intended victim will escape. Why? Because there is nothing more deadly to a living spirit than the collegiate air. It is poisoned by use; it has been already breathed hundreds of times. You will fight against the suffocation at first with all the vigor of youth. You will rely on your power of stirring the carbon dioxide by your thrashing arms and legs, and thus making it fit to breathe. But you will give in at length and lie down conquered.

Remember that in your formative years your contact will be only with the immature. You will never see or talk with a man of your own capacities. If your associates are not your students, they will be your colleagues, who will be found to be even more immature than your students, for they will have attained that state of arrested development which I predict for you after what your Latin professor would call your first lustrum. There is something which appeals to one's parental instinct in a child. But there is only horror in the sight of mutilation. These stunted minds will gratify your sense of superiority at first, but soon you will awake to the horror that is in them, to the travesty which they are of the human intellect. They are no longer human beings — they are Philology, Literature, Natural Science, characters in a masque. Between them and the students, you are caught between those who have as yet learned nothing and those who can learn no more. What chance will you have for your own education?

Why go on? I have only just begun. I was told all this years ago — as soon as I showed that I wanted to be a teacher. The man who told it to me had heard it all from another. You will be writing this letter in ten or fifteen years yourself. To no end. Your correspondent will smile, as you are smiling, and say, 'Poor old codger, he certainly is bitter.'

ON LOOKING AT A COPY OF ALICE MEYNELL'S POEMS GIVEN ME, YEARS AGO, BY A FRIEND

BY AMY LOWELL

Upon this graying page you wrote
A whispered greeting, long ago.
Faint pencil-marks run to and fro
Scoring the lines I loved to quote.

A seashore of white, shoaling sand,
Blue creeks zigzagging through marsh-grasses,
Sandpipers, and a wind which passes
Cloudily silent up the land.

Upon the high edge of the sea
A great four-master sleeps; three hours
Her bowsprit has not cleared those flowers.
I read and look alternately.

It all comes back again, but dim
As pictures on a winking wall,
Hidden save when the dark clouds fall
Or crack to show the moon's bright rim.

I well remember what I was,
And what I wanted. You, unwise
With sore unwisdom, had no eyes
For what was patently the cause.

So are we sport of others' blindness,
We who could see right well alone.
What were you made of — wood or stone?
Yet I remember you with kindness.

You gave this book to me to ease
The smart in me you could not heal.
Your gift a mirror — woe or weal.
We sat beneath the apple trees.

And I remember how they rang,
These words, like bronze cathedral bells
Down ancient lawns, or citadels
Thundering with gongs where choirs sang.

Silent the sea, the earth, the sky,
And in my heart a silent weeping.
Who has not sown can know no reaping!
Bitter conclusion and no lie.

O heart that sorrows, heart that bleeds,
Heart that was never mine, your words
Were like the pecking autumn birds
Stealing away my garnered seeds.

No future where there is no past!
O cherishing grief which laid me bare,
I wrapped you like a wintry air
About me. Poor enthusiast!

How strange that tumult, looking back.
The ink is pale, the letters fade.
The verses seem to be well made,
But I have lived the almanac.

And you are dead these drifted years,
How many I forget. And she
Who wrote the book, her tragedy
Long since dried up its scalding tears.

I read of her death yesterday,
Frail lady whom I never knew
And knew so well. Would I could strew
Her grave with pansies, blue and gray.

Would I could stand a little space
Under a blowing, brightening sky,
And watch the sad leaves fall and lie
Gently upon that lonely place.

So cried her heart, a feverish thing.
But clay is still, and clay is cold,
And I was young, and I am old,
And in December what birds sing!

Go, wistful book, go back again
Upon your shelf and gather dust.
I've seen the glitter through the rust
Of old, long years, I've known the pain.

I've recollected both of you,
But I shall recollect no more.
Between us I must shut the door.
The living have so much to do.

THE CHRISTIAN BITE

BY MANUEL KOMROFF

'I HATE this Christian world we live in. I hate its cheap morals, I hate its mean standards, I hate everything about it! It is all small and petty! Narrow, tight, two-by-four lives watered with a stuff called goodness and pressed into a mould hardened by tradition. The Romans were right. They cast the Christians into an arena. They fed them to lions and enjoyed every minute of it. They paid admission to see the spectacle and I'd gladly pay a good deal to see — Well, I hate them, anyway.'

These were the earnest words of Charles Adams Scott, born in Boston, the son of a clergyman. He banged his fist on the table as he raged about the narrowness of this Christian world; and little did we expect at the time that these words would start a whole series of incidents. In fact, that is how the trouble started. It began in anger and it ended almost in tears. And between the anger and the tears ran a current of unbelievable and ridiculous events.

At first I paid no attention to Scott's anger. There was one year when he hated the Germans; then he hated the French and worked himself into a frenzy about them. Only recently he opposed the rich and blamed them for a good share of the world's miseries; and now it was Christianity. Well, I did n't think it meant very much, and when I went home that evening I thought of Daniel in the lions' den and smiled at the idea. 'He's an odd fellow,' I said to myself, and went to bed to sleep through a restful night. But I must admit that I have not had a peaceful night since.

He drove over the next morning and tooted the horn of the car. When I came to the front of the house he yelled: 'Get your hat and come to town with me. I want a witness.' He drove over to the office of a friend, an attorney.

'I want to ask you some problems in law.'

'Fire away,' said the lawyer.

'Can a man sell away his life?'

'Yes and no,' replied the lawyer. 'In the eyes of the law a man's life belongs to God alone. That is, with exceptions. But —'

'Leave out this Christian business. What are the exceptions?'

'Well, they may be numerous. In the case of a criminal the law has a right to take away his life. But there may be other exceptions also.'

'Has the law any objections to people witnessing the death of a man?'

'In the South,' replied the attorney, 'people attend hangings in great numbers.'

'That is all I want to know.' And with that we left the office.

I was too dazed to speak. I looked at Scott.

'I am not so crazy as you think,' he said. 'What is in the back of my mind is a plan that will knock this narrow Christian world into a cocked hat. I am going to stage a Roman sacrifice on a grand scale. I will hire a big place like the Yale Bowl and get a couple of lions from a menagerie and then throw in a Christian.'

'You are mad,' I cried.

'Not so mad as you think. It will be a great gesture and attract attention. It will shake the very foundations of our society.'

'You will have the world against you!'

'No, not at all. We don't have to sacrifice a good Christian — we can get hold of a bad one. And nobody can object to that. Even on their own standards they could not object.'

'What standards?'

'Christian standards!' Scott yelled. 'In the Christian world that we live in, only the good have any right of existence.'

'Surely you're not serious,' I protested. 'And where will you find this Christian for the mad gesture that you think will rock foundations?'

'Wait and see!'

That evening he showed me a copy of a letter he had typewritten to the State's Prison. He explained his plan at length and requested that he be given the next criminal who was about to be executed. He relieved the prison authorities of any trouble in the matter, and said that the criminal's death would be witnessed by thousands and any money made by the venture would be donated toward the improvement of prison conditions.

Having had no answer to his letter, at the end of a week he wrote again. In reply to his second letter he was visited by two detectives who came to find out if he was a dangerous character. His session with them lasted two and a half hours and when they left they hardly knew what he was, and they came to seek information from me. I assured them at once that it was only a sort of joke and that there was nothing seriously wrong with Scott, excepting, perhaps, his sense of humor.

'Now you have had your lesson. Live and let live,' I said when I saw him again.

'I knew you would say something of the sort,' he replied. 'You sum it up and dispose of it with one of your tubercular proverbs. You're a cheap sport!'

It did me no good to try to point out that I had done my best to stand by him, and that while I was not wholly in sympathy with his project I still understood his motives and remained loyal. It did me little good to tell all this, for what Scott wanted to know was regarding the future. He wanted to know if I would see him through 'to the bitter end'; and if I had only known at the time what this would imply I think I should have risked our friendship rather than the mad adventure. It was mad, indeed, from start to finish. But the bark of it was worse than the bite.

Before I knew it, we were off for New York in his old, dilapidated car. 'New York,' he said, 'is the right place for such a gesture. It's the place where people will pay admission to see a real live martyr thrown to the lions.' He abandoned the idea of the Yale Bowl in favor of the City College Stadium in upper New York. This was the best neighborhood, he said, for the 'pageant.' At one time he called it a 'gesture,' at another a 'pageant,' and once he even went so far as to call it 'the lion's bite.' At all times he was in deadly earnest.

At Bridgeport came our first disappointment. We visited the winter home of the big circus and were told it was off touring in the Middle West. We were also told, however, of an old German animal-trainer who might be able to put us in the path of a lion. With a little difficulty we found the place.

'What kind of animals have you got what needs training?' asked our host.

'We came to inquire about a lion.'

'How old is it?'

'No. We want to rent one.'

'Oh,' said the German, a bit disappointed, 'you want to get one? Oh, I see.'

For a moment a heavy silence hung in the room. 'Would a couple of baby leopards do? I got first-class leopards what can eat out of your hands.'

Scott explained that only lions would be eligible, and then he added cautiously that he did not need them very highly trained, but preferred to have them hungry and ferocious.

'My animals eat the best,' protested the trainer. 'They eat the same as I eat. Many a man would be glad to get such good food.'

Scott did not disclose his venture for fear that the trainer would feel that the lions were endangered by this Christian bite. The German seemed very cautious and wanted to know again if his pair of leopards would not do.

In the yard, along the wall of which grew sunflowers, stood a row of box-like cages, mostly empty. In one of these the keeper had a lioness, but I cannot say I should have recognized the beast as such. She was far removed from my picture-book and menagerie experiences. But the keeper insisted that she was of first-class parentage, though I must say that her looks would hardly have gained her admission to the cartoon pages of *Punch*.

'What you want, Scott,' I said, 'is a regular British lion. One with a good dark mane and a wide, flat nose.'

'When we brush her up,' said the keeper, 'you will not recognize her. She is beautiful. When I lend her out for motion pictures — Did you see the picture, "The Man Who Is Slapped"? Well, she photographs like a million dollars. When I brush her up I give her a little hair dye in the collar and bring it all up high — big all around. She is beautiful. My wife loves her.'

'What is her name?' asked Scott.

'Fanny. My wife calls her Fanny.'

'Is she the only one you have?'

'That's the only baby in Bridgeport; the rest is traveling.'

Scott bit his lips. He was vexed. He mumbled something to me — something about making the best of a bad business. Then he spoke privately to the trainer and they walked to the back of the yard and stood among the sunflowers. At length I heard that the deal had been made, and Fanny, box and all, was lifted out of the yard and put into the back of our car. We covered the box with a rug, and off we started.

'Take my advice,' I said, 'and avoid the Boston Road.'

'You are too darned cautious,' Scott replied. He drove on. Evening was approaching and I began to get worried.

All this time Fanny had been very well behaved, and I feared that now she might kick up and begin to protest. But nothing happened. I could hear her tail knocking against the boards of her box. I kept trying to persuade Scott that the venture was an impossible one and that no good could come of it. But he only pointed his finger at me and said: 'Remember your promise. On to New York!'

Once I even said to him: 'Look at Ingersoll. With all his eloquence he was unable to make any noticeable impression on Christianity. Then what will you do with your fleabite?'

'That's the trouble,' he replied. 'Ingersoll tried to reason with them. You can't reason with a religion — you can only ridicule it or show it up. We will show it up. Then you will hear them holler. You will see! Remember your promise! You will see!'

'Shall we rent an apartment for Fanny or will she live à la carte in a hotel?' I asked in a sarcastic voice.

He stopped the car. He needed time to think. At length he decided that

we would make our headquarters in a roadhouse not far from White Plains. This would be near enough to New York to allow us to visit the city daily.

The plan was not a bad one. We secured two rooms in this country hotel and parked Fanny in a little garage in the back yard. They gave us a key to the padlock on the door of the garage, and all seemed well. The only funny part about it was the name of the hotel. It was called the Blue Mouse, and I tried to invent all kinds of puns about the lion and the mouse. But Scott would stop me and say: 'Cut it out. Can't you be serious about anything?' As a matter of fact the puns were like trying to whistle to keep up courage. Then Scott would say, pointing his finger: 'Remember your promise. Now where do you think we shall find our Christian?'

At first he was going to ask the girls in the Blue Mouse, but I protested. I told him they would never understand—they were only country girls, innocent in all things, excepting perhaps sex matters, which they learn in detail from the movies. I said that I was wholly against complicating our problems with the fair sex. 'We should look for a man — a Christian man in New York,' I said. It would be difficult, but I thought he could be found.

'Ah!' exclaimed Scott. 'A woman in the arena, eaten by a lion! That's what would make the sensation. That's the gesture to give them.'

But I insisted on a man. 'Suppose you make this deal with a woman,' I argued, 'and we bring her here to the hotel for the rehearsals and — '

'Rehearsals!' he cried.

'Yes, rehearsals. How else are you going to manage? Can you dare risk it without pumping up her courage? Suppose we are already in the arena, and the wild beast is let loose, and the woman jumps up into the lower boxes — what are you going to do? Who will throw her back to the beast? Will you? And suppose the night before the performance she begins to weaken and tears roll from her eyes and she sobs about her mother and reminds you that she was once a little girl and — Well, who will comfort her? Will you? No — we must have a man. A man who understands. A man of courage.'

The task was not an easy one, but after several days we found a hobo in a Bowery mission who was willing, for five hundred dollars, to go through with this deal. Of course he wanted to know if there was n't anything else he could do for the same money. But at last he consented.

'What is your name?' I asked, as he got into the back of the car.

'Evans — Billy Evans,' he mumbled in his toothless mouth.

'Evans is a good old name,' I remarked. 'You won't fail us?'

'I give you my word as a gentleman,' he replied, and put forward his knotty hand for me to shake. Then he shook hands with Scott, too, for at that time he did not know which of us was going to pay out the money.

When we got him to the Blue Mouse we explained the plan in detail. He listened; but when we asked him if he knew anything about the old Christian martyrs he said in his deep, whiskeyed voice, 'Do they serve any sandwiches here?'

'The poor man is hungry,' I cried, and rang for the waiter.

'What kind would you like?' said the waiter, as he named half a dozen.

'Bring one of each,' said Scott, who did not fancy the interruption.

While the hungry man ate and drank near-beer Scott continued with the plan. 'Now of course the five hundred dollars goes to any person you desire to leave it to. The whole business is for the benefit of humanity. Your name

will live in history.' The hungry man munched the sandwiches and drank the beer. When he was through he wanted to know if he could have a cup of coffee.

While he drank the coffee and wiped his unshaved chin Scott went on. 'The main reason for going to all this trouble and doing this is to show the world that there are some people who have a great contempt for Christianity, who feel that on the whole Christianity has been a force for evil and bad. The world has refused to listen to reason, but a spectacle of this kind will demand attention and give courage to those who feel as we do but have been too weak to say so.' When the coffee was finished a bell announced that dinner was ready.

'I feel now,' said Scott, 'that we have made great strides. To-morrow you run down and engage the City College Stadium for an afternoon about two weeks from now.'

'You insist on the City College Stadium?' I said.

'There are many reasons. I have given the matter a good deal of thought. In the first place it resembles a Roman arena, and has a large seating-capacity. Then one side is closed with a high iron fence, so that Fanny could not escape. Besides, it is situated in a desirable part of the city. Nobody in that section could really object to the sacrifice of a Christian — in fact, most of them would enjoy it. It is the most desirable place. You arrange for it, and I will continue instructing the main actor and settle with a printer for tickets and posters.—By the way,' he added, 'I think you feed Fanny too much.'

That night we had turtle soup and broiled chicken for supper, after which we sat on the porch and smoked cigars —and so did the hobo.

Then I called Scott aside. 'There is just this that came into my mind. We know very little about this fellow. Are you sure he is a Christian? The mere fact that we found him at a mission means nothing. We certainly cannot go any further unless we find out. It would be a great joke on us if it were discovered when it was over that he was n't a Christian after all.'

'What is the test of a Christian?'

I had to admit that I did not know.

'Well, now, let 's see,' Scott reasoned. 'He is not a Chinaman or an Eskimo. He is not a Buddhist from India or a Mohammedan from Turkey. He is certainly not a Zionist. Then what else can he be?' My fears were pacified.

In the morning we had a long talk with Billy Evans. He was a Christian all right, though he admitted he never practised at it very regularly. He said: 'Me and my missus parted company in Chicago ten year back. Our little girl was confirmed in church. Church is for the womenfolk, says I. It 's no place for a fellow who feels his independence.'

'Then how did you happen to come to the mission?' I asked.

'Coffee and buns,' he answered. 'All you do is confess something and the rest is easy.'

'You see!' said Scott indignantly. 'We will teach them a lesson. To take starving men and force ethics into them before they can get a cup of coffee!'

'Without sugar,' added the tramp. 'I wonder if they got any more of them sandwiches left.' Between meals he ate sandwiches and drank near-beer. In fact, he ate all day long, and I soon feared that indigestion might take him from us. At the same time I starved Fanny — I gave her nothing to eat for two whole days. She rolled her eyes and flopped her heavy tail against the side of the box. It was a plan to make her ferocious, so that when the time came she would not fail us.

All this while I avoided going down to New York to arrange for the Stadium. I found first one excuse, then

another; how much longer I could postpone it I did not know. Surely something must happen, I thought, that would put an end to this mad adventure. Then Evans announced, 'I decided to leave the money to the missus.'

'How will you locate her?'

'I will send her a letter. Her brother in New York has a plumber business on Third Avenue.'

'All right,' I said. 'Write your letter at once.'

'I will,' he said, 'but how about five dollars now for myself?'

I called Scott, who gave him five dollars on the promise that he would not run away.

'I only want to get a haircut and a shave,' he added. And sure enough he came back to the Blue Mouse — in time for lunch.

While he was out Scott said to me, 'I guess it's time to start the rehearsals.' I had no idea, of course, how an affair of this kind could be rehearsed, and could offer no suggestions. But Scott now had definite notions about the matter, and asked me to secure for him a lady's nightgown. That is exactly what he said. He did not say, 'Steal a nightgown for me'; he did not say, 'Borrow a nightgown,' and he did not say, 'Buy a nightgown.' All he said was 'Secure a nightgown.' He left it all to me — and it was most embarrassing.

You can well imagine the mood I was in. I went out into the back yard, unlocked the little garage, sat down on the running-board of the car, and looked at Fanny. 'Poor Fanny,' I mumbled. 'Poor Fanny. Here we brought you away from home, and separated you from your trainer's wife, who loves you, on a darn fool mission that was never any good from the start and will end the same way. And now we have starved you for two days so that the pangs of hunger will force you to eat this Christian hobo — and that's no kind of diet for a lady. Yes, my dear, you will have a nice Christian bite, but it's more than likely that it will give you indigestion. Poor Fanny — you are a beast and I am a beast too. Forgive me, Fanny. My heart was never set on this adventure — I was humbugged into it.' Fanny pricked up her ears, rolled her big watery eyes, and flopped her tail against the box.

'Yes, my dear, you will have a Christian bite,' I continued, forgetting all about the nightgown. 'A nice Christian bite; but what would you do, Fanny, if I opened your box and let you loose? You great big overgrown cat, what would you do? Could you find your way home to Bridgeport?'

Just as I was saying this the colored porter passed the open garage door with a garbage can that he had emptied.

'Morning, boss,' he called. 'How is your zoo behaving?'

'Fine and dandy,' I replied.

He stuck his head in. 'Still sleeping,' he remarked.

'No, she's just kind of lazy,' I said.

'How would she like a nice cup of coffee to brace her up?'

'As far as I am concerned, you can give her iodine,' I said.

In a minute he returned with a big pot of coffee. I poured it into Fanny's pan and locked the garage. While giving the colored man his tip I reminded myself of the nightgown. He was just the right person to ask, and it seemed a stroke of genius, for in less than half an hour he delivered to my room a lacy-silk orchid-colored affair.

In the evening of that day I heard a great commotion. Scott rushed into my room, the nightgown in his hand. He was boiling with rage.

'Is this what you got?' he thundered. 'Are you trying to make a fool of me? Did you ever hear of a Christian martyr in a pink nightgown?'

'It's not pink,' I murmured.

The rehearsal was postponed until the next day. In the morning I returned the silken gown to the porter, who wanted to know if I would not like another pot of coffee for the zoo. As Fanny had not had any food for days I thought a little stimulant might do no harm, and we gave her the coffee. Then I went in search of a department store to buy a white-cotton regulation Christian martyr nightgown.

When I returned I was met by the colored porter, who cried, 'Hurry up, boss! Your zoo is kicking up a big holler!'

Sure enough, Fanny was letting loose her wild jungle cries. 'There is nothing to be done,' I said. 'If she wants to holler, let her holler.'

While we were eating lunch we heard her again. Scott remarked that he did not know she had it in her. But the poor hobo was as pale as the cotton nightgown I had bought. The color he had taken on during the week had all vanished in a moment. 'Now I wish I had n't written that letter,' he remarked, as he passed his plate for another helping of pie.

Fanny was quiet all afternoon. I paid her two visits and finally came to Scott to announce that the poor beast was sick. I told him she was so weak that if the performance were to take place that day the Christian would probably eat the lion; her condition was such that she would n't mind who bit her.

'What made her sick?' he asked.

'Starvation,' I thought. But I also mentioned the coffee as a possibility.

Scott directed me to go at once to a first-class butcher shop and buy a good sirloin steak. 'That will fix her up,' he said. And while I was gone they would begin rehearsing.

Little did I suspect, when I set out in search of the butcher, what was waiting for me on my return. For that matter, little did I suspect, when we left Boston, what madness and folly I was to be led into. I wandered about aimlessly, looking for a butcher shop in streets where I was certain none could be. It was what psychologists call an escape mechanism. I was trying to escape. I was like Fanny in her box. I did not dare to face reality. It was all so impossible, so incredible, so unbelievable, so insane. I did not want to find a butcher and return with a sirloin steak. I made all kinds of wishes as I walked. I wished a policeman would come up to me and arrest me; I wished a passing automobile would run over me; I wished Fanny would break loose and run home; I wished all kinds of things, until I found myself actually in a plain, matter-of-fact butcher shop.

When I got back to Fanny she was lying on her side, jerking her legs, in the grip of a violent hiccough. 'Here's a nice little steak for you, Fanny,' I said, as I worked the five-pound sirloin through the bars. But she could not be tempted. I waited a moment and then pushed the steak up to her nose, but she would not have it. In fact, we might have found this out before if we had n't been such fools. Then I ran to the house to give the news. It was good news for me, and I made up my mind how to say it. I was going to run up the stairs, burst open the door, and cry, 'It's all off! She don't eat meat!' I repeated the words as I ran.

Just then a limousine drove up to the front door and I could hear a slight commotion, but I did not stop. I ran up the stairs and threw open the door, but I was speechless.

In the middle of the room stood the hobo smoking a cigar; over his clothes hung the white nightgown, which draped around his big shoes. Scott

was under the table pretending he was the raging lion.

'When I growl,' he said, 'you roll your eyes and look spiritual.'

People had followed me up the stairs, and before I had time to cry, 'She don't eat meat!' a crowd was already in the room. Scott stuck his head out from under the table as a woman cried: 'Billy! Billy!' and flung herself into the arms of the hobo. 'It's not too late, Billy. It's not too late,' she sobbed, and tears rolled down her cheeks.

In the meantime her young companion was dragging Scott out from under the table and shouting, 'I'll teach you how to take advantage of a poor old man! I'll teach you all right! I'll teach you!'

Then the woman turned on me, but the hobo pacified them by saying: 'The boys is all right. They're a bunch of nuts, but they mean right.' Then he turned to us and said by way of explanation, 'That's my missus.'

'I have a good mind to turn you over to the police!' shouted the 'missus.' Her head and neck were covered with artificial jewels of great size, and as she spoke they clanked.

It was impossible to explain. There was nothing to say. When the nightgown was torn off our Christian he stood looking about as though in a daze.

'Our car is downstairs, Billy. Maggie will be home when we get there. She is working to-night in the Fox studio. She doubles for the star.' Then, turning to us, she said proudly: 'That's my daughter, and it's mother's love what did it. Mother's love,' she repeated. 'It's good we are not too late. It's good he wrote me. We don't want your old money!' she cried, and drew a letter from her large beaded bag and threw it on the table. Tears came to her eyes. 'What mother's love did for my daughter it can also do for my Billy-Boy.' She kissed him again.

In another moment they were gone. Oh, what a sense of relief! Then I whispered to Scott: 'Well, it's good they are gone. Fanny don't eat meat anyway. We might have found it out before, but we did n't. She is terribly sick, and if she dies on our hands — and we have a dead cat to bring back to Bridgeport — what can we tell Mr. Kraus, the keeper, and his wife who loves her? What can we say?' We were just in the mood for a long tale of woe, and I went on and on.

At length Scott could stand it no longer. He jumped to his feet and cried, 'Come, pack your bag!' This was the happiest moment in my life.

That very night we returned Fanny to her old home — her sunflowered back yard in Bridgeport. We deposited the box in its place, and Scott went into the house to settle with the keeper while I remained in the yard to say good-bye to Fanny. I walked up and down in front of the cage. 'Good-bye, Fanny,' I said. 'It's all for the best. Here is where you belong instead of that old stuffy garage in back of the Blue Mouse. You have been a good girl, Fanny. You are a perfect lady even though you don't eat meat. I hope you will forgive us, Fanny. This whole scheme was hardly right from the start. You were roped in and I was roped in. It was a lot of noise and nothing more. You were the only one who acted with any dignity. I guess you understand a good deal more than people think. Yes, you're a good old girl, Fanny; you have more brains than we and I hope you'll forgive us. We live in a civilized world, and martyrs are different now. You know what I mean by civilized; by civilized I mean half-and-half. Scott's idea is not a bad one, — you know you must give the Devil his due, — but the way he goes about it is all wrong. He should write a book instead of going in for arena affairs that threaten to be

messy and land him in jail. If he feels the way he does about Christianity he should at least be a gentleman about it. That is what I have tried to tell him, but he would not listen to reason. I wish you could speak to him. I wish you could only say you forgive us. Good-bye, Fanny. You are a perfect lady, and I will always love you. Good-bye.' As we went out of the gate I could again hear the dull knock of her tail against the hollow sides of her box, and I felt she understood.

We remained in a Bridgeport hotel overnight. The next day was Sunday, and to avoid the heavy traffic of the Boston Road we started at daybreak and ran on full speed. At last we were returning home, and my gladness burst out into a tuneful whistle. But Scott jerked at the wheel and the clutch of the car, and I could tell he was angry.

We reached Boston before noon. The trees along the avenue seemed black against the sky. At last we were hardly a mile from home, when suddenly, as though it were all staged for our arrival, the church bells began ringing. First one church, then another, and in the distance we heard a third. With every stroke Scott winced. Now he could stand it no longer, and suddenly stopped the car in front of the next church. The large doors were open and we could hear the slow, beating, low notes of the organ. Little girls in white dresses hurried up the stone steps.

'I won't give it up!' Scott cried. 'I am not going to lie down so easily. I will face them in their own den. I will preach them the kind of sermon they need. Narrow, tight, bigoted fools! I will show them what they are. You just wait until the music stops and see what happens. I won't be cowed by a lot of cheap sentiments! I won't be beaten by ragtime moralists! Peddlers in secondhand ideals! Cowards — that's what they are! They are afraid to face the world as it is. They run away from it every Sunday. But they won't run away from me! Wait till their spiritual band stops playing. And when I run in, you close the doors! Don't fail!' He clutched me by the collar.

'You will be arrested!' I stammered.

'So much the better! Then the whole world will know.'

He loosened his hold, and I thrust my hands into my coat pockets as I waited for the organ to stop playing. Suddenly I discovered a letter in one of my pockets. I pulled it out and looked at it.

'What are you reading?' growled Scott.

'It's the letter the hobo wrote to his "missus."'

We both read: —

DEAR TILLY: —

By the time you get this I will be ate by a hungry lion. Go and get 500 bucks from the boys in the Blue Mouse hotel. Love to Maggie.

Yours all eaten up,
BILLY

It was hard to believe, but there it was. And to make sure that my eyes did not fool me I read it again, this time aloud. I wanted to laugh, but I did not dare. At length, after a long and painful silence, we left the church. Suddenly Scott stopped the car and pointed to an old house opposite.

'There is where Henry Adams lived,' he said, and took off his hat. 'He knew it was useless. He knew it was hopeless. He knew that it was all wrong. He was a man. He was a thorn in the side of society. He was a democratic aristocrat. He showed them what they were — narrow, tight, two-by-four, cheap peddlers in worn-out ideals! Sentimental bigots! But what use was it? Here we are — and it's Sunday!'

CREATION

BY FREDERICK J. E. WOODBRIDGE

I

It is not the aim of this article to add to a popular controversy. It is rather to consider a doctrine which, whether it is sound or not, is worth respectful attention. The doctrine is not new. It has commanded respectful attention repeatedly in the past because its foundation is an obvious fact of experience which, when followed far, has the power to provoke the consciousness of things spiritual. Creating itself the sense that something has been said which is both significant and profound, it may affect the mind as a revelation, calling for hearty acceptance and averse to doubting criticism. It has had that effect. There is about it a simple yet subtle beauty, which the imaginative are quick to appreciate and which even the dull may feel with a vague sense of a mystery too high for them. It is thus an accessible doctrine. It requires little learning to feel its force and may admit much learning with no diminution of its power. Its æsthetic quality is so high that a connoisseur in doctrines might wish to keep it a precious possession even when he did not embrace it as his faith.

As I have said, the foundation of the doctrine is an obvious fact of experience. Its expressions, consequently, have not necessarily been confined to any particular time, place, or people. One might be led to it independently, through reflection, without the bias of dogma or tradition. Scholars have traced its ramifications far. Yet for most of us, on account of our history and education, the most popular expression of the doctrine is found in the Bible and particularly in the first chapter of Genesis. 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.'

Few of those to whom these words have been familiar since childhood will recall any doubt or difficulty connected with their first hearing. I cannot trust my own memory of them. When I attempt to recover their first impression, I am acutely conscious that I am reading them in the light of subsequent study and reflection. Yet I venture to believe that I believed them, not because there was lacking in my knowledge and experience the ground for a competing belief, but because my experience supported them. It is, however, probably improper to speak of believing them at all, for speaking of them in that way seems to imply that they were subjected to scrutiny, made a matter of reflection, and then accepted because they seemed warranted. This, it is reasonably certain, did not happen. When I speak, as I just now did, of believing them, — not because there was no experience against them, but because experience was on their side, — I am speaking as a man

trying to recover an impression of childhood and find a natural motivation for it. Very likely if I had been told with the competent authority of my parents something else about the beginning of things, I should have accepted it with a similar absence of questionings. Their business was, among other things, to instruct me. They were a living encyclopædia for children, lacking in patience at times and at times amused over questions asked in no sense of humor, but they were never inadequate in knowledge. They knew enough to name the animals when asked, so that a child could hardly be surprised at Adam's similar skill. Their speech was creative. At their command things appeared and disappeared, doors were opened and shut, lights were lit and put out. They said, Let there be dinner: and there was dinner. Let us go for a walk: and we went for a walk. Let us make a house of these cards: and of these cards a house was made. They could do whatever they were willing to say they would do, and answer any question they were willing to answer. So while I might readily have accepted any answer they might have given to a question about the beginning of things, it could have been no surprise to learn that God spake and things were made. The creative power of speech has warrant in the experience of a child.

Whether this is a correct rendering of an experience of my own childhood — its reasonable psychology, so to speak — I do not know. But this I know, that repeated readings of the first chapter of Genesis in later years have progressively exalted its doctrine about God's voice, so that when I now try to recover the impression which the first attentive hearing of it may have made upon me I find myself wondering at its doctrine, undisturbed by problems of natural history. Indeed, in this respect I must confess to what may be considered a prejudice, for I can neither hear nor read a controversy between Genesis and science without feeling that it is a perversion of something essentially sublime. In saying this, I would not be misunderstood. I cannot take the chapter as an equivalent or substitute for science. I can understand how the unintelligent might, finding a story instead of a doctrine. And I can understand how the unimaginative might, tying the doctrine to the literal details of the story. But I must confess again, and this time doubtless with a show of intellectual egotism, that for me a controversy between Genesis and science is one in which only the unintelligent or the unimaginative will engage. I could rejoice in all the trouble and perturbations of mind they will enjoy, were it not for the conviction that they are engaging in something trivial and absurd, and needlessly defacing something beautiful. The doctrine that speech is creative, that existence is evoked with words, that chaos commanded is order, is a doctrine so engaging that the first chapter of Genesis impresses me, not with puerilities in natural history, but with sublimity in spiritual insight.

II

Under the power of this impression, I can readily believe that, if we are to entertain a doctrine of creation at all seriously, it will be to the doctrine of Genesis that we are ultimately led. For we seek the adequate expression of existence. Like children bringing animals to parents to see what they would call them, we bring the items of existence to the wise to see how these items are most appropriately voiced. We would be told what they are. And the wise are supposed to be

competent for the telling. Their voice brings light. This is an experience so familiar and useful that we may ask questions, go to school, read books, write them, and spend a lifetime in inquiry with little wonder at the simple fact that all this enterprise of learning is an attempt to get existence into words — a faith that things are what they are ultimately said to be. They have names — such an astonishing variety of them when we consider the diversity of human speech, and such a preposterous jumble of them when their makers become extravagant, that we can easily assent to the opinion that names are conventional marks, 'wise men's counters,' but 'the money of fools,' and yet, when we ask the astronomer what that bright star in the zenith is and he says it is Vega, the most intelligent among us enjoys the illusion that he has learned something. He has felt the evoking power of the voice. Even when words are so arranged that they mean nothing or are contradictory, it is hard to escape the impression that something has been said. Philosophers have invented subsistence for the round square, believing that, since the thing can be named, it must somehow be. The power of words is great.

We may deny them omnipotence. They are easily stilled, like Hamlet's voice, by a scratch from poisoned steel. But Hamlet's last words are the thrilling commentary on the fact — 'the rest is silence.' Rob existence of the voice, let there be no expression, no utterance anywhere, let nothing ever be said in the beginning; then the rest — is it even silence? The voice has to be evoked to name its absence. In a dumb world there may be power, brute and inarticulate. We have the habit of saying so even when it passes all our wit to tell what that power is, to name it otherwise than in terms of its expressions or in terms like 'the unknowable,' which imply no more than the obvious fact that without expression it is unexpressed. The 'unknowable,' the 'infinite,' the 'absolute,' 'God,' are all imposing words like 'the rest is silence.' They create in us the vast sense, ushering us into the presence of immensity. Unless, however, they carry with them the implication of possible expression and possible utterance, they are empty sounds, or leave us, like the Ancient Mariner, desperately aloof.

> O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
> Alone on a wide, wide sea:
> So lonely 't was, that God Himself
> Scarce seemèd there to be.

We may deny words omnipotence, yet without them omnipotence means nothing at all. Nor does anything else. The fact is obvious, as obvious as the questioning child who takes a dog to his father to see what he will call it. The power of words is evocation, and this power boasts omnipotence when it claims to tell in a book what heaven and earth are.

Perhaps the writer of the first chapter of Genesis did not have all this in mind, but the reader of it may. I like to think that he did. I like to think of him pondering over what happened in the beginning and being driven to say: 'A Voice.' That would make him a poet at least. He would then write a beautiful story of creation, telling how, in the beginning, God spoke and there was light, enough for evening and morning, enough for the first day; enough too, we may say, for God to see by to do what remained to be done as evening and morning came round again — a week's work, naturally, with the last day to rest in and think it over. Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. The last deed was man, made in God's

image, after His likeness, a second voice which would tell again and again to children how heaven and earth are made, and which will never be content with the telling until this vast scheme of things is adequately voiced in human speech. And God saw, by the light He had first created, everything that He had made, and it was very good. It is a story which children and poets can understand.

And I can imagine the poet's consternation when somebody asked him, in earnest or in scorn, if he seriously thought that God had a voice-box with vocal cords in it. Did God speak to chaos in English? Evidently the poet had not thought of that difficulty. Forced to think of it, I can imagine that he became a little afraid for his story, foreseeing times when some men in fear and even in reverence would nickname the story itself God's Word, while others would set it down as an interesting contribution to the mythology of the race. But, being a very great poet, he was willing to let it go its way. He knew it would be read, at least by children and poets, and that was a fairly large audience. He knew too that, as a doctrine of creation, it was sound.

Of course these are my imaginings, literary devices to win the attention of a reader. But, dear reader, I have no desire to deceive you or trick you with pretty phrases. I would share my enthusiasm for a doctrine of creation which is the profoundest that I know, but I will satisfy no man's curiosity as to whether I believe it or not. That is not an important matter. And I am not sure that any doctrine of creation is an important matter. What things become in the end is much more interesting and probably much more important than what they were in the beginning, as it is better to die well than to be well born. Perhaps heaven and earth were never created, but if they were — if there was once brought into being this solid and substantial scheme of things which all our science is now trying to render intelligible in human speech, fondly believing that, by saying what existence is, darkness gives place to light and chaos to order — by what name shall we call that omnipotence which wrought so great a work? Saint Thomas says: 'This is what men call God.' But how did God create? 'He spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.' Otherwise how could it ever happen that, by man's speech, what God had created would be called into the light of knowledge? Creation is response to a call. This is the doctrine of saints and poets and philosophers.

III

If one will not have a doctrine of creation, one need not therefore hastily dismiss the doctrine of the voice. For, whatever else the first chapter of Genesis may be believed to be, it is man's speaking glorified. That is a matter worth attention. The greatest of all miracles is human speech, and he who is convinced of this one will rarely be tempted to ask for another. But we are so familiar with it that contempt is bred, leading us to say that silence is golden, while for speech we use the metaphor of the baser metal. The vain babblings of men, their silly talk, their absurd opinions absurdly expressed, their sentimental blessings and profane cursings, and the shrieking discord of unmusical voices ragtimed with the gear of eating, may drive us to take refuge in a silence which is really golden. But it is their silence, not ours. We escape to talk with more congenial souls or, best of all, possibly, with ourselves. And who can fully confess this latter intimate

conversation? I would not suggest that it is unprintable. At times it may be, but enough has already been printed by confessors to make further publication of that kind superfluous. I speak of a golden silence. The noises of the world are stilled. We are alone with ourselves. We speak. We listen. Beauty, truth, goodness, joy, terror, evil, anguish, despair, hope — desperately trying to say what it is to be, and this in a world where atoms combine by law — it is the miracle of the voice. I do not mean by this that we must set it down as an infraction of what we call the laws of nature. It is sheer wonder that from the world in which we are born and shall die, and in which we are such little bodies, we may escape into that private communion with ourselves in which we sense the limitless reaches of what might be said. It is our voice that speaks. It speaks with an egotism ridiculous, pathetic, and sublime — *my* wife, *my* children, *my* home, *my* neighbor, *my* doctor, *my* banker, *my* minister, *my* publisher, *my* country, *my* world, *my* life, *my* fate, *my* God! The privacy of our own voice is the possession of what it utters.

I talk with my neighbor. There is public conversation in which good taste would suppress egotism by translating the personal pronoun into the more objective article even when we distractedly say that *the* world is too much with *us*. But we would speak to our neighbor objectively. We would tell him the truth, or at least have him believe that the truth had been told; not *my* truth, but *the* truth unshadowed by any personal slant. That is what I am doing here. Dear reader, you are not at all at liberty to suppose that the words I have here set down are but the record of my own babblings. They are my words only because I am the agent of their utterance. The meaning they convey is not mine, but something quite independent of me. I discovered it and I am expecting you to discover it similarly. You are expected to understand what I am saying from the fact that I am saying it. If you do not, the fault may be mine because I am not clear, or yours because you are stupid. But neither you nor I believe that the truth of what I am saying is ultimately determined by your authority or mine, or, if you will forgive me, that your understanding has anything to do with the matter. Neither has mine. Both you and I may not understand what Professor Einstein has to say. Sometimes I am tempted to think he himself does not understand. But you and he and I are at least under the illusion that he has said something which we might understand and which may be true. Impersonal conversation, objective speech, makes its own startling claim. The writer of Genesis did not say, 'It seems to me.'

We may test the effect of objective speech by the simplest experiments. 'My heart leaps up when I behold a rainbow in the sky.' Wordsworth's heart, yes — but how about yours and mine? Change 'my' to 'the' and 'I' to 'anybody' with the appropriate verb to follow — the line then loses in poetic form, but it gains a power it did not have before, the logical power of objective speech. It is unimportant who said it. It is important only if true. If true, its truth may be enhanced by the personal form, winning thereby a lyric outburst, but if it is not true the personal form expresses only an idiosyncrasy. Here, then, is the miracle of the voice a second time. Changing Aaron's rod into a serpent pales before changing 'my' into 'the.' The former smacks of magic, for the Egyptians could work a similar miracle; and, although Aaron's serpent

swallowed theirs, the change from 'my' to 'the' swallows his and forces us to look for truth. It does not matter what our tests of truth may be. Let us be as pragmatic as we will, the fact still stands that the objective world is called to our attention by the voice. By simply dropping personal forms of speech we find ourselves transported into a world which we dare no longer call our own. It is The World. It possesses us. From it we came and to it we shall return. It holds our family, our doctor, our country, our fate, our God, in the hollow of its hand. I speak truthfully with my neighbor, and he becomes no longer mine and what we say is no longer ours.

I speak to the world; in questions, to be sure, but in the confident belief that, if these questions are properly framed rightly to guide my eye and hand and thought, the world will answer in its own way and with singleness of meaning. It is the common belief of men. They seem never to have been taught it and never to have acquired it. It is simply the voice operating. They evidently acquired, during their natural history, the human sounds and particular words they use, as we acquired the speech of our ancestors or learn a foreign tongue; but the power to make a noise is not the expectation of an answer to a question. It is not the interrogative mood. Inquisition is as natural to the voice as oxidation is to the air. Our first words and even our first inarticulate cries are explorations calling for something quite different from their own echoes. Answers will come to them either as yes or no. And the answers that have come to man's questions — his science, his literature, his art, his institutions, his religion — have eventually determined his excellence and his power. Through them he comes into and justifies his dominion. This is a platitude of his pride, but it suggests again the miracle of the voice.

But that he should believe it! Although that belief is natural, untaught, and unacquired, although it is simply the voice's operation and effect which we habitually accept without scrutiny or surprise, it is the belief that the whole of existence might be rendered in words, that there is possible an adequate utterance of what all things are. The change of 'my' into 'the' is perhaps far less wonderful than the change of things into words and of words back again into things. Or if we will have it that words themselves are things, since they are either sounds in the air or the equivalents of these in our bodies, we still face the fact that, among all the sorts of things there are, there is one sort which presumes to dictate to all the rest, to tell them what they are. Adam's success in naming the animals was a trivial achievement compared with that which he would come to believe was in his power. He would name everything else — the flowers of the field, the stars in the sky, the minerals in the earth, elements, ions, protons, complexes. His chief interest, however, would continue to be in the animals. Brooding over the chaos of living forms, he would speak, expecting light and order. He would put into words a story of how these forms came to be and call it 'The Origin of Species' or 'The Descent of Man.'

IV

It would seem, therefore, that words deserve metaphysical as well as literary and rhetorical cultivation. At least they deserve moral respect. I gladly give them that because, as the president of the Canadian Pacific once reminded me, I have made my living by them. They have economic value. The vendor of them, he who sells this food of the soul, usually enjoys a much

higher social recognition than he who sells the food of the body. Writers have always been more preciously esteemed than farmers, butchers, or grocers, in spite of the fact that without these latter the former could not live. And yet an immortal butcher is a contradiction in terms. This might very well be cited as another illustration of the miracle of the voice. The wonder of it grows. But I am now trying, as a scientist ought, to strip the voice of its wonder, explain the miracle, and reduce it to the simple fact that it is. We are done with poetry and are coming to sense. So we stress the economic value of words as a first step in the direction of sanity.

We must rate it high, but high now as a matter of economics and not as a matter of morals or social estimation. The exact computation of it has, so far as I know, never been made, but it is clear that it would run into billions and exceed that of any other commodity. Writers have the false impression that publishers get most of it because publishers are able to pay writers and still have a good deal left for their own consumption. But it is bankers and financiers generally who profit most. That is why there is so much popular criticism of them. They eventually get the money. And it is natural that they should. For all this dealing with words, this buying and selling of them, this asking and paying for a loaf of bread at the baker's, is in the last analysis a dealing in promises. It is a mistake to suppose that the banker makes money by dealing in money. He often has very little of that commodity. He deals in promises, and promises sometimes come very high and can be negotiated with only a promise to secure them. We are wont to say that a man's word is as good as his bond, forgetting that proverbs so often reverse the order of experience. A bond is only as good as a word somewhere. If a man has command of that word, only then does he have a bond. This is a natural fact by which bankers profit. They profit by it so enormously — winning, apparently, command of both industry and civilization — that it is not surprising that the rest of us should so often look at them in envy or in fear.

A promise is a promise either to pay or to do. Unless the something promised is either paid or done, or unless there is belief that it will be paid or done, the promise is worthless. This fact, however, should not make us blind. It should not lead us so to exalt the things promised that we forget that their viability, their passing from hand to hand, their going here and going there, their proximate and ultimate exchange, are all effected through an elaborate machinery which would crumble to pieces if promises were not kept. It does crumble in part at times, so that men may suffer panic and disaster although nothing whatever may have happened to the material riches of the earth. Men may starve in the presence of plenty simply because a promise has not been kept. The reason is that words are the prime medium of exchange. Economists have a habit of saying that money is that, although they know well enough that a dollar may be printed as well as coined. They ought not to be surprised at the childlike faith of the buncoed rustic who, believing that he has bought from his swindler a genuine plate from the Bureau of Engraving, believes also that bills printed from it are not counterfeit, but genuine currency, so that his own moral fault is negligible compared with the benefits he can confer without really harming anybody. Governments in their despair often fall back on this faith as their last financial resource. And it is quite clear

that if promises were always kept we should need no other money than recorded words, so evidently are they the medium of exchange.

Their economic value is but one instance of their logical power. When they are literally bought and sold, like commercial notes, or even this article, they are more than ink and paper. They effect first of all an exchange of ideas. There is no need of deep philosophical insight to see that this power of them is behind and fundamental to their economic value. It carries us out of the market place into metaphysics. All things are exchanged for words and words for all things, as goods for gold and gold for goods. Old Heraclitus said it long ago. He spoke of fire, using that element as the glowing symbol of the word, so convinced was he that existence is consumed in speech. We seem unable to get away from the miracle after all. But we should try. Our spiritual business, the enterprise which we put on top of our buying and selling in the market, on top of our producing things to be bought and sold there, and on top even of our loving beauty and fearing God, is to render the world intelligible. But how can the world be rendered intelligible if it is not intelligible in the beginning? Who simply by speaking can create the logic which so holds his words together that his neighbor can understand them and translate them back into their powerful intent? Who creates the intelligibility of the world by talking to it? Surely neither you, dear reader, nor I. Neither you nor I made understanding, even if both you and I are egotistical enough to believe that we can promote it.

There seems to be but one conclusion. This exchange of things for words and words for things is a very real exchange. The world is evidently composed in a manner congenial to it. It is put together on the principle of exchange: oxygen and hydrogen for water and water for oxygen and hydrogen, goods for money and money for goods, food for growth and growth for food, life for death and death for life, things for words and words for things. In this exchange we speaking things are caught. We are examples of it — fleeting examples, to be sure, but in that fleeting moment darkness gives place to light and chaos to order through the power of articulate speech. Only then can it be said with any sense that heaven and earth *are*. In the language of metaphysics, being is a predication. To be is to be something, to be something is to be expressed, and to be expressed is to be exchanged, one thing for another, with the one intelligible and illuminating medium of exchange, the voice. Heaven and earth may never have been created. That may be left as it was. But this remains. Whether or not they were once evoked by speech in the beginning, in the end and always they are evoked by nothing else.

WHEN CHICAGO WAS VERY YOUNG. II

BY LOUISE DE KOVEN BOWEN

I

WHEN I was about twelve years old I had a cousin visiting me from New York. She apparently lived in a round of fashion, and she was quite scornful of the fact that in Chicago the coachmen wore no livery and all the vehicles and horses were lacking in style. She told me of Fifth Avenue, with its rows of beautiful houses, its streets full of prancing horses and fine vehicles, with a footman and a coachman on every box, and of the pleasure of living amid such grandeur. I rose to the occasion and felt that I too must put on some style, but how to do it was the question.

At that time we owned, as a family, an old, rather battered-looking vehicle which was called a barouche; we had two horses, one rather larger than the other, and both somewhat down in the mouth. Their tails, their one glory, swept the ground, and their manes had not known a comb since they were colts. I particularly remember the barouche because, when I was five years old, I was taken for a drive in it; the horses became frightened and ran away, and my grandmother, with great presence of mind, determined to drop me out of the little window in the back. This did not appeal to me, and I struggled so violently that the horses were finally brought to a standstill before the plan was consummated. Thereafter the barouche always gave me a most uncomfortable feeling.

The most prominent object about our turnout was the coachman; he was a little Irishman named Barney, not over five feet tall — as ugly a man as I have ever seen, although kindly in disposition. He wore, as a general rule, a suit of light-brown tweed with a dash of red in it. His necktie was almost always red, although I am sure he had never heard of an anarchist. He wore a soft felt hat, and as a crowning touch he was almost always smoking a short pipe held deftly in one side of his mouth, but looking as if it might fall out at any moment. Being of a curious and literary turn of mind, he always read the newspaper when the trap was not moving.

On the whole, our equipage was as good as any in town. I should have been satisfied with it for years to come but for the ideas put into my head by the New York cousin. Spurred on by her scornful remarks, I decided to be stylish, and obtained permission from my father to spend my own money for a livery.

I first interviewed Barney and told him that the corner stone of such stylishness would have to be laid by a change of name for him: 'Barney' sounded so very plebeian that in the future I should call him 'Bernard.' I also told him that thereafter he must call me 'Miss Louise.' He objected only slightly to his own change of name, but decidedly and positively refused to call me anything but 'Lulu': that was my name, and he was not going to call me anything else. So 'Lulu' it had to be,

but I hoped that the New York cousin would never hear him.

I told Bernard that it was our duty to raise the standard for vehicles in Chicago, and I finally roused his enthusiasm to such a pitch that he departed to look for a livery, although he hated the word — he said it reminded him of slavery.

At that time a clothing firm in Chicago named Harvey advertised liveries for sale, and Bernard was told to get the nicest and not to spare expense — we were going to dazzle the people of Chicago with our turnout. I could hardly wait for his return. He came into the barn — a curious, comical little figure of an Irishman, simply snowed under with bundles — and said: 'Lulu, when I seen them liveries with all the colors of the rainbow, I could n't make up my mind which one you would like the best, and so I got two — one red and one blue.' He then displayed the fruits of his labor, and the liveries were lovely. One was bright blue with silver buttons, and the other dark red with gold buttons. We decided to keep both liveries, using the blue one on week days and the red one on Sundays and holidays. The hat was a regulation stovepipe, but crowned with the largest cockade I have ever seen. We did not know at the time that cockades were used only by officials who were in the Navy. We were also uncertain about collar and necktie, but decided that the red necktie should be kept for the red livery and a blue one should be worn with the blue.

It was almost a weeping matter to cut the horses' tails. Bernard said they would die of the flies in the summertime, and he added, 'I don't know how I can look them horses in the face again if I cut off their fly-swatters.' But he did it, keeping the hair from one flowing tail to be used as a switch in case of an emergency. Months later, when we were driving, I exclaimed, 'Why, Bernard, that horse is losing his tail!' But Bernard replied, 'Don't fret, Lulu — it's only an extra switch I put on him to make his tail look bushier.' Whereupon he calmly removed the tail and put it in his pocket.

We plaited the horses' manes and tied them with red ribbon. There was no way of finding out (because my cousin had gone back to New York) whether this was stylish or not, but it seemed gay and appropriate, and I was so excited the first day the horses and carriage were ordered around to the front door that I could hardly wait to see them. Bernard was a magnificent figure. As soon as he arrived at the front of the house, attired in his blue livery and his cockade, he arose slowly from his seat and extracted from underneath it his pipe and a newspaper, with which he proceeded to amuse himself. When I explained to him about making a smart appearance in front of the shops and told him that the pipe and newspaper would have to be relegated to the past, he became so cross and whipped the horses so unmercifully that I was compelled to remonstrate.

I felt that on my first drive down Michigan Avenue in such splendor I wanted to try not to look above any acquaintance I might meet, and I was reminded of a story my grandmother had told me about a friend of hers who, in the early days, owned a victoria and a pair of horses, and at the same time had a new green-silk dress. The first time she went out attired in the dress and sitting in the victoria, in order not to have her townsfolk feel that she was proud and 'stuck-up' she purchased a bag of peanuts and ate them as she passed through the streets, carelessly throwing the shells right and left, to show that she could still enjoy common things.

II

About this time came the great Chicago fire. I was spending the winter in New York, and our first knowledge of it was a telegram from my father saying: 'Chicago a mass of ruins; everything gone; I am safe.' On Fifth Avenue that day I saw large wagons driving up and down the street with signs saying, 'Give us clothes for the fire sufferers.' I can remember how doors opened and people ran out, throwing clothing of all kinds into the wagons. Later, when I returned to Chicago, my father met me at the station. I did not know him, for he was unshaven and had a fairly long beard; he wore no overcoat, but had an old shawl over his shoulders. As we neared Chicago we passed large coal-yards where great piles of coal were still burning. When we entered the city what struck me particularly was that we could see all over it — there was nothing to obstruct the view except an occasional chimney rising amid the ruins. There was not a house standing on the South Side north of Harrison Street, and not one on the North Side from the River to the Lake, until Lincoln Park was reached, with the exception of Mahlon Ogden's house, where the Newberry Library now stands.

Our own house on Michigan Avenue was not burned, but it was full of people who had come to us for shelter. They were sleeping forty or fifty on the floor. The city was under martial law, General Sheridan in command. Most of the people in the city had not had their clothes off for a long time; some of them were patrolling the streets and alleys looking for incendiaries, of whom there were many about. The people at my house were eating up my pet bantams and cheerfully saying they did not mind their toughness. Our horses and my pony were doing good service in taking the people out to the country.

My father told us his story of the fire: how he was asleep in the house of a friend on the North Side; but, hearing the fire bells, he got up and saw that there was a great conflagration on the Southwest Side. The wind was blowing a gale, and even then the sparks were falling all about the house. He dressed, woke some of the neighbors, and told them to watch out for their roofs; then he went over town with his host, the president of the bank of which he was cashier. They reached Washington Street and started on a run for the bank, which was at the corner of Washington and LaSalle Streets. Flakes of fire were falling on the street, the courthouse opposite was in flames, and the building in the rear of the bank was a burning mass. My father rushed into the building and found the two bank watchmen at their posts; with revolvers in their hands they rushed to the vaults and tried to open them. The combination was set on the word 'Oats,' and the president of the bank said in a grim way, 'If my horse were here he could find this combination quicker than I.' It seemed to them an age before the lock was set and the vault door opened. My father stepped inside, threw open the door of the safe, took from it all the currency, which was in packages, and removed several boxes of valuable securities; they then locked the vault and rushed for the street, where there had been a tremendous change in the few moments they had been in the bank. The fire was all over their heads, the air full of burning brands, the heat intense. With their hats crushed down over their faces, their coat collars turned up, and boxes containing hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of securities in each hand, they rushed up the street, a watchman with a revolver keeping close to each one.

A hackman stood on the corner of Dearborn Street. He was told his hack was wanted. He refused; a hundred dollars and then two hundred were offered, and he could not resist the bribe. The men jumped in and were soon at the house of a friend on Michigan Avenue near Twenty-second Street, where they deposited their valuables. Then it dawned upon them that they must at once get to the North Side if they would save the women and children in the house where my father was visiting. The hackman had gone; they ran down Michigan Avenue from Twenty-second Street to Sixteenth Street, woke up a livery-stable man, secured another hack, and started down Michigan Avenue. It was an exciting ride. The driver was told to run his horses, that life and death were struggling together and that everything the president of the bank held most dear was at stake. My father said that, with his head out of the window, he cried, swore, and entreated in the same breath. When the hack reached Van Buren Street it looked impossible to go down Michigan Avenue, but there proved to be more smoke than flame. The horses did not want to go on, but they were whipped through, and finally came in sight of Rush Street's wooden bridge, still standing but just beginning to burn. The other bridges had already gone, the great elevators on the North Side were in flames, and, during the time my father had been to the bank and down to Twenty-second Street, the fire had burned from the South Side far over to the North Side.

They finally reached the house of the bank president, hurried to the stable, got out the horses, which they turned loose, and then went into the house and got the women and children. The fire was almost upon them; the wind was blowing a tremendous gale; great burning brands were falling everywhere, even on the horses and carriage. Into the one hack in front of the door were put children and grown people, eleven in all; the driver, the bank president, and my father went on the box. After going a short distance they stopped to pick up an old woman who had rheumatism and was unable to walk. They finally went west on North Avenue to the West Side, then to the extreme South Side. It was a frightful night and my father was as black as a chimney-sweep, his eyes scorched by the heat and his clothing burned in many places.

A little later General Sheridan caused some buildings on Michigan Avenue to be blown up and the flames were stopped. The timely aid sent by the surrounding cities prevented any suffering for food. St. Louis had seven carloads of provisions in Chicago before the fire ceased burning. The depression which existed a day or two following the fire was intense. No one knew whether bank vaults were burned or not; everyone felt that he was ruined; but after a day or two confidence gradually increased, and by the time I returned to Chicago people were hopeful and cheerful, looking forward to the time when the city would arise from its ashes and be greater than ever before.

III

Everything was very simple after the fire. I was quite satisfied with the stylish appearance of our turnout during the next five or six years, until my New York cousin visited me again. She had now become a very elegant young lady and said she never went out in New York without a footman on the box to open the door and to take her card in when she called. I felt that I must have a footman. My father told me to go ahead and get one if

I wanted him, so I advertised. Unfortunately I did not call him a 'footman,' but a 'groom.' The first gentleman who appeared was a long, lanky youth from Southern Illinois, who said he had long wanted to be a groom and have a wife, and he offered his services. I was much embarrassed and tried to explain that the groom I wanted was not a husband; he departed much disappointed. I eventually hired a pale and anæmic youth, with a long golden moustache, whose name was Cornelius. To me this name sounded stylish and elegant. I did not want to go to the expense of a new livery, so I had him wear the red one (bought for Bernard before the fire, but still preserving its pristine freshness), and the two men presented a pleasantly variegated appearance on the box, one in red and one in blue. I could n't find a cockade for Cornelius's hat as large as the one Bernard had, but thought this was of no importance.

The first day they drove around together I invited my mother to go for a drive and make some calls. It was a hot day in summer and I said to her: 'It will be nice to have Cornelius ring the bell and take in our cards, and when we come out he can find our carriage for us.' When we left the front door our turnout was a marvelous sight. The horses, with their manes tied up in red ribbons, seemed to have taken on an added splendor. Cornelius and Bernard in red and blue were quite startling, and my mother and I, attired in our best clothes, felt that we looked very smart.

We called at a house and found the lady at home. When we came out I looked for Cornelius; he was not to be found. I walked half a block in the hot sun one way — no Cornelius; half a block in the sun another way — no Cornelius. Finally, on my third trip, I espied the carriage a block away under a tree, both men on the box, Bernard smoking a pipe and reading a newspaper, Cornelius smoking a cigar and reading a novel. I had to poke him in the back with my parasol before I could attract his attention. I felt then that I had a great work of reform to accomplish.

Later on I bought myself a two-wheeled cart where the driver and groom sat dos-à-dos. By this time my groom was wearing top boots, and I had great difficulty in getting men willing to wear what they called 'only their underdrawers' with boots over them. On one occasion I was delighted to engage a little German, and when I told him he would have to wear top boots he said he always wore them and had a pair of his own. I was much pleased, but the first time he brought the trap around to the door I found to my horror that he had on a pair of Hessian boots which came up to his waist.

Another time my groom told me he would have to have a pair of trees to put his breeches on to dry after they had been washed, because they shrank so badly. I was quite indignant at the idea of this expenditure, and asked him why he could not let them dry on him. He was so provoked at my asking him thus to 'catch his death of cold' that he gave notice at once.

My dogcart attracted much attention — so much, indeed, that every little boy who saw it threw something at it to show his appreciation. Stones and rotten eggs were not at all uncommon, and at one time I was two days in bed from being struck in the ear by a stone. Naturally I found it rather difficult to get a man who was willing to risk his life as my footman. On one occasion when my man was driving with me across the Rush Street Bridge, he asked, 'Are you going over town, Miss?' I haughtily replied, 'I certainly

am,' whereupon he said, 'I am not going with you; you may take my livery, but you cannot take me.' With that he got off the cart (on the bridge), pulled off his coat, flung it into the back of the cart, took off his hat and pitched it after the coat, removed each glove, then collar and necktie, and left me driving away with the empty husk — the livery but not the man. It was a humiliating experience. I was greeted with jeers from those who witnessed the incident, and there were cheers for the groom 'who would not be made a slave.'

It seemed almost a necessity to have a second person on the box in these early days, because when you gave an entertainment it was not considered stylish, or even civil, to send an invitation through the mails. It had to be delivered in person, not merely sent by a messenger; moreover it was not considered the thing to have the invitations engraved, printed, or typed — they had to be written by hand. Before giving a party whole days were spent in writing invitations and stacking them up in boxes by streets; then the hostess drove around with the invitations, and they were delivered by a footman or messenger who sat on the box with the coachman.

It was quite an undertaking to entertain when I was young. The invitations having been sent out, the next thing to do was to clean the house very thoroughly. No matter how clean it *had* been, it must be cleaned because you were going to have company. First the large Nottingham lace curtains were taken down and carefully washed. As we did not have any curtain-stretchers, they were pinned down to the carpets in every hall and bedroom in the house. The curtains had points and each point had three pins, which were an endless chore to put in; my knees were sore and my hands ached from pressing them, and there was an odor of starch and general cleanliness throughout the house.

In every room where curtains were pinned to the floor it was possible to walk only by putting one foot in front of the other down little aisles between the curtains. I used to pretend that the curtains were the water and the little aisles the land; occasionally I slipped and a dirty shoe went into the curtain, when the spot had to be washed out and the curtain stretched down again.

Then the crystal chandeliers had to be washed. Mounted on a stepladder, I carefully took down every little dangler (amounting in my estimation to several million) and handed it to my mother. She washed it in hot suds, carefully breathed upon it and polished it with a chamois, then handed it back to me. I received each one in turn, breathed on it, polished it with a chamois, and hung it on the chandelier. This was a great undertaking and took more patience than I possessed. When I was told I could have a party I sometimes wondered if the pleasure I got out of it was worth the washing of the crystal chandeliers.

Finally came the day of the party. We arose at six o'clock, because all the food had to be prepared at home — caterers' food was not then considered either good or stylish. The oysters were carefully looked over to be sure there were no shells; the chicken and celery for the salad were cut in little squares — it was almost a heinous offense to have one piece larger than another. A large, perfectly new washtub was bought for the mixing of the salad. Bernard, grown quite fat and puffing from exercise, froze freezer after freezer of ice cream; we made rolls and sponge cake, and as we toiled in the kitchen Cornelius struggled with heavy canvas which he tacked down over the carpets, afterward donning his livery

and, with white gloves on his hands, opening the door for the expected guests.

During the afternoon there were many inquiries such as, 'Is this a large enough party to wear a dress suit?' or 'Shall girls wear party dresses?' or 'Shall we arrive promptly at eight o'clock?' Finally, when eight o'clock came and the guests began to arrive, those of us who had worked to get the house clean and the supper ready were so tired we could hardly stand up.

IV

Chicago was a delightful summer watering-place. When hot weather came the drawing-room was moved to the front steps. It was a poverty-stricken family that did not have its stoop rug put out every evening at dark, on which the younger members of the family sat and talked while the elders occupied rocking-chairs in the vestibule.

About this time there was a craze for archery. It was said to be a noble sport which came down to us from Merrie England, and I was enraptured with it. I bought myself a very large bow, so large I could hardly manage it; a quiver full of dangerous-looking arrows; an arm guard, to prevent my skinning my arm; a finger and a thumb guard; a rakish little cap which made me think I looked like Robin Hood; and a tartan skirt, which I thought the proper costume. And I decided to give an archery party. There was a place at the north of the house suitable for a target, and space enough to shoot a long distance. One sultry afternoon guests began to arrive; I led them forth to the side yard where the target was set up. They tried to pull my bow, but their aim went very wild, and finally, as I had had a good deal of practice, I modestly took the bow to show what I could do. I had three arrows, two of which missed the target; one managed to hit the end of it. A little girl who was acting as my factotum kindly ran toward the target to bring back the arrows, but one was not to be found. The target was just in front of a small yard where the family cow was taking her siesta. Imagine my dismay when the factotum, after looking over the fence, came back screaming, 'The other arrow is in the cow!' After that I did not take so much interest in archery, which seemed to me to be a very old-fashioned sport.

One of the great social events of the year was the celebration of New Year's Day. Every man, young or old, from the callow youth to the aged beau, made calls on that day. Hacks were pressed into service, and these rickety vehicles would disgorge often as many as eight callers. It was the custom for four or five girls to receive together, but the day began early. There was only one hairdresser on the North Side at that time, so it was difficult to secure her. I remember rising at 5 A. M. to have my hair dressed with a mass of puffs, feeling very sleepy, and trying to get another nap before breakfast. Then there was the making of chicken salad, the roasting of turkeys, the mixing of eggnog, the setting of the table, and the getting everything ready for the visitors. They began to arrive at 10 A. M. and continued until 10 P. M., a steady stream ascending the steps of almost every house in town. Each girl kept a list of her visitors and brought it forth in triumph the following day, to show how many calls she had received. If there was a death in the family a small basket tied with white ribbon hung on the bell-knob, and into this basket cards were dropped by the callers.

Sleigh-rides were very popular at this time — not the 'twosing' cutter, but long, low, racy-looking sleighs filled

with hay and a mass of buffalo robes. They were packed with people to an almost unbelievable extent. We sat on the seats, on the sides, on the hay, on each other's laps, and we usually drove north to the house of a friend for a supper and a dance. The following invitation lingers in my memory: —

If on Friday the Third there is snow on the ground,
And no meteorological obstacles found,
Miss de Koven requests you will give her the pleasure —
A pleasure, believe her, words cannot measure —
Of your company then at a small sleighing party
Where friends you will meet and a welcome quite hearty.
She asks you to come at a half after eight,
When a sleigh with four horses will wait at her gate.
The party goes northward, to sup and to dance,
With sleigh bells that ring and horses that prance,
To be fed from the cupboard of kind Mrs. Hubbard.
Please send a reply and be sure to appear
With frolic and sleigh bells to greet the New Year.

The Mrs. Hubbard referred to in the above invitation was Mrs. Elijah K. Hubbard, who lived just northwest of the Park on Diversey Avenue. This was considered a long sleigh-ride; so long, in fact, that it was necessary to stop for a time in order to rest the horses.

In spite of all the fatigue in getting up entertainments of this kind, I am sure that everyone had a better time than at modern entertainments where the only trouble involved is interviewing musicians and caterers, and I am convinced that the most fashionable parties given in Chicago now do not compare for pure enjoyment with the parties given after the fire by the most fashionable club of Chicago, called 'The Cinders.' This club met in Martine's Hall on Chicago Avenue, and everyone who was fortunate enough to secure an invitation to it had a most delightful time. We were, perhaps, rather countrified in those days, but we prided ourselves on knowing how to do the correct thing, and we were all a bit shocked at one big private supper-party to have quill toothpicks passed with the coffee, each toothpick bearing the inscription 'Presented by Kingsley,' the caterer who had furnished the entertainment.

After all, if we *were* countrified, we had certain standards and ideals which we all tried to live up to and which certainly made for sterling character and sound citizenship. There was no liquor served at any of the parties given in Chicago in these early days, and a young man seen under the influence of it was never invited anywhere again.

Perhaps if, in the midst of our present wild rush after pleasure, we gave a thought to those early days and adopted some of the standards then in vogue, we might have just as good a time, and some of the tragedies in our social life might be averted.

NATURE'S SOFT NURSE

BY HARVEY WICKHAM

A FAMOUS psychologist, finding himself confronted in the course of a lecture with the necessity of explaining sleep, had the happy idea of describing it as the natural state, from which only the higher forms of life ever emerge, and they but at intervals and with difficulty. Therefore it was wakefulness, he said, which demanded elucidation. And, his argument not being concerned with wakefulness, he passed on to other matters, with the air of having left everything settled behind him.

An ungracious herring, this, to drag across the trail; for who cares to discover the inner nature of being awake? We are of necessity awake, more or less, all the time we are thinking about it. Could we regard wakefulness with the eyes of sleep as we can regard sleep with the eyes of wakefulness, then no doubt we should see something romantic and strange. But, to a waking man, a waking man is generally no more remarkable than is a Hottentot to a Hottentot. Wakefulness, too, is such a useful, busy citizen that one hardly feels at liberty to trouble him with nonsensical and impertinent questions. But sleep, the idle and vagabond brother, owes some account of himself if only because of his vagrancy.

Let us not turn the beggar from the door. I hate overbusy and wide-awake people, like those clubmen in Trieste who inaugurated a vigilance contest and succeeded — some of them — in remaining *bien éveillé* for more than ninety hours. Was all this extra time needed to contain their good works? I have my doubts. It is but lost labor that ye haste to rise up early and go so late to take rest; for lo, He giveth His beloved sleep — and this in spite of the saying that five hours sufficeth a man, six a woman, and seven a fool.

'Je ferme les yeux pour mieux voir ton image au dedans de moi,' says the gentle Nichaldi to Krishna.

Have you never, as you were sinking into slumber, felt like a sea-creature that had been dragged to land and kept panting there for an almost unendurable time, but was now at last released and permitted to swim back into its own cool and blessed element? Of course you have. And it is pleasant to think that our psychologist may have been right after all in claiming that this nightly period of repose reproduces the habitual status of more humble creatures. We are helped to understand; to fancy ourselves brothers — if not to the insensible rock, at least to the sensitive and sensible dog that lies at the foot of the bed.

Rover, let us say, has at his brightest and best about the same amount of consciousness, the same vagueness of comprehension, which is ours when locked in what used poetically to be termed the arms of Morpheus. Truly, a fine and comradely sort of theory, helping to bridge the regretted, speechless gulf between man and quadruped. But — look at Rover, will you?

Our wakefulness has roused him, and he comes toward us, extending his cold nose and licking the hand that lies outside the coverlet. According to the

hypothesis, he is now asleep. Not from a dog's standpoint, of course, for he has just come out of a sleep of his own. But asleep comparatively speaking. We can imagine —

But some stray scent too delicate for our nostrils comes creeping in at the window, or some sound which we cannot hear is trembling its way into the moonlit room. Rover's head jerks to one side as if moved by a suddenly released spring. His nose quivers, his muscles grow taut, his coat bristles, a soft whimper stirs in his throat, and his whole being seems to vibrate with a restrained, tense, electric excitement. Asleep, is he? Yes — asleep like a dynamo. But asleep like us when we have closed the lids against the sandman?

Why, it seems rather as if we were never half so wide-awake as this kindly, tamed wolf who condescends so often to follow at our heels. When are our senses as acute, our nerves as ready, our muscles as quick? Is it possible that a torpid brain, clouded as with opiates, lies behind all these dynamic phenomena? No one can believe it for a moment while looking down into Rover's eyes. Dumb he may be — though only to unfortunate scientists who never have had the luck to be loved by a dog. But sleepy? No more than is a steel trap.

Even if we get up and go with Rover to investigate this alarming sound, or odor, or ghost, or whatever it is, our theory of somnolent nature shall not fare much better. In the garden the flowers are mainly asleep, it is true; but this is their slumber hour, and we suddenly begin to remember how bright and aware they looked before bedtime. The pansies even now are open-eyed, and pansies are for thoughts — dreamy ones, perhaps, but not such sleepy ones as we might have fancied from the distance of the house. In this night-enchanted garden, which looks so drowsy, the spirit that reigns, if we stay to watch it, is one of intense alertness. And lurking everywhere is a readiness to enter at a moment's notice upon a struggle for life or death.

No, there must be something wrong with the psychologist's passing notion — which is to be regretted. It promised so much, and was such an advance upon that old scientific wheeze that sleep is a 'function of the brain,' a sort of bile secreted by the — God save us — medulla oblongata.

But if sleep be not a retracing in inverse direction of the hard, evolutionary path up which we are said to have climbed from the anteater and the sloth, what then? If we do not relapse into the bosom of matter, to become the protoplasmic babe we were before the beginning of that none-too-agreeable experiment which bade us change, and survive or perish according to our proved fitness at every turn, what do we do?

'I close mine eyes the better to see thine image within me,' Nichaldi repeats. And one begins to feel that she may have meant something deeper than an idle compliment. But let us consult experience and not the books.

I am one of those sedentary persons whose bodies, unexercised, develop no 'fatigue hypnotics.' In other words, I am prone, as the saying is, to suffer from insomnia. The physicians whom one consults in such contingencies invariably draw long faces and prognosticate evil. One takes their suggestions along with their drugs, and slowly and surely becomes neurasthenic.

It does no good to count imaginary sheep, to go over the magic table of nine-times-this-is-that, or to remember what Freud has said — that the primary cause of sleep is a general lack of interest in one's environment. I tried the

method with all possible variations, losing, I am certain, every atom of interest either in conjured-up rams or in the products of paradoxically barren multiplications. Sleep regarded me disapprovingly from a distance, or approached only to plunge me into a horrible gulf which was not sleep but a stupor, until I was sometimes minded to imitate Kipling's hero who sat up in bed with cactus plants upon the pillow between himself and the possibility of nightmare.

Then I began to discover that I rather enjoyed lying open-eyed, so long as I did not worry about it. Stretched out at ease between the blankets, sometimes beneath the stars or on a sleeping-porch, but more often in a common city bedroom, I made the acquaintance of Night. And so, as the poor learn the value of money, I learned the value of sleep, and something of its nature, perhaps — by dint of doing without it.

Galsworthy, in a chapter in *The Inn of Tranquillity*, says that 'what is grievous, dompting, grim about our lives is that we are shut up within ourselves.' There is the secret. It is to self, not to environment, that, wakeful, we are enchained. Day makes too much of us. Day is small. We move, consciously conspicuous, as in a spotlight, beyond which the whole universe seems like a shadowy theatre with pit and galleries filled with admiring spectators. At night we may, if we will, escape beyond the footlights and 'be stolen away from ourselves.' This is what was the trouble with our sheep-counting and our mental arithmetic. They kept alive the fanciful importance of our workaday pursuits.

Yet it was not Galsworthy, but a very different writer, Marie Corelli, who first taught me how to steep my senses in forgetfulness. No doubt I was in a crude, undeveloped stage when I read her *Romance of Two Worlds* (I think it was), and came upon her description of God as a luminous circle of light or fire — a circle of enormous circumference, self-suspended in the midst of space; rather cold, as I remember it, from its sheer intensity; a blinding white thing, like a revolving wheel so truly balanced that it seems not to stir.

Somehow the picture took hold of my imagination, and I fell to contemplating this glorious ring upon going to bed. There, in the presence of that blazing marvel, what mattered it if I did lose a few head of mutton? What mattered it whether I slept or continued to be a victim to insomnia? What mattered it even whether I lived or died?

Within the last fifty years a change has come over the minds of men. Thus our famous psychologist can imagine no 'natural state' except that from which the higher forms of life have struggled up. We think of ourselves as atolls, even though it be atolls of the sun — rocky, wave-swept surfaces built from the depths of the ooze, proudly resting upon the dead bodies of less fortunate ancestors. The one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin is now the memory of a common degradation.

Yet, as I have said, until about fifty years ago almost everybody believed it quite possible that we were less like atolls than like peoples who have migrated from far, delectable mountains. Isis found the broken body of Osiris scattered along the valley — but it had once been whole upon the heavenly hills. All the ancients spoke continually of a lost paradise, of a Golden Age that had gone before. It needed the nineteenth century to make it quite certain that the only possible Eden lies ahead, a sort of socialistic residence-park, where every citizen

shall have his automobile and his radio. Insistent as we are upon the law of causation, we have made believe to believe in an evolution unaccompanied by any devolution; in an uncreated creation which lifts itself from height to height by pulling lustily at its boot-straps.

Astronomers never tire of describing the far-flung star-dust as it collects, revolves, grows warm, forms nuclei, a sun, planets, and all the inhabitants thereof. But this is only half even of the nebular hypothesis. The other half implies a bursting sun, the scattering of the dust. That sense of home-going which is so often ours as we drift off into slumber — could Nichaldi have meant as much as that?

'I close mine eyes the better to see thine image within me!'

Growth, then, were a remembering, a groping back; sleep a little death; and, as Brunhild was driven from Valhalla into a sleep, so might her sons and daughters in sleep dream it back again.

But let us not send our souls into the invisible too far — not yet. Back to the comfortable sleepy hollow. Remember, though, that Nature's soft nurse is no anæsthetist, ready to dull our pains merely because they become intolerable; and that Macbeth hath murdered sleep from the moment he begins to demand her as a refuge from the troubles he has created for himself. Peace is better found this side of the gulf — for of what use is sleep to him who carries into the Land of Nod the burdens of the day? Will not his mind continue to buy and to sell, to plot, to gain and to suffer loss?

The best preparation has something ritualistic about it — something akin to the burning of a grain or two of olibanum in a jeweled thurible. Breathe this blessed anodyne gently. Think of the innumerable reasons for felicity that you have, as you yield your weight to the support of the spring-mattress, the hemlock boughs, the hammock, or whatever it is that you have chosen, or been driven to choose, as your couch. You no longer need to move, to keep up appearances, to find reasons and excuses. No world stands by, ready to call you to account. Gradually the necessities of life relax their grip. Gravity, checked, gives over trying to trip you to a fall. Thought, left free, begins to roam. It is the hour of magic, of telepathy, of what we fondly call the subconscious.

And as you approach the required state of indifference you discover that it is no boredom, but a species of liberation, of reconciliation, of harmony with some mysterious essence of law not yet included in the newer orthodoxy, in which you float as a midge in the ether. You are released from the tyrannous ego which is the torturing 'wheel of things.'

There comes, I find, a sense of kinship, beginning with kinship with the darkness and the night. Then we, myself and I, float out upon the universe, real brothers of the rock at last, but in an altogether new sense of the word. The trees, the animals, Rover and all the others, go with us, as well as the whole world of minerals with their curious powers of crystal choice. We blend with something which is not ourselves and yet which we are. We have no care as to whither we go or what is done to us. The hostility of the universe has been disarmed by this, our unconditional surrender; and with a feeling of bliss indescribable, because so remote from the plane of words, we reach Nirvana and beyond. The soft nurse that is Nature's as well as ours has taken us into its care.

MRS. MORLEY AND MRS. FREEMAN

BY E. BARRINGTON

I

'Is she coming?' asked the Queen, in a frightened whisper.

She sat in a great chair in her private rooms at Kensington Palace, her feet propped on a rest, her full but not uncomely face flushed crimson with agitation. Beside her, quaking, stood Abigail Masham, pale with the sickly sallowness of ill health, with a face so unattractive that very few would care to study it for the sake of comprehending what lay beneath the homely features and air of dejected spinsterhood which belied her married state. Even her dress had a mortified appearance, and it was clear that Mrs. Masham, in her comparatively lowly position of Queen's chamberwoman, stood studiously aside from any rivalries with the gayer, greater officeholders with whom her work must bring her in contact. Nothing could be humbler than her appearance and manner. The world let it go at that.

She had been preferred to her appointment, such as it was, by that haughty termagant, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, her own cousin, who had preceded her in it in long-ago days she wished forgotten. The Queen and the Duchess were still Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman to each other — those delightfully intimate names, chosen in the gushing, flushing time of youth when the two ladies could scarcely draw a breath apart. The Princess Anne had not felt it to be a condescension then. No, 't was a blessed privilege; and her friend accepted it with the frankness which suited her character.

But now that Mrs. Morley was comfortably settled in what her Mrs. Freeman irreverently called her 'post' as Queen of England, the long slow ease of the Palace days and the dull slow ease of Mrs. Morley palled on Mrs. Freeman's fiery adventurous spirit and fretted it almost to madness. The great appointments and emoluments of herself and her Churchill, averaging over £90,000 a year of public money, not to mention lands and houses to swell their gains, were well and very well, and it was pleasant to look back and reflect upon her own ability and genius for intrigue, backed by her husband's. It had raised her 'from poverty and from the dust,' as she owned. But yet, now that all was won, the Queen her crowned slave forevermore, the reins of the kingdom securely in her hands and those of dependent ministers, she could look back sometimes with a sigh to the days of clashing danger, when they had plotted with Anne and Mary and William of Orange to oust James the Second from the throne, to stigmatize his heir as spurious and a mere pretender; and later, infuriated by his harsh ingratitude for services bought and paid for, to fight the astute Oranger himself with his own weapons, holding on, dodging, lying, intriguing for and against the man until a blessed asthma slew him, and the

crown was safely fixed on the head of Anne, their tool.

It was very difficult, nay, impossible for the adventurous Duchess to settle down to the long yawning games of basset which her supervision of the royal lady demanded, and the dull slow tittle-tattle which solaced the royal leisure between the businesses of basset and eating.

But it was necessary. A queen is a bird for the plucking, and there were others about the court who loved the warmth and downiness of those feathers as well as she of Marlborough. Suppose the crowned slave were supported and encouraged to slip her hands from the handcuffs! The red-haired Duchess of Somerset was ever on the watch.

But one happy day a happy thought illumined the Marlborough mind. Why not place the servile and downtrodden Abigail Hill, her cousin and nursery maid, about the Queen as general observer and listener on the Marlborough behalf, while she herself took a little leisure, married her daughters, counted her money, surveyed her demesnes, and so forth?

Mrs. Freeman, when her mind was thoroughly made up, and not till then, consulted her Duke's placid good sense.

'I see not how you could do better!' says the military genius who won battles for the Queen at his Sarah's behest, and would have sold them at the same to King James in France with equal celerity — in such awe and tenderness did he hold the lady who blessed his arms.

'Well, but it needs consideration,' says Madam, tossing. ''T is the last thing I would risk with a woman of any attractions or ambitions. But sure, the most Mrs. Abigail could hope would be a snug little pension to comfort her old age, and 't will ensure that; whereas, did she remain in our service (and now the girls are wed and to be wed I have no use for her), we could not turn her on the world with nothing when she gets past her work — 't would be remarked.'

'You say very true, my dear,' replies the Duke.

'She has no attractions,' pursues the Duchess, 'either of mind or person. With that red nose in her lemon face the creature is human, but no more, and as to ability — her parts are beneath contempt. But she hath just the creeping intelligence would make her a good listener and reporter. She is contrived by nature for the place I design.'

'Indeed, you describe her to the life, my heart,' says the Duke, beholding his mate with admiration.

He had been a gay man in his youth. His first step on the ladder had been with the aid of King Charles the Second's infamous Duchess of Cleveland, and he took his full share of the riotous living of the times. But no saint, no martyr, could be more faithful to his principles than the great Marlborough to his Duchess. Not only did he love her, but he was truly sensible of her energy of resentment, and, having so much battle abroad, perhaps set too much store on peace at home, having early learnt the lesson that the road to peace was unconditional surrender.

'I could wish,' says the Duchess, wielding an angry fan, 'that you would counsel me, instead of perpetually agreeing! Do you or don't you perceive any danger in appointing Abigail to be about that woman?'

The Duke composed his clear, handsome features to a very serious air.

'Why, as to that, my dear, we don't in war time appoint a man to spy upon the enemy until we have made trial of his honesty. And even then 't is the devil to the ace of trumps that he betrays you. 'T is the maxim of my life to trust no one — excepting, indeed, your beloved self. And you know

nothing of Abigail but her slavish curtsey when she gets her wages. I fear 't is dangerous at best.'

'Lord, was ever a woman so used!' cries she, gathering fury. 'You treat me like a fool, first agreeing, as if you gave comfits to a child, and then imposing your notions on a woman that made you what you are. What do you know of Anne and what suits her? Let me tell you, you would have been dismissed from your command twenty times over but for your despised, forgotten wife, toiling day in and out to endure the dullest woman God ever created (and that 's saying much) while you pranced about at the head of the army. Oh yes — Lord, don't I know it! — the parade and show for men, the drudgery for women. And now I propose to take a little ease —'

She walked the room violently, her blue eyes darting fire. A daughter came and peeped in at the door with something to say, but fled precipitate on hearing the rattle of hail and thunder. The Duke sat looking with melancholy sweetness at his raging wife. 'T was the poor man's only weapon and his best stroke of conjugal wisdom.

'But I shall take my way,' cries the Duchess, 'and set a fool to guard a fool, while I have the respite you grudge me. And if —'

'My dear, I kiss your hands and defer entirely to your judgment. 'T is a woman's matter —'

''T is n't! 'T is an affair of State, else why do I take your opinion?'

''T is indeed an affair of State,' says the Duke gravely, 'and who so fit as yourself to deal with it? You see me entirely convinced. You are in the right of it.'

Thus Abigail Hill, later Abigail Masham, was appointed to be about Her Majesty in a menial capacity. A trifle, but to shake the kingdom later, in the amazing decrees of fate.

II

We return to the Queen in her anteroom and Abigail beside her watching the door.

'You 're sure 't is she?' says the Queen, clutching the arms of her chair.

'Why, Madam, Mrs. Abrahal saw her coach come down by the orangery from the Gravel Pits.'

But before the Queen could reply there was a rushing noise in the antechamber, the page's timid knock, the door flung wide, and there entered Her Majesty's Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess of Marlborough.

Handsome still in middle life, still golden-locked and blue-eyed, the Duchess was a sight to see. She wore a gown of rich brocaded silk, distended to its utmost by a vast hoop, and on her hair, drest very high, a fly-cap of rich lace. And in the wind of her flouncing the hoop swayed tempestuous, the wings of the cap flew backward, and the low-cut stiff bodice disclosed a finely shaped bosom tinged with scarlet from haste and rage. The page shrank back from the menace of her fan as she billowed past him on her hurricane way, and left the lady unannounced.

The Duchess dropped the most abbreviated curtsey ever seen in the presence of royalty and plumped herself into a chair (a long-accorded right), fanning furiously. Abigail stood mute behind the Queen, with eyes dropped, not daring to retire without signal given.

''T was my privilege, in days I could name, to be private with Mrs. Morley whenever I desired it, Madam, and though I don't give myself a parcel of airs like some that have less right, I think I may claim it still.'

The Queen over her shoulder threw a glance at Abigail, which said, 'For pity's sake, go!' and the woman, with the lowliest of curtseys to either lady, glided stealthily away.

'Will not my Mrs. Freeman be persuaded to a little refreshment? A cup of chocolate?'

'Nothing, Madam. The business I have come for can't be muddled with chocolate and follies. I don't think at this time of day you need proof of the sincerity of my heart, and so what I shall say may be taken for truth. Is that creature gone?' She threw an angry glance about her.

The Queen, uncertain from what quarter the storm was to burst, sat mute as a fish.

'I have it from a sure hand, Madam, that you 've degraded yourself to receiving a miniature of your reputed brother, the Pretender, from France, and you was observed to shed tears over it. And I have to say that, if so, 't is a very strange business and most ungrateful to your friends that set the crown on your head and keep it there, and can only be attributed to some backstairs influence I 've suspected for a long time but was far from willing to credit.'

She tossed her head like a war horse in concluding her oration, and paused for the usual obsequious reply.

Dead silence.

'I should scarce suppose it necessary to recall to Mrs. Morley the pains that was took by Mr. and Mrs. Freeman and others, too devoted for all the gratitude they ever got, to prove the fraud that was put upon the nation at his birth, for sure 't is plain that, had n't the people believed themselves deceived, he had been took from his ill-judging father and brought up a Protestant and set on the throne when the old King was driven out, in which case 't is plain Mrs. Morley had never been Queen of England. And now, at this time of day to be crying over his picture! I can assure Mrs. Morley 't is very ill-taken by those that have a right to feel it most.'

The expression of dull suffering on the Queen's face had no appeal to the furious Sarah, whose words were winged by many other wraths beside the portrait. The very sight of Abigail Masham drove her frantic, so strongly did she suspect that under the stealthy quiet was something stirring that as yet all her bitter suspicions could not capture.

'Won't Your Majesty favour me with a reply? 'T is sure the least I've a right to expect after my long years of sincere service.'

It was always extremely difficult for the Queen to collect her ideas, and her power of expression was limited, but in the working of her face it could be read that speech was near. When it came, 't was extremely surprising. She fixed dull eyes on the Duchess.

'Do you believe in the judgments of God?' said she.

It took a moment for the Duchess to digest this astonishing question. So long a moment passed that it was repeated, and she then flung up her head and charged with all her spears. Attack was always her strategy while the foe was developing his plans and the issue doubtful.

'Why, I hope I've done nothing to cause my principles to be suspected, Madam. I've been a churchwoman all my days and may flatter myself with having done the Church some service in the bishops I've assisted Your Majesty to appoint, not to mention the livings. So I own myself at a loss when questioned in such a surprising manner. I fear I've forgot my Catechism, however,' flinging up her head, 'if that's your meaning.'

The slow Queen pursued her way as slowly as if she had not heard.

'Did you believe the Prince was spurious? The warming-pan story was for the people. Did you believe it? Did I?'

Her voice was sunk to a whisper and her furtive eye glanced apprehensively about the room, now darkening with the snow outside. A fire flickered shadows into all the corners of the immensely high room. The snow had drifted in soft white billows on the window sills. Something in the scene, the voice, the face scarce distinct in the firelight, struck the Duchess with a kind of dread very new to her.

'You wished me and others to believe it; you wished to believe it yourself: and what then, Madam?'

There was silence, broken only by the soft crackling of the fire, like a living presence in the room. Was the strange ferment in the Queen's stagnant mind settling down? No, she spoke again.

'When that miniature came and Masham unwrapt it —'

'Masham!' almost screamed the Duchess. 'What business —'

'And Masham unwrapt it, do you know what I thought? I thought 't was a portrait of my own lost son — my Gloucester. So great was the likeness.'

Another silence.

'Do you wonder my tears fell on it?' added the Queen.

The silence continued. 'T was an extraordinary hush. The room was far removed from the world's noises and might have been a brooding-place of quiet. Two large tears gathered in the Queen's eyes and spilt down her cheeks, gleaming in the firelight. She did not dry them. The Duchess's face was like flint.

At last the Queen spoke.

'Who can comprehend the world? 'T is so strange; 't is beyond me. While you struggle for a thing 't is worth heaven and earth: when you get it — Lord help us!'

'Mrs. Morley's philosophies are no doubt very high and mighty, but for my part I prefer common-sense,' retorted Mrs. Freeman. 'You designed the good of the nation, which was not to be served by a Catholic King, and you have it. And if you wanted your own with it — 't was lucky the two went hand in hand.'

Suddenly the Queen said, in a voice most strangely moved and shaken, 'If there was only in the world one good man, one honest man I could open my soul to and have his counsel —'

'There 's Dr. Swift,' interrupted the Duchess, with a grin ill concealed in the firelight.

The Queen never heeded.

'But they lie and flatter, and would sell their souls — as we sold ours.'

'Sold my soul, Madam? I know nothing of yours and am not answerable; but give me leave to say I took what you told me of your observations on the late Queen Mary Beatrice's condition as true, and a mother like yourself should be able to be easy on such points. You told me she was expecting no child, and if you were right the boy was spurious and introduced to defraud the nation, as was said at the time. If fault there was, I disown it and —'

But the Queen never heeded. It was not her habit to argue with the Duchess nor any. She had not the brain, nor yet the tongue. But, dominated by a single idea, she must speak after her own fashion.

'First, when my sister Mary had no children, I was glad, for if she had borne children to the Prince of Orange I and mine were cut off from the throne, and I had my boy, my Gloucester, though all my others were dead — so many of them, and dead!'

''T was a fortunate circumstance indeed Queen Mary had no children,' says Mrs. Freeman pertly, 'and one we knew how to be thankful for.'

'And then, after her death, my Gloucester died. My only child. And

't was then first I began to see and to be frightened.'

'Frightened at what, Madam, and how? Sure this is mere midsummer madness, and is far abroad from what I wished to say — that if the Cabinet hears of Your Majesty weeping and lamenting over the Pretender's portrait 't is enough to make a serious disaffection. Sure things are ticklish enough in the country without folly to make them worse!'

She could not see the Queen's face now, the snow and the coming night had so darkened the windows. The dull slow voice continued without either let or animation.

'And then *your* son died. Your only one.'

''T was a very great affliction, but one I flatter myself I knew how to support sensibly. And what then, Madam?'

The voice dropped, almost whispered.

'Must it not have a meaning that my sister Mary, a young healthy woman once or twice in a situation to have children, bore no child, and I — of all mine, not one left — not one, God help me! And your only boy laid in the dust also —'

'We are all liable to these accidents of Providence, Madam,' says the Duchess tartly. 'And why it pleases you to scratch them up, God only knows, but —'

'And the boy we ruined lives and is the idol of all that know him. I ask you again, do you believe in the judgments of God?'

The Duchess rose.

'For my part, Madam, I see no good in mixing sentiment with business, nor never did, and since you choose to dwell on a subject so displeasant I take leave to go. But I would have you remember that, what with all the Jacks [Jacobites] in the country, 't is a most unsuitable time to be hankering and slobbering over the Pretender's picture. 'T is but yesterday, I'm told, a set of verses was slipt into Lord Treasurer's portfolio — I brought a couple to read you, and sure 't is well seen in them what suspicion gains ground. Will you hear?'

She unfolded a paper and read aloud to the Queen: —

> '"Strange news, strange news, the Jacks of the city
> Have got," cried Joan, "but we mind not tales:
> That our good Queen, through marvellous pity,
> Will leave her Crown to the Prince of Wales."

'You see, Madam. Sure, no further need to insist on common-sense when the rabble takes to such ballad-mongering as this. If it comes to be believed you favour the Pretender, your crown is not worth a puff of thistledown. You would be in the Tower in a month and dead in three. Ask the Duke else. "The Prince of Wales," they call him. Lord save us!'

The Queen had sunk her face in her hand, her elbow resting on her armed chair. She did not raise it, but answered heavily.

'God knows you're right. 'T is a part of the doom that nothing can be undone. A woman must sit by and see her work unroll itself, and the faults she thought so little cover heaven and darken earth like thunderclouds. I've no more to say. You can go.'

'But I've more to say, and of consequence, or I'm not like to trouble Mrs. Morley with it,' says the Duchess, standing boldly before her mistress. 'I would have Mrs. Morley, for her own good, know that the Cabinet is secretly far from easy at the creeping false upstart Masham, and her influence on Your Majesty's opinions. 'T is known that Mr. Harley's Jacobite correspondence and interest at court is managed by this woman, which sure must appear the blackest treachery to your Ministers, and talk of the Queen's intrigues runs far and wide.'

Silence, the Queen cowering into her visibly shaking hand. The Duchess judged best to soften her tone a little.

''T is known Harley and Masham are in the Prince of Wales's interest, and, naturally, any that associates with them is blamed. But I know Mrs. Morley's intentions are good, whatever her errors, and to let her run on in so many mistakes that must draw her into great misfortunes at last is just as if one should see a friend's house afire and let them be burnt in their beds without waking them only because they don't desire to be disturbed. This is the very case of Mrs. Morley — nothing seems agreeable to her now but what comes from the artifices of one reported to have a great talent that way. And there's another thing I would say — I'm aware that that person is trespassing on my rights and has ordered a bottle of wine sent daily to Mrs. Abrahal the laundress because she's sick, forsooth! What right has Your Majesty to give my rights to a fawning worm like Masham?' And so forth, shrill with fury, storming until the lacqueys outside pricked their ears, laughing.

The Queen struggled to her feet, trembling, to leave the room. The Duchess set her back to the door.

'You shall hear me out, for that's the least favour you can do me for having set the crown on your head and kept it there. And when I have said my say I care not if I never see you again, Madam.'

For an hour she raged; then silence, a sweep, a rustle, a door flung open and shut, and the Fury was gone, leaving a dead silence behind her.

III

It was indeed very true that Abigail's influence was now supreme, and the greatest in the kingdom must humour her exactly as they once had humoured Mrs. Freeman, her kinswoman. But this the Queen dreaded above all things to be known.

She sat alone in the dusk, thinking slow, bitter thoughts. Her fear of the Duchess haunted her night and day. And there was a deeper fear. Her father, King James, had from his deathbed written her a letter of which every word was fixed on the tablets of her memory, commanding her to repair the sin committed and to restore the crown to her half-brother, the Prince of Wales, or, if that were impossible, to make him her heir. And it was very true that, encouraged by Mrs. Masham, who was the mouthpiece of the friends of the exiled family, the unfortunate Queen was dallying with the thought of atonement in a way that should cost her as little as possible.

But her fear of God was less than her fear of the terrible Duchess. Therefore she did not long give way to sorrow, but wiped the tears from her eyes, rang for candles, and with a trembling hand, much enfeebled by the ailments which had reduced her, a woman in her forties, to the infirmities of old age, penned the following: —

My dear Mrs. Freeman, I cannot go to bed without renewing the request I have often made that you would banish all unkind and unjust thoughts of your poor, unfortunate, faithful Morley. I saw by the glimpse I had of you that you were full of 'em. Indeed, I do not deserve 'em, and if you could see my heart you would find it as sincere, as tender and passionately fond of you as ever, and as truly sensible of your kindness in telling me your mind freely upon all occasions. Nothing shall ever alter me. Though we have the misfortune to differ in some things, I will ever be the same to my dear, *dear* Mrs. Freeman, whom I do assure once more I am more tenderly and sincerely hers than it is possible ever to express.

She sat awhile, reading this over slowly, and then, ringing, desired Mrs. Masham's attendance.

As the famous Abigail came gliding in with her fawning curtsey, the first impression was the extreme gentleness of voice and manner which had made her society such a refuge to the Queen from the coarse, screaming tyrannies of the Duchess. Her tones were a melting music.

'Your Majesty appears exhausted. A cup of broth — indeed, I am certain you need sustenance.'

Kneeling, she offered it, coaxing her mistress with little strips of toasted bread, delicately dipped in the cup. Her presence was infinitely restful and grateful, and a heavy sigh or two disburdened the Queen's overcharged bosom.

'She was like a tigress let loose!' she said at last. 'What I ever saw in her! An awful woman! But I believed she loved me. I think, in spite of all her fury, she loves me still. 'T is that makes me stomach her insolences.'

Abigail shook her head gently.

'I wish I could think it, Madam. Her Grace is my kinswoman, and to her I owe my first happy relief from misery. But Your Majesty is a better reader of character than your humble servant: there's an incident, long in my heart — if I had the courage to relate it. And perhaps 't is time I laid it before you. I could wish Your Majesty's opinion upon it. Still — I hesitate. I would not wrong Her Grace.'

The Queen raised her heavy person languidly in her chair.

'What is it? If the Duchess differs with me in every point under the sun, 't is no news, though I had best hear. Lord, how should any man or woman desire the crown! It passes my comprehension. Trouble and care and fear for daily and nightly attendants. What is it, Masham? Is it the bishopric of Carlisle?'

Mrs. Masham laid aside the cup and touched her fingers delicately with her handkerchief.

'No, Madam, a private affair. But, on second thoughts, perhaps best forgotten. God knows, I would not injure Her Grace, for all her haughtiness to me.'

'Speak!' said Her Majesty, in the peremptory tone she never dared use to her tyrant. 'Be seated, and speak.'

Abigail drew a stool near the royal feet and settled down upon it, noiseless, looking down modestly upon the hands, now gloved, folded in her lap.

''T was some months since, Madam, at St. James's, I was in attendance upon your toilet, when Your Majesty observed you had no gloves on and desired me to fetch them from the next room, where you remembered you had left them on the table. I hurried to the place, and there found Her Grace sitting reading a letter, but the gloves were not in sight, for she had picked them up by accident and put them on. I curtseyed with all my duty and submissively mentioned that she had by mistake put on Your Majesty's gloves. "Ah," cries she, "have I put on anything that has touched the odious hands of that disagreeable woman!" And, pulling the gloves off, she threw them violently on the ground for me to pick up, crying, "Take them away!" Madam, I would not have dared report such an insult, but if Your Majesty commands me —'

The demure voice ceased, with an apology in the fall of it, and she never lifted her lashes to see the Queen go pale as death.

'That story is true, for a part I heard through the door, but not all. Merciful God, the dupe I have been! And see how she has feathered her nest, she and her worthless husband — and all wrung

from my foolish tenderness. Political differences one might forgive, but such loathsome vile blackness of heart — never.'

''T would make a crocodile sick,' said Mrs. Masham, wiping a tear. 'I thought so before, and scarce dared think it, but Your Majesty confirms me.'

'And to think,' cries the Queen, for once almost eloquent, 'that I opened my heart to her but now [Mrs. Masham started], declaring to her my remorse for — for — but no matter, for what can and shall be undone — and she mocked me, with a heart of marble and a face of brass! And I writ this letter to placate her, but I destroy it here and now —'

She made as if to grasp it for destruction, but Masham clasped her hands.

'Madam, how just, how noble is Your Majesty's wrath! My humble ignorance may guess the subject of your discourse, but sure, to offend the Duchess now, while her Cabinet is so powerful — what does Your Majesty's wisdom judge?'

'Read the letter,' says the Queen, pushing it toward her. 'But sure it turns my stomach that ever I could write it.'

On her knees Masham read the letter. Her opaque eyes brightened as she looked upward.

'Sure none but Your Majesty's wisdom could have wrote what will so perfectly lull and deceive the Duchess, while our preparations go forward for the act of justice to her victim that will set your name forever among the stars as a great and generous princess. 'T is perfection's self, I protest, and the sooner in her hands the better.'

'Then despatch it!' cries the angry Queen. 'And may it deceive her as she has so grossly and long deceived her indulgent mistress.'

The letter reassured the Duchess, who despised the 'godly praying idiot,' as she was at that moment becalling Her Majesty, with all her might. The Duke, with his usual solid calm, reviewing the conversation as she described it, was less confident.

'The letter is sealed, but not wafered,' says His Grace. ''T is therefore certain that it has been through other hands than the Queen's — we may well suppose Mrs. Abigail's. Was I you, my love, I would not wholly trust to its obsequious tone, but would moderate my own to the Queen. 'T is Abigail's submissiveness wins her, whereas now she never speaks to you freely and you gain no ground. A moderation of tone —'

'And am I to be tutored at this time of day as to how to control that fool? And by you, that benefits all through by my management? Manage the godly praying idiot yourself, if you know better. Fear or flattery is the only weapon to control her, and it shall never be said I bended my pride to flatter a fool, though for the good of the country and your own [furiously] I consented to drive her. Anyway, this letter shows I have her still where she should be — at my feet.'

'My dear, you have done so well for the nation and ourselves, as dictator, that I have no more to say,' replies the Duke with his good-humoured smile. 'Therefore, have it your own way, and blame not me if Masham worsts you. After all, we can make our own peace with the exiled family any time we will. I have always kept an iron warm in the fire at St. Germain's, and your own sister's in their ragged court. And I have not judged it politic to offend the Hanoverian family neither, for who can say how the balance may dip? But keep well with the Queen.'

For all answer, his consort sprang on him in a transport of fury and boxed His Grace's ears with such fine ringing

boxes as proved her sincerely in earnest. He endured with perfect patience for a moment, his periwig perhaps protecting his ears somewhat, then captured the hands and kissed her.

'My dear, is this the way to treat your lover?' says he tenderly. 'My body you are welcome to injure, but would you wound my heart?'

Clasping the hands in one of his, he pulled open the bosom of his fine worked shirt and disclosed a small case she knew well — its contents a lovely tress of spun gold from her own head.

''T is my talisman,' says he, 'for all the wounds your little tongue has given me, or even the little hand I love. But spare the heart it guards, for indeed 't is true to my wife.'

She dragged her hands away and, covering her face, burst into a raging flood of tears. Indeed she knew well he loved her, though even of that she sometimes made a grievance.

IV

Henceforward, like a coral insect toiling beneath the ocean, Masham built, aided by the unseen hands and intellects of many who fain would see the Stuarts restored, and flattered Queen Anne's hopes of atonement at such small cost to herself as the rich man's legacy to charities passed over in life. Thus her mind fastened on the hope to leave the crown to her half-brother at her death and away from the Electoral family of Hanover, whom she hated. And 't was bound up with her own soul's salvation in her remorse, for she knew, none better, that the story of the infant introduced into Queen Mary Beatrice's bedchamber in a warming-pan was false as Hell. Too late she saw that though it was needful to exile the King and Prince for their religious opinions, if so the nation would have it, to brand them as the liars, perjurers, cheats they were not was a devil's weapon used politically. It stung — it stung. And now, to repair it, she would do another wrong — restore the lad, with his religion the British people would have none of, to heal the hurt in her own soul. She would plunge the three kingdoms into civil war lest she should burn in Hell.

O God, the weariness unspeakable of such thoughts as these night and day, and the weary crown to crush a woman into the very dust of humiliation! The quarrels of her Cabinet and the Marlboroughs, the intrigues, the base, sly plotting and buying and selling. Better a squire's lady in the quiet villages she had seen long ago when she fled from meeting her ruined father. Better death itself, so only it would bring quiet.

Meanwhile, very slowly and with extreme caution, the Marlborough family were undermined, with the aid of the ancient nobility of England, to whom these upstarts were abhorrent. Their Cabinet was ousted. Place after place melted from their grasp.

The Duke modestly desired to remain General for life of the Queen's Armies. 'T was denied with such tenderness as might become an assent. The Duchess was compelled to relinquish her position as Mistress of the Robes — and of the Queen who wore them. But all done with extremest care and courtesy until it came to the last pinch.

Lord save us! With what inward joy and scarce-concealed chuckles did all but the Marlborough junta watch this gradual disintegration of an influence that heretofore wholly overshadowed the Queen and the world!

The Duke, trembling, well aware that Masham was delicately fanning the spark of the Queen's courage, dared to beseech moderation from his Duchess, but in vain. Meet gentleness

with gentleness, he softly entreated his lady. Gentleness! Can the Ethiopian change his skin? Could the Duchess believe the day possible when she could not terrify Mrs. Morley into servile submission?

She flew to Kensington Palace in such a blaze as might have scattered flames in her train, only to find the sovereign heavy, obstinate, tutored into perfect immobility, intractable as a marble image. 'T is said that against stupidity the gods themselves fight in vain. 'T is indeed a panoply of proof, and baffled the charging Duchess at least.

'I think there is nothing you can have to say but you may write it,' says the Queen.

'Won't Your Majesty [no longer Mrs. Morley!] give me leave to tell it you?'

'Whatever you have to say, you may write it.'

'I believe Your Majesty never did so hard a thing to anybody as refuse to hear them speak — even the meanest person that ever desired it!'

'Yes, I do bid people put what they have to say in writing when I have a mind to it.'

'I have nothing to say, Madam, on the subject that is so uneasy to you. That person, Masham, is not concerned in the account I would give you, which I can't be quiet till I have told you.'

'You may put it into writing.'

The mere threat of disquietude had driven the Queen before to cringing; now the Duchess surged against rock.

Suddenly she broke loose. She forgot her husband's counsel. She screamed, she raged, she taunted. Bitternesses, cruelties, flowed torrential from her lips.

'I will leave the room,' said the Queen, and put her hand on the bell to ring for assistance.

In their last interview the subject had set her back to the door and forced her sovereign to hear her at the risk of fisticuffs. Now, to her own consternation, the Duchess's wrath broke in rout. She burst into stormy tears and fled, conquered, to the long gallery where she strove to staunch the tears she could not control, a sorry spectacle for passing giggling pages and waiting women, all lightfoot to trip with the news to Masham. 'T was unbearable. One more dying effort.

Returning, all bewept, to the royal cabinet, she broke forth once more. Raving recrimination. She was sure Her Majesty 'would suffer for her inhumanity.'

'That will be to myself,' replied the Queen stolidly, and closed the door on her friend and the last conversation they ever had together.

One may picture the pale Masham hiding in the background, too politic to triumph openly, greeting the fallen foe with her most obsequious curtsey as they passed in the long gallery.

A last frantic attempt the once-favourite made, in writing, to retrieve her empire — an all but incredible letter. The Duke would have stopped it had he dared.

There was something very unusual in the manner of the last conversation I had with Your Majesty, in your declaring you would give no answer to whatsoever I said, and in the disorder that appeared by your turning from the candle. I can't but think you are ashamed of the company you generally have, and sensible of the ill consequences of having such a favourite and of the reflections that are made over all the town about it. If there can be a pleasure in anything one is ashamed to own (for which I have no taste), I am sure you will pay very dear for it. I never heard of any Prince that kept little company that was not unfortunate. I beg you, Madam, for your own sake, to think what the world must say upon your showing your real confidence and kindness to Mrs. Masham, her sister, and a Scotch doctor, and others one is ashamed to name,

and, in short, to anyone that will make court to *her*, who must always be contemptible wretches, since they can condescend to such *lowness* in order to compass their ends with Your Majesty.

The sighing Duke dared not even say 'I told you so,' when dead silence greeted this firebrand.

The Duchess threatened to publish the Queen's intimate letters. The Queen demanded the gold keys of her office and ordered the Duke to procure them from his tigress. She seized and flung them savagely at his head and he crawled with them to the Queen, gentle and touching in his submissiveness to the last. 'T was all over and no help for it, he thought. His Duchess thought otherwise.

But a thing stranger than strange happened when the indomitable Duchess returned for the last time to the charge. She arrived at the palace and sent in her name. Answer: 'Her Majesty is indisposed.' Pale and furious, she retreated to the long gallery to consider her plan of attack, and presently stole up to the door of the Queen's room and scratched softly — royal doors being amenable to scratching rather than knocking. Masham opened it, curtseying to the ground.

'I beg ten thousand pardons, Your Grace, but Her Majesty's so unwell that Dr. Arbuthnot orders perfect quiet and only the lower sort about her that she won't talk with.'

'Then I shall wait in the long gallery to be at hand. My anxiety won't allow me to depart and my office forbids it. I shall wait if it was a month, and probably Her Majesty will see me later.'

It would not have been well to remind the Duchess that she no longer held office, and Abigail only sighed meekly as Her Grace added: 'I shall scratch every two hours to know how she does.'

The door closed softly and Sarah of Marlborough, going along the gallery, sat herself in one of the deep window-seats looking out into the ghostly trees seen only by snow-light and a veiled moon. The page in waiting had fallen asleep at the far end and was lost in flickering shadows, and by order of Dr. Arbuthnot the gallery was empty.

She was not accessible to the influences of nature and stared unseeing into the white night, her mind raging through the humiliating scenes of the day. But Lord, how quiet 't was, she thought presently. All in the palace asleep like the child's fairy tale, and what a sleeping beauty would the Queen be on her pillow! That thought tickled her to a bitter smile. But how quiet! The snow drifted down like silence shed from clouds of peace. The trees were ermined with cold whiteness — the earth muted and lost. She had never sat alone in the night before — her life brimmed with noise, bustle, and intrigue. Plotting — plotting and nothing else. Now how still the snow eddied across the windows in its own ghost-light. Insensibly the tossing waves of her mind calmed, and she laid her chin on her folded arms on the window sill, looking out as time stole by.

Did she sleep? Certainly a chilly torpor crept over her, the numbing frost-sleep in her brain. But dimly she saw on the terrace what the sentries must have been drunk or drowsy to permit — a man standing and looking up at the Queen's windows. And was she herself drowsy that she did not rush to call assistance? He looked up in fixed immobility, holding by the hand a very little boy, who gazed as fixedly as he. His face was in profile, but his figure and attitude seemed perfectly familiar and filled her with a vague tremor of anxiety. She sat erect now, leaning on her elbows and watching. It was observable that the snow

was above the child's ankles and feathering on his bare head. Somewhere deep down below the crust of iron the Duchess had a touch of the mother, and it pricked her to see the fair head and the snow settling on it, though the child himself could not have been more quiet had he lain beneath the grass with the snow mounding above him. But the young man must have felt it, for he stooped and lifted him into his arms for shelter, the little head pillowed on his arm. The two resumed their watch.

The Duchess pressed her face against the pane. She wanted more light to be certain, but yet — No, no! Impossible madness! The snow must have got into her brain. It could never be — and yet! The moon held on her way, sickly and weary, and for an instant the light was on the child's face and she saw.

It was the Queen's son, the little Gloucester, her dead hope, the last and dearest. But — he, so strictly guarded, out in the night and snow? She had thought him dead — No, she must have dreamed that. Dreamed that he was laid away, sealed and coffined in the splendid glooms of the Seventh Henry's chapel at Westminster. He was here, looking up at his mother's window. Here. A nightmare horror seized her for the first time in her life. She struggled to rise and could not, to shriek and had no breath; would have fled and could only cling staring to the window; her whole being, sight. And who held him clasped in strong arms? Who stood looking down upon him with infinite tenderness? Had the worlds of dead and living broken bounds to mix in that breathless stillness? For she knew — she knew! The light fell in a shaft on their faces now as from the Queen's uncurtained window, and it was the Queen's young brother, the man she herself had helped to ruin, the young Pretender, inheritor of all the sorrows of his unhappy line — James Stuart. The little king that should have been, with the king never to be! Something broke in the woman's brain. Her head slipped down on her arms. She had fainted.

Abigail, hearing no scratch, looked out at the appointed time, fearing some strategic entry. The long gallery was still as death. She stole back to the Queen.

'She's gone. We've tired her out, Your Majesty.'

'Then give me some chocolate and get to bed. I shall sleep now.'

The Duchess told that story to two persons only. One, her Duke. He laughed. What dream more natural after late events? The other, a bishop who shall be nameless. Did she need ghostly counsel? She received it.

'Such dreams, Madam, were vouchsafed to godly persons in times past for their encouragement and edification, and sure 't is a reward of my Lady Duchess's great services to the Church in the appointment of bishops and other such faithful servants of God. And if I am not mistook it had also a political significance, for what more natural than that the child should attempt to warn the mother against a weakness of affection to her brother (if brother he were) that should plunge the country in the horrors of civil war. This vision should be carried to the Queen.'

She fixed him with her eye.

'And the Pretender, my lord?'

'There Your Grace must have been mistook. The Pretender is a living man; the child is dead. There were no footsteps on the snow when you enquired next day. I should omit the Pretender. It would naturally be the child's guardian angel if such are permitted to our faith. Her Majesty ails, and mention of that young man might unsettle her.'

The Duchess went to court and demanded to see Her Majesty on a matter of life and death. She was refused. The Queen preferred either to that meeting. There the matter ended and Her Grace's power with it.

She sat no more in the long gallery.

V

St. Germain's and the Pretender thrilled as the Queen's infirmities increased and she passed more and more securely into the downy keeping of Masham — now Lady Masham and a peeress. But there was an honesty in Abigail which Sarah lacked, and her down was kept to soften the Queen's hard lot and not to feather her own nest. She had a human heart beneath her stiff stomacher and pitied the poor lady.

But Death, who did not favour the Pretender, was a better plotter than any of them and got his own way in the end, after his ancient habit. One would think that for the sake of a Queen's atonement he might have delayed until her party's plan was made and the train laid for the lighting.

Not he! He struck Her Majesty down with as little consideration as if she had been Mrs. Abrahal, her laundress. She was found one day standing in the Presence Chamber in the Palace — she who could not move her heavy person without assistance! Alone — staring at the great clock, dead silent. How had she got there? Did she see the hands slowing to the stop? None knows, nor ever will. But when Mrs. Danvers screamed out at the terrifying sight, half thinking it a spectre, the Queen turned, staring still, but at Death himself — so said the woman later. And so they carried her away to her deathbed.

There she lay moaning: 'Oh, my brother! Oh, my poor brother! What will become of you?' — him she had ruined with a lie. Once she rallied for a mysterious word with the Bishop of London, who left her grave-faced, declaring: 'Madam, I will obey your command. I will declare your mind though it cost me my head.'

She sighed, relieved, yet apparently the head outweighed obedience, for that message was either not given or unheeded. 'Authority forgets a dying king,' and if a woman would atone she must not leave it to others.

So for a day or two her breath fluttered and a stupor took her faculties, and the Jacobites hoped and feared as Masham reported the slow, inevitable end.

'She dies from the feet upward.' 'She's half dead already. I'll die for her if she lives four-and-twenty hours.' ''T is all over. The cause is lost.'

And still the Queen moaned for her brother, and still the Jacobite nobles held distracted counsel without the courage either to strike a bold blow or to scatter and flee, and as Masham glided to and from the deathbed it seemed the very world stood still to see what would be.

But on the Sunday morning, when the world moved again to its pains and pleasures, something else had stopped that would go no more while the world lasted. And Masham was a mere waiting woman once more and of no consequence to any but herself, and Marlborough was writing obsequious letters to Hanover and the Duchess triumphing. For the Pretender's hopes had blown away like smoke from the Kensington chimneys, and so dissolved and vanished forever. The game was won and lost.

Queen Anne is dead.

WAIT FOR ME!

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

Wait for me! Wait for me! I am coming!
A bramble caught me and tumbled me down;
I heard a little wild bee's hot humming
Close in the clover's pink and brown.

I saw a bobolink toss and tipple
Over a waft of strawberry scent;
I saw a cloud like a long fish ripple
Over the moon's chip, blurred and bent.

Dragon-flies bluer than flax amazed me;
Drowned in daisies I lost the hours;
Wind from a hundred hilltops dazed me,
Dappled with light wings, laced with flowers.

But wait for me! Wait for me! I am coming
Home to the little house in the town.
Twilight muffles the wild bee's humming.
And you — you know where my heart lies down.

BIG BUSINESS SEARCHES THE INFINITESIMAL

BY ARTHUR POUND

I

FARADAY, describing his experiment which established a fundamental law of electrical science, — the induction of electric currents, — was asked, 'What use is it?' To which he gave the classic rejoinder, 'Of what use is a newborn babe?'

Since Faraday and the discovery of his infant law — or rather since his statement of a relationship as old as matter and time — his idea has grown into a giant mighty in labor. This giant helps to turn alike the wheels of mammoth factories and domestic washing-machines, carries trivial and world-shaping messages through wastes of ocean and ether, drills tunnels through solid rock, and browns the family toast. An amiable giant, he has lately been impressed into entertaining the masses through the radio. Upon these services has been reared a mighty structure of finance, with billions invested in steam and hydroelectric power plants, and other billions invested in the distribution and use of the tremendous energy so generated.

A paramount lesson of history, stated by Spencer and simplified by Leavenworth, is this: 'Discoveries in the realms of knowledge or art produce civilization. Defects in human nature or the inadequacy of environment are causes of its decline.' To which might be added, with some optimism, 'Discoveries may offset enough of the defects of human nature and reclaim sufficient resources from a supposedly exhausted environment to stave off decline indefinitely.' The future of civilization, therefore, depends upon the outcome of the race between the science-and-art team and the defect-and-want team. Clearly this race to-day proceeds at headlong pace. The World War resulted from defects in human nature and levied cruelly upon natural resources; but on the other hand we see art struggling to express sentiments nobler than the bellicose, and science seeking to repair war losses.

Faraday's baby, a child of pure science, was slow to mature and get to work. That was in the nature of things. Those who had him in charge, the inventors, were mostly of small means though great faith, and often they had to go begging at Dives' door that their child might satisfy his growing appetite. And the rich men, interested in sugar or ships or what not, seldom could see that here was something — this intangible called electricity — that had more in it financially and materially than anything else under the sun; that it had all things in it, and in due time would be doing the world's work more efficiently than it ever had been done before. So the electrical industry languished for support in its youth. How changed our world might be to-day if the hundreds of laboratory workers who contributed to its early struggle for existence had possessed the means to set up all the apparatus and conduct all the researches they desired, and if

capital always had been eager to bring the results to market in quantity!

The academic quarrel between pure science and applied science is not entirely ended; witness the recent exchange between the editor of the *Scientific American* and Professor Fessenden over the encouragement, or lack of encouragement, given to inventors by industry. No doubt there is much still to be done toward fair play for isolated laboratory workers, not only in the way of giving them adequate and deserved rewards, but also in the way of getting such of their findings as have practical value into use promptly. Nevertheless the factory and the laboratory are unmistakably drawing together. Successful industrialists of scientific bent, like Rockefeller and Eastman, are endowing research institutions. These donors, as practical men, are not troubled by caste distinctions in science; they know that, while years may be required to work out a research problem, soon or late the fruits of knowledge come to possess utility. And we also see great industrial corporations maintaining laboratories and staffs which laboriously conduct expensive investigations in pure science, even though the directors know that years must pass before the researches will return dividends — if ever.

An example of these farsighted efforts, perhaps the best example in America, is the General Electric Company's researches into the infinitesimal and indivisible. Here is a corporation that on its material side marches to the tune of bigness. It has an army of employees, occupies enormous factories, sells vast quantities of intricate goods; and yet there is vision enough in the enterprise to perceive that the hidden basis for the whole structure is the smallest thing yet identified — the electron. The more the corporation knows about electrons, the more economically its goods can be made and sold, and the more secure is its future. While it is ready to learn about electrons from anyone, the General Electric Company is not willing to leave its future to chance. So it daily and systematically studies the riddle of the electron, just as daily and systematically it pushes the sales of articles through which, in their mysterious ways, electrons work for the owners of those mechanisms. Through the whole realm of the unseen, which no eye can pierce even with the aid of the strongest lens, through crystals, molecules, and atoms, this corporation's scientists continue a search every whit as determined as any other corporation policy. And whatever of sale value they find on the way to the ultimate can be promptly applied to production and marketed. In this case the contact between science and capital is immediate, and General Electric descendants of the Faraday baby idea need not languish for opportunities to prove their utility to the world.

II

Considering that the infinitesimal escapes direct application of the senses, we know surprisingly much of its make-up and habits. Indeed, it is man's knowledge of the infinitesimal that most fully exhibits both the persistence and the reasoning powers of the human species. That claim is sometimes made for astronomy, for the realm of infinite distances and vast bodies. Truly our accumulated body of such knowledge is a credit to human intelligence; yet of the two the pursuit of the infinitesimal seems to me the more difficult. The speed of the chase after the elemental little is relatively much faster than that after the elemental great. Man has been conning the stars since first

he lifted his eyes, and computing their distances no doubt since ever he invented figures; but it was not until 1803 that Dalton gave the atomic theory quantitative form, and thereby cleared the way for physicists and chemists to think their way through the infinitesimal toward the inside of the atom.

The mind staggers before astronomical distances, yet calculations of the infinitesimal produce figures even more unnerving to the layman. If a drop of water were enlarged until it assumed the size of the planet Earth, each of its H_2O molecules would be the size of a baseball, and the electrons would be no larger than pinheads. Yet, in spite of the extreme minuteness of these divisions of matter, their properties have been measured. The weights of the various atoms are known to a few tenths of one per cent, and are published periodically in the International Table of Atomic Weights, using as a unit of weight .000,000,000,000,000,-000,000,001,649 grammes. Even the important properties of the electron have been measured. Science knows how much the electron weighs, and how fast electrons travel, and is beginning to find out how they are arranged in the atoms of the chemical elements.

As indicating how far the mind can probe the minutiæ of the infinitesimal, I cite but one example, and for the rest will leave exactness to the brochures through which scientists talk to each other of such important trifles. The mass of an electron is .000,000,000,-000,000,000,000,000,000,901 grammes. What electrons lack in mass, however, they make up in number, since enough of them pass through a fifty-watt lamp each second to keep the entire population of Chicago — 2,500,000 persons — busy 20,000 years counting them, even though each of its 2,500,000 persons counted four electrons per second.

Electrons are of equal mass, which encourages scientists to believe that in finding them they have isolated, even if they cannot yet solve, the age-old riddle of matter. Atoms are believed to contain a tiny 'sun' of positive electricity (proton) at the centre, surrounded by a sort of solar system of electrons (negative electricity). The number and arrangement of these electrons in the atom of a chemical element presumably determine all the chemical properties and most of the physical properties of that element. Thus, while electrons present uniformity both in kind and conduct, and come obediently forth from their atomic lairs whenever any atom is broken down, the atoms themselves present an engaging variety. There are more than eighty elements, each with its characteristic atomic structure. Combinations of these elements — their atomic unions being known as molecules — form the broad field of chemistry.

But to the physicist the crystal adds still another field for exploration, since not all compounds crystallize molecularly. One of the tasks undertaken by the General Electric Company scientists has therefore been to recheck, using the X-ray method of measurement, the atomic dimensions of common metals. The result is a revision which revealed noticeable errors in the commonly accepted figures of the densities, based upon older methods, of the following metals: aluminum, nickel, silver, tungsten, gold, and lead. Dr. W. P. Davey's findings, reported to the American Society for Steel Treating, and since reprinted under the title 'X-Ray Crystal Analysis,' are likely to result eventually in better alloys, not only for the company financing the research, but for the fine-alloy trade generally.

Another development of crystallographic research at Schenectady which,

while in itself incidental to the continuing search for knowledge of the infinitesimal, holds out at least possibilities of commercial utility is the discovery that single crystals of pure copper are fourteen per cent more efficient conductors of electricity than the many-crystaled copper of commerce. It has long been known that slow cooling produces large crystals, and by extreme precautions in that direction the General Electric laboratories have produced copper crystals six inches long and seven eighths of an inch in diameter. These large crystals are so ductile, however, that they bend of their own weight like so much wax, and, once bent, remain as rigid as ordinary copper. This is because the bending breaks up the large crystal into small fragments and at the same time rotates these crystal fragments, giving them such a direction that the planes of atoms can no longer slide easily over one another. Whether this extreme ductility can be overcome sufficiently for the product to be used and still retain its superior conductivity remains to be seen. It may be that science has found only a fact and not a commodity, but even if single-crystal copper never comes into use the fact of its ultra-conductivity may explain other phenomena and lead indirectly to serviceable adaptations in other lines.

Once a fact like this gets going there is no telling where it will stop. Watt's steam engine remained a laboratory toy for nearly a decade, until Wilkinson's two-way borer made possible the boring of cylinders closely enough machined to hold compression. Then the steam engine was put to work, at first upon the relatively humble task of pumping water from coal mines; then it went on to running looms, driving ships, and otherwise instituting the Age of Power. I would not for an instant compare single-crystal copper with the steam engine in social or economic importance, and yet if ways and means could be found to save even ten per cent of the electricity now lost in transmission through inefficient conductors the annual saving of energy would be far greater than that wrought by the steam engine at the start of its revolutionary activities.

So much for the possibilities that lie on the way to the electron — in this fascinating search for the final reality that lies at the heart of both the infinite and the infinitesimal.

III

Let us follow science into the heart of the infinitesimal by degrees. The smallest interval on an ordinary school or office ruler is one sixteenth of an inch. That is close enough for most of us. Engineers' scales, however, are graduated to sixty-fourths of an inch, which is about as close work as the eye can stand in steady study. But industry needs ever and ever more precise instruments. It was a notable achievement when the micrometer screw was developed to the point where a spider web could be measured. But that seems like the Dark Ages to a modern machinist with a Johannsen gauge at his disposal, accurate to five hundred-thousandths of an inch. The 'master-flat' of a Van Keuren light-wave measuring outfit is accurate to twenty-five hundred-millionths of an inch. Moreover these superprecise instruments function, not merely in laboratory experiments, but in quantity production. They are necessary to hold up the standards of quality in large-scale production. They had their part in building your automobile, and your house is probably lighted by current generated by a dynamo in which the allowance between the bore of the commutator and the shaft upon which

it is shrunk is only five ten-thousandths of an inch.

In measuring distances between atoms, expressed in terms of hundred-millionths of an inch, all of the above methods fail. Science has found a way of measuring such distances, with an accuracy of hundred-billionths of an inch, by using X-rays. If a substance is crystalline in its structure — and most substances are — its interatomic distances can be measured by this means with ease and dispatch. The distances between atoms, and the arrangement of the particles, are specific properties of the substance, just as are its weight and other characteristics.

Small distances can be measured most easily by measuring some larger distances related to them by a known law. As an example, the movement of the head of the screw of a micrometer permits measurements of thousandths of an inch, since the pitch of the screw and the diameter of the head are known. The deflection of a beam of X-rays of known wave-length is used similarly in measuring interatomic distances. Bragg's law gives the relationship between these distances, the wave-length of the X-rays, and the angle of bending of the waves. In the X-ray crystal-analysis apparatus used in the research laboratory of the General Electric Company, the wave-length of the X-ray is known, and the angle of bending of the rays is calculated by measuring distances between lines on a photographic film. Thus, with two of the three unknowns of the equation determined, the third — the distance between atoms — can be found.

Laue discovered that single crystals caused beams of X-rays to be deflected, and it was found that interatomic distances could be measured by calculations based on measurements of the deflections. Later, Dr. A. W. Hull of the General Electric Company, and Debye and Sherrer in Germany, independently developed a more convenient method of obtaining like results — by using a finely powdered substance rather than large crystals.

X-rays are produced by a water-cooled Coolidge tube which is capable of running continuously without variations. X-rays of many wave-lengths are given off. Those characteristic of the metal molybdenum, which is used as a target, are produced in much greater amounts than the rest of the wave-lengths. Only one wave-length is desired, so a thin sheet of a zirconium compound is placed in the path of the rays to absorb all rays except those of the particular wave-length desired. The Coolidge tube is placed in a metal housing to protect the experimenter from the X-rays. This housing contains a 'slit-system' which allows the X-rays to emerge only in one definite, predetermined direction. The powdered crystal is mounted in a holder in the path of this beam of X-rays, and a specially prepared photographic film is mounted in the arc of a circle whose centre is the specimen of powdered crystal.

When the X-rays strike the powdered substance, some pass directly through and are recorded as a line on one end of the film. Others are deflected according to Bragg's law, and recorded as lines on the film in different positions. Each family of planes of atoms in the crystal will deflect the X-rays, thus causing a line on the film if the planes make the correct angle with the direction of the incident X-rays. Since a fine powder is used for the specimen under examination, the crystalline particles face in all directions, giving a chaotic arrangement which results in every atomic plane having some representative at the correct angle. In this way a large number of lines are recorded on the film. Then,

by measuring deflection distances on the film, distances of millionths and billionths of an inch may be calculated with ease. This work has been so systematized that the determination of the crystalline structure of a substance is relatively simple.

In the early days of crystal analysis, the results were of scientific interest only. But now the all-penetrating eye of the X-ray has been focused on the metals, laying bare basic facts regarding the arrangement of the particles. Who can say that at some future time it will not be possible for metallurgists to produce alloys on demand to meet specifications now impossible, for they will be equipped with newly discovered information made available by the X-ray.

Dr. W. P. Davey, of the General Electric Research Laboratory, has offered an explanation of why some metals are brittle and others are not. In ductile metals, like copper and lead, the atoms of the crystal are arranged in cubic formation, with one atom at each corner of the cube, and another in the centre of each face of the cube. When such a metal is bent, the planes which contain the more closely packed atoms, and which are relatively far apart, slide on each other, like children's blocks, and the planes hold tightly to each other. There is very little tendency for the crystal to crack open, and the metal may be bent, hammered, or drawn into wire without cracking.

Brittle metals, such as tungsten, also have an atom at each corner of the unit cubes, but instead of one in the centre of each face of the unit cube there is one in the centre of the cube itself. In such a structure the planes which contain closely packed atoms are not held together tightly. When such planes slide on each other, they tend to crack apart, and such metals, therefore, cannot be worked mechanically so easily as the others.

X-ray analysis shows that in single-crystal copper, referred to earlier, all of the atoms are arranged in columns, equally spaced. When the bar is bent, the spacing is very slightly changed. The atoms on the inside curve are pressed together and those on the outside are spread apart. Strains are set up which cause the bar to become an ordinary piece of copper, made up of smaller crystals facing in all directions. If the surface of the large crystal is nicked, dented, filed, or polished, the structure of the crystal in the neighborhood of the abrasion is affected in the same way that it would be by bending.

No one has seen — possibly no one will ever see — a molecule, much less an atom or an electron. It has been pointed out that the molecule of starch, one of the largest known, is so small that the ultramicroscope will not permit its observation. The diameter of the starch molecule is about one two-hundredth of the diameter of the smallest particle the microscope will reveal, yet the starch molecule is far larger than most molecules.

Inaccessibility to visible study has not meant that molecules, atoms, and electrons have remained secrets. The electron has been conquered in more ways than one, and scientists can count the number of particles given off by a bit of radium with more ease and more accuracy than is possible in counting the population of New York City. In fact, the count can be made automatically with a photographic equipment. Yet the mass of the electron is only one seventeen-hundredth that of the hydrogen atom — the lightest of elements.

French scientists recently 'listened' to the star Capella, distant more than 216,000,000,000 miles from the earth. Its light, which had been traveling

more than forty years to reach our globe, was transmuted into sound by use of photoelectric cells.

In a similar sense, electrons may be heard. The hissing sound in the receiver of a high-power radio receiving-set, heard even when there are no signals in the air, is the effect of electrons striking the plate of the tubes as they are released from the hot filament.

Dr. Albert W. Hull of Schenectady and Professor N. H. Williams of the University of Michigan have made a careful study of this phenomenon, which was predicted several years ago by Dr. Schottky of Berlin and named by him the 'shot effect.' The sound is due to the electrical oscillation which is set up by the impacts of the individual electrons on the plate, and it is proportional to the number of electrons in flight across the tube and to the charge carried by each electron. Each blow is extremely minute, but since the impacts are separate and independent, like raindrops, the energies add, and their sum, when amplified and transformed into sound by telephone, becomes a roar. Hence science can produce out of the apparent silence of the infinitesimal a roar that equals, as far as the ear at the microphone can determine, the thunder of Niagara.

While discussing the possibilities of amplifying minute traces of energy by the millionfold through the use of the vacuum tube, it is interesting to recall the statement of Dr. Willis R. Whitney that a fly crawling up one inch on a wall uses enough energy to operate a radio receiving-set for twenty-five years. The vacuum tube amplifier makes audible this minute energy. Just as the physical world is filled with movements so slight that they escape observation, so it is likewise filled with sounds inaudible to our poor ears. The inadequacy of man's natural sensory equipment for anything like a complete understanding of the physical universe has long been realized; but, by applying his sovereign mental powers to matter and force with the aid of the delicate mechanisms described herein, man little by little is drawing aside the veil that shrouds the fundamental realities.

IV

The research scientist, whether he works in a private, collegiate, or corporation laboratory, is primarily engaged in testing theories. He is an incorrigible skeptic, to the extent that he must proceed on the basis that any accepted theory may not be correct. If a theory has stood for a long time under many tests, he views it with greater respect than he does the theory born yesterday; nevertheless no theory, however old and tested, is sacrosanct in his eyes. In every way that he can conceive he proceeds to test it further, in the hope that his experiments and deductions may add to or detract from the sum of its probable correctness. This procedure he applies, not only to the theories advanced by others, but also, if he is a truly first-rate man, to those of which he is himself the author.

It is a fundamental of science that no theory can ever be proven. A single demonstrated fact that is contrary to a theory is enough to disprove the correctness of that theory and to necessitate a revision of the theory to the end that it shall be consistent, not only with all the facts known before, but also with the new fact. When new facts are discovered which are in agreement with a theory, they do not prove the theory; they merely make its truth more probable. A scientific theory is, after all, an analogy. Just as it was once said, 'The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven,' so a

physicist or a chemist says, 'Matter acts like a thing made up of atoms.' No analogy is ever perfect. There is always some point at which it breaks down. Although the Kingdom of Heaven is like a cake of yeast, it does n't come wrapped in tin foil — the analogy holds only up to a certain point. It is the aim of research scientists to make their analogies — theories — more and more perfect, in the hope that sometime in the distant future the theory will express the facts so closely that it may be regarded as constituting absolute truth.

Professor Merritt of Cornell University used to say that an uneducated man had two mental pigeonholes, one called absolute truth and the other called absolute falsehood. Every idea that comes to such a man has to be put into one pigeonhole or the other. An educated man, and especially a scientist, has a long row of pigeonholes. That at one end is labeled absolute truth. It is always empty. That on the other end is labeled absolute falsehood, and it too is always empty. Every idea that comes to such a man is put in the intervening pigeonholes, and as occasion requires he moves them closer to one end or the other. In this way, by a succession of approximations, he approaches absolute truth. It is the same with scientific theories. They are only approximate, but constant research-work makes the approximation closer and closer. While this process is going on, the theory serves as a convenient device for remembering what would otherwise be a medley of detached facts. When we come close to absolute truth our command over nature becomes greater, and our position of 'dominion over the earth' is better entrenched. However, we do not have to await the final discovery of absolute truth to make all this of use to the human race. Every new fact has its practical application. The study of the arrangement of atoms in crystals is of immediate value in metallurgy. The study of electron-emission has given us the radiotron and radio broadcasting.

This more immediate result of scientific research is the justification for spending the money of corporation stockholders — millionaires, universities, trust funds, widows, and orphans — on large research-laboratories. The approach to absolute truth is a less tangible thing, which keeps up the enthusiasm of the scientist for his work and makes him feel that his job is, after all, the most important that the human race has ever undertaken.

Man still extends his knowledge chiefly by trial and error. Until he has exhausted all the possibilities of going wrong, he can never be quite sure that he is going right. That, definitely, is the attitude of the research scientist as he marshals the facts about the unseen and probes deeper into the mysteries of the electron. But industry stands hopefully by, providing the sinews of investigation and determined that whatever trial and error may find that is worth selling shall be speedily brought to market. The trials of at least one great industry have convinced it of the error of leaving discovery to chance, in so far as money and brains can offset luck. To that extent the search for electronic knowledge is being prosecuted more keenly than ever before. Big business has undertaken to read the riddle of the elemental little of which all things are made.

UNIFORMS FOR THOUGHTS

BY MARGARET LYNN

The little boy next door is calling to his mother. He is saying 'Moth-aar, Moth-aar,' over and over, apparently to unhearing ears. I know that he wants something very special or else is in a tender mood, because ordinarily he says 'Mother,' or even a conventional 'Mama.' On the other hand, when he is called in unwilling from absorbing outdoor occupations, I can easily guess the mood of his response when to a 'Hen-*ry!*' from the window he returns an impatient 'What-*tee!*' When he is feeling merely masculine and independent he retorts a brief and businesslike 'What?' Or, since he has begun to play with the other boys a little, 'Wut?' Henry's manners in response are very imperfect. When he is entirely good-natured and is intending to come in a minute anyway, or when the call seems to hold a promise instead of a bare command, he says 'What-ty' in a tone of pleasant repartee and trots in.

Henry probably thinks that he is solving normally a problem which even thus young he has met — the problem of saying completely what he wants to say, with the resources at hand. Little does he yet know of the unadaptability and insufficiency of language! He thinks he controls his speech and makes a word say what he wants it to, like his friend Humpty-Dumpty. In his infantile assertiveness he sees himself a despot of words. There is 'what,' the most prosaic of words, meaningless as a paving-brick. But does Henry wish to express pleasantry or easy familiarity, he achieves it lightly by adding a diminutive. Does he want to embody impatience of feminine control and haughty assertion of right, he adds an emphatic *ee* or breaks the word in the middle into an impudent 'wha-at.'

The tyranny and inflexibility of language have not yet irked him. A word is an obedient thing which in his mouth takes the shape he wishes and on his lips must say the thing he would say. He is a very monarch among words. When he says one he means what he thinks. He is at the stage of egotism of childhood, when his own will and himself are half of what he sees. So far as he yet knows, the whole world is malleable, flexible to his will. As soon as he can lay hands on it he intends to manipulate it, as he does his words. These he is acquiring daily, each one an asset. I can guess from the frequency of their appearance, as they float to my window, which one is the newest. Yesterday it was 'gawky.' I heard him say it a dozen times, in all degrees of inaptness — some unrecognizable charm in the clumsy word having taken him. Another new word will come the next day and the next — the resources the world is opening to him are endless. And he thinks that words are commensurate with ideas.

No one has yet told him that the big morocco-bound volume on the stand among the bookcases contains all the words he is ever likely to know and more, and that other men have already determined his vocabulary for him. The whole limit of his transferable ideas is defined on those pages. All his means

of expression are already laid out for him, and he can never say what is not provided for there. Does he have a rebellious though dim forecast of this when he says 'wha-at' or 'what-ty'?

Henry cannot yet know what a box of limitations he has been born into, or that its rigidity is to be continuous. There is no force stronger than language — unless it be mere convenience — to keep man in the paths of uniformity or likeness. He may do things which no man before him thought of doing, but he can never, after he reaches the stage of complete articulateness, make use of a word absolutely his own, one which does not bear the mind and creation of other men. And not only the word but the relations of the word, its inflections and its syntax, its external and internal relations, are all fixed already in the habit of other speech-makers. If anything in the world should be a man's own, it is surely that by which he himself speaks. But the form of his phrase, the order of his words, even the rhythm of his voice and the tune of his sentence, are all racially determined for him generations before he opens his mouth in speech. The sound by which he says 'music' may not naturally express music to him at all; and the sound by which he says 'love' or 'hate' may not be any natural voicing of love or hate. Many times he will thumb dictionary or gloss or thesaurus to find a word to say his idea, and discover that the word does not exist, because no man before him has needed it. But he will use the words of other men and in the end cease to question or rebel. When he wishes to say the most intimate, most personal thing, the thing most his own, he must do so in a phrase which would have been chosen as well by a stranger to him, by a man unlike him in any way. When he wishes a term of endearment he must use one which has served millions before him — and his feeling will be different in grade and degree, he will think, from what all the others have felt.

For everyone in the world a worse limitation is added to that. Not only is your whole language handed to you at your birth along with your race and your parentage, but your expression in any moment of speech-using is largely determined for you. It is not merely yourself, but the man you speak to, who in the end chooses your words. For you cannot communicate anything to him except in words he knows and understands. When you use a novel word you leave, for him, a blank in your sentence. He finds an unknown locution for your predicate, and for him the whole sentence fades away. Yet you had every wish to say that thing to him, and he could understand your thought if he knew your phrase. Henry thinks he is choosing his words out of a limitless well, but every man he meets will help to put a limit on his source.

There is an unfairness in it. We furnish ourselves with what should be legal tender and then find that no one is obliged to accept it at our offering. And there is a worse thing than that, which is that others can and do deplete and damage the exchange value of our hoardings. Word after word slips away from us, or we are made to use it shamefacedly, stealthily, because of the mal-aroma it has acquired in the speech of others. Do you easily say 'refined' now without a semblance of consciousness? With what meaning and in what tone do you speak of 'culture'? How long is it since you have used 'genteel' with any seriousness? And yet it is not so long since 'genteel female' was a term of compliment, a form of praise which pleased genteel females. 'Elegant' and 'cultivated' are slipping or slinking gently

from you along the same path. In another quarter-century the use of them may be a sign of affectation. And yet each of these words, not so very long ago, wrapped up an ideal by no means unworthy. Insincere and uninstructed handling has robbed them of their fineness. The more exquisite a word is initially, the more tawdry and draggled it becomes when misused and ill-applied. You cannot use honorably a term which has become a hireling of ideas less fine or less honest than yours.

Thus one phrase after another is stolen from you, and you must acquiesce.

> Bright is the ring of words,
> When the right man rings them.

Bright is the ring, indeed — when the honest man rings them. But how quickly the tone loses its clearness when the great body of slack or indistinct writers and speakers strike it. Before our very eyes we see a fine word losing its definition. What a good figure 'gesture' was when it moved into current writing! Now where is the penny-a-liner in Grub Street who can get through his column without it? Where is the Slope or the Mr. Collins who can finish his pulpit half-hour without 'challenge'? A good word that, but it has lost its ring.

Scientific or semiscientific terms should be above such warping, but they are not. The eternal sophomore has laid hold of 'moron,' of 'complex,' of 'psychological,' and the scientist is fain to look aside when he hears them. Some men want words for their speech; others are content with baskets — loosely woven and leaky ones at that.

Uniforms for thoughts we have. If we are not alert and wary we fall into triteness and conformity, using phrases and whole sentences that are trade-manufactured. It looks like a proof of abject conventionality and similarity in ourselves and our thought-processes that we submit naturally and mechanically to such likeness of phrase. Perhaps it is not more curious than our similarity of dress, of house, of habit. And yet that is but a matter of convenience, while a man's speech is himself. His thought and feeling are all he really has. How can he bear to put them into the phrases used as public carriers — characterless as seats in a railway-train, adapted to everyone and to no one? A man brings himself hardly to the wearing of secondhand clothing, even of a rented garment. But he clothes his thoughts — of whatever fineness he may attain, or preciousness to him, or seriousness — in old secondhand phrases, faded and dulled, mouthed by thousands before him. Nothing is more repulsively pathetic, more a summary of the humiliation of poverty, than the sight of one buying old shoes — things shaped already to other feet, worn to their type, having done their errands and gone on their journeys and borne their loads. How can his feet wear them? How do one's thoughts fit to the long-used clothing of other thoughts or the common phrase of the multitude?

But there is a converse to this. There are times when one is impatient with the snobbishness which is zealous to discard a term when some undesirability in its actual meaning has come to be recognized too completely. Strangely, it is in practical matters that such snobbishness appears chiefly. Just when we are well used to a serviceable term it is whisked away, and another offered which, it is hoped, will render the notion involved more respectable and less a thing to be concealed. 'Secondhand' becomes 'used,' to save the feelings of one who can be only a second owner; 'cheap' turns to 'less expensive' as one takes her thrifty purposes down to basement buying-

regions; and the less expensive hotel becomes 'unpretentious' in the guidebook. Every verbal effort is used to make the path of the saver respectable and to have it seem one of choice rather than necessity.

The euphemist is an apologist always. He may be making an apology for you to save your feelings, as when he offers you a used car instead of a secondhand one, or clothes your necessities in the language of desire. But commonly the euphemist apologizes for himself or for what pertains to him. He acknowledges much, in his seeking for attractiveness of phrase. Subtle deductions are to be made from his niceness. It is a constant puzzle to one looking abroad on the present branches and forms of education, for example, that so much euphemistic terminology is necessary. The constant rechristening is bewildering to the outsider. Grammar, for instance, ousted from its once honorable place, tries to sneak into a curriculum with all concealment possible as 'practical English.' Chemistry has been chemistry ever since it ceased to be alchemy, and physiology is physiology; but one-time elocution, of multisonous memory, passed into 'expression' and then into 'speech arts,' and no man knows what it will yet be. Didactics became 'pedagogy' and no one objected; but pedagogy became 'education,' if you please, to the establishing of eternal ambiguity. Cooking, a valuable combination of science and skill, no sooner got itself a place in curricula than it scurried shamefacedly into 'application of heat to food products.' In our so-called practical education, Mr. Yellowplush seems to occupy a pedagogical chair.

But it is not in pedagogy alone that man is found desiring unwarranted attractiveness of phrase. He has always sought a sweeter name for a spade; and in doing so he has sometimes deceived himself or others into conceiving that it has some charm of form or æsthetic purpose, or is to be used from choice and not from necessity. But after all everyone has moments of knowing that it is used for turning earth and is commonly dirty and frequently needs scouring. It is the courageous ones whose words never suffer discounting.

Behind language our minds move, but it is often merely the veil of expression. We see each other through it and get a dim semblance of thought rather than the thought itself. We are always hoping to puncture the veil with a new-found word, or with one coined urgently, impatiently. But the next time we want to use it we find it limited, closely defined, or else spread out to be commensurate with past uses. We are helpless, not knowing whether another ever gets our meaning exactly or not. It is as if each man had his own kind of money, all legal tender, but with scales of value that cannot be reconciled. The marketing of the world would be sadly hampered in such a case; the exchange of thought is.

'The magic of the necessary word,' one said in a fine phrase. It is a rare magic, truly. But when will that again be the necessary word? Or when necessity arises will there be a word to meet it? When you say 'blue,' how many who hear you see the same color you do? When you say 'beauty,' their responding ideas are miles apart. When men say 'goodness,' one means benevolence, and one means good-nature, and one means not breaking the law, and one means righteousness before the Lord; and one means something different from all these. All our speech is only an approximation, and an approximation determined by two elements which no man can measure. We speak darkly, dissatisfying to ourselves

and dim to others. 'All words are juggles,' said speculative Samuel Butler.

The higher we go in the scale of ideas the more uncertain we are of understanding or of being understood. Even the Christian world — or especially the Christian world — has been in a mell always because minds do not meet on religious phrases. At the best we can hardly tell whether we are agreeing or differing, whatever we think. Do any two understand the same by a religious phrase, even the commonest? Our fathers made Heaven and Hell concrete and momentous, since they could so be sure of understanding one another in that much at least. Through all time bodies of people have met together in worship, thinking their worship the same because they subscribed to the same terminology. But who could say what that terminology meant to each one? A thousand men call a Bible 'the word of God' — and what does each one mean? What of 'salvation,' of the 'Holy Spirit,' even of 'God' — or of scores of terms of doctrine which sound exact but are interpreted by the users according to their own mental capacity and tradition and imagination and egoism? 'Communications between God and man,' said Butler again, 'must always be above words or below them; for with words come in translations. . . .'

The large area of content possible for a religious phrase is responsible for the brotherly agreements in faith no less than for the bloody disagreements. Could we have had mathematical exactness of terminology for the last two thousand years, the history of the Church would have been very different. There might have been more or fewer holy wars, or more or less persecution, but the occasions would have been other than they were. Lion and lamb sometimes lie down together because, in the list of words in which their faiths exist, they do not discern their differences. Or, in another pasture, lion is tearing lion and lamb rending lamb because they do not recognize their own beliefs when they hear them expressed in unfamiliar forms. If in the end we reach a place of absolute accuracy and precision, when religious terms are as definite as ellipse and parabola, what a reassorting of sects there will be! Trinitarian and Unitarian, Calvinist and Arminian, Romanist and Anglican, will be classified according to their own definition — and how astonished some will be at the bin in which they find themselves!

But, on the other hand, how a man's thoughts may be bound by his locutions — how they can keep his theses from growing! A man is impoverished by his finished phrases. Certain terms have been handed down to him, or acquired by him when he first acquired ideas, and have served to define those ideas ever since. If he were required, every time he referred to them, to do so in new phrases, how hard he would find it to define them thus — but how those ideas might expand! The best thing that could happen to the word-bound man would be to have a limited aphasia suddenly sweep away his whole set of phrases. He has had his special outfit of eternal verities as well as his temporal pragmatics tied up neatly and unchangeably in finished and satisfactory phrases. His ideas have no penumbra, no nebulous edge, no ragged fringe, — advantageous, certainly, — and no future. They have been put once for all into a suit that allows not for growth and has been sewed up and buttoned up for all time.

It would be a valuable exercise for one to require himself for a day or for a week to avoid every fixed familiar wording and to say everything, even the most commonplace statement, in a new way. There would be practical

loss, doubtless, but what gain in truthfulness! Useful mental activity would be involved. And how old ideas would take on new freshness and new light, and ideas which had been masquerading as new show themselves to be merely old ones, and others vanish into nothing when no longer stayed by a good stiff phrase!

What a pleasant thing it would be to waylay a speaker we have just been listening to — a preacher or lecturer or propagandist of some sort — and require him to redeliver his address all in new wording! Think of the case of the sermon-maker, possibly, with all the long-repeated, time-solidified phrases which he, perhaps, brought from his seminary with him, and has been using ever since. How it would tax his intelligence, and recrystallize his belief, and strain his energies, to define his long-familiar theses in any but long-familiar combinations of words! Perhaps he would also bring himself to a new stage of genuineness in belief. The teacher deprived of his phrases — bane of banes in teaching — might come to a new acquaintance with his subject.

The genuine scientist can set forth his theory in as many ways as are necessary for your understanding; but too often the religionist, the proprietor of new thought, the forwarder of a cult, dins your ears with his catchwords, which he never defines or replaces with others. The campaigner, evangelist, and politician set pathetic faith in a slogan, thinking that without it they cannot win money or souls or votes; and in fact it is rejected by the ears of the thinking man, who waits for a real definition. 'Let me make the slogan of my party,' they seem to say, 'and I care not who makes its platform.'

No wonder Henry tries to make words his own, taking the sound that has been given him and fitting it to his little mind and purposes. He is born to so many things which he never had a chance to choose for himself — houses and clothes and customs and occupations. He may submit to them, or he may rebel always and excite wonder at his recalcitrance. But language — already he is meeting the problem of its domination. He shows great promise to be an individualist, for he is trying instinctively to master it before it masters him. It is not simply vocabulary that is given him, mere glosses to limit him, but congealed phrases which can never again be flexible, dead metaphors, mere carcasses of ancient fancies, syntax from which spirit and even logic have gone, compounds once rich in imagination and now only an economy of sound — things which will warp his thought instead of expressing it. With all the beauty and clarity which come to him in part of his inheritance, he must accept clumsy opacities also, to do with them what he can. Will he always be able to discard them, or among them all to keep his need for truth?

Through all his utterance — of fact or thought or emotion — he will chafe constantly against his steady problem — to make the language of all speak the mind of the one. Can he continue to revere his own thoughts of greatness or to feel sweet enthusiasm for them when they sink to platitudes or maxims in his words? The history of a race is in the richness of language, but one may wish not for race but for himself in speech — or for his friend. Henry will often desire the certainty of understanding as well as the surety of being understood.

Man has pierced so far what lies between himself and others — but only so far. He is hoping always to discover in words an open door — and finds them often at the best only a grating.

RELIGION AND CIVILIZATION

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

It is a common enough thing nowadays to find it maintained that what we must have is more religion. No end of bright and clever people say that, by word of mouth and in articles and books. It is not always clear exactly what they mean by it. A careful study of these numerous utterances leads one to the observation that by religion they generally mean a spirit of respectable geniality and law-abiding humanitarianism. There must be no dogma in it, they usually tell us; it must speak as one of the scribes and in no wise with authority. One draws the impression that there must be no ritual in it, either, or very little. It is rather the sort of thing which people feel who listen, in an atmosphere of respectability, to urgings that we should all help one another to pursue the good, the true, and the beautiful. And we are told that if we all drink of this thin and somewhat saccharine spiritual beverage a wonderful thing is going to happen. We are going to preserve civilization.

I should like to devote a few paragraphs to the saying of two things: first, that this sort of genial good-humor is not religion, but quite another thing, of which we have too much already and not too little; and second, that the purpose of real religion is not to save society but to do something infinitely more worth while.

A wise and Christian woman who teaches in a New England college has described, in words bitter but searching, this modern thing which masquerades as religion. It is 'suave-mannered,' she says, 'pleasant-voiced; endangering nothing in particular; an ornament of the Sunday pew; devoted to good causes in proportion to their remoteness; intent upon promoting safe philanthropies and foreign missions, but, as far as affairs at home are concerned, ignorant alike of the ardors of the mystic or the heroisms of the reformer; cheerfully assuming that whatever is innocently agreeable is religious . . . careless dependence upon an affectionate God; a domestic religion, calculated to make life pleasant in the family circle, and curiously at ease in Zion.'

It is a harsh quotation, but not much exaggerated.

What is wrong with this very modern, humanitarian, nontheological, nonliturgical religion is not difficult to see. What makes it banal, what makes it to many people and especially to young people often a bit of a bore, is that its devotees actually suppose that man himself is the centre of the universe. It is more truly anthropomorphic than even the most crude savage superstition. Superstition tells people to worship a God who is like man. This new conception of religion bids us worship man himself.

It is a faith for people without a sense of humor, devoid of imagination. Science has long ago upset the notion which our fathers naïvely had, that physically everything — sun, moon, and stars — revolves around the earth. At such an idea the modern man smiles indulgently. But our fathers would

have shouted aloud with body-filling laughter at the even more ludicrous notion held by the modern man, that spiritually everything — cherubim, seraphim, and God Himself — revolves around the human race. The older day knew better. Human life is fast-flying and full of uncertainty. Man is a child, searching for something of truth; brave and beautiful, it may be, and to be respected, but tragic and pathetic too. His life is a search for reality, for a love which cannot be satisfied by earthly things, or even by human affection. There is a meaning to things somewhere. There is Someone who can love and whom to know and to love is life. There is a Being behind and within and beyond the little that we see and feel. He alone can satisfy a man's hungry heart. He it is who is Truth. He is the centre of all spiritual reality. To find Him is enough. To have all else and to miss Him is to find all else but dust and ashes. The search for Him is what life is for. To know God, who passes knowledge, that is to find one's self.

All the religions of the earth have taught that much. From the days when the primitive savage knelt before some supposedly sacred tree or some possibly holy stone and thrilled at the thought that somewhere within created matter lay and vibrated a force, a power beyond his knowing, into contact with which he must somehow come, on through the ancient religions into the great faiths of Zoroastrianism and Brahminism and Buddhism and Mohammedanism and Judaism and Christianity, men everywhere have understood that God is all that really matters and that religion is the pathway by which they humbly and hungrily draw near that they may live. It has remained for the modern world to conceive of man as in himself constituting the sacred centre of things, and of God as a dear, helpful sort of maiden aunt whose chief business is to coddle the children. To say that God loves man is a wonderful thing in the mouth of the religious people of the ages, for it has meant that the creative Eternal had compassion upon man, His creature. There are a good many people nowadays who think it is a gracious act on their part to permit the Deity to love them at all.

In the name of the great mystical souls of the past, in the name of the millions of men and women who have sought humbly after God if haply they might a little find Him, it needs to be said that this anthropocentric, sentimental benevolence, which will have no teaching about the Eternal, no theology, but insists that God must be an amorphous influence surrounding and serving humanity, — which in its approaches toward God has little of awe, little of humble adoration, of mystery and solemnity, and reduces worship to the level of a pleasant Sunday at the club, — is not religion at all, but may very easily become mere pride, vainglory, and hypocrisy, from which we ought to pray to be delivered just as much as from envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

It may possibly be that this sort of lofty humanitarianism is destined to save the world. It seems hardly probable. The cult smacks somehow of the privileged classes. The great multitude of working people do not love humanity. They do not even think about humanity. They love their brothers and have compassion on one another. It is the man who is isolated from his brothers, by accident of class or misfortune of occupation, who goes in for the higher humanitarianism, loves the human race as such, and, usually, is fretfully impatient with human beings. However this may be, even supposing that humanitarianism, perfumed faintly with the odor of sanctity, is

going to save the world, let us at least be honest enough not to call it religion, the high and humble search by man for God, or to ask that the Church devote her time and effort to its promotion.

A great new building in New York we are told is to be 'a house of prayer for all people.' Some have attacked this statement, saying that it is not for all people. However that may be, it *is* a house of prayer. It will not stand through the ages on the top of its high hill for the autoelevation of humanity by its own genial boot-straps. It is to be what every church ought to be — a house of prayer, where men and women shall in deep humility and with hungry hearts lift themselves up toward Him whom truly to know is the only life that matters. As David the king said of the ancient temple, 'The palace is not for man, but for the Lord God.' If to believe that God is infinitely greater than man, and more worth loving and seeking and knowing, be superstition to this age, then the Church must continue to be a house of superstition. The ages past and the ages to be have a different name for it. That God is all, and that man has as his chief end to know Him and to enjoy Him forever, is not superstition. It is religion. No baser coin can take its place in the high commerce of men.

It is quite natural that people who think man is the centre of the cosmos, and therefore of religion, should suppose that the end and aim of the Church is to save civilization, to preserve the social order. I am told that there are people who give wealth to the Church on the supposition that it will ensure the status quo. I have even been told that a few people have given money to build cathedrals with the notion that somehow they will be fortresses of social conservatism. It ought to be obvious enough that money so given constitutes a poor investment. The Church has not been successful hitherto, or indeed much interested, in preserving the status quo. Nor is it concerned with trying to overthrow the status quo. Why should it be?

The Church has seen several kinds of social order succeed one another, flower, rot, and die. The Roman social order was the first one. The Church was born into that. It was a militaristic world-empire, built on coercion and law. It rotted with selfishness and crumbled away. The Church went on. Then came the chaotic time of readjustment, and out of that emerged a feudal social order, at first more Christian than that which had been before and than any that has come after. It flowered and it withered and it died. And the Church kept right on. Then came a world built on private enterprise and trade. It lasted for about two centuries and a half and it became impossible and was supplanted, leaving behind it curious survivals like Jeffersonian democracy and the idealism of the 1840's and that talk about the abstract freedom of man of which one still hears a bit. That Adam Smith sort of social order died, too, about a century ago. But the Church kept on.

Our present civilization is based upon capitalistic control of the stores of the earth and of the power-driven tool. It is developing at great speed, growing out of hand, pushing the mobs into the cavernous cities, taking from the individual the joy of craftsmanship, penalizing family life, and generally running amuck. It creaks and groans in labor disputes, smirks in divorce and misdirected sex, and occasionally crashes in world war. The Church of the living God did not make it. Man made it. Whether it can be tamed by its creators no one can be quite sure. It may prove a Frankenstein monster which turns to rend its makers. At any rate, everyone admits that the present social

order is a bit shaky. The Church does not care whether it survives or not. If it perishes the Church will go right on, religion will go right on. God sitteth between the cherubim, be the earth never so unquiet. The great Ecclesia will stand on its heights long after capitalism has gone to join feudalism and imperialism and bolshevism and has been supplanted by some other interesting notion in the way of social order.

But, perhaps it may be asked, has the Church no social message at all? To be sure it has. Through the ages God has revealed with ever-increasing clearness that only those who love their fellow human beings can approach the glowing heart of God. 'For he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?' The prophet of old said that one must do justly and love mercy before he can walk humbly with his God; and that to do those three things is the whole duty of man. And Jesus Christ says that we shall love God with all our heart and soul and strength and mind, with *all* our power of loving, and that this will involve loving our neighbor as ourselves. You must love God and be loved of Him to have life mean anything, says the Church, and the experience of the ages gives agreement; and, in order to be acceptable with and by God, you must love men and women and little children.

That was ever the message of Jesus, who by His incarnation has made God comprehensible and lovable. You can search His sayings through and find no command to be humanitarian. You will find no urging that we should seek any such abstract impersonalities as the good and the true and the beautiful. You will find awe and reverence and humility both practised and prescribed toward the Eternal, and charity and human kindness and sacrifice and true affection both prescribed and practised toward men. You will search and search in vain for any pleas for the necessity of preserving civilization, that of His earthly day or that of any other day. To Him, if men would act humanly toward other men, and would humbly and reverently seek God, civilization would take care of itself. He knew that as long as any civilization made those two things easy and natural it would live, and that when it ceased to make them possible it would perish. That was all there was to that.

If our civilization continues to develop along lines of the sacred rights of property instead of along lines of the sacred rights of men, if control of wealth is given to people who lack imagination, if men are to be divided into masters and servants, capitalists and laborers, instead of united as brothers and friends, it will not be long before capitalism is as dead as the dodo bird, and a captain of industry will be as curious an antiquarian figure as a feudal knight in armor. It will not be the Church which overthrows. It will simply be another case of men who have defied the Lord and built a city on another than the Lord's commanded bases. And as for preserving, as for keeping the ins in just because they are in, that surely is too much to ask. If civilization is decent it will not need the Church artificially to buttress it. If it is not decent it would be blasphemy for the Church to seek to preserve it.

We must not confound human destiny and contemporary civilization, with its ins and its outs and its classes and its settled order of things. Otherwise we may be in the foolish position of the imaginary bishop in one of Mr. Sitwell's poems, who fell asleep in his garden one warm afternoon. While he slept there came the Judgment Day. The bishop woke to find the second housemaid going by in a robe of glorious iridescent silk with a crown of

glory on her head. 'I warned people,' said the bishop, 'that the first thing we knew we'd have bolshevism.'

Let us by all means have more religion, but let it be real religion — theocentric, awed, a thing of beauty and of deep humility. And let us not seek it for the sake of preserving civilization, that relatively unimportant incident. Let us seek it because we have lost our way, in a maze of sin and pride; because we are lonely and life is dull and the world's gaudy baubles seem like tinsel; because God is our lost treasure; because we would be shriven; because we are children and the Father's house is home; because we have too long been clever and self-sufficient; because worldliness is drab and stupid; because we would eat again the bread of God and drink once more the purple wine of Heaven.

SEX, ART, TRUTH, AND MAGAZINES

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I

The connection between sex, art, truth, and magazines may not seem close to some Americans, but that can only be because they have not examined lately our urban news-stands, or visited their village drug-store. Had they done so they must have become conscious of the rise of a great new American literature, 'throbbing with personality,' 'baring the human soul in all its elemental passions,' letting in the light upon all mysteries of sex, and serving its country by brushing aside the last of our mid-Victorian reserves, reticences, and retirements. Prudery lies slain, false modesty has expired, truth and frankness are enthroned upon their proper pedestals; the human form, too long hidden, has come into its own as in classical antiquity; another precious bit of Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy has died a-strangling. This is revolution, indeed, and what must commend it to all good business-men is that here reform, like virtue, brings its own reward. Our newborn literature pays its snappy way. The dollar has, metaphorically, struck hands with Truth, Progress, Art, and the Revelation of Personality. Overnight a dozen readers grow where but one grew before. No low-descending sun but beholds the rise of a lodestar of the new monthly journalism. The reception of each one leaves no doubt that the little red schoolhouse is at last coming into its own; its graduates are proving in large numbers that they are ready for the high school of the sex magazines.

Let any Doubting Thomas go on a tour of inspection and see for himself. Mr. Frank Kent took a venturesome journey last summer into a hitherto terra incognita — the 5000-inhabitant towns between the *Baltimore Sun* office and San Francisco, our only bulwark against the unmoral Japanese. Here is his testimony: 'Between the magazines and the movies a lot of these little towns seem literally

saturated with sex. . . .' The small-town people, he explains, respond more keenly to the new literature because they, having more leisure than big-town dwellers, are always more avid readers of all sorts of periodicals. In Steubenville, Ohio, he reports, 'out of 110 publications in a single store 68 were either out-and-out smut or bordering on the line.' In Fairmont, West Virginia, '1800 copies of a single monthly, exclusively devoted to sex experience and the nude in art, are sold of each issue, says the dealer, mostly to women.' The principle upon which the new magazine producers act, declares this hostile critic, is that there is no such thing as satiety in sex literature in moral America. Hence a new magazine appears just about as quickly as the last to arrive is well established. In defense of the large city, it must be pointed out that in the leading hotel of Mr. Kent's own beloved Baltimore the up-to-date news-stand groans with the new literature, while the old-line, back-number magazines with their historic names are represented only by two or three copies each. What Mr. Kent reports of the 5000-person town is true all the way up. The new publications are to be found everywhere.

What are these novel high lights of press and pen? They fall into several categories. The rage for unadorned truth as to personal experiences finds its expression in the 'true story' and the 'confession' group, where veracious narratives of titillating human experiences thrill literally millions of readers. Then there is the 'snappy story' group, in which the sex motive is the invariable leitmotif — always, of course, for the sole purpose of guiding the footsteps of the unwary into proper paths. That is the point that the unkind Mr. Kent failed to note. Not a publisher of these stories is moved by any mercenary desire — dear, no. It is their duty to safeguard our youth from pitfalls, and more than one of them, after delightfully portraying the pitfalls, makes his characters turn to virtue and repentance. Next we have the 'artists and models' group of magazines, in which we see how the inartistic Americans have suddenly developed a thirst for undraped art quite unprecedented in our history; and finally we have the out-and-out vulgar group which describes itself by such titles as *Hot Dog*, *Hi-Jinks*, *Happy Howls*, *Whiz Bang*, *Paris Nights*, *Red Pepper*, and so forth.

The first of these groups, that of the 'true story' magazine, was originated by a certain Bernarr Macfadden, as to whom we shall have more to say later. Mr. Macfadden, the successful publisher of the *Physical Culture Magazine* and writer on many sex problems, received such a mass of letters from men and women who, in his own words, were 'seeking relief from all manner of troubles, — physical, mental, spiritual, — so poignant, so real, so unlike any other stories I have ever heard,' that he felt that a magazine made up of them would have a 'great public appeal' and 'would do a tremendous amount of good through saving others from making the same mistakes.' Fortunate prophet! As so often in his career, uplift and dollars came into harmonious partnership. *True Story* became not only the forerunner of its group, but, as he modestly suggests, 'the outstanding publishing achievement of the century.' It made him a millionaire, its sales now approaching 2,000,000 monthly. He followed it with *True Romances* and *True Detective Mysteries*. At once there were imitators: *True Marriage Experience*, *I Confess*, *Young's Realistic Stories Magazine*, *True Experiences*, *True Confessions*, *My Story*, and *Secrets*. Of these *True Romances* sells 650,000 copies, *True Confessions* (now *Fawcett's*) 176,000, and *True Detective*

Mysteries 150,000. Others appeared, only to die quickly. At first these 'confession' and 'true story' magazines were all filled with the sex appeal. But the original clichés are disappearing in the best of them. Some retain the story which goes straight to the border-line, but Mr. Macfadden has set the standard in *True Story*. Whether that was brought about by his experience with the law and lawsuits, or whether he has found, like others, that the sex appeal does not sell so well as 'heart throbs,' is not easy to determine. At any rate, word has gone out to the writers for some of these publications that the heart throb is what the reading world now pulsates to.

The writers? Well, Mr. Macfadden makes each of his writers sign a skillfully drawn statement to the effect that the story he has written is a true human experience, and he boasts that he has a committee of ministers to pass upon the manuscripts accepted for his various magazines. The other publishers are not outwardly so noble-spirited or so conscientious. The simple 'truth' in their cases is that most of the veracious personal experiences which appear in their pages are written by small groups of industrious workers who turn out from 30,000 to 50,000 words a month and are paid from two to six cents or more a word. Hence most of the sad wives and disillusioned flappers whose touching narratives appear every month are in reality mature gentlemen residing in Harlem or Greenwich Village. Often they get their clues and some of their stories from the letters that pour in upon them. To receive several thousand letters from fascinated readers of a single article is no novelty. They come from all over the country, and many are from kind-hearted and benevolent persons who offer the reformed sister or abandoned wife a home and the indefinite use of their best parlor-bedroom. If she will just telegraph they will meet her at the train, ask no questions, and receive her as a daughter. One magazine is said to be made up entirely of stories sent in by the unskilled public and edited. *True Story*, it is declared, now gets most of its material from articles received from the general public in response to an annual award of $50,000 in cash prizes. The resultant flood of manuscripts, or such as are selected by the editors, are licked into shape for publication.

In all justice it must be said here that the 'true story' group succeeded because there was a real need of simple, straightforward — if you please, melodramatic — stories such as the public also consumed in great quantity in the days of Robert Bonner and the publishers of melodrama in the eighties. In a sense it is a readers' revolt against the conventional and sophisticated story which ornaments the pages of the more sedate and conservative magazines.

People whose lives are restricted have their dream world; they wish to live in it, or to live life as they see it, and not as it is in reality. A highly successful writer of 'true stories,' who frequently gets a batch of five hundred letters which his publishers believe to be the best in the thousands received, declares that they are extremely touching and illuminating epistles. Not even the *Saturday Evening Post* reaches this stratum of our reading public, he says, and he is profoundly impressed with the extraordinary loneliness in life which these letters reveal. The writers of such letters are not after salacious stories. They are not afraid to have a spade called a spade, but they want a thrill, an emotion — they wish to sympathize with the unfortunate, or to rejoice in the misfortune of the very rich and of the villains they love to hiss in the movies. They do not object if

the stories they read have now become serious and moral, with conventional endings and conventional preaching. If the career of *True Story* should come to an early end one wonders whether some sort of improved substitute ought not to be offered to this group of readers who, in their primal desire for 'truthful' personal narratives, differ but little from their aspiring brothers of the business world who in all our cities and towns pore over the narratives of successful business-men, especially bankers, that rejoice us all in *Success* and the *American Magazine*.

II

As for the second group, the 'snappy story' magazines, that is frankly the type to which Mr. Kent particularly objects. They go as close to the line as they dare, and they are very daring. Their readers are willing to pay well, for *Snappy Stories* sells for $4.50 a year and has a circulation of 125,000, and *Breezy Stories* costs $4.00 a year, with a circulation probably nearly as great. They are published on cheap paper at a very low cost, and carry a few pages of advertising of the familiar type that appears in cheap magazines, from which you can find out how to get a perfect-looking nose, cure your tobacco habit, clear your skin, reduce your weight, and beautify your thick lips. You may also cure deafness, or get a permanent wave or buy cut-glass diamonds for ten cents apiece. They have many suggestive illustrations, and usually print equally suggestive poems and 'pearls' of wit. Here too, we regret to say, there is with some of the group not a little deluding of the reader. That is, headlines and pictures mislead; you find that what appears to be a 'red-hot' story develops into a perfectly proper tale with an altogether moral ending. Even when the heroine confesses to a false step she is penitently returned to her husband or her mother to live happily and properly ever after. A careful student of this group of magazines declares that the great bulk of the stuff published in them, while extremely common, is not really dirty, but that there is usually one story which goes over the line. The chronic readers know that there is always something off-color hidden for them somewhere, and the quest for that lures them into purchasing magazine after magazine.

The newfangled 'artists and models' magazine needs but a simple recipe; anyone may create such a concoction. You take a certain number of nude classical pictures from the Metropolitan or the Louvre, or some less-known gallery, and intersperse them with full-length pictures of scantily clad show-girls from 'Follies' or 'Vanities' or 'Revues.' Add reproductions of the work of some unknown Austrian or Belgian painter or sculptor, and mix in as text the story of how Gilda Gray felt when first she appeared in a cabaret, or how a Ziegfeld beauty climbed to success and kept herself undefiled. You can bring this out twice a month and sell your January issues early in December — the conversions to art for art's sake go on amazingly. As these little magazines often contain only thirty-two pages, cost probably two or three cents a copy to produce, and sell for fifteen or twenty-five cents, your profits are so great that you can afford to dispense with advertisements. So generous is its devotion to art that one of these magazines in its January 15 edition prints twenty-seven nude female pictures (some of them slightly draped). You get around any officious post-office censors by sending your edition, which speedily runs into the hundreds of thousands, by express. Thus art and truth triumph over prudery and puritanism.

What makes your task the easier, if you publish one of these contributions to frankness and to nature, is the presence in the metropolis of at least four theatre companies in which practically nude women appear nightly. One smiles to remember the days when attendance at the 'Black Crook,' the first conventional ballet attired in skirts and tights to visit New York in the early eighties, was almost a cause for divorce. Tights, skirts, and stockings have gone, and much beside, and the 'art lovers'' magazines profit thereby. How can you be raided for reproducing faithfully what anybody can pay to see on the stage, plus paintings by Rubens or Bouguereau? The other day a trio of judges in New York dismissed four cases in which those arrested were charged with giving information as to where the *American Art Student* and *Artists and Models* could be purchased. That, the judges ruled, was no crime; since these magazines are openly displayed on hundreds of stands they could hardly do otherwise. Counsel for one prisoner at once pointed out that some of the objectionable pictures 'were reproductions from celebrated paintings in art galleries.' Justice McInerney, evidently an old-fashioned gentleman, declared as to one of the magazines that it would do no harm if it circulated only among art students, and then he truthfully added: 'I don't think this magazine could be given away unless it contained nude pictures.'

Again, the standard has changed in the daily press as well as on the stage. Nearly every Sunday there appear in the illustrated supplements of our most staid and respectable dailies pictures of women athletes or of Palm Beach bathers in scanty costumes that would have raised a storm of protest in the 'gay nineties' and even at the beginning of this century. Beauty-contest winners, women shot-putters, and champion swimmers display their charms in the *Times* or the *Tribune-Herald* or the *Boston Herald* without let or hindrance. The caption under a particularly revealing picture clipped from one of our family papers explains that the lady portrayed is 'the possessor of the most beautiful legs in the world.' No daily would have dared to print this picture twenty-five years ago. There is every evidence, however, that the on-coming generation takes no undue interest in one-piece bathing-suits or their wearers. When one has never seen anything else the element of piquancy does not exist; to moralists and sociologists must be left the question whether frankness in these matters is or is not better than the mystery which was supposed to shroud the female figure for bygone generations.

There remains the *Hot Dog* group. It may be dismissed in a few words. It is the acme of vulgarity; its pages are lined with the kind of jokes commercial travelers have always reveled in, and the coarse humor to be found in low music-halls the world over. These are a type of publication that has always existed, to be passed around on trains and in livery stables when garages were unknown.

At this point it is necessary to call attention to the fact that this promising, but infant, magazine industry is meeting with such serious foreign competition as to compel the wonder why Congress and the Home Market Club are doing nothing about it. While saving the world for Horthy, Mussolini, Hindenburg, and the Bolsheviki, hoards of our young Americans in uniform visited Paris and there acquired various tastes for — well, acquired tastes. Among them was a liking for that standard of French contemporary literature, *La Vie Parisienne*, and other delectables of the boulevard kiosks.

The American troops said good-bye to Lafayette, but *La Vie Parisienne* came home with them and now ornaments news-stands in our largest cities. With it have come *Le Sourire* and — one regrets to record such a sad fact — the similar, but clumsy, publications of our late enemies. *Reigen* and *Der Junggeselle* are at their old tricks of seeking their place in the sun — as, for instance, on Forty-second Street, New York. Now there is no denying that *La Vie Parisienne* affords effective competition to our American products. It goes further, it is franker, it invariably opens wide bedchamber doors after people have retired, and it has wit and humor as well as ability. This is serious for us, although intended to be wholly amusing. With all due respect to our late Ally, and with every desire to help France to pay her debts, Americans should none the less insist upon an 80 per cent *ad valorem* duty if our home industry is to stand upon its own nude feet. The competition grows hourly more serious. It is not offset by the fact that our publications of this type 'dump' their unsold copies abroad at ten cents apiece.

III

It is the evil, not the individuals who batten on it, we would attack. But it will serve this purpose to dwell for a moment on the foremost figure in this field of true 'literature.' Bernarr Macfadden — born, as the French say, Bernard A. Mcfadden — is a native of Missouri who came to New York in 1894, equipped with much muscle, an extraordinary chest-development, a shock of hair, and the power to impress his personality upon others. True to the best established American precedent, he arrived in the metropolis friendless and with comparatively small means. A physical-culture matinée, advertised with him in the stellar rôle, attracted few besides a reporter of Dana's *Sun*, who recorded for posterity that Professor Mcfadden — even bootblacks were 'professors' in those days — 'chatted and posed in an interesting way for over an hour.' But the cruel and heartless metropolis failed, as in so many other cases, to recognize genius at first sight, and so the Professor, then twenty-six years old, was compelled to take a job at fifteen dollars a week as assistant to the physical instructor of the Manhattan Athletic Club. Soon thereafter he established his own studio for the business man anxious about his weight and his wind, invented a Mcfadden pulley for muscle-building, and shortly after took his first plunge into the literature he both adorns and dominates. The time was ripe, for, with the coming into vogue of golf and football, prosperous America turned to sports and founded the country club; a new generation was at hand which declined to be as flabby, or as thin-chested, as its elders.

The professorial champion of physical culture from Missouri — who, like Theodore Roosevelt, had built himself from a weakling into a man of great physical power — rode the modern athletic craze to great financial success. If he has not been a hero to his valet he has been one to himself. More than that, he has been a typical American social crusader, and he is touchingly convinced that single-handed he, this Bayard of the body, has achieved great things. 'The fight I have made against the use of drugs has been felt in every drug-store, by every doctor, and in every home,' he modestly wrote on September 15, 1924. 'The campaign I have conducted against prudery has helped to force that monster evil — venereal disease — into the daylight where it can be intelligently attacked. It has taken the ridiculous malforming

swimming-costume that women formerly wore and has replaced it with a suit that enables women to use their bodies as God rightfully intended.'

Fortunate Mr. Macfadden! He, too, discovered the relationship of science to health, but unlike other scientific pioneers he was enabled to advance his cult by the unveiling of the human body. Beyond all question he was right in protesting, in an era in which the Boston Public Library rejected Frederick MacMonnies's nude Bacchante, against a 'lascivious and obscene attitude toward the human body,' and in asserting that the naked human body is to be neither feared nor regarded as something at which people should look askance. He was but in keeping with his generation in demanding better, more comfortable, and less clothing, and the abolition of the corset. But while physicians and teachers and experts in body-building, from Dio Lewis to Dudley Sargent, could only preach these things by word of mouth in their gymnasiums, it was given to Bernard — beg pardon, Bernarr — to prove that reform and the amassing of a huge pile of dollars could go hand in hand. Nudes sell better than anything else on the news-stands.

It was his rare flair for publicity that gave Mcfadden his self-bestowed title of 'professor' and made him change his name — 'I decided to make it a name out of the ordinary.' The excellent financial results of his early and earnest preachments led to his establishing his first publishing venture, the *Physical Culture Magazine*, in which he fought unending fights with popular indifference to physical development and with those monstrous creatures who really wish Americans to be a race of puny, ill-developed, and ill-nurtured men and women — one does not know who such are, but Mr. Macfadden is never at a loss to tilt at them. That flair for publicity early called for Macfadden pure-food restaurants and for beauty shows to help propagate the doctrine of the physical uplift of American manhood and womanhood — with model specimens of the latter attired in what in these days seem like extremely modest union-suits. But never, of course, is the path of the reformer smooth, especially if it is the business of the reformer to reveal the human form. As far back as 1901 the postal authorities in Washington ordered his arrest for the character of his advertising of his beauty show of that year. In 1905 the spotless soul of the late Anthony Comstock was shocked by similar pictures, and Mr. Macfadden and two of his assistants were arrested, just before the show of that year. Needless to say that Mr. Comstock was in considerable degree responsible for the throngs that pushed and jostled their way — for purely scientific reasons, of course — into Madison Square Garden to see the 'bathing beauties' on exhibition. It is to the credit of Mr. Macfadden's consistency that among his exhibits at latter-day meetings have been his own daughters.

On October 23, 1907, our physical culture hero came into serious conflict with the law, a jury in the United States District Court in Trenton, New Jersey, finding him guilty of publishing and sending through the mail in his *Physical Culture Magazine* an improper story entitled 'Growing to Manhood.' The Government declared that the advice and discussions in the article were wholesome, but that the narrative was well calculated to increase evil habits rather than to retard them. So our unselfish crusader was sentenced to two years at hard labor and a fine of $2000, and would have gone to prison had not the kind heart of President Taft been reached. The President remitted the prison part of the sentence.

A year later a young woman whose picture was printed by our iconoclast as proof of the desirability of much luxuriant hair — those were benighted pre-'bob' days — obtained a verdict of $3000 against Macfadden for using her picture to her hurt and harm, and without her permission — indeed, a month after she had requested in writing the return of the picture.

None of these mistakes of the courts deterred our champion of humanity. Like many another such, he early turned his thoughts to education as the final solvent. So, like Dowie, he founded his Zion, the 'Physical Culture City' at Spottswood, New Jersey. Here, too, this pioneer met with the ingratitude which is the lot of all good men. Students, those who paid and those who worked their way through, flocked to the City, only to find that the workers were paid six dollars a week, worked ten hours a day, and received only seventy-five cents a week in cash, at which rate they discovered that it would take them five and a half years to earn their diplomas. Patients there were, too, and some were unkind enough to demur at paying eighteen dollars a week for food when they were immediately made to fast for one or two weeks! 'It was all work and no study, and the contract provisions were so arranged that graduation was virtually unobtainable,' declared the unkind *New York World*, after a lengthy description of life in Physical Culture City, in the course of which it allowed the allegation to be made that some of the researches of the students went too far into the personal and intimate. Mr. Macfadden sued the *World* for $50,000 for libel, but the power of the press triumphed — the jury upheld the *World*. Physical Culture City exists no more. Three Macfadden restaurants still go their triumphant way; as their organizer modestly says, he has helped to revolutionize the restaurant business, and so 'you can get wholesome health-building foods most anywhere.'

IV

Striking is the record of this prophet's publishing achievements. *Physical Culture Magazine* has 400,000 readers. To it Macfadden gave 'practically his entire life' for twenty years. Then in 1919, as already related, he founded *True Story*. That pointed the way to other successes: *Movie Weekly* (440,000 copies are now printed monthly); *True Romances* (650,000 copies sold monthly); *Dream World*, a magazine of love and romance (200,000 circulation); *Fiction Lovers* (175,000); *Dance Lovers* (85,000); *Radio Stories* (125,000); *True Detective Mysteries* (150,000); *Modern Marriage*, the 'be happy magazine that will not preach, will lay down no rules, will not theorize — but rather will show, by means of amazingly human and interesting stories and splendidly written intimate articles, how others have met the problems that now or will confront you' (circulation 150,000); and finally, *Muscle Builder*, which has not yet built its circulation above 80,000. Mr. Macfadden's own figures are quoted here. The trade figures are lower.

As for his dividends, since January 1, 1920, the apostle of the physical uplift has paid $10,340 in stock and cash for every $1000 invested; his gross revenue from his magazines in 1924 was no less than $8,866,800, an increase of $4,202,700 over 1923 — the figures again being his own. Indeed, so rapid has been the development of his business philanthropy that it has had two important results. He has gone into the daily-newspaper field, and he has generously turned to the public and placed with it some of the stock of his $10,000,000

company, Macfadden Publications, Inc. A supreme motive for this unselfish desire to share his good fortune is that in his judgment the rental of money has not advanced adequately, — 'it remains at the old, antiquated rate of 4 per cent or 6 per cent,' — and therefore he is determined that believers in physical well-being shall have the advantage of 10 or 12 per cent, to say nothing of alluring stock-bonuses. All of which is set forth in a circular offering this opportunity unparalleled in publishing annals — which circular, one hesitates to say, has also encountered official envy and intolerance, for it has been held up by the authorities in Illinois as not conforming to the 'Blue Sky Law' for the protection of innocent investors.

As for his venture into the daily field, it is the *New York Evening Graphic*. New York obviously needs moral as well as physical uplift, and there were the one million New York City readers of Macfadden publications. They were entitled to see daily their beloved city and the universe through Macfadden spectacles, and so are the 650,000 New Yorkers who read no evening dailies. Founded on September 15, 1924, the daily *Graphic* on October 1, 1925, had 96,598 readers. But here we must needs chronicle a genuine backset to the onward march of the Macfadden publications. On May 3, 1925, the *New York Sunday Graphic* was established, carrying in that issue more than thirty thousand lines of paid advertising. But let the prophet's circular tell the story in its own words: 'Over two hundred and fifty thousand copies were sold in New York and vicinity. Subsequent issues have been so well received and widely circulated that we can unqualifiedly say that the *New York Sunday Graphic* has scored a success unprecedented not only in the history of New York journalism but for the entire country.' Incredible as it may seem, this 'unprecedented success' lasted only two months. In July the *Sunday Graphic* breathed its last; prodigy that it was, it succumbed to two infantile diseases: inefficient nutrition and inadequate circulation — which leads to the suggestion that Mr. Macfadden is less well versed in prenatal care than in afterbirth upbuilding.

As for his daily, he has told us in editorials just what it is that he is after. Here again we come across the dominant uplift motive: 'I believe that such a paper can be made to appeal to the masses in their own language; that it can be made so true and real that it will penetrate the hearts and souls of the readers.' And again: 'You have to dramatize the news and features that you present in such a manner as will not only interest your readers, but will have an uplifting influence mentally, morally, and spiritually.'

It is interesting to note just how this magnificent programme is being carried out. For the week of November 16 to 21 inclusive, the *Graphic* gave $183\frac{1}{4}$ inches of space to crime; $82\frac{1}{4}$ inches to sex crime; $203\frac{3}{4}$ inches to divorce and annulments; 472 inches to general news; $167\frac{1}{2}$ inches to local news; $1178\frac{3}{4}$ inches to sports and radio; $554\frac{1}{4}$ inches to beauty shows and contests; 132 inches to foreign news; 4071 inches to advertising; 243 inches to contests other than beauty; $144\frac{1}{2}$ inches to editorials; $1848\frac{1}{4}$ inches to special departments; and 355 inches to fiction. Taking the six issues from October 14 to October 20, inclusive, we learn the following from the front-page headlines: 'Pretty Girl Has Three Hubbies'; 'Cop Dying, 4 Bandits Shot'; 'Heiress Penniless in Cell as Check and Jewel Crook'; 'Why Donohue Jewel Thief Got Protection and $68,000.' The next issue bore the legend, 'Donohue Gem Thief Known,'

and the final headline read, 'Inside Story of Coal Plot.' This is an average week, chosen at random. It illustrates clearly how our crusader (for health and the right) appeals to the hearts and souls of his readers, and presents his news in such a manner as to uplift them — mentally, morally, and spiritually. Especially uplifting was the front-page picture published in the *Graphic* of November 25 portraying the unfortunate woman in a recent sensational annulment case appearing disrobed before the jury, a picture which the *Editor and Publisher*, trade journal of journalists, declared to be 'the most shocking news-picture ever produced by New York journalism.' The photograph was, of course, faked; a chorus girl was paid to pose for the occasion.

Finally it is to be noted that Mr. Macfadden's unselfishness has led him to 'expose' the recent bathing-beauty contest at Atlantic City, which he declared to be a 'gigantic, nation-wide fraud.' He is being sued by the Atlantic City Chamber of Commerce for $2,000,000, by its president, Mr. S. P. Leebs, for $1,000,000, and by Earl Carroll for $1,000,000. Once more are the wicked seeking to put this righteous man out of business.

Announcement has recently been made that the *Philadelphia Daily News*, an afternoon tabloid, has been taken over by the Macfadden Newspaper Corporation: it will be interesting to observe this 'uplifting influence' upon the city of brotherly love.

V

Well, what is to be done about our new literature? It is Mr. Kent's belief that, if its spread is not checked, it will be possible in another year or so to say of the United States one of the worst things that can be said about any nation — 'that its people are steeped in dirty literature.' The National Council of Women has resolved against the menace and so have the leading organizations of Catholic women. Priests and preachers, chiefs of police and prison heads, have sounded their warning and called for a return to the Bible. It is no answer to say what is true, that no period has been without its pornography — witness Pompeii. There has probably never been so wide a distribution of this sort of thing as is now made possible by modern publishing methods. But a special censorship, — usually the first glib suggestion, — whether Federal or state, should be unthinkable. We already have laws against obscenity which serve in many states, and the censorship of the Post Office Department is steadily at work, sometimes wisely and sometimes otherwise — as witness the recent suppression in New York of a copy of *Judge* which, while a bit shocking, was but a clever take-off of *La Vie Parisienne*. Naturally the street sales of this issue were very great, just as it is reported that the suppression, not so many months ago, of an issue of the *Harvard Lampoon* sent the price of certain outstanding copies to high figures.

In his field the Postmaster-General is supreme. The courts will not interfere to control any executive official in the discharge of a duty involving the exercise of judgment and discretion. The action of the Postmaster-General has been held to be absolute and conclusive on any material or relevant question of fact (Branaman *vs.* Hill, *Federal Reporter*, volume 189, p. 463). In another case the test had been defined as 'the tendency to deprave and corrupt the minds of those who are open to such influence, into whose hands the publication may come' (Rosen *vs.* U. S., *United States Reporter*, volume 161, p. 29).

Since, however, the publications

under consideration are delivered through other channels than the mail, the question arises as to what further steps shall be taken. Self-appointed censors of the John S. Sumner and Anthony Comstock type are the last persons to realize that standards are changing, that clothes and social standards — yes, the moral code itself — are constantly being altered. Only censors seem never to change, and never to win popular approval, wherever they may be. Not all of England by any means likes its British censorship of the stage. In the field of books censors may usually be counted on to pick the wrong book to suppress. Few are wise enough to judge, especially to judge genius, and few are tactful enough to do the censoring cannily. When one thinks of the calibre of the officials in many of our towns and cities one shudders at what they might do if the censorship of pictures and publications were placed in their hands. Certainly not many would have the wisdom of the chief of police of Des Moines who abandoned his plan to compel news-dealers to abide by an official magazine 'white list,' whereupon the news-dealers agreed to ascertain official desires and voluntarily guide themselves thereby. In Hudson County, New Jersey (opposite New York City), the authorities indicted three news-dealers for distributing and selling *Hot Dog*, *Whiz Bang*, *Artists and Models*, *Art and Beauty*, *Flapper Experiences*, and *Follyology*. They were convicted, but received suspended sentences after promising to discontinue the distribution and sale of these magazines. Every community can, if it so desires, similarly protect itself against the public sale of such publications where they are plainly obscene, or where it is obvious that they live for no other purpose than to market smut.

As for the 'snappy story' and 'true story' groups, there is every evidence that they are passing phases of a post-war period, at least in large degree. The fact that some of the publishers are already finding out that heart throbs pay better than sex appeal is very much to the point here. Much can be done by quiet influencing of news-dealers, through local committees, in the direction of better wares. But anything like wholesale suppression would be a fatal mistake. They will run their course in due time. Or, if they establish themselves firmly and make as much money as Mr. Macfadden's *True Story*, they will become more conservative in direct proportion to the capital invested and the sum-total at stake. Times change with extraordinary rapidity in the American magazine field. Witness the tremendous influence of the religious weeklies in the sixties and seventies, which have practically disappeared — or changed their garb — except in a few instances where they are directly church-sponsored. What could have been more phenomenal than the rise, at the turn of the century and soon thereafter, of the muck-raking magazines? They had years of tremendous influence. Where are they now? *Collier's*, the *American Magazine*, *Everybody's*, and the *Cosmopolitan* still survive — how changed! He would be rash, indeed, who would prophesy where *True Story* and *Breezy Stories* will be a few years hence. *Follyology* is already reported dead, and *Flapper Experiences* may be nearing its demise. It is better that *Live Stories*, *I Confess*, and *Art Lovers* should run their course than that a permanent censorship should be fastened upon the country, which could be so easily extended to cover opinions and political doctrines in addition to racy stories and suggestive pictures. The price of liberty is often some license — and it is a cheap price.

A LETTER FROM JACQUES BONHOMME

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE

BY ABEL CHEVALLEY

To the Editor, Atlantic Monthly
Dear Sir, —

I write in English to save you the trouble of translating. Also because I want to speak direct. If you publish my letter, do not scrub and polish it too much. I am not ashamed of my Gallicisms.

We are old acquaintances. You have seen me, gray-haired but still active, in my own surroundings on the banks of the Loire. I own there a few acres of land and a small house filled with books, some of them American and English. You remember: I learned your language during the war. In my safe I keep a bundle of French securities bought before and during the war. In the days of Verdun I brought my foreign stocks to our famished Treasury, and got ten times less than they are worth to-day. Small *rentier*, small landowner, I am Jacques Bonhomme, the typical Frenchman.

Before the war, I was getting my family's food from our bit of land; and all the rest of our expenses — clothes, books, the children's education, repairs, improvements, an occasional trip to Paris, the seaside, even abroad — all the rest was covered by the coupons of those gilt-edged securities in my safe.

Now my securities have long ceased being secure. Both gilt and edge are gone. The French 3 per cent, bought at 100 gold francs ($20), is now at 45 francs paper — that is, less than two dollars. The 'Great Penance' began for me, and millions like me, exactly seven years ago, just after the war, when the financial solidarity between the Allies was suddenly broken. Now I have lost more than nine tenths of my principal investments.

I do not complain. I consider myself as very lucky to have still a roof to die under, and a field in which to grow potatoes. Several million middle-class people like me are less fortunate. They conceal their shabbiness in the back streets of our town. Your compatriots will never meet them around the Ritz or the Crillon. Nor will you do as much as suspect their existence, and manner of existing, next time you motor through France. These middle-class people were the mainstay of social order. They had stamped our civilization with the characteristics of their life. Among them were many Bergerets *en sabots*. Their weight provided the necessary balance of power between the very poor and the very rich. Their presence had made this country intellectually radical, and socially conservative: not a bad mixture if you want progress within liberty. Now lift your hat. Their funeral is in progress. They are going, going — gone.

Their own fault? Of course. They ought to have gone bankrupt long ago, instead of pinching and dwindling. They would now be on the upgrade. The whole world would have come

to their rescue. Others have done it.

Why did they remain loyal to their French Loans? But, if they had sold, they would only have precipitated the movement toward their ruin as a people, and as a class. Was this their part to play? A few have, indeed, sold out. The many were doomed. For my part, if I had the choice, I would again do as I have done. Above all, I will keep from whining.

I have still in my ears that German wail, about two years ago, when the *Reich* had gone bankrupt. I still hear the world's cry of pity. Well, you have saved Germany and made us concur in her salvation. We have given up the Ruhr and relinquished most of our claims. What has happened since? The gold value of internal debts in Germany, including the State debts, has been consolidated at 15 per cent. My German middle-class fellow man, or what remains of him, can now rely on 15 per cent of his original capital. I, Jacques Bonhomme, have only 10 per cent, unconsolidated. He let loose the dogs of war, and 'hunned' my inheritance. I am, out of my own pocket, paying for his devastations. And he is better off than I.

However, I will not ask, expect, or stand your pity. I owe you money. I shall pay what you think I can pay. I have still one fourth of my reconstructions in devastated areas to finance. My internal debt is ten times what it was ten years ago. One part of it is dangerously 'floating,' and the ship threatens to capsize. I have lost nine tenths of my principal investments. However, I shall try to meet my liabilities. What does it matter to me if, in the attempt, I lose the last tenth?

In order to tide my Government over its immediate difficulties, I have been asked, this bleak December, to contribute 150 per cent of my estimated annual income. That plan has not been abandoned, and may be enforced any day. I am, then, expected to sacrifice one year and a half of my financial life to the Moloch of national and international indebtedness. All right. 'Tant que vous voudrez, mon Général.' Eighteen months' life, merely financial, what is that, in comparison with the thousands of young, real, and bleeding lives that were being daily sacrificed less than ten years ago on the battlefields of Europe? The only questions are: 'Can it be done?' and 'Will it be any good?'

The 10 per cent residue of what is the bulk of my securities cannot, of course, provide 150 per cent of the total of my estimated income. I shall have to mortgage my land or sell part of it — and barter away my last stocks. I am, indeed, allowed to spread payment over a number of years, but must pay more if I accept, besides encumbering my children's future. Six million other 'Jacques Bonhommes' are in the same situation. They will also mortgage and sell. I do not speak here of all the industrial mills and wheels that will stop in consequence. What shall we get for our scattered bits of land in a glutted market? What will be the good of a mass of depreciated and unnegotiable mortgages in the hands of our Government? Capital levy is a sorry remedy for financial disease. It consumes the patient. The doctor gets no fees. All the profit, if any, goes to the undertaker. Now, who are the undertakers behind our quacks?

I know your answers to all my arguments. (1) You are still lightly taxed, Mr. Jacques Bonhomme. (2) You shirk taxation. (3) You spend too much on luxuries — for instance, militarist, colonial, naval, and other imperialistic enterprises. (4) Your commercial balance is favorable: you are getting rich. (5) Anyhow, we Americans only want our due, or a reasonable

part of it. The rest of your debt does not concern us.

If, on this last point, I consulted only my own particular interest as a French middle-class small *rentier* and landowner, I should at once say: 'By all means, let us deliver into their virtuous English and American hands everything we still have in our possession. *Tu veux ma chemise, tu l'auras.* Let us ship to London and New York the twenty-five thousand million dollars in gold we can still scrape together. This will not repay one twentieth of our Interallied debt. But it is our only asset immediately transferable. Then the franc falls to zero. Then the whole of our internal debt is wiped off. Germany did that trick. I lose the last tenth of my "gilt-edged." But half my burden of taxation is removed. I keep my land and house. My industrial and commercial brethren keep their factories and warehouses. Next year you and others will lend us fresh millions, as we all did Germany, to start us again with a clean slate.'

But I know the shame and miseries and complications entailed by the apparent simplicity of this childish process. My own particular interest, in this case, is against the interest of all other classes in my nation, of all other nations in the world. This is not the way out.

But I do not think it fair to be told, even by a Senator and Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, that because I have kept my head and avoided bankruptcy; because I have no unemployed, owing mainly to reconstruction and falling exchange; because I am holding on against the Riffs and Druzes, subsidized by you know who; because I produce as much food and coal as ten years ago, in spite of my war losses; because I still make my wine, silk, pipes, motors, in spite of their prohibition in other countries; because, in fact, of the long, silent, but now tottering resistance of my spirit of work and economy against dreadful odds — because of all that, I must repay not only the thirty-three hundred million dollars I borrowed from you, not only the sixty-two hundred million dollars I offered in settlement last October, but the nine thousand million you kindly demanded after, I grant it, rebating a large part of what you might still have demanded. The cause of the world was, after all, fought on my soil. My sense of equity rebels against the fatalities of compound interest in dollars and cumulative depreciation in francs. Not even the 'borahcic' argument that my vintage returns and corn crops are in some years higher than expected can yet convince me. I am not Joshua, nor Borah. I cannot stop the sun.

Can I bear more taxation? In the financial chaos just now prevailing (December 1925), when cabinet upon cabinet has fallen and will fall on successive plans of impossible action and still more impossible inaction, I, Jacques Bonhomme, still keep my head. You have not heard, yet, of one single bank-rush or collective tax-refusal. But, remember, there are forty million French men, women, and children. They pay, in 1925–26, forty thousand million francs in taxes only: that is, one thousand francs per head — more than 25 per cent of their average individual income. The American pays 11½ per cent, the Englishman 23 per cent, the Italian 19 per cent, the Belgian 17 per cent. (Cf. Henry Bérenger, *Le Matin*, October 14, 1925.) The German is inscrutable in his mist of figures. We have reached the top of taxation and are dangerously leaning over the ridge.

Do I shirk taxation? Yes. As much as I (and you) dare. But this is not much nowadays. The net is tightened, and what escapes would not materially alter the situation. I grant we might sell State monopolies. Perhaps we

ought to. I grant we might draw more from the peasant's distillation of alcohol. *But we are, like you, in the hands of the voter.*

Do I spend too much on my army, navy, colonies, little wars? The whole of my naval and military disbursements amounted in 1913 to eighty-seven dollars per head; in 1925 to sixty-eight. Imperialism? Do you prefer the Bedawin to rule in Syria, and Abd-el-Krim in Morocco? San Domingo, Cuba, Haiti, and other countries, are more easily and cheaply held under control. But we also have our burden and duties.

Am I getting rich? I told you about my State investments. The Stock Exchange list shows that the value of *all* French securities, calculated in dollars or gold francs, has fallen by more than 60 per cent since 1913. My exports are growing in value when you reckon them in paper francs, but dwindling in volume. A falling exchange always causes an apparent surplus of exports, a factitious soaring of foreign trade, a miserable prosperity, a prosperous misery. You know the story: more and more francs, less and less value. A snake was found the other day, dead in its cage. It had grown so fat — eating its own tail. Rich foreigners swarm over France, and bring us millions of dollars. True. Before the war those millions remained in the country, and, though invisible, they righted the balance in lean years. But we have, since the war, imported two million foreign laborers to replace our two million men killed and maimed, and they remit abroad as much as you spend in our hotels and shops.

Such is, then, my economic situation. Now, American friends, do not say your last word without considering most seriously my capacity of payment. You have done it for Germany.

The mention of Germany always crops up in my cogitations. How could it be otherwise? At the bottom of my mind this thought remains: 'Our common and former enemy does not pay me one tenth of what he has undertaken to pay. Why am I compelled to pay to my former allies so much more than I get from our former enemy? And if he defaults, what then?' This is a moral rather than a judicial way of looking at the problem. But if you want to know how I feel, there you have it in a nutshell.

You see, I understand the American taxpayer's point of view. But I wish he would understand mine. I do not discuss the profits you made on your own soil out of the money I borrowed from you, and whether or not you had got the spoils of victory before entering the conflict. It is enough for me that you loaned and came. I only want you, when you have decided in your mind how much I can pay, and how long, to surround my franc with the same precautions as you have surrounded the mark, and to provide for transfers in the same spirit. Otherwise all our arrangements will fall to the ground, sooner or later.

One word more. The economic situation of France, however serious, is perhaps less disturbing at the present moment than its moral and political state. For all its beauty, the spirit of Locarno is only a spirit hovering on the sea of events. Deep realities are still rolling their way under the surface.

I hear of a great progress toward the United States of Europe. My former allies have pushed me toward my former enemies, and I was not at all undisposed to go. But let us beware of premature constructions. If Europe coalesced to-morrow I should have to become more of a European and less of a world citizen. I am not sure that I like this prospect, or that the change would be for the good of those eternal causes of humanity on which you and I have founded our spiritual lives. The

United States of Europe? Will they develop on the same lines, for better or worse, as the United States of America? If not, what then? And where will the European majority lie? In Russia or in France? In the Balkans or in England?

I am an inveterate individualist. After all the compulsions, moral and physical, consequent upon a long war and a wretched peace, I badly want a spell of my beloved intellectual liberty. But the pressure of economic necessities and financial misery leads me the other way. As if the universal mechanization were not already unbearable, I see growing around me, on the débris of Europe, the enormous bulk of new social machinery of all sorts. At the same time, we are all losing faith in a form of parliamentary democracy that lends itself so easily to internal misgovernment and international maladjustment. So that I am sometimes afraid of what is taking place within my own conscience. The belief in force, numbers, automatism, is slowly permeating my outlook. The total disparition of middle classes, more calamitous in my country than in any other, would make that change of horizon almost inevitable. Since their funeral dirge began to sound, I hear of nothing but dictature, revolution, or revolutionary dictature. Last year a pack of place-hunters drove, in my own country, a President of the Republic from his high office. Last month still more decided elements did all but succeed in wrenching the helm from a distracted Parliament and establishing mob tyranny — in order, forsooth, to save our financial situation. In opposite quarters educated, disciplined, enthusiastic factions of well-to-do people are avowedly preparing the advent of an Armed Savior, financial and social.

In a highly prosperous country like yours, such regressions are unthinkable. Do not alienate, do not abandon, your spiritual fellow — Jacques Bonhomme.

THE PHILIPPINES: AN EXPERIMENT IN DEMOCRACY

BY RALSTON HAYDEN

On October 15, 1921, Major-General Leonard Wood took the oath of office as Governor-General of the Philippine Islands, and a new period in the history of America's great Oriental possession began. From the crowding events of the ensuing four years it is now possible to form some conception of the outstanding constitutional and political developments of this period. These developments cannot, as yet, be fully appraised, but their trend can be clearly perceived. Already they constitute an important chapter in the story of American colonial policy and in the epic of Philippine national development. They are of vital concern to Americans because they are essential incidents in the great rôle which the United States is playing as the Occident and the Orient are being forced into close contact in the area of the Pacific; and because they witness the travail by which a new nation whose destiny is linked with ours is being brought to birth.

In the Philippines the East and the West meet under conditions most favorable for mutual understanding and coöperation. In these beautiful tropical islands representative democracy has been accepted by almost 12,000,000 Malays and has been made the corner stone of the state which they are attempting to build. This is the cardinal fact in the political development of the Philippines, and in the relationship between the United States and the Filipino people. From the inception of this relationship the aspirations of the Filipino people have been for a self-governing, democratic commonwealth. Democracy, as well as independence, has been their goal. The political education they have received since 1898, whether through participation in actual government or in the national public-school system, has been designed to prepare them not only for self-government but for democratic self-government. The building of a Philippine nation under American auspices possesses significance to the world chiefly because it is the most promising attempt which has yet been made to adapt the institutions of representative democracy to the needs and desires of a subject Oriental people. It is, then, in their relation to the great project of building a democratic, self-governing state in the Philippines that the several periods through which the government of the Islands has passed since 1898, and especially the most recent one, should be understood by the people of the United States.

I

The Philippine policy of the United States may be divided into three periods with reference to the development of self-government in the Islands. The first began in 1899 with the cession of the Archipelago to the United States, and ended in 1913 when the control of the American government passed from the Republican to the Democratic Party. The second coincided with the Democratic tenure of power from 1913 to 1921. The third was inaugurated when President Harding appointed Major-General Leonard Wood as Governor-General. It may be regrettable that colonial policy should be dependent upon the vicissitudes of domestic party politics; but in a certain sense and within certain limits it has always been so determined in every country governed under the party system. It is quite true that partisanship should 'end at the water's edge' whether in colonial or in foreign policy. Party responsibility, however, cannot do so. Inasmuch as the two major American parties have always held widely divergent views as to the proper course for this country to follow in the Philippines, the Philippine policy of the United States has been party policy, and has undergone radical changes as one party has succeeded the other in power. Recognition of this fact will go a long way toward enabling Americans to understand what has happened in the Philippines since 1921.

During the first of the three periods a definite policy as to Philippine self-government was set forth and consistently carried out. There is no clearer authoritative statement of this policy than that made in 1908 by Mr. William Howard Taft, then Secretary of War, in a report to President Roosevelt. Secretary Taft declared: —

> Shortly stated, the national policy is to govern the Philippine Islands for the benefit and welfare and uplifting of the people of the Islands and gradually to extend to them, as they shall show themselves fit to exercise it, a greater and greater measure of popular self-government. What should be emphasized in the statement of our national policy is that we wish to prepare the

Filipinos for *popular* self-government. This is plain from Mr. McKinley's letter of instructions and all of his utterances. It was not at all within his purpose or that of the Congress which made his letter a part of the law of the land that we were merely to await the organization of a Philippine oligarchy or aristocracy competent to administer the government and then turn the Islands over to it. . . . Another logical deduction from the main proposition is that when the Filipino people as a whole show themselves reasonably fit to conduct a popular self-government, maintaining law and order and offering equal protection of the laws and civil rights to rich and poor, and desire complete independence of the United States, they shall be given it.

It is generally recognized in the United States and throughout the world that the administrative achievements of the first fourteen years of American sovereignty in the Philippines are unparalleled in the history of colonies. These accomplishments need not be recounted here. It should be recalled, however, that American administrators of this period had two definite objects in view: to discharge American responsibility to the Filipino people by giving them as good a government as possible; and to educate them for democratic self-government by allowing them to participate in government with Americans who would throw all possible responsibility upon them but at the same time hold them up to high standards of honesty and efficiency, accustom them to the methods of Western administration, and indoctrinate them with American political ideals. Throughout the period, despite a steady development of local autonomy, powers commensurate with this dual responsibility were retained in the hands of the American officials, Insular and provincial, of the government of the Philippines.

The policy which has been described was based upon the convictions that the Filipino people were, as yet, incapable of self-government, and that the United States was under obligation to give them a genuine opportunity to establish a stable, democratic state. From these propositions the controlling Filipino political leaders dissented. When defeated in the field they accepted as much self-government as they could obtain and coöperated with Americans in the modernization of their national life. At the same time they utilized the political powers which they were granted to obtain an ever greater control over their own affairs. Many of their measures bear a striking resemblance to those by which Anglo-Saxons have always resisted political authority imposed upon them without their consent. After the establishment of the elective Philippine Assembly in 1907 this body became the centre of Filipino opposition to American domination. The *Americanistas* who had been given places on the Philippine Commission were, perhaps, the most distinguished Filipinos of their day, but they did not control this intensely nationalistic chamber. Its outstanding leaders were men who used it to increase Philippine autonomy and as a forum from which to demand independence. For the last three years of the Republican régime in the Islands the Assembly refused to pass any appropriation bill that the Commission would accept, thereby placing the American and the Filipino elements in the Insular government in serious deadlock.

Whether any concessions that a Republican American government might have been willing to make to the Filipino demands for an immediate increase in power would then have allayed the rising tide of anti-American feeling and ensured the continued success of the general policy thus far followed is a matter of speculation. The

Democratic victory in the elections of 1912 took the Philippine problem out of Republican hands and put it in those of men who from the beginning had proposed a different solution.

II

The Democratic platform of 1900 declared that the party favored 'an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose to give the Filipinos, first, a stable form of government; second, independence; third, protection from outside interference, such as has been given for nearly a century to the Republics of Central and South America.' Nothing was said about the establishment in the Philippines of good government, of democratic institutions, of what President McKinley, in his instructions to the Philippine Commission, had called 'certain great principles of government which have been made the basis of our governmental system, which we deem essential to the rule of law and the maintenance of individual freedom.' The Philippines were to be given 'a stable form of government,' then independence and protection; and, as it was postulated that 'the Filipinos cannot be citizens without endangering our civilization,' the implication was that this form of government would not be democratic. Certainly it would not necessarily be democratic.

Mr. Bryan sought to make 'imperialism' the paramount issue in the campaign of 1900, and in the only national election which has ever in any sense turned upon Philippine policy his party was decisively defeated. The Republicans called their policy in the Philippines, thus accepted by the American electorate, a national policy, reaffirmed it in subsequent platforms, and put it into effect. The Democrats denounced this policy and restated their initial position, without substantial change, in their platforms of 1904, 1908, and 1912, and in 1916 they wrote it, without the guaranty of independence, into the preamble to the Jones Act, a new organic law for the Philippine Islands. This famous preamble declared that 'it is, as it always has been, the purpose of the people of the United States to withdraw their sovereignty over the Philippine Islands and to recognize their independence as soon as a stable government can be established therein.' As an historical statement of the national purpose as to the Philippines this declaration was erroneous in two particulars. During fourteen out of the seventeen years of American sovereignty over the Islands the Government of the United States had consistently declared that the ultimate granting of their independence would depend upon the establishment of a government which should be not only stable but also democratic, and upon the desire of the Filipino people for independence when such a government should have been established. Two of these prerequisites to independence were ignored in the preamble to the Jones Act. The statement made therein simply represents Democratic, as contrasted with Republican, policy. Between the two are differences which may be fateful both for the Philippines and for the United States. The preamble further declared that 'it is desirable to place in the hands of the people of the Philippines as large a control of their domestic affairs as can be given them without in the meantime impairing the exercise of the rights of sovereignty by the people of the United States,' and the bill proper provided for a government in which Filipinos should exercise greatly increased legislative powers.

The historical antecedents of the Jones Act, as well as all of the circumstances of its passage, warrant two

conclusions concerning its character: its preamble was narrowly partisan; the act itself, although some of its provisions were considered by Republicans as 'unwise and dangerous,' was in general harmony with the accepted national policy of progressively extending to the Filipinos the largest measure of self-government which they are able to use to their own advantage. The vitally significant fact in the subsequent history of the Philippines, however, is that the measure was actually applied wholly in the spirit of the preamble and not in accordance with the letter or the spirit of the law itself.

There can be little doubt that in enacting the Jones Act Congress intended to provide for the Philippines a government essentially similar in form to that with which Americans are familiar in their states, their nation, and, historically, in their Continental territories. Certainly the terms of the law describe a government preëminently of the American type, one based upon the doctrine of separation of executive, legislative, and judicial powers. The legislative branch of this government was given almost completely into Filipino hands, and the legislature was authorized to organize the executive departments as it saw fit. On the other hand, final American control over the executive branch was retained by investing the governor-general with all of the usual American executive powers, together with additional authority not given to any other chief executive in the American system. The new organic act not only greatly increased the powers of the governor-general, but it explicitly provided that the heads of executive departments should be appointed and removed by him, and that 'all executive functions of the government must be directly under the governor-general or within one of the executive departments under the supervision and control of the governor-general.' Neither the Jones Act itself nor the Congressional debates and hearings which preceded its passage afford the slightest warrant for the assumption that the powers thus granted to the chief executive were not to be exercised to the full and maintained in their entirety in the face of possible legislative encroachment. On the contrary, when Secretary of War Newton D. Baker forwarded the new law to Governor-General Francis Burton Harrison he informed the latter that the governor-general had been entrusted with unusually wide powers for the express purpose of preventing the Filipinos from obtaining more self-government than Congress had given them in the law itself, and urged him to permit no legislative encroachment upon those powers.

Between 1913 and 1916, however, Governor-General Harrison and President Wilson had proceeded in action much faster and farther than their party colleagues in Congress had progressed in thought. Construed and enforced in accordance with the ordinary rules of constitutional interpretation, the much heralded 'autonomy act' would have diminished rather than increased the amount of self-government actually enjoyed by the Filipinos when it was finally passed. From the outset the Wilson-Harrison policy was based upon the belief that the best and quickest, perhaps the only, way to teach the Filipinos self-government was to allow them to govern. In the execution of this policy the Filipinos were at once given a majority on the Philippine Commission, and hence complete control of the legislature; practically all of the Americans who had been the instruments of supervision and control over the Philippine government were replaced with Filipinos; and the Governor-General habitually — not always, but habitually — exercised the powers of his office

in accordance with the advice of the dominant Filipino leaders. Through this policy Mr. Harrison, long before the passage of the Jones Bill, had shifted the emphasis from good government to self-government; had transferred the responsibility for good government from American to Filipino shoulders; had discarded the means which his predecessors had considered indispensable for guaranteeing that the people of the Philippines should enjoy a reasonably good government of the American type while they were preparing for self-government. He had, in short, almost completely turned the government of the Philippines over to the Filipinos.

In these circumstances it is not altogether surprising that the government established under the Jones Law differed materially from that contemplated by the act. In it the principle of the separation of powers was discarded and the governor-general was reduced to the position of a figurehead, or of the titular chief of a parliamentary state. More than eighty statutes were passed by the Philippine legislature which curtailed or made impossible of exercise the powers vested in the governor-general by the organic act. Many of the acts in question placed final authority in administrative matters in the heads of departments, and the theory was advanced, and tacitly accepted, that these officials were responsible to the legislature and not to the governor-general.

The creation and development of the Council of State completed the establishment of this parliamentary system of government. For some time Mr. Harrison had regularly acted in governmental affairs upon the advice of Mr. Sergio Osmeña, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Mr. Manuel E. Quezon, President of the Senate. These two men completely controlled the dominant political party of the Islands and unquestionably were the popular leaders of their people. Neither of them held executive office, however, or was under any legal or official responsibility for political advice which he might give to the governor-general. Upon the suggestion of Mr. Osmeña their position was regularized by the creation of the Council of State, comprising the governor-general, the heads of the six executive departments, and the presiding officers of the two legislative chambers. Thus were brought to the council board officially and openly the two men who actually controlled the government, Messrs. Osmeña and Quezon. Theoretically the arrangement provided for the expression of the will of the Filipino people regarding the administration of their government through officials who, in their capacity of councilors to the American governor-general, were responsible to the legislature. Actually it put the executive power in the hands of the two men who were the absolute masters of the legislative branch of the government.

Thus, with the coöperation of an American governor-general and the approbation of an American president, the Philippines obtained practically complete autonomy under a system of government which had never been authorized or even dreamed of by the American Congress. The feat compels admiration for the political sagacity of the Filipinos who accomplished it. It made easily workable an organic act that contemplated a form of colonial government in which friction and ultimate deadlock have almost invariably developed. The powerful chief executive provided by the Jones Act is responsible to the American Government. The legislature is elected by and responsible to the Filipino people. Such a complete separation of

powers does not exist even in the United States, where a common responsibility to the American electorate and, ordinarily, a common political party bridge the constitutional gap between the president and Congress. In the Philippines there is no historical precedent for the doctrine of the separation of powers. Even during the previous years of the American régime, executive and legislative functions had been united in the hands of the Commission, upon which Filipinos had served. In an unwilling dependency in which a tremendous spirit of nationalism had been deliberately developed the abrupt establishment of such a juxtaposition of powers as that provided by the Jones Act could hardly have failed to produce trouble. The system of government built up between 1916 and 1921 solved the dual problem of executive-legislative and Filipino-American coöperation to the satisfaction of the Filipino leaders and of the American Government of that day.

In 1921 the report of the Wood-Forbes mission gave to the American public a fair estimate of the quality of the government thus established from the standpoint of honesty, efficiency, and probable stability. It remained for one of the two outstanding Filipino leaders to describe it from the standpoint of democracy. During 1921 Senator Quezon broke with Speaker Osmeña and established a new political party, chiefly to avoid the anticipated displeasure of the people in the approaching elections. In the political struggle which followed Mr. Quezon wrote to the Speaker as follows: —

> Since the government of the Philippines was established by the provisions of the Jones Law . . . it may be said that practically all measures which received your approval were transformed into laws, and no law could be approved without your consent. The department secretaries, individually and collectively, guided their course of action under your inspiration, and nothing against your opinion was ever performed by them. Recommendations on appointments made by the secretaries to the Governor-General were made upon your initiative, at least with your consent. Your veto in these cases was final and definite.
>
> Such practices put the executive and legislative powers of the government of the Philippines in the hands of two men. I say two because all this was allowed to go on with my knowledge and consent, or at least with my tolerance. Thus there was created without provision that would authorize it, and merely with our consent, not as legislators, but as members of the same party, a truly supreme authority over the Cabinet and the legislature.

And possession of the government carried with it means of perpetuating the power of the possessors. Of patronage, the *Nacionalista* party controlled the appointments, not only of executive and administrative officials in the central government, but of the judges of the courts of first instance and of all the justices of the peace throughout the Archipelago. It likewise named the provincial fiscals, or prosecuting attorneys, who long have been key men in Filipino politics. It dominated the government of every province and of every municipality. In one district this meant that the humble followers of a local rival of the organization senator repeatedly lost their carabaos, only to be laughed at when they appealed to the authorities for aid in recovering their indispensable work-animals. When they saw the light politically the depredations ceased and their stolen property was returned to them. The election machinery itself was almost everywhere in the hands of the *Nacionalista* organization, so that the president of the *Democrata* party declared, 'In the provinces election frauds were the rule rather than the exception.'

To these quite usual means of political control were added, during the last few years of the Harrison régime, the disposition of vast sums of money voted by the legislature for the development of the national bank, and the nationally owned railway, sugar centrals, cement plants, coal mines, and coconut-oil refineries. These public enterprises were put in the hands of a board of control upon which the governor-general could be outvoted by the president of the Senate and the speaker of the House of Representatives—Messrs. Quezon and Osmeña. In one year the Manila railroad, comprising some six hundred and fifty miles of track, issued eighty thousand annual family-passes to the political supporters of its president, Senator Quezon. The story of the Philippine National Bank is familiar to most Americans. Finally, in 1920, the legislature made an annually recurring appropriation of one million pesos to defray the expenses of the 'Independence Commission,' composed of all the members of the legislature. The expenditure of this fund was entrusted to the president of the Senate and the speaker of the House without the requirement of publicity as to the purposes for which the money was used.

In a tropical country of 11,500,000 population, in which the daily newspaper circulation was not more than 150,000, and in which the people had been accustomed from time immemorial to the absolute dominance of a small ruling class, the situation which has been described could hardly have been expected to result in *democratic* self-government. The plain facts are that between 1913 and 1921 'an oligarchy or aristocracy' was thoroughly entrenched in control of the government of the Philippines. For this result it would be exceedingly unjust to blame either the Filipino people or their leaders. No matter how much they may have desired a democracy, they did not possess the materials from which one could be created in less than a decade. Despite the great powers given over to them, they did not have final authority or final responsibility. In the actual conduct of the government Mr. Harrison occasionally asserted himself as Governor-General, usually at some unexpected moment, and upon such occasions was apt to have his way. The situation was artificial and abnormal, and both the Filipinos and their critics have attempted to prove entirely too much from it. Assuming, however, that the government of the Philippines was 'stable' in 1920, President Wilson's recommendation to Congress that the Islands be granted immediate independence was in perfect harmony with the traditional Philippine policy of the Democratic Party.

III

The appointment of Major-General Leonard Wood as Governor-General of the Philippines and his acceptance of the office were generally considered as evidence that the findings and the recommendations of the Wood-Forbes mission were approved, at least by the executive branch of the American government. Within less than a year, however, President Harding officially declared to the Filipino people: 'No backward step is contemplated, no diminution of your domestic control is to be sought.' Whatever Mr. Harding may have meant by this statement, his words were accepted at their face value by the Filipinos. The phrase gained a currency equal to that of 'the Philippines for the Filipinos,' of twenty years ago. Americans and Filipinos thoroughly acquainted with local conditions and residing in widely separated parts of the Islands have informed the

writer that this promise perceptibly eased the tension in Filipino-American relations which developed in their localities immediately after the appointment of Mr. Harrison's successor. As the policies of the Wood administration developed, accompanied by startling repercussions in Filipino politics, President Harding's declaration became one of the outstanding factors of the situation in the Islands.

Filipino opposition to the Wood administration, culminating in the resignation of the native members of the Council of State in July 1923, was based chiefly upon two grounds. It was asserted, first, that General Wood's policy violated President Harding's promise and resulted in a curtailment of the autonomy enjoyed under Governor-General Harrison; second, that the Governor-General's policy and many of his specific acts were tyrannical, arbitrary, illegal, subversive of the best interests of the country, or all four of these things. For real understanding of what has happened in the Philippines during the past four years it is absolutely necessary to differentiate between these two categories of criticism.

As to the first category, there cannot be the slightest doubt that 'backward steps' were taken, and that diminution of the 'domestic control' exercised by Filipinos in 1921 was sought and achieved. General Wood took the position that the organic act, which is, in effect, the constitution of the Islands, cannot be modified except by action of Congress itself in express language; that no act of commission or omission on the part of the governor-general or the president, working in conjunction with the Philippine legislature, can operate to change this fundamental law. In his inaugural address he declared that it was his purpose, so far as lay within his power, to conduct 'a government of the people by their representatives, *to the extent provided in the Jones Bill*' [author's italics]. In pursuance of this policy he consistently exercised the powers of his office after the manner of an American chief executive, and not in accordance with the previously accepted European theory of parliamentary government. In so doing he did reduce the autonomy which had been enjoyed by the Filipinos during the term of his predecessor in office. Prior to the break of July 1923, however, General Wood had not ignored or overridden any of the Philippine statutes limiting his authority as Governor-General. He considered them unconstitutional, and had recommended that if the Philippine legislature did not repeal them Congress should annul them. Meanwhile, he did the best that he could under the limitations which they imposed.

With reference to the second category an exactly opposite answer must be given. General Wood's attitude and acts were neither illegal, arbitrary, nor tyrannical. Indeed, one of the most striking features of the government of the Philippines between the inauguration of General Wood and the resignation of the Council of State was the coöperation between the Filipino members of the government and the chief executive. This coöperation resulted from two main causes. The first was the eagerness of General Wood to coöperate with the Filipino leaders in the manner contemplated by the law. Far from being overbearing or high-handed in his dealings with them, his course of action was so conciliatory that it was criticized as hopelessly weak by many local Americans, by most of the foreign colony in Manila, and by the Filipino opposition party. In so far as administration was concerned, it was the policy of the Governor-General never to enter any department for the purpose of

inspection or to intervene in its affairs. As chief executive he secured agreement in the Council of State upon the broad general policy of government and then called upon the department heads to carry it out, leaving to each complete autonomy, subject only to the broadest supervision in order to secure adherence to the general plan. During the entire period he did not appoint a single employee or official in any department or bureau without reference to the unit involved, and in practically all cases appointments were made upon the recommendation of the department secretary or bureau chief.

General Wood did not, of course, blindly approve all departmental recommendations. Where there was doubt in his mind he conferred with the secretary concerned and succeeded in getting the matter put into proper shape, or received an explanation which enabled him to carry out the recommendation. Needless to say, his influence was often decisive. It rested, however, upon a perfectly legitimate basis: that of the legal authority of his position, plus incessant industry, an intimate knowledge of the problems to be solved, wide administrative experience, sound, independent judgment, and strong character. Instead of sitting in Malacañang, the executive residence in Manila, or in the Mansion House at Baguio and receiving reports, the Governor-General went in person wherever the work of the government was being done. Shortly before the Filipino leaders broke with him Speaker Manuel Roxas declared to the writer: —

> The inspections which he has made all over the Islands have produced remarkable results in the improvement of the government service. The people and the officials feel that he knows what they are doing and that he has a personal interest in it. His approval is eagerly sought and his disapproval is a thing to be avoided.

Granting that the governor-general was to exercise any powers of supervision and control whatever, General Wood exercised them in an absolutely unexceptionable manner. In point of fact, the chief executive and the department heads worked together harmoniously to the end. The break which finally came was engineered by the legislative leaders, whose unconstitutional control over the executive branch of the government had been greatly reduced by the Wood policy. After the resignation of the Council of State the records of every branch of the government were combed for something that would indicate a lack of consideration or courtesy, or an infringement upon the rights and privileges of some Filipino official or body. No letter or endorsement was found which the Governor-General's opponents cared to publish.

The second explanation of the two years of coöperation which preceded the break between General Wood and the majority leaders is, perhaps, of greater practical significance. From the Filipino standpoint there was no immediate necessity for coming to grips with the new chief executive, because, in those larger matters of policy concerning which he and the Filipino leaders differed, they and not he were in control. General Wood sought to 'get the government out of business' by transferring the operation of the Manila Railroad to an American corporation expert in such enterprises; by closing up or changing the character of the Philippine National Bank; by selling or leasing the government sugar centrals on the best terms possible; and by terminating the other business enterprises undertaken by the State prior to 1921. He failed, in whole or in part, at every point of this programme. His hands were almost as effectually tied in other directions. After the election of 1922 he announced his

intention of giving the strengthened minority party some representation among the department secretaries and hence on the Council of State. The majority leaders objected on the ground that the heads of all departments should be selected from and responsible to the party enjoying a legislative majority. After a prolonged struggle their objection prevailed. It was well known that the Governor-General wished to replace the Filipino governor of the Mountain Province with an American, and to place either Americans or strong Filipinos in certain other key offices. It was also understood that the Senate would not confirm such appointments, and they were not made. In short, in 1923 the powers of the chief representative of American sovereignty in the Philippines were largely negative in character. He could prevent many abuses, but he could not put through any programme requiring the appointment of important officials, the appropriation of money, the control of the business enterprises of the government, or the passage of legislation, without the consent of the Philippine legislature, over which he had neither legal nor political control.

An examination of the actual relations between the Governor-General and the Filipino leaders between his inauguration and the resignation of the Council of State leads, then, to the conclusion that the real grievance of the men who dominated that body was not that General Wood used the powers of his office arbitrarily, or harshly, or even unwisely, but that he exercised them at all. The two parties held absolutely different conceptions of that office. If General Wood's conception were to prevail, the system of parliamentary government under which the Filipinos had gained virtual autonomy between 1913 and 1921 would disappear. If, on the other hand, the governor-generalship were to remain permanently what Mr. Harrison and the Filipinos had made it, the actual control of the American Government over the government of the Philippines would be reduced to something closely approaching zero; and, without the sanction of Congressional act, there would be permanently 'established in the Philippine Islands a situation which would leave the United States in a position of responsibility without authority.' This fundamental conflict was recognized by Secretary Weeks when he declared: 'The controversy with the legislative leaders and certain executive officers is at bottom a legal one.'

IV

More than once has the unexpected demise of a ruler altered the course of history and affected the fate of a people. When, within a month of the dramatic resignation of the Council of State in July 1923, death abruptly ended the presidency of Warren G. Harding, the Filipino leaders knew that they had lost their appeal from Malacañang to the White House. To President Harding they had appealed by cable on the day following their break with General Wood. They had been informed that the President could not be consulted until after his return from Alaska, and Fate had decreed that he could never be consulted upon the issue which they had raised.

The first official pronouncement of the Coolidge Government upon the situation in Manila came on October 11 in the form of 'an authoritative statement of the views of the administration' cabled to General Wood by Secretary Weeks, 'after personal conference with the President.' General Wood was declared not to have exceeded or misused the powers of his office, and it was stated that 'if the

legislature has enacted legislation violative of the provisions of the organic law, such legislation is to that extent null and void, and, in so far as it provides for encroachment on the authority of the Governor-General, is in no way binding on that official.' The delegation of legislative power by the Philippine legislature in violation of the principles of constitutional government was said not to effect a modification of the organic act, even though Congress had not annulled the statutes involved. The veto power of the governor-general was declared to be applicable to all legislation, whether local or otherwise.

Secretary Weeks's cablegram definitely stated the position of the American Government on the legal aspects of the controversy between General Wood and the Filipino majority leaders. On March 5, 1925, in reply to representations made to President Coolidge by the Philippine legislature and Filipino Commissioners in Washington, the President set forth at length the Philippine policy of his administration. This statement is, perhaps, the most important executive document with reference to the Philippines since the instructions issued by President McKinley to the Taft Commission in 1900. The communication undoubtedly sets forth principles of action which will not be deviated from lightly so long as the Republican Party remains in power.

Practically every sentence of President Coolidge's carefully prepared letter is an expression of the Philippine policy established by McKinley, Root, Roosevelt, and Taft, written into Republican platforms for a quarter of a century, and translated into deeds when the Republican Party has controlled the government. Every phase of that policy is there: a frank determination to brook no unlawful challenge of American sovereignty over the Islands; a recognition that a large and substantial element of the Filipino people regard the indefinite continuance of the American tie as a blessing; the intention not to leave the Philippines without having fully discharged America's obligations to the Filipino people and to civilization by giving to them an opportunity to establish themselves as a nation; the establishment in the Philippines of a permanently stable government based upon the fundamental ideas of the democratic-republican state; the support of worthy American officials in the Philippines, and the encouragement of Filipinos to coöperate with them; the extension of self-government to the Filipino people as rapidly as they are able to exercise it for their own good; the grant of independence if the Filipino people desire it when, in the opinion of the American Government, the Philippines are able to meet the responsibilities of an independent nation.

The President's statement as to independence was a direct quotation from the Philippine plank in the Republican platform of 1920. 'If the time ever comes,' the platform declared, 'when it is apparent that independence would be better for the people of the Philippines, from the point of view of their own domestic concerns and their status in the world, and if when that time comes the Filipino people desire complete independence, it is not possible to doubt that the American Government and people will gladly accord it.' To these words Mr. Coolidge added the sentence: 'Frankly, it is not felt that that time has come.'

Since the publication of President Coolidge's letter to Speaker Roxas, Governor-General Wood's legal and political position has been further strengthened by the disallowance of the million-peso independence fund as unconstitutional, and by strong presi-

dential support of the governor-general's authority to veto acts of the Philippine legislature of purely domestic concern. Thus the Harding and Coolidge administrations have done practically everything that the executive branch of the American government can do to substitute the sort of government provided for in the body of the Jones Act for that which was established in the Philippines during the preceding eight years, and to reapply the traditional Philippine policy of the Republican Party.

V

For the past four years, as during every other period of Philippine history, the unusual, the sensational, and the more obviously significant political events of the day have constituted nine tenths of the news received in the United States from its most distant possession. The continuous, fundamental processes of government and of the life of the people in the Philippines have been, as always, quite beyond the ken of the American public. Hence it is easy for Americans to miss the outstanding fact of the period: the steady development among the Filipino people of the capacity for democratic self-government. If Governor-General Wood has talked little of independence, he has labored ceaselessly and effectively to aid the Filipinos in laying the social, economic, and political foundations without which national independence can never become a reality. And if the protests of a few Filipinos against a restriction of Philippine autonomy have made discord and strife seem to be the outstanding characteristics of the period, the vast majority of the people, official and unofficial, have gone quietly about their business, confidently and steadily growing in those habits of thought and action which form the indispensable basis of the democratic state.

One notable result of the combined efforts of Americans and Filipinos during the past four years is a very great improvement in the administration of the government. Every year of good government has made the people of the Islands, especially those who are just coming into political power, a little more intolerant of bad government, a little less inclined to accept a government 'run like hell,' even though so run by Filipinos. Furthermore, administration, like most other human activities, is largely a matter of technique. Under the inspiration and guidance of General Wood, who is both a master technician and a great leader of men, the thousands of Filipinos who are actually carrying on the government of the Philippines are acquiring a technique in administration that eventually may compensate, in a measure, for the political inexperience of the masses of the people.

The efficiency and momentum of the governmental machine which has been built up in the Philippines and the political stability of the Filipino people have never been better shown than during the two and a half years since the crisis of 1923. Despite the withdrawal of the political heads of the several executive departments, and the repeated declarations of Senator Quezon that the Filipinos had ceased to coöperate with the Governor-General, the government proceeded harmoniously and efficiently. The undersecretaries of the departments, 'the real technical men of the government,' as acting-secretaries, automatically took the places of their resigning political chiefs. No administrative official resigned his office. There was no spontaneous popular outburst of resentment against the United States, although observers familiar with the Islands noted that in the less advanced

communities more anti-Wood feeling was stirred up than in the more educated and sophisticated centres. Local government, which is almost entirely in the hands of Filipinos, proceeded practically unaffected by the political storm at the apex of the official hierarchy.

Even more significant than the failure of Senator Quezon and his associates seriously to embarrass the Government were the developments that followed the support which Washington gave to the Governor-General. Upon the return of the all-party mission which had borne the protests of the Philippine legislature to the United States, the *Democrata* members of that body accused the *Nacionalista* leaders, Senator Quezon and Speaker Roxas, of having betrayed the cause of immediate independence at Washington, and of having misled the Filipino people as to the course which they had pursued at the American capital. The mission was also boldly criticized for having recklessly squandered the people's money, much of which had been raised by popular subscription, during their journey. Eventually it became evident to the general public that the attack of Messrs. Quezon and Roxas upon the Governor-General not only had failed to change his course or effect his removal, but had actually resulted in regularizing his position and confirming his powers.

The results of the immediately preceding events and of the developments of the entire Wood period were fairly reflected in the general election of June 1925. This appeal to the people confirmed the outstanding tendencies shown by the momentous election of 1922. In this latter year the Filipino people destroyed the fifteen-year political monopoly of the *Nacionalista* party and gave the formerly insignificant *Democratas* sufficient strength to make them an important factor in Philippine politics. In so doing they revealed the existence of an unsuspected amount of political independence and of a real public opinion in the Philippines. They also returned a significant proportion of liberal candidates to the lower house of the legislature and unmistakably approved the parties which stood for liberal and democratic principles of government. In both elections a large proportion of the qualified electors actually voted, and in many districts they cast their ballots with little regard for the instructions of their ancient economic and political bosses. As to the precise degree in which this happy result may be attributed to the presence in the background of a determined, impartial chief executive who everyone knew was ready to use the whole force of the government of the Philippines, and of the United States if necessary, to prevent or to punish serious infractions of the election law, opinions differ.

The most important result of the voting in 1925 was the continuance of the *Democrata* party as a strong, and probably permanent, party of opposition. In 1922 a number of *Democratas* won seats because the majority vote was temporarily split between the Quezon and the Osmeña wings of the party. In 1925, however, the old party was again united as the *Partido Nacionalista Consolidado*, and the election was a straight two-party battle. In this fight the *Democratas* lost some ten seats in the House of Representatives and gained three in the Senate. In a number of provinces the *Democratas* lost only by very narrow margins, the closeness of the votes indicating that in those districts their strength was almost equal to that of their victorious opponents.

The figures, moreover, do not tell the whole story of the *Democrata* rise

in influence. In both 1922 and 1925 this party carried the metropolitan districts of Manila and Cebu, the two largest cities in the Philippines, by safe majorities for both its local and its Insular tickets. In a number of other notable cases it was victorious in more advanced and better-educated districts where the common people are relatively free from coercion and other improper influence. There thus seem to be good grounds for believing that the *Democratas* are in the field to stay and that they are strong enough to perform the indispensable functions of an opposition party, or to take over the government should the majority group lose the confidence of the people.

Another important result of the elections was the rise in political power of new and vigorous national leaders, men whose success already gives hope for the termination of the monopoly of power so long held by Messrs. Quezon and Osmeña. Outstanding among these growing figures are Camilio Osias, Dr. José P. Laurel, and Speaker Manuel Roxas. In addition to these three outstanding figures, some thirty-five graduates of the University of the Philippines were returned to the House of Representatives, as well as numerous other young men whose formative years were passed under the influence of American institutions. It is interesting to observe that the adherence of the 'younger generation,' which is much talked of in the Philippines, has not been given to any one party or leader.

Since the elections, politics have pursued a comparatively placid course. But although there is now little open friction between the Governor-General and the legislature, neither Filipinos nor Americans are satisfied with the present situation. There is a gulf between the executive and the legislative departments which is not conducive to good government or to good feeling. Public statements made by President Coolidge and Governor-General Wood have indicated that the American Government has definitely decided upon a course of action intended to bridge that gulf. General Wood has declared that with Filipino coöperation, or with 'certain amendments,' the present organic act is adequate to carry out the administration's policy in the Islands. President Coolidge, in his letter to Speaker Roxas, earnestly appealed to the Filipinos to 'coöperate fully and effectively with the American Government and authorities,' in the manner contemplated by the law. At the same time he intimated that such coöperation would result in further concessions of self-government, and that its absence might cause the withdrawal of powers previously granted. In his annual message of December 8, 1925, the President declared: 'From such reports as reach me there are indications that more authority should be given to the governor-general, so that he will not be so dependent upon the local legislative body to render effective our efforts to set an example of the sound administration and good government which is so necessary for the preparation of the Philippine people for self-government under ultimate independence.' The Filipino leaders, therefore, are presented with the alternatives of genuinely coöperating to make the present organic law work as it was intended to, with the prospect of a future extension of local autonomy, or of having that law made workable by a decided increase in the power of the governor-general. Meanwhile the Filipinos are steadily growing to political maturity, and at no period of Philippine history has that growth among the people at large been more rapid or substantial than during the past four years.

THE AMERICAN THEATRE IN ENGLAND

BY NEIL FORBES GRANT

The English stage has always been one peculiarly susceptible to foreign influences. Whereas in France the drama has recoiled from every influence which was not classical, and whereas in Germany, greedy as the audiences are of foreign writers, the native dramatists have little connection with the outside world, English dramatists seem to find indispensable for the cultivation of their art the whip and spur of the outsider. We gave recognition to Ibsen, even if at first it was only the bark of abuse, and it is only now when England has absorbed all that was valuable in the Norwegian master that the Comédie Française is deigning to notice officially him and his works. Despite the fact that English playwrights and English dressmakers are probably as good as any in the world, we still persist in going abroad both for our plays and for our dresses. Despite our insularity, we are both curious and lazy. We wonder what the work of these other fellows really is worth, and it saves an infinite amount of trouble if we have ready for our inspection a really complete play — a play that has passed through the test of an actual production and been marked by the approval or disapproval of some particular audience — instead of a cold, formidable, lifeless thing lying stiff within the covers of a manuscript. And so, whatever may be the future of the immigrant and the alien manufactured article, the alien play will probably always find a welcome in London.

Of late years, however, the stream of Continental influences has declined in vigor. The great Ibsen invasion has waxed and waned, and there is little left to remind us of him except Mrs. Patrick Campbell and an occasional performance of some one of his masterpieces in London. Neither France nor Germany has anything to give us. We are not at all interested in Herr Ernst Toller and his propaganda messages, and M. de Curel leaves us respectful but cold. Vienna still sends us waltzes, but no plays. Čapek came and went and left merely a name, for his word 'Robot' has now passed into the English language. Sierra and Benavente serve to remind us merely that Spain has a modern drama. Only one modern European dramatist has really interested the English playgoer, and that is Pirandello. His visit has been too recent to judge of the impress he may succeed in making on English stagecraft, but that curiosity in regard to his metaphysical characters on the stage and his strange, uncomfortable analysis of personality has been aroused is undeniable. And curiosity in an Englishman often becomes submission. For all one knows we may all be Pirandellos in a few years' time, and exchanging a satisfying belief in the permanence of character for a delicious doubt as to whether character really exists at all.

But, Pirandello apart, dramatically speaking we are out of touch with Europe. Are we then thrown back on ourselves and exempt from alien interference? By no means, for the New

World has once again been brought in to redress the balance of the Old, and what Europe was to us yesterday America is to us to-day. Indeed, the growing influence of the American play, the American novel, and above all the American short story, raises many very interesting questions. The United States, seen through obstinate British eyes, has only in recent years emerged from the pioneer stage, and has existed for providing us with and buying from us material things, rather than as a reservoir of culture and as a community capable of dumping on us ideas. Recent exhibitions of Australian sculpture and Canadian paintings are reminding us that our own Dominions have souls as well as bodies, and that, having marched with the backwoods and the prairies, they are now engaged in exploring and cultivating their own minds. We have now been reconciled for some years to the impressive truth that Boston has an intelligentsia as well as Edinburgh, and that the desire to earn dollars is not the exclusive passion of the average American. These truths we meekly accept, but the sudden realization of the thought that the New World — Canada, Australia, South Africa, as well as the United States — may some day soon be flooding us with its art as well as with its foodstuffs raises a vision as staggering as that which confronted Balboa on his Darien peak. For centuries Europe has looked upon herself as the teacher of the New World. Has the lesson been taught, and has the stalwart pupil now started, on his return, to repay the benefit, and educate in his turn his former master?

Such speculations are for the future — perhaps, however, the not very distant future. But the influence of the United States on the British theatre is at this present moment a very evident fact. It is a moot point whether more American players and plays come to England or more British plays and players go to the United States, but certainly the growth in the importations from the other side of the Atlantic has been very noticeable in the last ten years. And the influence of America is the more marked because outside London, if we exclude Birmingham, the British theatre can scarcely be said to exist, whereas New York cannot claim to dictate the theatre policy of the United States. It is not unusual to find seven American plays or musical comedies running in London at the same time. Many explanations, apart from the common language, might be given. Indeed, the language bond can be exaggerated. Many American plays, with their rich slang, would be as unfamiliar to the average Englishman as a poem written in Hindustani, and nearly all British dramatists know how often their plays have to be practically rewritten before they are considered acceptable to Broadway.

To the British manager the great advantage of the American play is that it has been acted, and that it can be seen under the conditions necessary to its life — namely, before an audience who, good but practical souls, have paid for their seats and have had their powers of discrimination whetted accordingly. The average Briton, I fearfully suggest, is lazy, and the supreme example of that happy and not unattractive indolence is the British theatrical manager. To read a play is not only a weariness to the flesh but also a grim adventure into the unknown — an attempt to reconstruct, from a pale ghost, the flesh and blood, the charm and movement, of reality. Will it act? And — even more agonizing thought — will it pay? How much easier is it to accept a play which has actually emerged from the chrysalis script stage into the full life of the theatre; has made a New York gallery roar

and Chicago stalls melt. There is, of course, a gamble all the time — the risk (how often proved) that what pleases one side of the Atlantic may not please the other. But our lazy friend will face the risk rather than the trouble of visualizing a drama from the manuscript. Moreover he argues, probably rightly enough, that American and British audiences have much in common, more so than those of any other nations. A French play, to pass the British censor, has almost to be rewritten, and a German play is either too heavy or so frankly indecent that its production is out of the question. There remains New York, — the great try-out place for the English stage, — and so our lazy friend takes a ticket for the States and returns with a portmanteau packed with scripts and contracts.

There is another reason why the American play finds favor in this country — namely, its superior technique. That blessed word can be given a mysterious significance which it scarcely deserves. Technique simply means that the dramatist has mastered his business; that he can give to the movements of his characters that verisimilitude to life which is the test of the successful play; and that, having aroused the interest of the audience, he can hold it to the fall of the curtain. Now the Americans pay more attention to technique than we do. From the country school up to Professor Baker of Yale, eager people are at work teaching the theory and practice of stage technique. The result is that in all these 'crook' and mystery plays where the actual movements of the personages on the stage, their entrances and exits, are so much more important than the motives which inspire those movements, the American dramatist and producer excel. *The Bat* and *The Cat and the Canary* may not be high types of theatrical art, but within their limits they are exceedingly clever and efficient. The success of the film in America, with its concentration on what Mr. Vachel Lindsay calls 'speed and splendor,' is another instance of the skill of the American in appealing to the eye rather than to the ear, to the simple rather than to the complex, to the things which touch our emotions and do not agitate our minds. The result is that in that type of play America either has a monopoly or is simply copied (now being copied very strenuously and successfully) by British imitators.

If the influence of the American theatre in England were confined to such plays, we should be dealing merely with commercial and not with literary considerations. But the interesting feature of modern American theatrical enterprise in London is that it has traveled far from the 'crook' and 'vamp' thriller and that it is as daring and speculative in the realm of the mind as it is 'slick' in the mechanics of stage production. The literary influence of theatrical America in London is primarily the work of one man. Eugene O'Neill is the one American dramatist who enjoys a great reputation in England. Not only the critics and the highbrows, but a considerable portion of the theatregoing public, have seen and read his plays and rejoiced in that skill of his in probing what Mr. Ashley Dukes calls 'the motive of illusion — the study of that infinite capacity of self-deception which has been the despair of the moralist, the joy of the cynic, and the stumbling-block of the reformer.'

But Mr. O'Neill, though the most prominent, is only one of a number of American dramatists who are winning notice in England, because it is felt that they are breaking fresh ground and are even daring enough to seek a new mode of expression. They are

exploring the theatre as the pioneers explored the West. The distinguished authoress of *The Verge* has been hailed by some London critics as a genius, by others as a lunatic, but always with that respect or indignation which greets the efforts of those who are attempting something new. There is Mr. Richman, who in *Ambush* gave us Ibsen up to date—an attempt to solve a problem, which Sudermann and Pinero really shirked, by giving the brutal facts and sending us away depressed by the circumstances but exalted by the honesty of the play. There is Mr. Elmer Rice, who in *The Adding Machine* has made a new venture in expressionism and has sought to convey by a curious mixture of soliloquy and dialogue the subjective as well as the objective side of his characters. Or, to take one more instance, there is Mr. Stark Young, whose dramatic criticisms are well known on this side of the Atlantic and who had produced this year by the London Stage Society his play, *The Colonnade*. His drama, to our minds, was extraordinarily interesting, because we found him trying to give to his background the force of an actual character of the play, making that soft Southern environment almost as active and human as the characters who lived in it. The intellectual activity of many American playwrights, their daring, their curiosity, have made them a force in the modern theatre which cannot be ignored.

Now the American dramatist, who has higher ambitions than the mere 'crook' or 'vamp' play, enjoys, compared with his British confrère, two advantages. In the first place, the American theatre is not afraid of emotion. On the English stage, however, ever since it became respectable, ever since 'our best families' could look upon the stage as a not altogether ignominious and unprofitable profession for their sons and daughters, emotion has been considered 'not quite the thing.' The whole array of the highbrows, with their critics leading the van, is invariably out against it. An audience may laugh, but unless it be seated in the Lyceum or some other ancient haunt of melodrama it must not weep. Its mind may be edified, shocked, tickled, and above all puzzled, but on no account must its heart be touched. It seems to me the negation of the theatre altogether to sterilize those emotions which it is surely primarily designed to arouse. The American theatrical public, more impatient of the dictation of 'superior' people, has in that respect saved its theatre from the aridity and barrenness of a snobbish pose, and the American dramatist is thereby given a field which his British colleague can enter only with diffidence and indeed with actual fear. The emotional appeal behind most of Mr. O'Neill's plays, and behind, say, *Ambush*, is enormous—positively Elizabethan. 'Back to the Land!' is the cry of our politicians, and 'Back to the Emotions!' ought to be the cry of our theatrical pundits.

A second advantage possessed by the American dramatist is that he is able so often to discover a fresh, unsophisticated milieu for his plays. In these tiny islands the restricted dramatist finds himself with no new country to conquer. The Irish playwrights have pegged the last claim from Cork to Antrim, and the Scottish Barrie has squeezed the last teardrop out of the kailyard. As for England, we know Wessex as well as we know Mayfair, and Lancashire is as familiar as the street round the corner. But the United States is so rich in strange types, in sheltered communities, in instincts, prejudices, beliefs, and institutions quite unfamiliar to its theatregoers who live in great cities, that the dramatist can always break fresh ground.

A play like *Sun-Up*, for instance, which is now running in London, owes its success primarily to the fact that the dramatist is able to present before our eyes a community so secluded that, though an integral part of the United States, its members had not the slightest idea if and why their country had gone to war. Mr. O'Neill too owes much of his vogue to the skill with which he can portray to us the unfamiliar fascinating life of primitive New England and of the sea. The American dramatist can so often plough virgin soil; here in sophisticated England it is so hard to raise a good crop from these wearied and familiar acres.

Now, in the wake of the American plays which are coming to London, American players are also becoming familiar to our London audiences. To contrast American with English plays is a comparatively easy task; to contrast American with English players is a much harder one. It is extraordinarily difficult to analyze acting. For one thing, it is an exceedingly technical business; for another, in the long run one always comes up against the elusiveness of a personality which escapes dissection. Most dramatic critics — even men of such ability as the late Jules Lemaître, for example — practically give up criticisms of acting as hopeless, and concentrate almost entirely on the play.

To contrast American with English acting is, then, somewhat of a hazardous venture, for there is so much in common between the two schools that it is difficult to recognize the differences. But one difference, to begin with, is surely to be found in the tyranny — or, if you prefer it, the domination — which the star exercises in America. Over and over again I have seen a tendency, in plays where American stars have a controlling interest, to subordinate everything, even such things as clothes, to the glorification of the principal character. This tendency is the more noticeable, for there can be no denying the powers and the fascination exercised by those glories of the American stage firmament. Every star has a personality, but an American star, carrying the intense individualism of his race to a white-heat radiance, has almost a blinding effect. Who, for example, can forget the scholarly precision of John Barrymore getting the exact shade of meaning out of every adjective in the Hamlet soliloquies, or the keen intelligence with which Miss Doris Keane treats the sugary sentimentalities of *Romance*, or the way in which Miss Pauline Lord manipulates her hands, or the catch in the voice of Tom Douglas, or the exuberant kittenishness of Miss Peggy O'Neill, or the statuesque repose of Miss Lucille La Verne?

There they are, confident in the possession of at least one superior gift, and impatient of any absorption of that gift in any ensemble, however admirable. The chances are that the film, with its passion for stars, has heightened that tendency, with the result that not only is the part of the star heightened, but the star's particular gift is also fortified, leaving a durable but also disturbing impression on the memory. In England, on the other hand, the star is taking a smaller and smaller part in the average play, due to the absorption of the average dramatist in the theme rather than in the commercial possibilities of his play, and to the policy of managers in seeking to get a good company together rather than to subsidize expensive personalities.

A second difference between the two schools — and this second point in a way may contradict the first — is the keenness of the American school on teamwork. I cannot illustrate this difference better than by drawing

attention to the care with which an American production maintains the picture in each successive rise of the curtain at the termination of an act. There they all stand in the exact position demanded by the development of the play, artists determined to think rather of their art than of the applause of the audience. An English company, however, breaks up at once on the fall of the curtain; and when the curtain rises again, in response to the cheers, there they all are, bowing, scraping, laughing, nodding to one another or to the gallery. 'The show is over,' say those careless souls; 'now we can be ourselves.' The American is much more conscientious, more concerned with the picture, than his British colleague. Indeed, it is conscientiousness which is the most marked quality in all these American shows. There is no 'muddling through,' no amateurishness. A task has to be performed, and no one is at liberty until the audience has left and the lights are out.

A third point is that the average English actor speaks better than the average American. I had noted this point many years ago, but had always attributed my preference for English elocution to the unfamiliarity of my ear with the American accent. But I am told by American friends that they have noticed the same point. On the other hand, there is no mistaking the superiority of the American gesture. An American player can use his hands and his limbs in a way unknown to the average Briton. At the production of Mr. Somerset Maugham's *Rain* in London there were some American actors in the cast, and I was amazed at the grace of their movements compared with the clumsiness of the average English player. Probably the explanation lies in the concentration of English schools of acting on elocution rather than on movement. Often at rehearsals in London I have seen old actors who had learned their job in the provinces literally manipulating the legs of some ingénue, in the manner of some surgeon fixing a dislocated bone. 'Now, dearie, don't stand like that — like this, please,' and so on. The girl, able to articulate clearly, had no control over her limbs. But, whatever the reason, there is no denying the superiority of the American in this respect.

I might mention some other differences, though in regard to them I do not care to be dogmatic. I think there is more poetry in English acting than in American. Barrymore's Hamlet was the scholar rather than the poet, and I have never seen any American player capable of the whimsical offhand grace of a Fay Compton or a Gerald Du Maurier. And I consider the average character actor in England is better than the average American, and there I believe Broadway is inclined to be with me.

However, I think I have said enough to show that the American stage is now a direct, potent, and beneficial influence in London. Technically it has always been good, intellectually it is making its voice heard more and more, and many of its artists are now entitled to call themselves London favorites. And London does not take everybody to its bosom.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

FROM AN INSTRUCTOR'S DIARY

An interesting evening has it been. I had just settled down to an hour or two with Chaucer when my Cynical Sophomore dropped in with a theme called 'Why Is God?' and wished me to read it and talk with him. I laid aside my book and began the reading.

It was the usual cry of the groping, unfolding mind to infinite things — a cry that fears there is no answering voice and calls with a cynicism born of desperation. He proved — oh, quite logically — that we are all 'conscious mechanisms of a Master Mechanic,' born with unequal endowments and capabilities through no fault of our own, moulded in youth by circumstances beyond our control, and possessed of a very limited scope for conscious improvement. 'A man can judge good and evil only as he knows good and evil. An individual's point of view is beyond the control of that individual.' Therefore a man cannot be free to live, to accomplish truly great things, because of an error in his judgment of true greatness, born in him and made a part of him through no wish or fault of his own. He is the puppet of his own mechanism, which in turn is the product of chance and circumstance.

Ergo, why is God?

While I read, he slouched in my battered other armchair, reserved for evening visitors, his nervous hands rumpling his hair, his restless eyes glancing at me keenly from time to time to see how I was taking it. About nineteen, I should say. A thoroughbred; a bundle of incipient intelligence and advanced emotion, head-shy and proud.

'Well,' I said when I had finished the reading, 'let's consider your case as proven. What's the answer?'

He looked at me defiantly.

'I don't know. Do you?'

He reddened at his abruptness.

'I'm sorry, sir, I —'

'Accepting your premises, the answer seems quite obvious. Life is n't worth living. Trouble is, no matter how we lay down the logic and law to ourselves, a sunny day or a good laugh comes along and throws out that answer. Do you believe life is worth living?'

'Yes — I guess so.' Slowly, reluctantly.

'Then you've missed a point somewhere, don't you think? If you believe all this' — pointing to the paper — 'and think that that is all there is to it, you could n't think much of life, could you?'

'No, sir, I suppose not. But — but — what *is* the answer, then? What's it all about — all this shouting about religion, and morals, and ideals, and — and — keeping clean, and' — he flushed hotly — 'trying not to do the things you feel sometimes like doing, and trying always to do the things you practically never feel like doing, and — and — oh, everything? I —'

He made a helpless gesture with his nervous hands and sank deeper into his chair, silent.

I said nothing, but offered him a smoke and took one myself. There was silence while we both lighted our cigarettes and inhaled slowly and gratefully the first relieving puff of blue

smoke, eyeing each other steadily the whole time.

After the second puff I answered, picking my words carefully.

'*The* answer I don't know. I have *my* answer, and it serves me well enough, but it won't do you any good, and I'm not going to give it to you. You've got to dig yours out for yourself. Secondhand answers to such questions invariably wear out or are outgrown. You've got to get yours' — I paused to put my ash in the tray — 'in the same way I got mine; and you're beginning to look for it.'

I tapped the paper.

'You don't really put much stock in this for an answer, do you? It does n't fit the facts, you see — the facts of life. You've left out entirely the joys, the dreams and aspirations that men of all kinds, good and bad, have. Dreams may not be facts, but the dreaming is. Hope is; though perhaps never the realization. You can't be contented with this answer, can you?' Again I tapped the paper.

He fidgeted in his seat. 'No, I suppose not, but —'

'Don't let's go beyond that "but" to-night. Take it slowly. Just check this answer as one of the things that fail to fill the requirements, and keep looking; and don't worry overmuch about settling the matter this week.'

He looked at his watch and rose hastily, grinding out the fire of his cigarette in the ash tray on the chair arm.

'I've got a chorus rehearsal in five minutes, sir. Got to be going.'

'All right. Glad you came around. Drop in again when you have found something that sounds good, and we'll thrash it out.' I rose as he moved toward the door.

'Yes, sir, I will. And — ' He hesitated. 'About my mark?'

'Oh!' I looked at the paper blankly. How does one mark a groping for the realities with A, B, or C? I sparred for time. 'It will be all right; yes. A good paper.'

'Thank you, sir. Good-night.'

He clattered down the stairs, the door slammed, and his whistle sounded in the street below.

I glanced through the paper again. The mechanics of the thing were bad. Spelling rather original in spots. Blast the mechanics! I put an A opposite his name in my red-tape book, and also a symbol of my invention that means 'If he does n't come back in two weeks, look him up for dinner.'

I turned again to my Chaucer; but he, dead and 'nayled in his cheste' long since, could not compete with the picture of the Cynical Sophomore, appareled in the bright colors of youth, beginning his pilgrimage to some doubtful, unknown shrine far down the years — and I closed the book.

WHAT IS A POET, ANYHOW?

THE question arises because of the overabundance. There is, next door to each of us, a lady who, being well placed in life, well fed, well groomed, and well beloved, must add to these comfortable adjectives the embarrassing noun of 'poet.' There are hundreds like her, who apparently do not realize what an uncomfortable noun it is — always necessitating explanations or blushes at one's effrontery to the gods.

You and I, filled with awe before the muse, may venture that these ladies who are not so filled are not poets, but we will, in conspicuous cases, be proved mistaken. Many eventually write stuff that 'comes off.' So do unprepossessing individuals we had suspected of posing in order to cover their lack of the lady-next-door's amiable characteristics.

Now a poet is obviously a maker of poetry, and little else can be said. But

poetry has not been adequately defined. There is no common yardstick. Because of a tendency to look back to large figures as examples, the term 'poet' carries connotations of remoteness and excellence. This makes it awkward to deal with poets in the flesh, though they, poor souls, must live, go about, and learn their art in the flesh.

We are caught in a dilemma of words. Who with any respect for poetry is not amused or disgusted with writers of indifferent verse who call themselves poets or ask friends to do it for them? There are now hundreds, thousands of these. Every college has its group; every city, suburb, and nearly every small town. Poetry societies contain so much mediocrity that many people join them only for diplomatic reasons or to make fun of the meetings.

It has even become necessary when speaking of a poet of parts to call him 'a real poet,' a 'recognized poet,' and so forth. This is ludicrous. Taste demands greater modesty or more careful definition. Yet the difficulties in the matter of modesty almost justify the terrible ubiquity of 'poets.'

First, poetry is a commodity. Take for instance *Poetry*, the oldest magazine of verse. It has bought and published the work of some thousand writers. It rejects the work of twice that many every month. It needs a name for the goods in which it deals and another for the producer of those goods — even when the deal is a rejection. The same is true of scores of younger poetry-magazines and of every publication that prints verse. Both parties to the transaction must have terms designating producer and wares.

And what word can be used of any object, without insult or ridicule, except the name of the thing for which it is intended? 'Columnist' is limited to writers of newspaper verse, 'writer' is too general, 'contributor' does not always apply. To call anything verse that is not intended for prose is hardly more accurate than to call it poetry. Verse is the very stuff of poetry, and to achieve it, as distinguished from doggerel or prose, is half the battle. But even were the term 'verse' agreed on, there would still be no name for its producers. 'Verse-writers' is long and unphonetic; 'versifiers' is ridiculous. 'Rhymers' lays emphasis on a matter often absent. 'Would-be poets,' 'self-styled' poets, are epithets used only by those who love their enemies enough to want more.

Limitations of language make it necessary to take the halo off the word 'poet' and put it to work with such self-respecting words as 'doctor,' 'lawyer,' 'plumber' — terms designating occupations, not excellence. 'Doctor' has historic dignity, but is used for both able and poor doctors, even for those who are not practising, having, let us say, killed all their patients. 'Poet' may be used as logically for the bard who has killed his readers.

But the professions and trades have the safeguard of defined formal qualifications, and there is no way of standardizing the education of a poet. The Meistersingers were admitted to the guild by examination, but that would be too artificial now. Neither is length of apprenticeship a criterion. Individual variation is too great. For a time it is enough for a student-poet to say he is 'trying to write,' but after he has started to publish he needs a noun to stand for himself in this endeavor. Nor does publication signify ripe ability. Emily Dickinson did not publish at all during her lifetime, though she tried once to place work in the *Atlantic Monthly* and was, in all kindness, discouraged. On the other hand much is published which signifies little except that the writer is sufficiently interested

in his work to seek the advantages of an audience, and to persevere until he succeeds — somewhere.

Here indeed is a point: writing for publication is the embryo poet's chief means of educating himself. When his work stands in type beside other men's, he may, if ever, see it somewhat as others do. Also he needs the comments from editors and readers. He must be a poet in the commercial sense to become a poet in the artistic sense. A writer, as Oscar Wilde said in speaking of George Moore, conducts his education in public. It is hard on the public and harder on writers, but ninety-nine out of a hundred will not develop any other way. Writing in secret is dangerously clandestine conduct. Man is social and garrulous — or he loses perspective. Nor are personal friends to be trusted for literary perspective.

In conducting his very public education — through publishing and talking to others in his craft — how can the man who seeks to know and overcome his poetic limitations manage at all without referring to himself as poet? He cannot call himself by an epithet. Seriousness is needed for his development. A student once handed Mary Augusta Jordan some manuscripts entitled 'Rhymes and Verses,' and that justly famous teacher said, 'Don't disparage your work. Take it seriously. Call it poetry, and write poetry.'

A belittled soul cannot be expected to stretch to the high magic.

So, within the brotherhood, a poet is known not by his work but by his intention, and it is permissible to miss the paradox in the statement, 'His poetry is very bad.'

But on one point let us be firm: a poet is a poet only among poets and in literary transactions. Let it forever be bad form to introduce a human being as a poet when he should be introduced as a friend. In honoring a poet we too often insult a man. Likely enough he can earn his own dinner, though possibly not by his pen. Likely enough he has friends who can share it with him without treating him as a biological curiosity or a paid entertainer. A poet should be off duty at a party. When this is not the expectation the engagement should be frankly professional and remunerated. One does not invite the doctor to dinner to diagnose the guests' rashes.

Neither should a poet be expected to contribute gratuitous entertainment, even for clubs and causes, or to contribute to magazines that cannot pay him because they lack the circulation which alone might make them worth his while. There is room for club, magazine, or newspaper column that is a practice-laboratory for poets who can command no other audience — but in this case it is the poet who comes seeking. The other merely announces its policies.

As a final hint: most poets have another calling with which to confront the census man. Poetic activity can be treated as a private hobby and revealed only by chance or to others of like hobby. There is no excuse for flaunting the poetic ego in society. And if only among poets the poet walks revealed, surely he may make no bones about it.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

From three sources — from far-and-wide travels in the East, from an intimate friendship with Colonel Lawrence of Arabia, and from his reading of the latter's rare book, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* — **Edmund Candler** has drawn the materials of a fascinating record. Colonel Lawrence — now at his own wish a private in the Royal Air Force — is an Irishman of that line of Lawrences who saved India for the Empire in the days of the Mutiny. About him more mythology has gathered than about any man of our times. Through a friend's eyes we see the slim young genius as scholar, soldier, and visionary laboring in the cause of the Empire and the freedom of the Arabian tribes. ¶Penetrating as ever, **Agnes Repplier** has questioned the value of the recent Americanism, 'our moral support,' which, so often on the lips of publicists, at once betrays our hypocrisy and angers our friends. ¶English poet and missionary, chaplain to the South African Forces in France, **Robert Keable** in 1920 resigned his orders, turned schoolmaster, and wrote a first and highly successful novel. Recently Mr. Keable was invalided to California. ¶Professor of English at Johns Hopkins University, **George Boas** has taught for ten years and learned for thirty-three. His advice has a crisp and salty flavor. ¶Former times had not been dimmed when **Amy Lowell** wrote these present verses, nor shall the remembrance of her vivid art and personality soon fade from our minds.

* * *

By day **Manuel Komroff** is in charge of the design and manufacture of Boni and Liveright's publications; by night and holiday he is the writer of short stories which have won him recognition here and in England. **Frederick J. E. Woodbridge** is Dean of the Faculties of Arts, Science, and Philosophy at Columbia, and editor of the *Journal of Philosophy*. ¶If, as the Frenchman said, 'the world is small but Chicago is enormous,' then **Mrs. Louise de Koven Bowen** has enjoyed a wider experience than most. The third generation of a settler's family and now a grandmother, Mrs. Bowen has grown up with her beloved city. Of all its ways she prizes best those simple days before and after the fire. **Harvey Wickham**, a traveling essayist last heard from in Rome, was a young friend and schoolmate of Stephen Crane's. **E. Barrington**, whose kinship — identity, rather — with L. Adams Beck has finally been disclosed, is a versatile writer who for a decade has been sending us manuscripts delightfully characteristic of her many-colored mind. ¶For nearly a score of years **Fannie Stearns Gifford** has charmed our audience with her graceful verse as with her sprightly essays.

* * *

Editor and author whose chief concern is with the world of business, **Arthur Pound** is preparing for us a series of papers on modern enterprise and industry. His last article, 'The Land of Dignified Credit,' a survey of the present proportions of the Installment Plan, was printed in the February *Atlantic*. ¶Professor of English at the University of Kansas, **Margaret Lynn**, on a leave of absence, is just finishing a book composed as she roved over the moors and along the coast of England. **Reverend Bernard Iddings Bell** is President of Saint Stephen's College, Annandale-on-Hudson. ¶Editor of the *Nation*, a journalist and historian of large experience, **Oswald Garrison Villard** has accepted our invitation to do some plain speaking on a public outrage.

* * *

Retired from a long and important career in the diplomatic service, **Abel Chevalley** was at one time head of the American section of the Foreign Office and later Minister to Norway for France. M. Chevalley is now mayor of Vouvray and proprietor of a famous vineyard on the Loire. Both qualifications propose him as a man likely to

represent the broad and particular views of a thoughtful Frenchman. **Ralston Hayden** is Professor of Political Science at the University of Michigan. Eighteen months' residence and journeying in the Philippines as an exchange professor enabled Dr. Hayden to gather some sound observations and conclusions. ¶Formerly foreign editor of the *Morning Post*, **Neil Forbes Grant** is an English dramatist, one of whose plays has been scheduled for an early New York production.

* * *

We are glad to present this kind and candid letter to our forum. The Italian situation to-day, with its suppression and propaganda, presents many difficulties to an inquiring editor. We regard Mr. Murphy's paper as one-sided in that it does not picture the very great benefits which the nation has derived from Mussolini's rule, but valuable in that it affords a corrective for what it is fair to call Italian propaganda. After all, a government which suppresses by force all criticism, both public and private, can hardly be permanent.

VILLA SENNI, ROME

EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC

DEAR SIR: —

Apart from my own copy of the *Atlantic Monthly* (I am an old reader), two others have been sent to me from New York with the article of James Murphy on 'Italian Tyranny,' one marked 'preposterous' and the other decorated simply with exclamation points. It really merits them; one hardly knows which part of the article is most deserving of ridicule — the account of the 'march on Rome,' or the 'Cheka,' or 'the court party.'

Anyone living in Italy under this 'tyranny' can smile, but it is rather hard upon American readers of such an intelligent review as the *Atlantic* to have such bosh served to them. I am not a Fascista. I have a strong dislike for many of its leaders and for the fire-eating eloquence of Farinassi, the secretary (or chairman) of the party, and a certain theoretical distaste for censorship and press restrictions, although practically many of these measures have done much good. But no one who loves Italy and has lived here all these momentous years can have anything but intense gratitude to Mussolini and to all the new and better spirit in Fascism which has set us free from the tyranny of 'parliamentarism.'

Why does the *Atlantic Monthly*, before giving such an article an honored place, not ask itself the question, 'Why has the opposition to Mussolini's government never succeeded in rallying to itself any measure of public support?' It started with plenty of means, — most of the great political names and all the widely diffused newspapers at its disposal, — but never once won the response and help of *public opinion*, and for that reason has disintegrated into tiny quarreling factions, although Mr. Murphy would probably think it had been throttled by the 'Cheka'!

To the thousands of plain people like us, who belong to no political party and ask only for order and peace and freedom from molestation in our daily lives, Fascism has brought this, and we feel ourselves infinitely freer than in the days of our 'Liberal' governments, when strikes followed each other in bewildering rapidity, and there was no such thing as *liberty* in daily life. We pay terrific taxes, but we do so gladly to a government which thinks of Italy and not of its own profit, and which has set an example of good management in reducing its staff, balancing its budget, and making taxation fall equitably upon the shoulders which can support it. There is a new breath in government offices; a man who was lately at a luncheon with some of the Cabinet ministers told me that one really noticed a difference in their talk — more of the country and less of the party. Anyone who has occasion to go to government offices or public officials notices this new atmosphere — the greater alertness, rigor, and *honesty*. One can no longer give bribes where one could four years ago.

No 'terror' could do this; it is the sane instinct of a strong and healthy race which has at last been saved from the lingering death of political corruption and incompetence to which its 'Liberal' and 'Parliamentary' governments were forcing it. Mussolini's personal examples of patriotism, disinterestedness, high-mindedness, and honesty have infused a new blood into all the members of the body politic.

There are, of course, thousands of enemies: politicians out of a job, discharged employees, people of a bound and rigid mentality to whom 'revolution' is anathema — and this *is* a revolution. But no one who lives among the people, in town and in the country, and travels up and down the land, has anything in his heart but gratitude and rejoicing for the new order.

That Mr. Murphy's personal experience has rendered him acid and embittered is more than evident from his article, but it is scarcely 'playing the game' to give it as a true picture of Italy to-day.

Yours truly,

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER

Here is startling proof that Mr. Anderson's account of our 'gentlemanly cracksmen' was true to form.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

EDITOR, THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEAR SIR: —

Upon reading 'Tramping with Yeggs,' in the December *Atlantic*, I called it to the attention of several citizens. None remembered having seen any tramps with the keen, peering eyes of a railway engineer, but only those of the blear-eyed variety.

However, yesterday there occurred a robbery which makes me think that Mr. Anderson is right, after all, and that even now this species of gentlemanly cracksman is making its last stand in the wilds of Arkansas, just as he intimates.

The incident was this: At four o'clock in the morning five yeggs surrounded a bank in a little inland town, blew the safe, and fled with the loot. In addition to the fact that this was taken to a hiding-place which, so far, neither dog nor man has been able to trace, all particulars correspond in every important point to the details given by Mr. Anderson.

1. The noise of the explosion aroused the whole town (with the exception of a deaf old couple), just as Mr. Anderson said would be the infallible result.

2. The robbers held off the burghers with volley after volley of shot, until the cracksman appeared with the booty. However, he carried this, not in a 'keister,' or satchel, as he should have, but in an old bran-sack.

3. In spite of the fearful fusillade, not a single yokel was shot. Here again the robbery ran true to form, because these robbers either must have been of the gentle nature of Mr. Anderson's tramps, or they must have been using the sawed-off rifles instead of the full-length ones, which would naturally impair their marksmanship.

4. In the absence of freights, the get-away was made in an old Ford. Note the absence of a high-powered car, which would stamp the cracksmen as belonging to the new school of younger men, who care only for science and speed.

One of the robbers now languishes in the local jail, and I intend to suggest to the sheriff that he at once ascertain whether or not the prisoner is a 'tramp kid,' and if so to treat him with all respect, lest his bastile be blown up some night by the enraged master tramps.

PAUL H. MILLAR

* * *

We, and not Mr. Chew, must stand corrected for this misinterpretation. Mr. Chew's diagnosis — as that of S. P. L.'s hospital steward — is applicable to one of agriculture's ailments, but cannot, of course, cure the whole disease.

EVANSTON, ILL.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In your November Column you state that you are sympathetic with Arthur Chew's article, 'Our Embattled Farmers,' and you observe editorially that 'Mr. Chew has diagnosed the trouble.' When you say that, I believe you take a position not in accord with that of the farm economists of the country, and not supported by the findings of such authoritative research bodies as the National Industrial Conference Board. I should like to point out two or three things that may lead you to recognize that there are some important factors in the existing agricultural situation which Mr. Chew failed to take into account.

Can we agree that the central thought which Mr. Chew inter ded to leave with your readers is that, while farmers *think* the trouble is that prices of their products are too low, in *reality* the difficulty is that the prices of their farms are too high?

The first point I want to make is that the number of farmers whose annual balance is materially altered by the increase in land values that took place during the war and early post-war inflation is relatively small. Very few young men have been embarking in the farm business in recent years; an overwhelming majority of operators who hold title to their land were farming in pre-war years. Obviously the increase in land capitalization has not affected them except through taxation.

With the Iowa tenant farmers, approximately nine tenths of the rent contracts are payable in shares. The share farmer does not have to pay a larger share of his crop when its price is down than he does when it is high. Neither has there been any appreciable increase of the landlord's share of crop rent during the period fixed by Mr. Chew's comparison between Iowa and North Dakota.

The reason why the centre of farm depression shifted from the wheat states to Iowa is simple. In 1924 there was a world crop failure of such extent that wheat not only in the United States but elsewhere had approximately its pre-war purchasing power — and North Dakota had a good crop. Prices for hogs and beef cattle did not show a similar trend, and while the corn price was fairly good, the yield was poor. In 1925, wheat again benefited from an accidental combination of circumstances, while the price of corn, due to excess production, has been far below production costs. It was the favorable price relationship of wheat in 1924 and 1925 that stilled the voice of discontent in North Dakota

to a greater degree than was the case in Iowa.

Every student of the farm situation recognizes that the overcapitalization of land is one factor that has figured in the post-war depression, but not the chief factor.

The National Industrial Conference Board in an earlier study, covering the period 1920 to 1923 inclusive, says that the farm products had during those years an exchange value or purchasing power only 53 per cent as large as they had in pre-war years. Land capitalization had nothing whatever to do with that. Secretary Jardine in his report to the President on December 8, 1925, stresses that the exchange value or purchasing power of farm products was still only 87 per cent of pre-war, notwithstanding the favorable but accidental improvement in wheat prices. Land capitalization had nothing to do with that.

Is agriculture overcapitalized? Read this paragraph from the January, 1925, *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, p. 27: —

'During the past quarter of a century our national wealth, as estimated by the Bureau of the Census, increased from 88.5 billion dollars in 1900 to 186.3 billion in 1912, and to 320.8 billion in 1922 (December 31). In these intervals the value of all agricultural property increased from 22.1 billion dollars in 1900 to 49.8 billion in 1912, and to 64.3 billion in 1922. Expressed as percentages of total national wealth these estimates for agriculture are respectively 25 per cent, 26.7 per cent, and 20 per cent. The decline in the relative position of agriculture from 26.7 per cent of the total wealth in 1912 to 20 per cent in 1922 is due almost entirely to the deflation in the values of agricultural real estate and equipment.'

Mr. Chew's article would be all right as dealing with one phase of the agricultural situation, if it appeared in connection with others that would round out the picture as a whole. As a 'diagnosis' of *the* farm situation, it is far worse that nothing at all.

CHESTER C. DAVIS

SHIRLEY CENTER, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the Contributors' Column of the November *Atlantic*, commenting on Mr. Arthur P. Chew's 'Our Embattled Farmers,' you say, among other things, 'Mr. Chew has diagnosed the trouble which has at times caused our most conservative farmers to see and be "red."'

This explanation of Mr. Chew's article reminds me, for reasons I will not attempt to define, of the diagnosis a colored hospital-steward made on a soldier of my company, at a remote station in Luzon, in the early Philippine days.

This soldier had been run down and trampled by a thirst-crazed carabao. His body was covered with contusions; he complained of pains in the chest and groin; and he had one superficial cut of considerable length on the top of his head.

The steward 'examined' the injured man for at least an hour, consulting from time to time his little medical manual, and then reported about in these words: —

'Sir Captain, that man Jones is certainly mighty poorly. Ah looked him up and down and crisscross ways. Ah ain't sure just what all 's the matter with him, but Ah knows he 's got a awful bad headache, and Ah think Ah 'll give him what this yer manual says is good for that.'

S. P. L.

* * *

Who will say that adventure calls for more courage than to be 'shut-in'?

CLEVELAND, OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

An anonymous article entitled 'Good-Night, All,' which appeared in the November issue of the *Atlantic*, was of great interest and help to me.

Eight years ago, after an attack of influenza, I developed a spinal difficulty from which I have suffered ever since. This particular kind of spinal trouble is of a slowly progressive nature. At first only some difficulty in walking was noticed. I still was able to get about and take part in the activities of life. I am very social by nature, and greatly enjoy the companionship of people. I also delight in being out of doors, and in taking part with the rest of the world in all that life has to offer.

At the present time I am cut off from all of these pleasures. As the disease has progressed, one activity after another has had to be given up. At the present time I cannot walk, and my sight is badly affected. I can get about somewhat in a wheel-chair, but I no longer see to read or write. I have seen many doctors, including specialists in nerve troubles; but they can hold out no hope for recovery. As I understand it, this disease does not of itself kill, but slowly cripples and destroys; and in time complete helplessness may come.

Now how can one best meet a situation like this? I shall venture to put down a few things I have found to be helpful.

I agree with the writer of 'Good-Night, All' that clear thinking will help in any situation. Half our fears come from meeting the unknown. We do not at any time have to meet the whole of life; it is gradually unfolded to us, and the unknown becomes the known.

The writer tells us that, as he had to face circumstances, the valuations of life changed for him. I believe this to be the experience of everyone who has tried honestly to face not only death but life. There are wonderful compensations

that have come to me. I understand people and the things that go to make up life in a way I once could not do, for I was too much a part of that tangle myself. Now that I must step aside, I can see the picture from a different angle; and sometimes I am sure I am now passing the best years of my life. I find the world and all its people kindly and loving. I never have had more friends, nor have derived more true pleasure from their companionship than I do to-day. There are many things I still can do, and the deepest desire of my heart is to be of some service to others who are meeting life with a heavy handicap. If one step of the way I have traveled has broken a path for another, it has been worth the price. I know what it is to go down the hill of discouragement and find despair at the bottom. I also know what it is to retrace my steps, and start the upward climb. One need never go down this hill; a little clear thinking and adjustment would save that suffering.

Our unknown friend speaks in his article of finding a new authority in his voice. I believe he has touched Reality; and when we have once done this we no longer think that something may be possible — we know it is. If I seem to feel sure of what I am saying it is because I feel it to be the truth. I believe the soul is immortal. What I am passing through now is merely an instant in my existence. I shall have further opportunities for action and development. I believe we can become so conscious of God that prayer becomes a real communion with the Father; an outpouring of the soul and an intake of Spirit. In this union we can draw soul courage and strength to meet life — or death.

E. E. C.

Anonymity again.

Dear Atlantic, —

In a somewhat similar physical state as the writer of 'Good-Night, All' in the November *Atlantic*, I feel impelled, too, to self-expression, and like him can give no name.

The thing I must discuss, with no chance of getting the other side of the discussion, is the one which he has faced and apparently conquered. Perhaps I am not so experienced in suffering, or not so strong in character, or not so clear in vision as he, for I cannot face my rather short future with the stern equanimity he shows.

It is not fear of pain that bothers me; I think I am strong enough not to act the baby. It is not the future life I worry about; so far as that is concerned, 'I'ld jump the life to come,' if in a somewhat different sense than the words originally intended. My concern is not even for my death, but for this time before death, which I must learn to manage before I can dare to spend any time on my soul.

First of all, with me there is the question of money. I know that I must live and work as long as I possibly can, to earn at least once more my three-thousand-a-year salary before leaving my family — a woman of sixty-five and a small boy — with a life insurance of only two thousand dollars, which now, of course, I cannot increase.

A teacher — this one, at any rate — has little time outside of school for any other type of work; besides, I am not equipped to earn money in any other way, for my eyes are not good enough to permit sewing after school hours, and any urge I may have felt for writing has long been realized as vain. So now the sole hope I have for tranquillity as to money matters is that some oil stock that I bought before I knew about myself will turn out to be worth something, or that I can fool the doctors and earn my salary a little longer.

Then, in the second place, my mind is bothered by the lies that are all about me — not that they bother my conscience, but that they are so much trouble and will soon be so futile. The lies I tell to the members of my family when I have to go away to the hospital; the lies I tell my school board and principal to account for these occasional absences; and not only the lies I tell, but all the lies I act, for so far I am apparently deceiving my little world of school and friends and family.

And behind these phases of the problem is the constant pondering on why these things should be; of course one can get used to anything, even cancer, but whether I can ever be willing to accept it as right is a question I can answer only in the negative at present.

The other day in one of my classes someone quoted, 'I am the captain of my soul!' The boy who used the phrase had caught the spirit of the poem and its indomitable writer, and he thrilled with imaginative response to its challenge. But as he glowed I could not help wondering about it all — wondering if even Henley with all his courage would have been able to look up clearly out of his black pit if he had been a woman.

Perhaps — no — just now all I can do is to try to go on without pitying myself, and to try to keep from thinking of anything except this immediate present. (Perhaps writing it down here in black and white and sending it far away will help me.) And maybe, after all, the miracle may happen and make me, too, see in what way lies peace.

* * *

An old gentleman remarks, so one of our subscribers tells us, 'The *Atlantic* is the only magazine I read which I do not have to spread open in the middle of the floor and *jump upon* before I can handle it. I really do it,' he adds seriously.

THE MAKING OF A CITY

BY ERNEST C. AULD

Armour Tech turned out a man who built a machine that made a city.

The Queen of the lumber world of the eighties received a rude awakening. Dame Fortune had frowned on her harshly and, no longer operating forty sawmills and cutting more board feet than ever had been cut in any community extant, Muskegon, Michigan, saw lumber vanishing, sawmills closed, unkept, grass-growing streets, decayed, untenanted houses — a tawdry splendor that had lost its tinsel; a town fading into a deserted village. Hope seemed gone.

Operating for Muskegon were forces that seem romantic in our everyday life. Men of Muskegon came to the front and gathered a fund to get and aid manufacturers of fundamentals, thereby laying the foundations for the making of a city.

As Muskegon was fading into desuetude a young man was putting the finishing touches on a four-cylinder gasoline-engine in a shop in Chicago. He was nineteen years old. His engine seemed to take on life from the start; its fame spread. People began to talk about Ross W. Judson. His first Continental Motor was sold in June 1902. Muskegon men made pilgrimages to Chicago until they got the plant to move to Muskegon. Then began an industrial struggle that not only meant the success of a business, but the establishment of a city as well. In the language of one of the men still employed who started with the company in Muskegon: "When we had two motors ready to ship, we all went out with the boss for our coffee at noon, and Judson was tickled stiff. And that is the reason why we say, 'Once a Continental workman, always a Continental.' We men know there is work for us all the time and we can buy a home, school the kids, and put a bit away."

Adhering to his first ideas as to gasoline engines, Ross W. Judson, President of the Continental Motors Corporation, has seen the company rise to be the largest exclusive manufacturer of gasoline motors in the world, actually employing more than six thousand workers, including almost every type of mind from the disciplinarian to the coal-passer; and has been enabled to establish the reliability and stability of the effort of Muskegon in every nook and cranny of the habitable globe. Wherever men live and want a power plant, a gasoline engine, you will find a Continental. In reaching the high-mark product of three million motors for autos, trucks, tractors, farm implements, buses, pavers, concrete mixers, etc., the company has made a city.

The problem of economic life has been solved. The men at work, in the main, own their portion of the 14,000 homes of Muskegon, Michigan; peace and plenty prevail; actual content and real happiness abound. You get it from the men at work, from storekeepers, from every phase of life in Muskegon. You are told that the Continental, by buying parts at first, started four other concerns in Muskegon that are now large employers of men, and that these concerns follow the basic principle of employing steady men at all times. When work is a bit slack the men make for the future. There are no vacant homes in Muskegon. Its fifty-six thousand people maintain thirty-eight schools, with more than ten thousand

pupils and nearly four hundred teachers. Fifty churches show a membership of thirty-seven per cent affiliated. Its environs are the summer playground for a large part of the Middle Western population. Muskegon jobbers do a business of more than $6,000,000 annually. Since the arrival of the Continental, there have been no bank failures, no strikes. Slack times show up no great want. Thrift and effort go hand in hand. In all this building the officers of the Continental Motors Corporation have kept aloof from paternalism.

The Continental Motors Corporation has surrounded itself with men of vision — "It 's a hall mark." You realize that in making a tour of the plants in Muskegon. The men voice the single idea that they are well pleased with the management; effort is made to put the men on their own without driving. A system of payment is carried out whereby the men participate in the economies that are continually going on in manufacturing. It 's a premium system and it has increased the pay of most of the skilled men in Muskegon thirty per cent in the past few years.

Examination of parts and complete motors is rigid, but by a unique shop system the larger part of the so-called "eyes" of the plant have passed away, and the honor and reliability of both men and company make for a saving in effort in which all participate. The writer actually spent four days talking to the workers of the Continental Motors Corporation, both in Muskegon and Detroit factories, and everyone voiced the same idea: that it was good business on the part of the company to coöperate with the men, and just as good for the men to reciprocate. Wandering alone in a forest of machinery costing millions of dollars, and talking to men in every kind of Continental Motor endeavor, he heard everywhere the same expression: the Continental made Muskegon, and the men made the Continental. From its inception to the present day the company has always showed progress. In peak years it has reached more than three and one-half millions, net earnings. Its net worth is near the thirty million mark.

In all its effort in making an ideal American city and solving the problem of economy of life, of effort, of stability, of increase for all, the company has always coöperated with or encouraged all other concerns in Muskegon.

One half of one per cent labor turnover for many months is the record of another factor in the making of a city that has come upward from a decayed town to fifty-six thousand people living in fourteen thousand homes. This concern, employing over six hundred day by day the year round, has had just twelve workers who have passed away in twenty-five years. The employees and company by mutual arrangement own and carry Mutual Life Insurance in which ninety-five per cent of the men are covered. No death has occurred for over a year.

Wherever man dwells, in his business relations you will find the imprint "Muskegon, Michigan," on the Shaw-Walker utilities for filing and keeping records securely. You get a glimpse into the making of Muskegon when you learn that this concern started in a small room, sixteen by twenty, with just a few people animated by an Idea. The idea was to give business men a system for filing information and getting it quickly, and at the same time affording absolute security.

You begin to know why this idea of better service has been accepted by men all over the globe when you see the records showing that four per cent of the men have been at work in this concern twenty years, ten per cent fifteen years, forty per cent over five years. As one man said: "We know that we have work here as long as we are able to work — that the curse of fear has been overcome. We know just about how much we can pay for our homes,

how far we can educate our children, and what we can put by for keeps. No one annoys you, harasses you, or causes you to buy hair dye. Since I have been here, going on twenty-one years, I have never known anyone to be treated unfairly."

One man said that in his department every man owned his own home. A careful checking showed that more than a majority of the men are home owners. Good Will organizations abound. Every possible effort is made to have the company and the men so work with each other that a real relation is established without ownership. The company participates in sick benefits, also death insurance, etc. It provides dining-rooms, rest rooms, etc. No one need leave the factory without getting aid needed, and this is all done with no attempt at paternalism. It's just done, that's all.

Shaw-Walker products are steel and wood cabinets, safes, desks, letter-filing equipment and systems, card index equipment, bank equipment, machine-bookkeeping accessories. These are sold in every country in the world. To put it into a few words: their salesmen are trained to sell the service rather than the product.

There is always someone behind every condition, and here we find Lewis C. Walker at the head of Shaw-Walker Company. His well-known attitude — carefully checked — is put very tersely by one of the oldest inhabitants of Muskegon, who said: "Mr. Walker has been a part of every civic movement in this city the past twenty-five years, and he still found time to sell Muskegon work to every part of the world. His work in the schools alone would show the making of a city, yet the Shaw-Walker business increased daily because it is guided by deep thought and sheer ability."

As the morning whistle blows, you can see more than a thousand parked automobiles in front of a manufacturing plant covering sixty-three acres, employing, when at top notch, twenty-six hundred. Investigation will prove to you that nearly everyone owns a car and that most of the men own their homes and have been with the company twenty years, ten years, five years.

Security has come to the city and the men from the policy, in operation during the past decades, of accuracy of effort, standardizing of parts, and waste elimination which is now featured by Secretary Hoover for the nation.

As the plank sidewalks of lumberjacks and lumber days were passing, Muskegon, by dint of forethought on the part of its forefathers, secured one of the manufacturing branches of the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, who are really engaged in making what are called the necessities of the new day. These necessities are being used in every part and parcel of the entire globe, giving mental and physical recreation to the entire family.

Of the many products turned out by this company, billiard tables are the best known. It is interesting to realize that little is known of the origin of billiards. Spain, Italy, France, Germany — all are regarded as the originators of the game. One learns for instance that Catkin More, King of Ireland in the second century, left behind him fifty-five balls of brass, with pools and cues of the same material. Bouillet assures us the game came from the game of Bowls brought into France by Louis XIV, whose physician recommended this exercise. Cotton, in 1674, said, "This most gentile, cleanly, and ingenious game was first played in Italy." In our everyday life Muskegon workmen are making more than eighty per cent of the billiard tables, cues, balls, and racks used in the world, under the ownership of a concern eighty years old, whose name is as sterling.

Fifty men interviewed at random gave as their idea that the words Balke and Collender were peculiar to billiard and pool tables and designated parts that

had to be used in the construction of such tables.

Everyone employed in Muskegon by this company is American either by birth or declaration and yet every type of mind is employed. You have the disciplinarian, the doctor, the lawyer; specialists in rubber-making; stationary, electric, and chemical engineers; three generations of cabinetmakers practically working side by side; and every kind of chemist — because accuracy is the key word. The organization, the men, the material must be accurate, since the finished product goes to Patagonia, the Hebrides, the Straits Settlements, the courts of Europe, the homes of the rich, the billiard halls of the ordinary men and women of the world.

These goods are valueless without accuracy — accuracy that meets the atmospheric conditions of the climate and the peculiar temperament of the world player. You have this accuracy reflected in the people at work. You note ample, large space for each one — no bustle, rushings, turmoil. The men tell you that they become more and more interested in the work. You read your shorthand notes at night after interviewing eighty-three men and you read everywhere practically the same thought: the men and the company work together; each is doing well. The men work on the premium system that practically has increased wages; they do better work because the company studies in the various laboratories improvements that are tested, worked out, and given to the men as time savers, as well as accuracy preservers. Paternalism is unknown here; the men and the officers of the company join in safety self-help organization. Men bring their sons, whose sons in turn join the company in special undertakings. The spirit of democracy prevails; it is not made a fetish or proclaimed — it just is. The atmosphere of discipline is going hand in hand with right action and right thinking. As one man said: "I never heard of anyone being ill-treated around here. We all can and do stay as long as we want and we always have a job. We don't worry about age or new things hurting us; the company wants us and we want the job. We can make arrangements for a home and just what we want, knowing it 's coming out just right. Eighty-seven of the men who began here with the company had a loyalty dinner, and they were of the first five hundred that began the first year here."

In the making of a city comes the assurance of progress. The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company do a business of more than $25,000,000 a year. The work is now really concerned with fundamentals: every type of mind nowadays sets apart a time for recreation, and the company makes the necessities for it. Singularly, too, the billiard table, the bowling-alley, the phonograph, the radio, the new Panatrope, all keep the family together. In many places one finds entire families enjoying public billiards, public bowling; they are thereby held together under the most favorable conditions. The company is not adverse to employing any type of mind, yet it always gets its managers, officers, and guides from the ranks. What seems to be destined for world-wide use is the new musical reproducer, the Panatrope — by the light wave method of recording vibrations, as low as 16 per second and as high as 10,000 per second are recorded. This means the artist plays naturally and that you actually hear him without seeing. Your home is in touch with the world.

In addition to giving you health, recreation, mental joy, and world knowledge, the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company have, in the making of a city, added the spirit of right thinking. There is every reason to say that revived Muskegon is built on a lasting foundation.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

APRIL, 1926

OLYMPIANS IN HOMESPUN

BY LUCIEN PRICE

It used to amuse me to think that the tale which follows would make a lively bit of romantic fiction. I still think so; but I have come to believe that the plain fact is better. Were this to be told as fiction, it would lose half its force. These deeds were done. They were done against heavy odds by quite common people. Half a century and more ago, in a small town, bleak, drab, and humdrum, miles from anywhere, beset with business cares and household duties, these people addressed themselves with pluck and energy to what is, I suppose, one of the major issues of life. And they well-nigh solved it.

I hear it said that we live in a bad time: that traditional religion is played out; that youth has gone on the loose; that our people do not know how to use leisure creatively; that life has been mechanized out of all simplicity and beauty; and that the machinery of human slaughter has slipped the leash of social control. All this may be true. But, instead of doing the Jeremiah act, it seems more practical to suggest a remedy. People say: 'We have been told often enough that we are commonplace. We know that. But what can we *do* about it?' I wonder if the story of these common people in a small town domesticating the immortals and weaving their Elysium of homespun does not tell us at least one of the things that we can do about it.

I

On a morning in 1871, when apple orchards were pink and white, young Dr. Ripley drove into town with his bride. They had been married the day before in her father's farmhouse at the Falls.

On the parlor wall behind the bridal pair as they stood to face the minister, you might have seen, and still may see, two oval-framed portraits, the bride's grandparents — a severe old New Englander who had hewn his farm out of a Middle-Western oak forest, and a serious old woman, cousin to Mary Lyon, foundress of Mount Holyoke College. She had brought her books along with her into the wilderness, and had in very deed kept the wolf, not from the door, but from the blanket stretched across an opening in the log cabin which served for a door. Her husband having driven twenty miles to mill, she sat up all night feeding a roaring blaze on her hearth which kept the beasts away. Her daughter, a village schoolmistress who had learned to parse out of Young's *Night Thoughts* and who knew whole pages of *Paradise Lost* by heart,

married another of these Connecticut farmers who had migrated to the Fire Lands of the Western Reserve. Thus it was that the bride had grown up in a household with a rugged, if homespun, intellectual tradition. She had even been taught to sing by a sister of the poet Sill, who had studied in New York with no lesser luminary than Carlo Bassini. Carlo had much to answer for, but his 'method' was then and thereabouts the best obtainable.

The doctor's parents were strict Quakers and staunch Abolitionists. As a boy he had earned money in harvest fields and bought a violin on which he secretly learned to play. When his parents found it out, they forced him to destroy the instrument. On the other hand his father, also a country doctor, stationed at the head of a stairway in a disused sawmill where two runaway slaves were hidden, had stood off a crew of plantation-owners with his gold-headed cane.

The younger Dr. Ripley, at the age of eighteen, had left the medical school of the University of Michigan to fight under General Grant, who remained, to the end of his days, one of his heroes. His other, as time went on, became Theodore Thomas. A man has many fathers, and, as the years sped, by some law of spiritual similitude the good gray doctor grew to look not unlike both these sires of his spirit.

His wooing had been, like himself, whimsically abrupt and offhand. He would be missing for weeks. Suddenly one morning he would drive into the farmyard, past the smoke-bush, in his two-wheeled gig, or perhaps on horseback, medicine cases in saddlebags. He was late to his wedding. Five minutes past the hour he arrived, his horse in a lather. There was an epidemic of scarlet fever at the Wick. Leave without visiting every one of his patients? Not even for his own wedding! The seven-mile buggy-ride to Woolwick was their wedding journey. I say buggy: it was not a carriage, for, although it was brand-new for the occasion, a vehicle with a top was an extravagance which they could not yet afford.

No sooner were they wedded than they were forced to decide whether whist and dancing could satisfy hungry minds and immortal souls. They decided not. This was thought 'queer.' In the same village were three other families similarly queer. One was that of the minister, Reverend Alan Burroughs. He came of a stock locally celebrated for producing scholars, schoolmasters, editors, professors, and college presidents. He himself had been a college professor, but thought he needed a plunge into common life as a country parson. One of his recreations was to drive with the doctor on his round of sick-calls, through green-golden countrysides, discussing all things human and divine. He lived in a commodious white farmhouse up the river road, under broad-brimmed maples, with a wife who was a brilliant pianist, and a numerous brood of children who variously played, sang, or drew.

The other two families were the Willetts and the Dacys, partner owners of the glass-factory. Their houses stood side by side halfway up Presbyterian Hill at a height commanding wide sweeps of lawn bordered with curving driveways, a grove of shimmering willows on one hand, plantations of fir and beech on the other. The Willetts' house, narrow and tall, was painted yellow, its cornices encrusted with wedding-cake carpentry; the Dacys', painted gray, was one of those peak-gabled mansions, ornate with the trefoil and quatrefoil, the clustered chimneys, and the pointed windows of that wooden Gothic which invaded America in the 1850's, with

Vaux's *Villas and Cottages*. Both places were gotten up quite in the English manorial style, grounds and buildings; their high-ceiled drawing-rooms chilly with white-marble chimney-pieces, and, alternating with French windows, tall pier-glasses resting on low console-tables of gilt. Tasseled bell-pulls dangled from the walls, and in the grandiose staircase hall of the Dacys behold, to left and right of newel posts, marble statues of Venus and Apollo — oh, decently draped, of course. Mrs. Willetts, who had been Ann Carter, the village beauty, and traced her descent from Colonial governors of Massachusetts, was a gifted soprano. She had two handsome boys who were learning the violin and violoncello. I remember the awe I felt when I was told that Mr. Willetts, a graduate of Yale, for his recreation read Greek and composed music.

Such were the four families who made of this village a rustic Athens.

II

How incredibly old-fashioned it all seems now; and yet it was less, much less, than forty years ago that one could see a life sundered from ours, as it seems, by a century. Think away the whole of the Machine Age excepting railway and telegraph. No automobiles, no street cars — only buggies; no paved streets — only clay mud, half hub-deep in March; no arc lights — only street lamps, dim and few; no public waterworks, and hence no running water, no plumbing, no bathrooms — only a wooden washtub behind the kitchen stove for the weekly Saturday-afternoon scrub; no electric lights — only kerosene lamps; no steam radiators — only base-burner hard-coal stoves and open-fire grates; no phonographs or radio — only old-fashioned square pianos, violins, and violoncellos built by George Gemünder, and children learning to play on them out of dog-eared volumes of the sonatas of Haydn, Mozart, Weber, Schubert, and Beethoven; no public library — only bookcases stocked with English classics read aloud by father and mother to children by winter firesides until the heroics of Shakespeare, the romantics of Scott, and the whimsies of Dickens were household words; no moving pictures — but once or twice a year pilgrimages at huge discomfort and sharp sacrifice to one of three remote cities to see Edwin Booth as Hamlet, or Lawrence Barrett as Brutus, or Edmund Kean as Richard III, or Henry Irving as Shylock, or Madame Helena Modjeska as Maria Stuart, or Robson and Crane as the Dromios in *The Comedy of Errors;* with a memory of it all so vivid and exact that years later these villagers could go over the performance in imagination, scene by scene.

The village, built on the banks of a steep river-gorge, was half railroad-junction and half agrarian market-town. If confident that no citizen of Verona, its rival, stood within earshot, it claimed a population of three thousand. In the days of the Canal, along which as a boy President Garfield drove mules, Franklin Mills was a good enough name for the town. But when the railroads came Zeno Kemp, in honor of his alpaca mill (which perched, like a towered and moated grange, half on bank and half in mill-race), stipulated that its name be changed to Woolwick.

How, from a soil so hardscrabble, did there sprout a chorus able to sing oratorios of Handel, Mendelssohn, and Haydn, masses of Mozart and Cherubini, and a village orchestra of shopkeepers and artisans able to play symphonies of Haydn and overtures of Weber and Wagner?

It began, I am told, with Mr. Willetts — as relaxation from his glass-factory, Greek, and musical composition — undertaking to train a church choir. There had been a little musical club which met each week at various houses. This combined with the choir and formed a Choral Society, of anybody who could sing well or ill — mostly ill. It was a cautious start. They studied short pieces of light but good music, usually sacred so that it could also do duty for church. Then came madrigals, canons, and chorales, and old English music of Lawes and Purcell. Finally, more pretentious works — Mendelssohn's 'Forty-Second Psalm,' on which the chorus worked two years before venturing to give the whole in public; and, after this, as seasonable and joyous music at the May Festival, Cherubini's 'Requiem Mass'!

A dozen years of this; then glass-blowing deflated, and the Dacys and Willetts went away to the city, leaving a horrible vacuum. Reverend Mr. Burroughs next experienced a return of his inherited hankering for an academic town and exchanged pulpit for professorship. Thus fell on Dr. and Mrs. Ripley a prophet's mantle at that time much too large for them.

Life had challenged them to grow shoulders which would fit that mantle. Let us see how they met the challenge.

The doctor's prenuptial violin playing had been little more than country fiddling. It was the farmer's daughter who had championed Mozart and Schubert — against odds, for the doctor had been inclined to scoff. But the Willetts and Burroughses were in the classical camp. He yielded, and bought a volume of Schubert's songs arranged for violin and piano. At the age of thirty he began learning to read music by note. His being left-handed made the fingering of a violin doubly difficult. He bought Louis Spohr's *Violin Method* and studied it by himself. He heard of a competent teacher in the academy town eight miles away and would drive there in mud, cold, and snow for a lesson once a fortnight, only to come home discouraged and disgusted and thrust his violin under the bed, vowing never to touch it again. His young wife would drag it out, tune it, put it into his hands, and sit down to the piano. They labored with backache, headache, yes, and heartache — for conquer the violin, alas, he never did. The mace-blow came with a volume of Bach's sonatas for two violins and piano. The doctor and the station agent were staving away at them, the doctor's eldest daughter, now a girl in her teens, at the piano. It was not going well. The station master lowered his fiddle.

'Doctor,' said he, 'it sounds queer.'

'Of course it would sound queer. It's Bach.'

'No. Someone is wrong and I think it is you.'

'Sorry, Luther. But I am afraid it is you.'

They argued awhile, then agreed it was neither. The fault lay with the pianist. At this the worm turned.

'Perhaps,' said she, 'the reason it sounds queer is that you two violinists are playing different sonatas.'

The maxim dearest to Mrs. Ripley's stout heart was 'Failure is part of the Infinite Plan.' Conquer the violin though her husband never did, nevertheless none of his toil was lost or wasted. All unconsciously he had been preparing himself for a task better than personal virtuosity.

All this, be it noted, was incidental to the grueling practice of a country doctor, called out of bed at all hours to drive wintry leagues over atrocious roads to relieve every distress from croup to childbirth, and still in the

days when general practitioners combated epidemics of diphtheria and smallpox, often at peril of their lives. Was there a train-wreck in the river gorge? He improvised a hospital in an empty wareroom and, working all night by lantern light, performed desperate, and successful, amputations. Did a timid and incompetent elder physician allow a smallpox epidemic to get out of control for fear of injuring the trade of two milliners in whose shop it started? Under circumstances which seemed to lay the blame on himself the young doctor held his tongue and bore it, again at peril of his life — from an ignorant track-hand whose wife had died of the disease, and who went around with a revolver vowing to shoot young Dr. Ripley on sight. It may, by this, be understood that music was with him distinctly a side-line.

His wife, meanwhile, had inherited the church choir from Mr. Willetts. The following Easter, deprived of their old choirmaster, they were rehearsing some difficult music and making heavy weather of it. Dr. Ripley sat listening. After coming to grief repeatedly in the middle of the piece, the dry-goods merchant said: 'Doctor, get up here and beat time for us.'

Now the doctor was an almost morbidly modest man, even to lodging a permanent request that his name be not mentioned in the village paper. But he complied. And the music went. On Easter morning it was clear that the Choral Society also was new-risen from the tomb. 'Failure is part of the Infinite Plan.' A violinist Dr. Ripley never became. But he laid down the bow to take up the baton.

III

Twelve miles from the Wick was a small city, now a large one, and there, in the old Academy of Music one January night, Theodore Thomas's orchestra gave a concert. Twelve miles and back, through bitter cold and driving snow, over country roads, the doctor and his wife drove to hear that concert, counting themselves lucky to be able to go at all, for it was a fatality that just so surely as they were about to start on a holiday jaunt someone galloped into the dooryard on an unyoked ploughhorse to call him to reduce a fracture. Many was the time afterward that they heard this orchestra, but never with enjoyment so keen. For it was their first. And their years of hard study had taught them to comprehend symphonic structure. The long ride home, still in a driving snowstorm, after midnight, they scarcely noticed at all, so absorbed were they with a new idea. Could it be done? They believed it could! What was this idea? To assemble gradually, instrument by instrument, an orchestra to play with the Choral Society. It was there that night in a (now-covered) buggy, swaddled in robes of buffalo fur, plodding homeward behind a good bay roadster named Derby, that they dreamed into being the 'Woolwick Philharmonic Orchestra.'

In that same small city twelve miles away — connected, luckily, by a railroad — lived one of those German music masters who come heralding the Hellenism of music to Puritan barbarians, Herr Gustave Seidl. To his mingled amusement and disgust he was addressed as 'professor.' Yet the title was merited. His fine scholarship had been earned in a German university, and his mastery of four instruments — piano, violin, viola, and violoncello — in a German conservatory of music. To local Philistia he would not yield one inch, and was immensely respected for this firmness.

'Don't you just *love* Gottschalk's

"Dying Poet"?' gushed one of his young girl pupils.

'No,' said he curtly, 'I'm glad he died.'

He already had a small class in Woolwick. The doctor now saw to it that he had more. Shopkeepers, artisans, and their boys and girls began studying the stringed instruments. The brass and wood wind, I am told, had mainly to teach themselves. From a half-dozen the orchestra grew to a dozen instruments, then to a score, and kept on growing. Music erased class lines. On rehearsal nights the locomotive engineer's son, a high-school lad who could execute (perhaps that is the word) the trombone solo part in the 'Inflammatus' from Rossini's 'Stabat Mater,' was more of a personage than the rich grist-miller who tried valiantly but could not wiggle his slide nimbly enough. Year after year, byways and hedges were combed for anyone who could scrape, wheeze, or blow. Did a stranger come to town? The first inquiry was not, as ordinarily, 'Is he marriageable?' but 'Can he sing or play?' When a cigar-maker, rejoicing in the apposite name of John Smoker, who could play the double bass and play it well, took residence in the village, the musical community received him to its bosom without further ceremony, even though some of the youngsters might warble that ancient folk tune, —

> . . . Yonnie Schmoker,
> Er kann spiele. . . .

Indeed, that was just the point. He *could* play. And the doctor? Bless you! By this time he was deep in Hector Berlioz's *Treatise on Instrumentation*, a large and fascinating-looking book in a cover of blue embossed leather, its pages edged with red and gilt, kept on the library table where it could be picked up and studied in snatched bites before and after mealtime as he came and went from his eternal round of professional visits; yes, a fascinating book in which the print kept alternating with, instead of pictures, half-page or full-page or even several pages of musical illustrations from the scores of masses, operas, oratorios, or, it might be, the orchestral and pianoforte solo part of Beethoven's superb E-flat concerto.

And now, like a noble tree, music sank its roots deep into the common life of the village and began to lift its crown to the heavens. Boys and girls blossomed into fine violinists, pianists, violoncellists — the miller's, the apothecary's, the innkeeper's, the newspaper editor's, the tinsmith's sons and daughters. The jeweler learned the kettle drums. The dry-goods merchant's boy, a young scapegrace, could play whole pages of the clarinet part to 'The Messiah' with his eyes shut; and, grumbling neighbors would inform you, that was the one good thing about him. When the Farmers' Institute convened at the Opera House (in which no opera was ever heard), these youngsters would walk out on the stage without a qualm and play to the astonished rustics sonatas of Haydn and Mozart, or now and then a virtuoso piece, some old war-horse of the concert platform by Wieniawski or Vieuxtemps; yes, and even, as time went on, a few of those concertos which fire student ambition at Conservatory recitals — de Bériot's Seventh, Spohr's 'Gesangszene,' Mendelssohn's and Max Bruch's. The admiring husbandmen would gather round them afterward, exclaiming: 'Why, you done fine!' 'You done noble!' And, if I may be permitted to say so, I agree with the rustics. Fine it was, and also noble; for what finer and nobler than by hard study to learn and to love early in youth the work of noble men and mighty poets of sound?

IV

Rehearsals — they went on, come fair, come foul, come hell or highwater, from September to June — were long hours of grilling work relieved at intervals by riots of uttermost hilarity. The village piano-tuner, handy mechanic, and intellectual heretic (who subsequently, under the doctor's encouragement, blossomed out into a maker of violins of astounding excellence) sat behind the miller trombonist and convulsed the band by performing dumb-show imitations of that worthy man emptying saliva out of the bell of his instrument and wagging his head in discomfiture at having lost his place and come in at the wrong bar. The girl violinists would guy the dude cellist.

'Why,' one would ask in shrill soprano, 'is Skinny Berthold's diamond shirt-stud like a ship at sea?'

Chorus: 'Why?'

'Because it rests on the bosom of a heavy swell.'

Once, in the midst of rehearsal, the firebell rang. The rehearsal disbanded to the burning barn a mile away. Returning, they found the dentist, who had lived in a city, alone in the rehearsal room practising scornfully. He was so rash as to chaff them on addiction to small-town customs. But there was a hole in his own armor. He was fond of running his fingers through his handsome hair-oiled blonde mane.

'You done well,' retorted the piano-tuner, 'to stay here and practise. You evidently *ree*lize that to play the fiddle takes other qualifications besides grease on your hair.'

When worn with rehearsing, the orchestra for relaxation would take some plantation melody, each instrument playing it in a different key, and a more hellish noise you could not wish to hear.

The band next outgrew the church vestry, and its rehearsal-room became the upper story of the town hall, a red-brick New England schoolhouse sort of barracks with a white cupola and a bell in it, standing midway in the row of brick meetinghouses which front the steep declivity of the river gorge where an intrepid Indian fighter, pursued by redskins, had made his prodigious leap of fifteen feet from cliff to cliff — a yarn which the townspeople affected to disbelieve. 'But then,' as the doctor said, 'he was in a great hurry.' This second story of the town hall had once been a schoolroom, and on its dusty blackboard in letters a yard high the dry-goods merchant, whose spring and autumn clearance sales obliged him to be a dab at sign-painting, had chalked 'Woolwick Philharmonic Orchestra.' Down in one corner, however, as artist's proof, some schoolboy instrumentalist, in a moment of exasperation with his Vergil, had scrawled: —

> Æneas took his grip in hand
> And started out from Troy;
> The Ilion silver-cornet band
> Escorted the old boy.

This room was lighted by the most villainous of all kerosene lamps and heated by a sheet-iron stove which looked as tall and frowning as one of the eight strong towers of the Bastille — at least to me, whose duty at the age of ten it was to go over there with a basket of kindling in the cold and the dark, one hour before rehearsal time, and light a fire. Thus humbly did my service to the Muse begin. If the exact truth is to be told, I was not in love with the lady. Who knew what horrible hobgoblins might be lurking in those dark shadows, ready to make a rush at you? Things with red eyes and green ears, the kind that tickled your ribs to torture in nightmares? And once, when the stovepipe had fallen (it was always falling) and the place was too

dark to find it out until after the fire was built, I saw smoke and flame pouring into the room and thought I had burned the town hall down and must spend the rest of my life earning money to pay for it. Did I make a clamor with the bell? Well, you had better believe I did — one that fetched half the town, hotfoot.

The doctor, for his part, did not hasten. All in due season he arrived, at his usual pace, grave and meditative, carrying a lantern. From long habit of making sick-calls after midnight in unlighted streets, he would, years after electric arc-lamps glared blue at every street-corner, walk down through the business section past rows of brightly illuminated shop-windows carrying a lighted lantern. He was very conservative. Immensely respected though he might be, he had to take his share of chaffing like anybody else.

'Hello, doctor! Lookin' for an honest man?'

The doctor glanced up with that quizzical glint in his gray eyes.

'Not hereabouts,' said he.

V

In a certain cabinet of ancestral mahogany with a rolled pediment was the 'programme drawer.' Here were kept, season by season, the programmes of concerts, Christmas oratorios, and Spring Festivals. As the years went on, the roster of composers and works or parts of works performed would have made a stranger's eyes bulge: 'The Messiah,' 'Elijah,' 'The Creation,' 'The Seasons,' 'Saint Paul,' Rossini's 'Stabat Mater,' Mendelssohn's 'Hymn of Praise,' Gounod's 'Messe Solennelle,' Mozart's 'Twelfth Mass,' symphonies of Haydn, a finale from Weber's *Euryanthe*, concertos with orchestra, the 'Fest March,' the 'Pilgrims' Chorus,' and the overture to *Tannhäuser* — and this in a decade when Wagner's art and revolution against the cultural mediocrity of European capitals were still filling the press of two continents with din and derision.

One year a director was hired from the city to put the final polish on the chorus work. He began with a difficult piece by Handel, remarking genially: 'Of course we must n't expect that we can sing this through without mishap as yet; but let us try it anyhow.'

Midway in the piece he grew so astonished at the singing of the chorus that he ceased to beat, laid down his stick, and stood listening. The chorus finished triumphantly without him.

A traveling orchestra gave a concert in the village. Thinking it must play down to popular taste it gave a programme of light music. The audience was indignant. The orchestra had to come again and play reputable music. Artists of some fair degree of eminence heard of the place and began including it in their recital tours. Next these village boys and girls went away to college and to conservatories of music, coming home at Christmas and Easter holidays to be soloists at concerts and thunder out ballades of Chopin and sonatas of Beethoven like veteran professionals. The classic repertories of piano, violin, organ, and voice became as much a matter of course in these households as jazz phonograph-records or popular story magazines preaching commercial success-at-any-price are to an age happier in the possession of labor-and-thought-saving machinery.

Once more, let us understand each other: this which we are discussing was no leisure-class existence. These people had livings to earn. They had to work. Heavens, how they did have to work! There were children to wash, dress, feed, and start for school. Monday

washing took a whole day, ironing another. Servants? You might have a hired girl — some neighbor's daughter who sat at table with you — for a few weeks after a baby was born; otherwise she was an unthinkable extravagance. You cleaned your own house, preserved your own fruit, made apple butter and peach butter, cooked, sewed, knit, darned, mended, swept, dusted, scrubbed, scoured, 'hoed out,' set to rights; and, when your housework was done, the poor came, to be fitted out from a widow's cruse of an old-clothes box. As a matter of routine. (Were you a Christian, or just a church member?) Here was a life of little dressing-up and no playing lady. Madame Schumann-Heink once told me how in the days of her early struggles in Hamburg as a young widow with a brood of children she learned her rôles from a score propped up on a shelf above the kitchen sink. It sounded perfectly familiar. A dozen, yes, a score of women in Woolwick cultivated their minds and talents on the same terms. And what zest such a life can give to the precious margins of leisure!

To keep orchestra and choir chairs filled was a steady struggle. Youngsters grew up, married, and went away. Oldsters superannuated and died. There had to be continual scouting and commandeering. Wood wind and brass were forever shy. These parts had to be filled in by the church organ. The organ was a pest, cranky as an old scow. But it was the only one in town, and in the church with the largest seating-capacity. Worse; it was half a tone lower than the tuning-pitch of wood-wind instruments. Hence their parts had to be transposed. Most of this the doctor did himself. Once there was a tricky clarinet part from the orchestration of an oratorio chorus which he had left to the last. Rehearsal impended. He was summoned to a patient. In the pair of minutes before unhitching his horse he called his daughter, a girl of twelve, explained what must be done, and left her to do it. She was aghast. There at his office desk he left her, amid spatulas and cigar ashes, with his gold pen, ink bottle, and plenty of blank ruled music-paper. To her own intense astonishment she did it. To her still more intense astonishment she and the clarinettist at rehearsal found that it would play. Thus emboldened she went on, studied harmony, and, after a year or two of it, took a dramatic ballad for soprano, 'The Raft' by Pinsuti, which she had found in an old volume of songs, and made a complete orchestration for it. At the Christmas concert her mother sang the ballad with orchestral accompaniment, and a thrilling thing it was. Two decades later, swaying between life and death on a coastal steamer in a hurricane gale off Cape Sambro, it was the bass figuration of that orchestral accompaniment which roared in my ears all day to the thunder of seas that tossed the steamer like a dory.

Do not suppose that life in Woolwick was a fiddle with one string. Quite early it was discovered that there would have to be variety, and variety there was. On a July evening, by the flare of kerosene torches, there was a performance of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, on a sylvan hill-slope, and a faëry vision of two dozen wee lassies in fluffy white with wings of spangled gauze flitting in and out of the underwoods among massive chestnut stems. As relaxation and frivolity the Opera House was hired, and they played screaming farces. Again it would be a pantomime, *The Mistletoe Bough*, in which a petulant bride on her wedding-day hides in an old chest in the castle garret. The chest has, unfortunately, a

spring lock. Her skull and wedding-veil are found there by her lover half a century later — profoundly affecting, as anyone will see. The tragedy of this was relieved by tableaux (there always had to be tableaux, just as there always had to be charades): 'Father Time,' the histrionic dry-goods merchant in yards and yards of his own sheeting, with wings, scythe, and hourglass, vainly besought of Youth not to fly; 'Nydia,' after the statue by Rogers; 'Lot's Wife,' after Gustave Doré; and 'Faith,' a lady in white draperies contemplating a cross on a Rock of Ages constructed of packing-cases. The tableaux were enlivened by comedy acts not down on the playbill. Faith, directly after her tableau, fell through an open trapdoor into the ash bin beneath. Father Time got stuck by his wings on a dressing-room stairway, unable to get either up or down, and could be heard, during the tableau of Faith contemplating her cross, calling hoarsely now on his wife, now on his Maker.

VI

All this, you are to understand, in a world of tall, square, red-brick houses set up aloof from highways on hillsides and terraces, their gaunt rooms engloomed by dooryard groves of funereal cedar and spruce, approached by driveways that wound between evergreen hedges, the way lighted at night by lamps with metal reflectors set in caskets of glass on top of posts, one at the gateway and one at the dismounting-stone and hitching-block; or else the houses were of wood, their eaves dripping with jig-saw Gothic. Indoors it was a world of ponderous mahogany secretaries crammed with family keepsakes — wedding-veils filmy of texture and sallow with age, unfolded out of tissue paper with sprigs of faded orange-blossoms; or yellowed samplers worked by grandmother and great-grandmother when little girls; or baby curls; or daguerreotypes of fresh young faces long since withered, enclosed in cases of embossed leather and maroon plush, and framed in oval fillets of ormolu; army commissions of 1812, and '61; and letters from forty-niners. A world of black-walnut whatnots and steel engravings of combat and chase from the ballad poetry of Sir Walter Scott, hanging above the mantelshelves of black-marble chimney-pieces between pairs of brass candlesticks fetched generations ago from Sheffield, England; and tall, pedimented bookcases wedged full with well-read sets of the historians — Gibbon, Macaulay, Guizot, Buckle, Grote — and the Victorian novelists, the Lake poets, the eighteenth-century essayists, and miscellaneous biographers, with first editions of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *The Scarlet Letter*. A world of blissfully endless winter evenings, as one sat cross-legged in a chimney-corner of the library on the black hair-cloth of a venerable mahogany davenport beside a flashing grate-fire of lump coal, scowling over *The Scottish Chiefs*, with grandfather, hale and hearty at eighty-five, sitting straight as a gun-barrel on the opposite side of the hearth reading the 'Leatherstocking Tales' by the light of a tallow candle (these pesky 'ile' lamps were dangerous!); yes, *The Pioneer* and *The Pathfinder*, for had not he himself as a youth of eighteen trudged across the Alleghenies from Canaan, Connecticut, to these Fire Lands at the head of his yoke of oxen and covered wagon, axe in one hand, rifle in the other?

It was a world bristling with reminders of that sturdy transplantation from New England less than three quarters of a century before — in villages named for their parent towns in Massachusetts and Connecticut,

in meetinghouse architecture, village greens, and fanlighted doorways, and grandparents' garrets stacked with chests, cradles, bandboxes, spinning wheels, and, suspended from beam and rafter, the poke bonnets and skirt-hoops of a generation not very far past; and, of the generation just then passing, a Confederate sword picked up on the field at Gettysburg; and barrels full of back numbers of the *New York Tribune* ('Greeley's paper') and Lloyd Garrison's *Liberator*, which grandfather had taken for decades and not one copy of which would he allow to be destroyed; and, after these, stacks of *Harper's Illustrated Weekly*, teeming with stirring and ghastly pictures of the Civil War, and of *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, containing Mr. Edwin Abbey's pen drawings for *She Stoops to Conquer;* and the papier-mâché ass's head worn by Bottom in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* (an object of terror in childhood that was forever turning up in nightmares). A world of leisurely drives in one-horse phaetons or two-horse family barouches through smiling countrysides of yellow wheat and green oak woods in the sweet eternity of golden Sunday afternoons in summer, ears humming with the melodies of choir music sung that morning in church — 'As pants the hart,' to a tune from the 'Calvary' of Louis Spohr, or 'How lovely are thy dwellings fair,' from Brahms's 'Requiem.' A world of autumnal Sunday-afternoon promenades to the graveyard, which did duty as public park, past dooryards with latticed summer-houses which no one seemed ever to sit in, and mournful sunlight of November poured on hedges of arbor vitæ encircling tombstones, all in the vague melancholy of childhood's associations of church and evergreens and death and pictures on bedchamber walls of just souls receiving harp, crown, and palm in 'The Better Land' amid dazzling rays that streamed from pearly gates of the celestial city; and Sunday-night suppers of bread and milk partaken of at a table covered with a red-figured spread sacred to this meal and to be used for none other — imagination haunted the while by the splendor of psalms read out responsively that morning by minister and congregation, gorgeous of Oriental imagery and sonorous in the majestic English of the King James version.

Each week-day evening the village intelligentsia met at the apothecary's shop, ostensibly to get their daily papers, actually to sit around the stove and discuss the universe. The apothecary scandalized the town by being a theosophist; the doctor ditto by being a Darwinian. Picture my chagrin when, only to-day, the fresh-water colleges and small-town clergymen first heard of evolution! Thirty years ago, in knee breeches, I had heard that question all thrashed out beside the apothecary's stove, and supposed its dust and fury abated forever with Samuel Butler and Bernard Shaw — thrashed out, too, with far more grace and tolerance than to-day. For the doctor, though on the rare occasions when he went to church he sat bolt upright during prayers with eyes wide open (for which be his memory held in respect!), respected, in turn, the fine character and scholarship of the minister; nor was he above studying French with Father Brard, the venerable silvery-haired Catholic clergyman, and when his first-born little boy died during the diphtheria epidemic (he saved the children of others; his own he could not save), it was to the good priest that he went for comfort, as man to man, irrespective of theologies. On the other hand, when the minister had the misfortune

to remark in the doctor's presence that never yet had man been able to conceive of a single improvement on the Creator's handiwork, the doctor replied blandly: 'Oh, yes. I can suggest one.'

'Indeed!' bridled the minister. 'Then this is quite an event, and I, for one, should be happy to hear your suggestion. What is it?'

'At the age of fifty I would take away a man's passions and leave him his teeth.'

VII

Make the immortals your daily guests and marvel at how they transform your house into a dwelling-place of light. Twenty years of this home-grown culture, and the public concerts had become but a small part of it.

April is shining and showering. It is house-cleaning time. Carpets are up and draperies down — nothing to deaden the sonority of three large rooms which will open together. Bare floors smell clean and soapy; there is a heavenly odor of fresh paint and paper-hanger's paste. Pack away tables and bookcases; get out all the chairs; roll the pianoforte to the alcove end of the library; kindle a flashing blaze in the fireplace against the chill of a spring evening; notify village singers and players to brush up their fighting-pieces; and ask the neighbors in. Then ho! what a festival of spring and music right in the thick of that domestic upheaval commonly accounted one of the Plagues of Egypt. And what are the fighting-pieces of these village musicians? I remember so to have heard for the first time Beethoven's overtures to *Egmont*, *Coriolan*, and the third *Leonore* in four-hand arrangements for piano, his 'Sonata Appassionata,' 'Pathétique,' and 'Kreutzer,' Bach's 'Italian Concerto,' Schumann's 'Carnaval' and 'Faschingsschwank aus Wien,' and whole repertories of classic Lieder varied with folk ballads and Negro spirituals.

Neither were these neighborhood concerts the most of it, nor even the best of it. We are now in the 1890's: these boys and girls who grew up with good and great music are now young men and women, and concerts are to be had any day without so much as stepping outside the threshold of one's own home. A still evening of summer, long windows open to the mild air. Indoors, yellow lamp-beams shining on a portrait of Beethoven, a bust of Wagner, on the ivory and ebon keyboard of a piano, and on the gleaming golden varnish of violins and violoncello. An east window opens on a vine-clad verandah where listeners may sit in the dreamy dimness of starshine. Neighbors, going by, come up past the rose bushes into the dooryard and to the porch: 'We heard the music and thought we would stop.' Out of the open windows come floating trios for pianoforte and strings — Haydn's, Beethoven's, Mendelssohn's, Rubinstein's; violin and cello concertos, a whole piano literature, the Lieder of Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Hugo Wolf, Richard Strauss, Saint-Saëns, Grieg, yes, and Chaminade, and heaven knows what inundations of sentimental ballads proper to the sentimental age, — Tosti, Bemberg, Meyer-Helmund, Liza Lehmann, — without which the molasses taffy and vinegar pickles of preliminary fallings in and out of love are sweets and sours only half tasted.

How to keep children home evenings? With counter-attractions aplenty of by no means a desirable kind, these Woolwick parents experienced little difficulty. For twenty years they had been busy getting up a home-talent show with which outside attractions simply could not compete. And, when they left home, no need to ask youngsters so reared and nourished not to waste their

time on idle or vulgar amusements. The idle kind bored them to fury; the vulgar turned their stomachs. Morality? Sex stimulation youth of course will have. The immoral? Well, in the light of history, such questions were debatable. Morality is a majority vote, and the finest spirits are always in a minority. But the vulgar, the ugly, the inharmonious, the unbeautiful — about these there could be no argument. They were revolting. That was all. These good parents of Woolwick thought they were teaching art. They were teaching morals. They thought they were giving religious instruction at church. They were giving it with fiddle bow and keyboard. They thought their religion came from Israel. It came from Hellas.

The neighboring town, Verona, was the county seat. Never for a moment did Verona forget this or allow Woolwick to forget it. For Verona had quite another conception of καλὸς κἀγαθός — what constituted 'a good life.' Its women were smartly dressed; its men were sharp lawyers and shrewd merchants. It set a stiff pace of whist and dancing. How it did disdain the frumps and bluestockings, the ploughman scholars, the stove-side philosophers, and the artisan musicians of Woolwick, nor hesitated to say so. Verona, be it conceded, did have a case. Not long ago I saw a flashlight photograph of the Woolwick Choral Society and Philharmonic Orchestra taken in the church against a background of organ pipes in 1899. A queerer-looking band of owl-eyed Bacchæ Euripides himself would not wish to see. I thought of the Duke of Wellington's exclamation on beholding the first Reform Parliament: 'Egad, I never saw so many shocking bad hats in me life!' Woolwick parents, for their part, held up the aimless, brainless rout of Verona's whist and dancing as a horrible example of how not to do it. Thirty years later, as a guest at a luncheon table in an Eastern college, I encountered an undergraduate who hailed from Verona; a charming youth, highly bred and incredibly fine-looking. He had heard of my father as far back as he could remember, and I of his. We fraternized. We compared philosophies of life.

'You,' said he, 'are exactly what I should expect to find a native of Woolwick: unable to outgrow books, music, and theories, and face life as it is.'

'And what is life as it is?'

'God knows! Don't ask me! I am merely existing in this dump of a college town until I can go back home, make brick like my father, and settle down to enjoy life with the county families.'

'And how does one enjoy life?'

'How does one enjoy life?' echoed the Gentleman of Verona. 'Could such a question have come from any place but Woolwick? "How does one enjoy life?" One enjoys life, my friend, with a girl and a car.'

VIII

Verona, I am inclined to believe, is a larger place than the shire town of Franklin County. All in due season I was sent to the eldest and most celebrated of the Eastern universities. I went, as became a child of the wheat and hog belt, prepared to venerate. Plenty to venerate I found, but it was not the cultural estate of the majority of undergraduates. These sons of upper- and middle-class families had been through famous Latin schools and academies; they had lived next door to teeming libraries, rich museums, storied monuments, theatres, opera houses, concert halls, and soil trodden by the good and great. The air around them was thick with history and tradition.

They were like the man who was told that Christopher Columbus was dead: he had n't 'even heard that the guy was sick.' They were fine fellows. They had, for the most part, superb bodies and robust characters. Culturally they went in rags. Learning had always been a school exercise; hence, a bore. Intellectual enthusiasms were socially bad form, things only to be indulged in by Jews and graduate students from one-horse colleges. As for music, aside from a correct attachment to the football anthems with which college nationalism implores its tribal god of battles, their favorite songs were 'Hello, Peaches!' and 'Waltz me around again, Willie!' Pecunious Philistines. It was disconcerting — to have come, a passionate pilgrim, from the tall timber and to find these sons of the elect numbered among the intellectual great-unwashed. I was forced to conclude that the greatest of all opportunities may be lack of opportunity.

Exceptions, of course, there were. Let me mention one. He was an oarsman, an ardent scholar regardless of the jocular contempt in which scholarship was held by his mates, and also something of a poet. He was forever turning up at obscure theatres where courageous actors were experimenting with Ibsen and Shakespeare. We fell to comparing notes. He related that as a child his mother had brought him up on Shakespeare, Beethoven, and the Bible.

'Why, what a coincidence!' said I. 'That is exactly like a story my mother used to read me on Sunday afternoons when I was a little boy — *Captain January*.'

'My mother,' he replied calmly, 'wrote that story.'

He was, it appeared, the grandson of a woman who had learned to read Greek after she was forty-eight years old. Her name was Julia Ward Howe.

IX

And now that I have told you a story it is only fair that you should stay for the moral. A story should carry its own moral? Possibly. I am taking no chances.

Why should I recite events so humble? Who were these but extremely common people, thumping and sawing at music fiendishly hard for them? To brag of my home town, to glorify my own folks? My home town is no different from yours. As for my own folks, they have been paid long ago in a higher coin than any of mine. The two beloved and valiant souls have rested side by side under their tomb slabs this many a year; and people whose bodies the good gray doctor healed, and whose hearts his wife warmed and comforted, go quietly year after year to lay flowers on their graves. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward.

No: the moral is something quite other. And this is it. If democracy is to be anything more than a dead level of squalid mediocrity, then common life must be lived nobly and well; and it seems to me that I have been describing one of many ways in which it may be. Suppose the property question settled — as settled, soon or late, of course it must be. Suppose everybody were already comfortably above the poverty-line, as we of the middle class are now. What then? One hundred millions living the life of full belly and empty head? God save us! I think the intellectual squalor of our middle class far more shameful than any imputed physical squalor of the poor. For the middle class has at least had a chance at things of the mind and spirit.

If common life is to be lived nobly and well — as it must be if these United States of ours are to be anything more

than a highly comfortable and sanitary sty — it must be by common people exerting themselves as strenuously for some form of ideal excellence as they would for a great career; it must be by multitudes of common people living lives of greatness in obscurity without thought of applause or reward, but solely for the sake of the life itself, knowing it to be worth all that it costs. That, as I now realize after the lapse of a quarter of a century, was what these Woolwick people were doing. Humble folk though they were, they had in them the stuff of greatness. It never entered their heads that their deeds and lives might some day be proclaimed as beautiful and worthy. The suggestion would have set them aghast. Therein is half their beauty and worth. I know America to be full of this possibility, because all humanity is. In it is the hope of our future — common people living, in obscurity, lives of greatness.

I have not pretended that what Woolwick did was easy, or that it was done in a year. All told, it took three decades. Was it worth the time and effort?

Here let me answer for myself. And let me limit my answer to a single event — a certain Christmas concert, and that stirring ballad by Ciro Pinsuti, 'The Raft.'

Christmas of frosty stars and moonlit snow; Christmas that had brought a cherished fuzzy white-woolen rabbit with pink-bead eyes; and Christmas that came with the heightened glamour of a concert in a hall up three interminable flights of stairs — a hall which seemed enormous, peopled with myriad heads, above and beyond which, by being allowed to stand up on one's seat, one could see the singers banked row on row, and in front of them the racing fiddle-bows and gleaming brass hornbells of the orchestra; hello! and one's own father (how strange, and even just a little humiliating) standing up on a raised platform, making queer motions with a stick there in front of everybody: yet no one seemed to think it ridiculous, but looked and listened quite respectfully. And there beside him, beautifully dressed, her lovely hair piled high in a corona of plaited braids, and golden lights on her radiant face, who, who but one's own mother — looking so fantastically remote up there across all those strangers' heads, as in a dream: that breast on which one laid a tired and sleepy head, that voice which could croon cradle songs, upborne now on a thrilling tumult of orchestra; a voice which shone like a star! It was singing some tale of shipwrecked souls rescued from death, orchestra shouting for joy, and above its glorious tempest that shining voice hymning praise and thanksgiving. The beloved face was centre and soul of all eyes; the beloved voice was poet and prophet of all souls. . . . What must such a vision do to a child's imagination? What must such a memory do to a child's heart?

THE MODESTY OF MAN

BY RAMSAY TRAQUAIR

I

MANY men can still remember the days when their mothers went about with a curious contraption tied on behind them, giving a luxuriant outline suggestive of the Hottentot. This was called a 'dress-improver' and was admired. To the modern eye it is simply hideous. At a slightly later date ladies swept the floor or the street with voluminous trains, dirty and inconvenient. So inconvenient were they that a little rope-handle was attached, by which the wearer could sling her train on to her arm and so attain freedom to move. That was the period in which a lady's ankles were improper. It was the period of our modest grandmothers, the period to which the modern moralist, usually male, apparently desires a return.

The period before it, the period of Queen Victoria, was quite as ugly, quite as insanitary, and less complete. Inquirers may be referred to contemporary portraits of the Queen in her younger days. By strict standards she ought to have died of pneumonia, and it is not surprising that she was accused of immodesty.

To-day, amid a great deal of talk about 'rights,' woman has actually acquired one very important right — the right to wear healthy and beautiful clothes. She has quietly and of her own accord evolved a costume which is graceful, practical, and, we are assured, comfortable. Doctors tell us that it is healthy. What more could be desired? Yet the moralist, usually a man, denounces it as 'immodest.'

But woman to-day is getting independent. In her search for woman's rights she has obtained some very worthless things, such as the vote, and some valuable things, such as the right to be educated. She has been most wise when she took her own way and most foolish when she merely attempted to copy man. It is hard to believe, yet it is true that many women claimed the right to wear men's clothes — top hat, frock coat, trousers, and the rest. One lady, a doctor, actually did so, and history records that she did not make a handsome man. To-day woman is clad sensibly, yet unlike man. She cuts her hair to a sensible, moderate length, keeps her skirts out of the mud, and, in general, looks workmanlike and fit for her occupation of the moment. There are, of course, aberrations, as there will always be: high heels are still worn. Yet in general the statement is true, and of the majority of sensible women it is absolutely true. Fifty years ago woman was in respect of clothing and appearance man's inferior; to-day she is his superior. But she is denounced as immodest in respect of this very reform.

The truth is that women never were, are not, and never will be modest in man's sense of the word. Modesty is essentially a manly attribute, and from the beginnings of history men have not ceased to recommend it to women. In

the beginning of the twelfth century Guilbert de Nogent wrote: —

> Alas how miserably . . . maidenly modesty and honour have fallen off and the mother's guardianship has decayed both in appearance and in fact, so that in all their behaviour nothing can be noted but unseemly mirth wherein are no sounds but of jest, with winking eyes and babbling tongues and wanton gait and most ridiculous manners. The quality of their garments is so unlike to that frugality of the past that in the widening of their sleeves, the tightening of their bodices, their shoes of Cordovan morocco with twisted beaks, nay in their whole person, we may see how shame is cast aside.

So there were evidently 'flappers' in the twelfth century too, and moralists to correct them. Notice how Guilbert drags in the modest grandmother and insists upon clothes. Adam can hardly have referred to the modesty of Eve's grandmother, but it is probable that he criticized the length of her leaf apron.

Man the artist, the emotional, is also naturally man the modest. Wherever he is supreme, as in Turkey or India or classic Greece, he enforces modesty upon woman. Whenever woman rebels against his rule he denounces each new thing she does as immodest or unwomanly.

Modesty is, after all, a convention. Among those Negroes of Africa who go unclad, the assumption of any clothing is of the nature of concealment, suggestive and immodest. Yet many missionaries, men, consider that clothing is culture, and demoralize their flocks with petticoats and trousers. The statement has been made, by a man, that 'it is quite clear that civilization is inextricably mixed up with clothing.' Yet the ancient Greeks, a highly civilized people, were not in the slightest squeamish about the human form. They wore abundant clothes when the occasion demanded it, but shed them freely whenever they liked. The most completely clad people in the world to-day are possibly the Tuaregs of the Sahara, whose men even veil their faces. I have not heard that they are the most civilized.

It is true that all civilized people have used clothes, but that is far from saying that a complete covering of the body is a sign of civilization. It is simply a convention.

As modesty is a convention, so immodesty is anything which breaks that convention. Between the two there is a borderland of variations and developments. Modesty is usually, perhaps, connected with breaches of the conventions between man and woman, but it is really attached to all serious breaches of conventionality. It is, for instance, immodest to boast of one's own achievements, to shout loudly during a church service, or to eat peas with a knife. These actions break accepted conventions in a disagreeable way. But it is not immodest to eat asparagus with one's fingers, to interrupt at a political meeting, or to extol the achievements of others.

Now there can be little doubt that women venture much further into this borderland of the modest than men. Without referring to those gross breaches of the conventions which all would condemn, women are more willing to be different from one another than are men. They are more willing to try a novelty, and they are more unconventional than men. This is distinctly a virtue at the present time, when we are too hardly ruled by conventions, but it is usually condemned as 'the thin edge of the wedge.'

This metaphor of the wedge, of which our reformers are so fond, is a most immoral one. It is the chosen argument of the reactionary, of the obscurantist, and of all who object to any change in present conditions but

can find no reasonable arguments in their favor. According to it, dancing is wicked, billiards are wicked, cards are wicked: they all lead to moral ruin. A glass of beer leads to drunkenness; a pretty girl looking her best leads to quite unmentionable wickedness. Now there is just one answer to all these 'thin edge of the wedge' arguments. They are all simply false. We must in all things take risks, and we must be strong enough to take them. We shall make no advances in civilization if our conduct is to be regulated entirely for the benefit of the weakest members.

So in asserting that women are naturally less modest than men we are far from asserting that women are essentially wicked. Wherever that doctrine is heard, as in Indian philosophy, we may be sure that we are encountering a man-made culture. On the contrary, we are claiming for them a virtue: women are more ready to break a convention than men.

In England, before the war, educated women behaved in a most immodest manner in order to gain political ends. They yelled, chained themselves to railings, broke windows, bit policemen, and in various ways did things that no modest man of their own class would have dreamed of. This inherent immodesty gave them a very unfair advantage over men. An uneducated man may bite a policeman and no one will be shocked, but for an educated person it is a most immodest action. No real gentleman would do so; it would offend his sense of self-respect — that is, his modesty. But a lady, fired by a sincere belief, would cheerfully eat the whole policeman if the act would forward her aims. She would not by doing so hurt her modesty, because she has not got so much.

Since the days of Eve woman has adventured into new ways, often contrary to the accepted code and often good in the long run. The eating of apples was forbidden in the Garden of Eden. Eve broke that rule; and it was better for Adam to learn good and evil and fall than to remain an innocent and ignorant animal.

II

We have seen that in matters of personal appearance and hygiene woman has during the last fifty years worked a revolution. It is now full time for man to follow her example. For more than a hundred years there has been little change in man's absurd habiliments. Reform is more than due, but unfortunately it will have to be carried out in the teeth of the professional moralist. He is usually a reactionary, as is well illustrated by the history of man's distinctive garment.

About one hundred and twenty years ago men began to wear modern trousers. They were instantly condemned as immoral and unworthy of a gentleman. They were the badge of the 'Reds' of the day, the revolutionary sans-culottes. It is well known that the Duke of Wellington was refused admittance to Almack's on the ground that he was wearing trousers. At Trinity College, Cambridge, students were notified that those attending chapel or college in the objectionable garments would not be counted present; and in 1820 the English Nonconformists decided that a minister should on no account ascend the pulpit in trousers. In Berlin in 1801 trouser-wearers were regarded as revolutionaries, although in 1797 King Frederick William III had horrified society at Bad Pyrmont by wearing them in public. It was not until about 1830 that the badge of the French revolutionary became the emblem of respectability.

To-day we retain in our dress all the

worst points of the worst period of early Victorianism. We have indeed fairly banished the tall hat, but from the neck down we are expensive, insanitary, and ugly.

A man's coat is so cut as to weigh heavily upon the spine at the base of the neck with the collar stud pressing firmly on the backbone. An attitude with the head poked forward is the result in most elderly men.

The neck is encircled by a tight band, often of stiffly starched linen. This is patently absurd and unnecessary. The soft collar is a boon, yet even that is much too tight. Women, who leave their necks free, do not catch more colds than men. It is indeed true that men are constitutionally a little more delicate than women, but that is no reason for this swaddling of the neck. Sailors are probably more healthy than business men, yet they expose their necks. This appears to be an urgent reform.

The coat and waistcoat have a curious history. In Caroline times they descended to the knees, forming a kind of stiff kilt and effectually preventing the wearer from sitting in an ordinary chair. Then they ascended in front until in the days of Napoleon they resembled a chest-protector surmounting a large egg. To-day they have descended to the hips, leaving exposed just that vital region about the waist where so many of our ills originate.

The modern waistcoat leaves the waist unprotected. The modern jacket is a pocket-and-dust receptacle. Man has far too many pockets attached to every part of his person, into most of which he dare not put anything for fear of spoiling the suit. Even if he uses them, they are so numerous that objects, such as letters for the post, may be lost in them for weeks.

When a man buttons his jacket, he can with difficulty raise his arms above the shoulder. If he wants to do any work, he has to take off his coat. It binds the shoulders, and many a man has been drowned by his coat.

But for grotesque humor the dress coat is supreme. It is 'correct' for dancing, and, as the wearer gyrates, the two little black flaps twist and turn behind like the double tails of some heraldic devil. The dress coat is derived from a riding-coat and was originally cut in that manner in order to give freedom in the saddle. But why should modern man on formal occasions array himself in the trousers of a French revolutionary and the coat of an English farmer?

Trousers are generally acknowledged to be illogical garments. We cannot very well walk without bending the knees, so we not only wear garments with no knee-joint, but even insist on a careful crease in just such a position as to make knee-bending as difficult as possible. Trousers are indeed truly immodest, for when a man sits down he must separately and elaborately hoist each leg, thereby exposing a pale-blue sock-supporting apparatus. No real lady would dream of doing such a thing. But trousers are in some degree sacred. Their popular American name is derived by devious ways from the Italian Saint Pantaleone, and they still retain some trace of sanctity. Alter what you will, but alter not my 'pants.' Oxford trousers and plus-fours are objects of the usual denunciations.

There are two lines of reform. Either make them so loose that they slip easily on sitting down, or stop them at the knee. Shortening is the most logical method of reform, but the difficulty lies in the modesty of man. Suggest to him that he wear knickerbockers or shorts, and he retorts with a reference to his ankles or calves. The only person to-day who is ashamed to

let his ankles be seen is the American business man. Golf is slowly undermining his position.

This modesty in man seems to be inherent. It appears at a very early age and is apparently independent of training. The little girl early begins to show pleasure in being noticed and in wearing nice clothes; the little boy is the shyest creature imaginable. His one longing is to look exactly like all other boys and to be lost in the mob. Most boys pass through agonies on going first to school, because their collar is not quite the right pattern or their tie is the wrong color. It is not until a fairly late age that they learn to have any individuality. Many men indeed remain boys in this all their lives, — each is only one of 'the crowd,' — and unfortunately our present system of education tends to keep them so.

One of the difficulties in introducing the Boy Scout movement into Canada was the shyness of the boys. They were ashamed to show their knees or elbows. In the U. S. A. the Boy Scouts still modestly cover these parts. Girls, as we know, have no such shyness.

III

The uniform question may indicate a way out. All men are shy. The English code of 'good form' is simply a form of modesty. It is a citadel of correctness within which the man may feel safe. The American is even shyer. If convention decrees that he is to work in shirt-sleeves, he will put on extra-thick underclothing rather than his coat. If convention decrees that shirt-sleeves are immodest in the presence of ladies, he will at once put on his coat and suffer perspiringly. But he loves a uniform, once it is accepted as a uniform.

It is not customary for American business men to dance in the public streets attired in exotic garb, yet a short time ago several hundred American business men danced in the streets of Montreal, at noonday, attired as Turks. This they did under the guise of endowing a hospital. The endowment was kindly thought of, but the dancing was gratis; it was very complicated and must have taken considerable practice. They evidently enjoyed it — man loves a ritual as he loves a uniform.

Now no woman would ever do anything like this. It would not appeal to her practical mind. She feels no need to take refuge in a crowd when she wants to make a fool of herself, and it is a revelation of our topsy-turvy civilization that man, the individualist, is at present in some ways less individual than woman, the organizer. He can unbottle these wild emotions of his only in the safe anonymity of a society. It is only in the higher branches of learning, science, or art that man can and does preserve his individuality. In ordinary life man is fettered by custom and ritual to a far greater degree than woman. If you wish women to adopt a fashion, suggest that it is daring, new, and French. If you wish men to do the same, make it ritual, uniform, and antique; then they will do or wear anything. But the Ku Klux Klansmen probably hood their faces in order to hide their blushes.

The only tolerable and healthy dress at present habitually worn by men in America is a uniform — that of the sailor. His neck is healthily free; his jumper comes well down and his trousers come well above his waist, and so he avoids chills. He frequently has his feet bare, and so avoids all the twisted toes to which our boxed-in feet are liable. It is a uniform, and so he is not ashamed to wear it. Will someone introduce a benevolent and ancient society for business men with a well-

designed and beautiful uniform? Its legendary history should date back at least to the Aztecs.

When reform comes, as it probably will if woman's influence increases, it will come slowly and through the young people. This is a simple fact usually ignored by our reformers. The elderly reformer has no chance; he dies too soon. But the young rebel has quite a chance; he is making his own world, and he will live in it when we are safely underground. He usually heeds the reformer very little. After he has buried him, he goes his way on his own responsibility and does things the reformer never dreamed of. We may cite an example of this.

In the latter part of the nineteenth century a certain Mrs. Bloomer introduced a reformed dress for women. It included knickerbockers; it was advocated by wise and elderly persons; and it failed utterly. Mrs. Bloomer's name is now attached to schoolboys' knickerbockers. Presently the flapper took it into her empty head to wear breeches. The wise and elderly persons all protested in vain; the reform was brilliantly successful; and to-day girls wear breeches without attracting much notice. For a reform to be really successful, it should be introduced by the young and disapproved of by the elderly. This discovery is recommended to all reformers.

It has been pointed out by a French writer that the Englishman and the Frenchman regard dress from rather different angles. The Englishman wears the clothes appropriate to the time, the Frenchman those suitable to the occasion. So a Frenchman may wear dress clothes in the morning for a ceremonial occasion. The Englishman inclines to wear evening dress even when the occasion is not ceremonial. In this the American inclines to the French practice. He does not indeed wear dress clothes in the morning, unless he is an ambassador, but rather keeps them for ceremonial occasions in the evening. And in other respects he usually identifies clothes with an occasion. He speaks of golf trousers or golf stockings where the Englishman says 'knickerbockers.' He speaks of running-trousers where the Englishman says 'shorts,' and of tennis dress where the Englishman says 'flannels.' He often does wear such dress because it is suitable and comfortable, yet he always seeks the shelter of the conventional excuse: he is presumably going to play golf, or he has just been playing golf and it is too much trouble to change his clothes. So the reformer, if he is wise, will not proclaim the hygienic virtues of, say, shorts or an open neck. He will invent a game suitable for tired business men and guaranteed to reduce weight, for which these are the recognized uniform adjuncts. Women do not need these inducements, but modest man does.

For any who are so bold as to attempt reform, a few obvious improvements may be suggested.

First, clothes should be, as far as possible, washable. We very nearly wear a suit until it falls to pieces from age and dirt. Cleaning is expensive and ruins clothes of the present complicated cut, but our summer clothes, at any rate, should be washable. Starch should be abolished entirely.

Secondly, we should wear quite different clothes in the hot weather from what we wear in the cold — clothes different not merely in thickness but in pattern.

Thirdly, our clothing should recognize that the human body has joints and bends them. Our present clothes are admirably adapted to be worn by dummy figures; they look at their best in the tailor's window. They hinder us in sitting down and in standing up,

to a far greater degree than we realize.

Fourthly, they should leave as much skin exposed as possible, according to the climate. Doctors tell us that we cover ourselves up far too much and that direct light is good for the skin. This is the particular virtue of the sailor's collar, of shorts, and of kilts.

Fifthly, variety might be encouraged. There is no real need for all men to be dressed alike. But it will take a great deal of converting by their wives before men will consent to this.

Lastly, the best clothes men wear to-day are country or sports clothes. Reform may come through that 'inordinate love of pleasure' which the reformers deplore. These clothes at least avoid the horrors of 'smartness.'

IV

This is only a dream. A few cranks may like to be comfortable, but it is not in this manner that reforms are brought about.

It has been noticed that the changes in man's dress have always come from below in society upward. Our dress coat does not come to us from the courts of kings, but from the riding-coat of the English farmer in the eighteenth century. Our trousers come from the French peasant; our soft collars originated in Whitechapel; the jacket is a garment of the common people; knickerbockers were originally worn by the lowland Scottish peasant. We adopt our fashions in dress from the proletariat.

So it is safer to make our prophecy on safe historic lines. One hundred years or so from now the formal attire of the fashionable American man will be an adaptation of the dress of the American peasant. He will appear in a carefully cut suit of black broadcloth overalls, with broad black-silk braces bearing the old-fashioned motto, 'Union Made,' and exposing at the back a stiffly starched blue shirt. He will be exquisitely uncomfortable.

THE WEAKER SEX: A SCIENTIFIC RAMBLE

BY JAMES H. LEUBA

I

Alfred Adler, one of the band of physicians whose minds were fertilized by the extravagant and yet fruitful theories of Freud, would reduce most mental disorders to the action of what he calls the 'inferiority complex.' That complex is doubtless one of the causes of the present moral restlessness and dissatisfaction among women. They have eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge and are smarting at the discovery of the inferiority of their social status — an inferiority revealed, it seems to them, even in those traditional forms of male behavior which pass for homage to the sex, such as the raising of the hat in salutation, the yielding of seats, and so on. Women care not so much for the vote, for the responsibility of guiding the Ship of

State, as for relief from a humiliating position.

Under the goad of imputed general inferiority, women have claimed not only political but also mental equality. It has seemed to them that nothing short of the full recognition by the dominant male of their mental capacity would bring to them the sense of worth and dignity before which the complex and its baleful effects would vanish. Unfortunately, whatever success they may have obtained in the realization of their political demands, the facts continue to be, or seem to be, against their claim of mental equality.

With regard to the past, they have found it sufficient to plead social disabilities as an explanation of their inferior performance in every or almost every form of activity. How could woman have attained eminence when the institutions of higher learning were closed to her, and when society in general refused to help her to gratify any of her ambitions if it led beyond the home?

Science, in the form of mental tests, has seemed to come to the support of this uncertain argument. No significant differences have been found to exist between schoolboys and schoolgirls or even between adult men and women. Unfortunately, the mental tests so far available are applicable to only certain parts of the mental life: the functions of the sense organs (acuity of perception, fineness of discrimination, and so forth), memory, certain forms of imagination, of comparison, of judgment, and some other aspects of what makes up 'intelligence.' No adequate test of the dynamic aspect of the mind — that is, of interest, persistency, energy — has as yet been devised. When it is realized that the intellectual abilities are useless without motive power, the impossibility of deducing from the possession of equal intellectual abilities equal life-achievements becomes obvious. Little may be expected of a person finely gifted intellectually, if he be not also well endowed with mental energy. The talents of the artist, without the power of ceaseless work, are of little avail.

Unfortunately, again, for the peace of mind of women, the extensive removal of social disabilities, which has recently taken place, has not yielded the fruits expected by the believers in equality of mental ability. It is true that even now, in many professions and activities, women enjoy neither the encouragement nor the freedom given to men. Nevertheless, it may well seem to dispassionate observers that the degree of liberation gained by women during the last fifty years has not been followed by the fruits which equality of ability would have produced. Feminine musical composers and performers of the first rank are remarkably few, though public opinion and social customs place no obstacle in the way of the female musician.

Equality of opportunity and of intelligence can ensure equality of mental achievement only if energy also is equal. Are there reasons for referring to less mental energy the inferior performance of women? I think there are.

It is with trepidation that I engage in so delicate a venture as the demonstration of the inferiority of women in mental energy. Claiming a purely scientific interest in these matters would, I fear, not spare me a storm of protest. But may I not at least contend that the reference of women's deficiency to energy, and not to intelligence, constitutes a favorable change of venue? Is it not easier to confess to fatigue than to lack of wits? So it almost seems that success in this attempt means ridding womankind of the dreadful inferiority complex. They may, therefore, perhaps bear with me.

In any case, I trust to their fairness — a trait which, I am glad to say, is not impugned in the following pages.

II

Differences in energy exist, of course, within the same sex. Let us, then, to begin with, seek a clear and somewhat detailed understanding of their effects as they manifest themselves in persons of the same sex.

Here are two college freshmen, Paul and Peter, whom we will suppose identical in intellectual excellence and in every other mental trait, energy only excepted. They are equal as to the quality of their mental abilities and dispositions, including their emotional make-up; they differ only in the quantity of the mental work they are able to perform. Let us assume that seven hours of college work leave Paul tired out, while Peter can do nine hours of the same work without more fatigue. What will be the consequences of this difference?

If both are average students and work just enough to pass the examinations, and if an average of seven hours' work a day is required for that purpose, then at the end of the day Paul will be tired out and therefore not inclined to further mental effort. His knowledge will remain, on the whole, limited to college studies. If he belongs to committees, to the editorial board of the college paper, or to any other extra-academic bodies, his services will not be of much value — he has too little energy left after doing his class-work.

Quite otherwise with Peter. He will have each day, on an average, two fruitful hours to devote to some pursuit other than the necessary class-work. He will be useful to college organizations to which he may belong. As simple member or as chairman of some of these, he will come by a variety of information that Paul will not get. He will, in particular, learn to manage men, and will have an opportunity to develop the traits of the leader. The greater his knowledge and effectiveness, the more he will be in demand and the more competent he will continue to become. Should Peter have deep intellectual interests and, instead of doing merely the necessary academic work, should he devote his spare energy to the extension of his knowledge and training, a corresponding accumulation of efficiency would take place in that direction.

Four years of college life, with each day two additional hours of fruitful activity on the part of Peter, will produce such differences between him and Paul in actual achievement and in power of achievement that no one will regard them as intellectually equal. Even their teachers will get the impression that Peter is the possessor of far greater mental ability than Paul. He is, in fact, better informed and far more efficient; yet they began with intellectual talents of the very same quality.

The ascription of superior performance to superior intellectual endowment when it is due, in fact, to superior energy is one of the common confusions besetting a muddle-headed humanity. The much-performers in business, in politics, and even in the arts and sciences, are often ranked far above their true place in the scale of intellectual talents — talents to observe, to remember, to understand, to appreciate, to reason. The very quality of their achievements conspires with their quantity to produce the deception. For quality also is improved by long-sustained effort. In my student days, I boarded for a while in the same house with a young woman said to have a remarkable gift for the piano. Yet, as time passed, she seemed more and

more discouraged. Her professor was not satisfied with her progress; he complained that she did not practise enough. As she told me that, she added, 'I play six hours a day; I can do no more — I am done up.' Has it not been said that Paderewski, during his apprenticeship, had been known to sit at the piano twelve hours a day? The promise of this young woman's talent was frustrated by insufficient energy.

Even in the fields of endeavor involving, as we say, purely mental work, — mathematics, for instance, — energy, and not only intellectual talent, determines the quality of achievement. Other things being equal, the person who in the attempted solution of a problem wearies last is the one who has the best chances of success. But the problem of the advantages due in this field to greater energy must not be considered with reference to a brief period of time. The energy-factor operates throughout life. The greater store of mathematical knowledge accumulated throughout his school and college years by the less easily fatigued person will give him such an advantage over his more easily tired competitor that now, even in the same space of time, he will readily surpass him, not in amount of work merely, but also in its quality: the problems he will be able to solve will be beyond the present attainments of the other. The world is full of men of vast achievements, reputed of transcendent intelligence, who owe their success to a surpassing energy actuating a mediocre brain. Not their intellectual talents but their ceaseless use of them is their distinction.

The student who in college understood with difficulty may astonish you by the place he takes in the community, while the brilliant youth who with little work was at the top of his class may never be heard from. Shall we say that the only advantage of the former over the latter must be one of energy, of capacity to work longer hours? There are obviously other differences between people besides quality of intelligence and quantity of energy — as, for instance, the one indicated by the words 'interest,' 'curiosity,' and 'purpose.' Since we are concerned merely with difference of energy when everything else is identical, it is quite sufficient for our discussion to note that the duration of interest, of curiosity, and of purpose wanes with the coming-on of fatigue. The duration of labor to which these incentives prompt at any particular moment is therefore limited by the energy at one's disposal.

We may, then, say that, other things being equal, the greater the difference in energy, the greater the difference in mental achievements, both in quantity and in quality. The inferiority in the mental performance of women, however great it may be in quantity or quality, can therefore be explained without the assumption of inferior intelligence.

III

A direct and measured knowledge of energy-difference between the sexes is not altogether lacking. It is well known that, in so far as muscular power and endurance are concerned, woman is, on the average, markedly inferior to man. This difference cannot possibly be referred to any form of social disability, for it exists among savages, where physical labor is not denied to the sex; it exists in the apes; it exists even in all the species of the mammalian class to which man belongs. It has been affirmed, furthermore, that at the same weight woman is inferior to man by about thirty per cent.[1] We are

[1] Professor A. V. Hill, in his address as President of the Physiology Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in 1925.

dealing here undeniably with a sex-linked difference.

The lesser muscular performance of women when compared with men of the same weight may mean that in the former a smaller part of the total weight is in muscle. In that case, at the same total bodily weight women's muscles would be smaller than those of men. We know, as a matter of fact, that this is so. Woman is handicapped in athletics, not only by her smaller size, — this is not, it is true, always a handicap, — but also by the weight of organs peculiar to her sex. Whether that handicap accounts for the whole of the thirty-per-cent difference is a question which, as far as we know, remains for the physiologist to answer.

But what have these facts and considerations to do here? Our problem does not refer to muscular performance, but to success in the professions, the arts, the sciences. Well, muscular and mental fatigue are not so independent of each other as the words might lead one to think. It is well known that physical fatigue incapacitates one for mental work, and also that mental fatigue incapacitates one for physical work.

The truth of the first statement is fairly obvious. Movements result from the enervation of muscles — that is, muscles act only in so far as nervous energy is brought to them and is consumed by them.

The second statement — that mental fatigue incapacitates for physical work — is perhaps less obviously true. However, hard students and intellectual workers verify the truth of it every day. Eight hours of intellectual effort are usually enough to exhaust most of one's muscular energy.

Do we, then, think with our muscles? The psychologist does not put it that way. He affirms, however, that muscle activity is involved in the performances we have called mental. Music, painting, sculpture, make large calls upon physical endurance, particularly during the learning-period. To this we have already had occasion to refer in the case of piano-playing. It is sometimes said that the business man gets no exercise at his work. He undoubtedly exercises certain muscles. He sits up in his chair; he stands; he walks about, gesticulates, talks. All these activities mean muscle contractions, and general muscular fatigue when the evening comes.

The muscular activity in so-called intellectual work is not limited to the muscles necessarily involved in pressing down the keys of a piano, in using the pen, in speech movements; it spreads more or less to every muscle. Even when we do, as we say, nothing more than think, there are muscular contractions going on all over the body. Not a single one of the external muscles is entirely relaxed; and anyone may ascertain, by paying attention to the muscles of his face, of his arms, and of his legs when in the midst of a difficult train of thought, that many muscles are in a state of high tension. The fatigue produced by mental effort is, then, far from independent of muscular fatigue.

Fatigue, however, is induced not merely by the depletion of the stores of energy, — nervous or muscular, — but also by the presence in the bodily tissues of waste products resulting from the breaking-down of the consumed substances.

IV

But where is the source of energy in the human organism? The popular opinion that the brain is the sole source of the energy available, whether for muscular or mental work, is not countenanced by contemporary science. The recent discoveries concerning the glands

of internal secretion, — thyroid, pituitary, pineal, thymus, adrenal, pancreas, and so on, — glands whose secretions are poured out, not outside the body, but into certain organs or into the blood stream, have established the stimulating effect of certain of them and the depressing effect of others.

Fatigue depends, however, as already said, not only upon the supply of energy, but also upon the action of the organs involved in the elimination of the tissue-waste resulting from work. If not rapidly removed, these waste products clog the whole machinery. Here we are to think mainly of the excretory functions of the intestines and the kidneys, and of the oxidizing processes in respiration.

If women differ from men in energy, it need not be, therefore, because of a difference in the number or size or quality of the brain nerve-cells; it may be because of differences in the endocrine glands or in the organs concerned with the elimination of the waste products. An account of the functions of the glands of inner secretion, however incomplete our knowledge still is, throws a new and fascinating light upon human nature, and seems to place in the hands of man means of self-transformation rivaling the magic of the *Arabian Nights*. Yet only the briefest and barest of remarks are possible here.

Among the best established of the discoveries just referred to is that 'the energy quantum of an individual is a function of, and is determined by, his thyroid gland,'[2] a gland situated in the neck, near the windpipe. Insufficient thyroxin means inactivity, poor memory, and other intellectual weaknesses. A normal-minded person overtaken by that disease weakens mentally and, if the disorder is severe, becomes idiotic. If extract of thyroid is fed to him, he recovers rapidly. There are sufficient reasons to think that in a case of this sort the changes which take place in the brain — the mechanism of the mental life — do not destroy it, but make it merely unserviceable. It is as when water gets into the carburetor of an automobile. As soon as the water is removed, the machine works as well as ever; the carburetor had not been destroyed, but it could not be used.

The secretion of the thymus gland — in the chest, about the windpipe — produces, on the contrary, an extraordinary proneness to fatigue. Sturdily muscled individuals too much endowed with thymus succumb to an amount of work easily done by persons with smaller muscles. The fatiguableness and endurance of muscle may thus be traced, we are told, to the overaction or underaction of endocrine glands.

Not only the muscle but the brain activity itself is controlled by some of these secretions: 'Acuteness of perception, memory, logical thought, imagination, conception, emotional expression or inhibition . . . are influenced by the internal secretions.' They dominate the activity of the molecules and atoms of the nerve cells, increase or decrease the conductivity of the nerve fibres, and so forth. The expression of emotion, the instincts, and suggestibility are said to be subject to the action of certain of these secretions.

If great differences exist within the same sex regarding these secretions, still greater differences characterize the sexes, and these are the differences which interest us most. With male puberty there comes an increased activity of the anterior pituitary, while with female puberty an augmentation of the activity of the posterior pituitary takes place. The anterior pituitary is connected, not only with the male sex-functions, but

[2] Louis Berman, *The Glands Regulating Personality*, 1921.

also in an intimate way with the higher nervous system. It is therefore one of the sources of the energy of the intellectual functions. And the posterior pituitary regulates, not only the reproductive female organs, but also the maternal promptings and their emotional correlates. 'A great deal of evidence,' writes Berman, with reference to the posterior pituitary, 'is in our possession concerning the disturbances of emotion accompanying disturbances of this gland, and controllable by its control. It might be said to energize deeply the tender emotions, and instead of saying "soft-hearted" we should say "much-pituitarized."'

The presence of different organs and of different tendencies correlated with the functions of these organs accounts for marked differences between the sexes in interest, curiosity, and purpose. The female, for instance, holds the attention of the male, and the male that of the female, with particular intensity and persistency. Conventions and habits develop on the basis of these organically determined tendencies. Thus energy is differently directed in each sex.

If the new knowledge about the endocrine glands makes anything evident, it is the *energy inequality* of the sexes — an inequality which, in respect of certain physiological functions and mental activities, constitutes a superiority, and, in respect of others, an inferiority. There is not simply a difference in total energy; there are differences in the distribution of the available energy, whatever it may be. In woman that distribution does not, on the whole, favor muscular and intellectual achievements.

So far goes for the present our incomplete and somewhat uncertain knowledge. Even in this imperfection it throws some light upon our problem and upon the future of the sexes.

V

The interest of this paper is to be found mainly in the attempted demonstration of the effects of difference of energy — whatever their source — upon quantity and quality of mental output when everything else is equal, and in its reference to sources of difference in the distribution of energy in man and woman. That distribution is controlled by sex-biology, and places women in a position of inferiority regarding mental work.

Had our purpose been a wider one, — for instance, discussion of all the factors which may contribute to the lesser mental achievements of women, — we should have had to take up, among other things, the greater variability of the male sex — a biological fact responsible for the chance production of male individuals surpassing the stabler sex in intellectual talents.

We have not even intended a complete examination of the problem of energy in its connections with mental achievement under the supposition of equal intellectual gifts. Otherwise we should not have left out of consideration childbearing and nursing, and other functions intimately connected with them. It might be said that these specific sex-functions, considered together with the particular direction they give to the interests of women, are in themselves enough to account for all the observed differences in achievements between the sexes. However that may be, we have left out these sex-functions because we wanted to take into consideration only the unavoidable, eternal verities. Childbearing or no childbearing, there are between men and women the differences here set forth; and though childbearing should fall completely under the ban of polite fashion, to the admirable enrichment of women's leisure, this article would still stand.

WHY I LIVE IN TAHITI

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

It may be well to say at the outset that I have no desire to add another chapter to the already voluminous 'Literature of Escape,' and I do not for a moment believe that why I live in Tahiti or why I live at all is a matter of any great concern except to myself. But in these days, more than ever, it would seem, if a man steps out of the ranks of those who keep office hours and country-club lockers he is looked upon — well, as odd. Perhaps he is, but it can do no harm to investigate that point of view, or at least to explain one's own.

Fortunately for those who do step out, — an insignificant number, — there will always be hosts of others to keep the office hours, to march shoulder to shoulder, getting things done in the world or trying to get them done. But these dogged plodders and doers have the defects of their qualities, and one of them is that they resent having disinterested spectators along their line of march. We applaud them wholeheartedly, but they do not want applause; they want emulation, and they seem to resent not getting it. During a recent brief visit to America I found that attitude toward me unmistakable in a small circle of relatives, friends, and acquaintances — but perhaps I am wrong. It may have been mere friendly curiosity as to my reasons for choosing a small tropical island in the mid-Pacific as a place in which to live.

In one case at least it was more than curiosity. It was an undisguised, loving concern for my moral and spiritual welfare, for in my Aunt Harriet's picture of the South Seas there is always a white beach-comber in the middle foreground; and like a shadow behind him, reproaching him, stands the man he once was and will never be again. On the evening of my arrival at her house she followed me upstairs to the guestroom; and, having closed the door behind her, she sat down on a sofa to wait until I had unpacked my bag. When that small task was done, 'Now, dear,' she said, 'we must have a long talk. I want you to tell me why you live on that wretched little island. You must tell me what keeps you there'— and implicit in her voice and manner was an assurance of sympathy, of a desire to understand all and to forgive all.

Her question startled me a little, for I had never before thought of myself as actually living in Tahiti. I had always regarded America as home, and Tahiti and various other islands in the eastern Pacific as places where I made long and happy visits. But a moment's reflection convinced me that she was right. I had spent four out of the last five years in Tahiti or thereabout. One hardly retains the status of visitor after so long a period. Yes, assuredly, 'that wretched little island' was my home if I might be said to have one.

We talked through dinner, after dinner, and until far into the night — I warming to my theme, becoming all but eloquent regarding the advantages of solitude and a simple, fairly primitive way of living; my aunt listening with evident interest, asking from time to time very pertinent questions. At length she brought the discussion round to the question of one's duties, rights, and privileges as an American citizen. I said that I would always recognize my duty to go to the aid of the country in time of war; as for the rights and privileges, — although there were many, undoubtedly, — I was willing to forgo them in order that I might live according to my own ideas of what constitutes living. My aunt was surprised that I had no deep feeling of patriotism toward America as a whole, but this seems to me natural, inevitable. Patriotism is based upon community of blood, language, tradition, ideals; and, needless to say, there is no longer such community in the United States, nor can there be again for centuries to come — if ever. My aunt then questioned me as to my political opinions. I was in the course of explaining some of these, as well as I could, when she interrupted me.

'I see now what is wrong,' she said. 'You are an anarchist! You may not admit it, but it's true. If you had your way you would live in a place where there is no government at all!'

I consulted the dictionary to learn how, precisely, the word is defined. 'Anarchist: one who believes in anarchy.' 'Anarchy: absence of government; disorder; confusion.'

I admitted, then, being an anarchist in the sense that I longed to live in a state where, without confusion or disorder, — quite the reverse, in fact, — government had been reduced to the vanishing-point. I was about to describe such a state, — not built by hands, — but she absolutely refused to listen.

'No!' she said. 'It is late and we won't talk of this *any more!*'

She was really shocked, but she bade me good-night in her old gentle way as though convinced that an anarchist in her family must, somehow, be different from the general run of them. I was not sleepy and sat for a long time by the open window which overlooks some of the loveliest pastoral country in all the Mississippi Valley. The sky was cloudless, and under the ghostly light of the last-quarter moon the upland prairie seemed to be a part of that Land of Cockaigne which has always been my spiritual home no matter where my body happens to be.

Indeed, when I dream this land into being I sometimes identify it with Iowa, where I was born and reared; and, as soon as the identification is made, all of those actual residents of Iowa who do not and could not belong to this ideal commonwealth move of their own free will to California, which seems to be *their* spiritual home, and where, indeed, many thousands of them have already gone. When the last of them have crossed the Missouri River, invisible lethal walls rise, by magic, along the four boundaries of the state, and these are death to pass save to those people who are law-abiding without law — men and women of such enlightened understanding, so tolerant, just, humane, and farsighted, that, even when all are assembled from the uttermost parts of the Western world, they are not a great company, and have plenty of room for increase even in territory of Iowa's modest dimensions. Here they live, and because they are all so richly endowed with the finest qualities of humankind at its best, the good of the individual and the good of their society are found to be synonymous.

No effort is needed to make this so; no laws need to be passed that it shall be so. It *is* so.

But when I approach one of the confines of this state of my own creation a feeling of drowsiness comes over me and I draw quickly back, out of danger. I realize that the walls are lethal for me, too. So I remain, gazing toward it from afar, comforting myself with the thought that the children of my children's children, if they are wise in the choice of their forbears, may, perhaps, be admitted in humble capacities — as hewers of wood and drawers of water.

II

I do not, of course, believe that this anarchic state is likely to be builded soon. Meanwhile there is no reason why one should not seek out a place where one may at least play at anarchy. This is possible in Tahiti, which is one of the reasons why I live there.

In order to play at anarchy with any success, two conditions are essential: one must follow an art or profession or trade which provides the necessities of life; and it must be of such a kind that it may be practised, for the most part, in solitude. I have such a trade. It is journalism.

'A journalist in solitude? How can that be?' you say. 'The words are antipathetic.' I once thought they were, too, but I have found, in these days of specialization, that there may be all kinds of journalists just as there are all kinds of doctors, dentists, carpenters, clergymen. I do not know just how I fell into my particular branch of the trade or how long I may be able to follow it. Such as it is, I have it, and that suffices for the present.

You may ask, 'How does one play at anarchy, granted that the conditions are favorable?'

One simply lives as though there were no government in existence. It will be understood that the fiction is more easily maintained in a country where one is an alien. The conditions are almost ideal in a small island colony half a world away from the parent Ministry of Foreign Affairs. But you must have no axes of any sort to grind, or exchange, or expose for sale there. When that is the case you may have very pleasant relationships with those who do. They realize that you are not competing or trying to compete with them; therefore they reveal to you only the best sides of their natures, and at length you are all but convinced that they have no other sides to reveal.

'What an ostrich-like attitude!' you may say.

Perhaps; but an anarchist, from the very nature of his belief, is forced to adopt it. And do not those of other faiths try, at times, to think as charitably as they can of their fellows? It is well that this should be. Suppose you have a friend who sees only your good qualities: although you may never deserve his high regard, you will often find yourself basking, to your own advantage, in the light of it. But I do not mean to infer that by living an aloof, disinterested life in Tahiti I have many baskers at my doorstep or that I have raised the standards of political or social or private morality there. In playing at anarchy the ends to be gained are, of course, sheer make-believe.

'But what do you do with your time?' you may ask. 'You must find it hanging very heavily on your hands.'

Never — but for the sake of absolute veracity it is well to qualify that. Boredom is a universal spiritual disease and all men suffer from it at

times, no matter where they may be. But I can say, truthfully, that attacks of it grow increasingly rare in Tahiti. In America, the most virulent cause of boredom, in my own case, was to see multitudes of people engaged in useless, joyless occupations. To be sure, many of them did not appear to be aware of the awful tedium of their lives, but, being a sensitive man, I suffered vicariously for them. This is the least endurable of all suffering. In Tahiti I escape it, for, with the exception of the government employees, there is no one engaged in joyless work.

It is curious, in a place where there are so few distractions of the usual kind, that time so rarely drags. After a month or two of this quiet, uneventful life you find that you are losing your old conception of time. It becomes, like the air, fluid, seemingly inexhaustible; you live in it and by it, but it never intrudes itself as something not to be wasted. You do waste it, — prodigally, I suppose, in the high-latitude sense: that is, you no longer make unremitting use of it to your own material advantage, — but I am not at all convinced that this is to be deplored. Often you will go for an all-day ramble up some grassy plateau which rises gradually toward the mountains, climbing on and on until you reach a vantage point where, on the one hand, you have a view into the depths of a great valley dappled with the shadows of clouds; and, on the other, of the palm-clad lowlands and the broad lagoons beyond; and, beyond them again, of the sea — fifty, sixty miles of blue sea. There, listening to the silence, busy with your own thoughts or deep in fathomless reverie, you will sit until evening, surprised that evening comes so soon; and the strange thing — from the old, high-latitude point of view — is that such a waste of time brings not anxiety but peace of mind. It is easy to believe that you have been fulfilling, during those long hours of idleness, a small but important function in the scheme of things — holding up a tiny mirror that inanimate Nature might see through your eyes how beautiful she is. On such days you are convinced that loafing is a virtue and that three fourths of the unhappiness of the world is caused by the fact that men have forgotten how to loaf.

A few days ago I was reading Hilaire Belloc's *Cruise of the Nona.* As he sailed his little boat along the coast of Wales he engaged in speculation as to the advantages and disadvantages of solitude and men's capacity for it. A young man, he thought, might live alone as long as he chose, but older men found themselves increasingly in need of companionship as the years passed. I think it is just the other way around. A young man cannot endure solitude for any length of time. He needs and should have plenty of stimulating companionship, but by the time he has reached middle life it is my conviction that he can live most profitably with very little of it. Solitude, to be sure, is not an unmixed blessing, and too much of it might be as bad for one as too little; but in these days, when men swarm like ants over the greater part of the earth, there is small danger of anyone getting too much of it. The strange thing, to me, is that so few people seem to want any of it. They fly from solitude as though it were the wrath to come, and seem to have lost the capacity for being alone even during very brief periods. But it is a sound instinct, doubtless, which keeps the bulk of mankind in towns and cities where they are carried so swiftly along in the current of human affairs that they have little time to speculate as to the importance of either the speed or the direction of the

current. Optimism is a crowd quality, and even spurious optimism may be healthy enough, and quite useful in a workaday world.

III

It is only fair to say that during my residence in Tahiti I have met but very few optimists, and I have not been able to decide thus far whether this, in itself, is one of the advantages or disadvantages of living here. I have often wondered why it is that this small island, in one of the backwaters of the world, should draw, as though by capillary attraction, so many authentic pessimists. It does, unquestionably. They are of all nationalities, from every walk of life, men of education, men of no education; but, diverse as they are in many respects, they have two qualities in common: they are all interesting men, and all are suffering from what the ancients — according to Dean Inge — called acedia (disillusionment), and which they defined as one of the seven deadly sins. It is not clear to me why disillusionment should be regarded as a sin, but perhaps it is, in a sense, from the social point of view. Certainly these men, almost without exception, are lookers-on at life, out of sympathy with the spirit of their times. They are genial enough pessimists in many respects. They do not believe that this is the worst of all possible worlds, but they do believe that it might be, and never will be, a great deal better. Some of them appear to have been born too early and some too late; and so, not being able to act with any enthusiasm, they talk.

Many of them, through years of practice, have become past masters in the art of conversation, and it is this that makes them such interesting companions. I know, of course, that an abundance of stimulating conversation may be had in America if one knows where to seek it; but it seems to have been my misfortune, during the time I lived there, not to have known where, or it may have been how, to look for it. I used to wonder why it was that even small gatherings at home were usually so tedious. To be sure, words flowed perpetually, but they had little significance or interest. We were bored with each other without knowing why. The trouble was, I think, that we did not know how to talk or what to talk about. Things and events alone had importance as matter for conversation; so we discussed them, and, if you had had the courage and the patience, you might have sat through an endless number of those so-called conversations without hearing so much as a fleeting reference to an idea.

I wonder whether mine was a common experience? I hope not, but if it was, and still is, then something should be done about it. The best method of getting things done at home is to set aside a day for doing them. We have Mother's Day when we must think of our mothers, and Father's Day when we must think of our fathers. Well, why not have an Idea Day when those who are too busy during the rest of the year think and talk of ideas to the exclusion of everything else? But on second thought I am not sure that this would be a wise movement. There may be some connection between the frank discussion of ideas — particularly those capable of, but not likely to have, practical application — and the sin of acedia.

My experience leads me to believe that good talk is likely to result, even in groups of quite ordinary individuals, when favorable conditions lead to favorable occasions. In Tahiti one has ample leisure, not only to talk, but to

think between periods of talk. Men come together after weeks or months of solitude, their minds surcharged with energy, their opinions carefully weighed and sorted against the time when they may be brought forth in company. Great lights dawn upon them during their lonely meditations. They are seized by great convictions or great doubts, and to share these is as necessary to them as breathing. The moment two or three of them meet, the conversation immediately centres around ideas, for things are conspicuous only by their absence, events by the rarity of their occurrence. What a satisfaction it is to escape the dominance of things — not to be perpetually reminded of them, stimulated to think of them or to want them, or to acquire them without wanting them! Very few people here have accumulated possessions. As for the pessimists I have been speaking of, nearly all have achieved affluence in the Diogenic sense, estimating their wealth in terms of the things they can do without. Encouraged by necessity and their example, I too have been storing up treasure of this sort for some time past, and, although not yet among the truly opulent ones, I live much more simply and cheaply than would be possible, even for a journalist, in America. In fact, my scale of living is about that of a small mechanic — even that of a day laborer — at home. One reason why my visits to America are both infrequent and brief is that, the moment I arrive there, I find that the acquisitive instinct in me is dormant merely, not dead, and within a week it quickens into life. I have to hurry away lest I yield to the old tyranny of things.

My friends, the Acediasts, are great readers, and this is another important minor advantage of living here: one has both the leisure and the inclination to read extensively. Most men would agree that literature is the finest of the arts, music alone excepted. If this is true, then the time one gives to the reading of good books should be considerable, and here it is so. In America, although I got through many books during the course of a year, it was reading with the eyes for the most part — rarely were mind and spirit fully engaged. There were too many distractions, and even when most deeply absorbed I was conscious all the while of the likelihood of interruption, so that I entered only half-heartedly the world of the imagination, like a doctor who goes to the theatre expecting at any moment to be called away. For reading, one must have solitude and the assurance of freedom from interruption, and in Tahiti as nowhere else I have been able to fulfill both of these conditions. I have a small house which stands on a peninsula about an acre in extent. No road passes through it — only a footpath used by two or three native families living in the vicinity. The house faces the sea, with a northwest exposure, and the nearest neighbors in that direction are the Manahiki Islanders, some eight hundred miles away. Those to the right and left are closer at hand, but they are the most discreet and thoughtful of neighbors and never intrude. Their houses are completely hidden by groves of palms and pandanus trees. Often I see no one for days, and in the secluded, sunny silence of the place it is easy to imagine that I am living on an otherwise uninhabited island. Here, many a time, secure from interruption, I have read for a solid week — mornings, afternoons, evenings, and until far into the night, living in books more intensely than I have ever lived in the world of reality.

Only a few weeks ago I was engaged in one of these periodical orgies, and

one of the books was Conrad's *Lord Jim*. I know it almost by heart, but my enjoyment was as keen at this fifth reading — or was it the sixth? — as it would be were I to hear Beethoven's C-Minor Symphony for the twentieth time.

I had reached that point in the story where Marlowe tells of his visit to Stein, whom he wished to consult about Jim's case: —

> Late in the evening I entered his study, after traversing an imposing but empty dining-room very dimly lit. The house was silent. I was preceded by an elderly grim Javanese servant in a sort of livery of white jacket and yellow sarong, who, after throwing the door open, exclaimed low, 'O master!' and, stepping aside, vanished in a mysterious way as though he had been a ghost only momentarily embodied for that particular service.

The magic of this chapter has always been potent for me, but on this occasion it was something more than magic. I was on my knees, in spirit, before the beauty of it. I realized that here was something perfect. Nothing in it could be altered except to its detriment — nothing omitted, nothing added.

Reading it under these circumstances was an approach to what is commonly called a religious experience. It seemed to me that I had had a glimpse of something divine. When it faded, swiftly, as such glimpses do, I went over the chapter again, and, although the fine moment could not be repeated, I had a journalist's delight in seeing with what complete mastery Conrad had worked here, how every word held its place by inevitable right, and how the chapter as a whole fitted into the story with that perfection which even the greatest artists do not achieve more than once or twice in a lifetime.

It is for pleasure so keen as this, among other things, — for profit so worth while, — that I live on this jog-trot island in the mid-Pacific. Pleasure as keen and profit as great may be found elsewhere, of course; I hold no brief for Tahiti as the one place in which to live. The important thing is for the individual to discover for himself the environment best suited to him and then to stick to it as long as he can. American life in these days is alien to me; it moves too rapidly and there is little time for the pursuits I love most. How little time there is was brought home to me with conviction quite recently. I received from a firm of publishers an advertising pamphlet in the form of a prospectus for a magazine which they planned to issue under some such title as 'Tabloid Literature.' The purpose of the magazine was 'to give busy men an opportunity to survey, adequately and briefly, the whole field of modern English literature.' In one department novels were to be condensed 'by expert and sympathetic abridgers' to the compass of from twenty to thirty pages, so that one might read a dozen of them in the time usually given to one. Samples were given of two novels thus condensed, and one of them was *Lord Jim*. I noticed that it did not contain even a brief extract from chapter twenty. At the top of the prospectus there was a quotation from Kipling's 'If': —

> If you can fill the unforgiving minute
> With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
> Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
> And — which is more — you'll be a Man, my son!

Under this was printed: 'Minutes are priceless possessions in our hurried modern life. Use yours to the best advantage.' I did — by throwing the prospectus in the waste-paper basket, proceeding then with a leisurely perusal

of *The Dance of Life* (unabridged), by Havelock Ellis.

A better plan than this might be for an association of authors and publishers to establish a fund for subsidizing readers so that the art of reading may not be wholly lost. As for literary critics, it is a great pity that a few of them may not be subsidized as well and sent to the four corners of the world to do their work in solitude. Four of them would be quite enough to review all the books worth reviewing which are printed in the course of one year. One might be stationed in Tahiti, one in Iceland, one in the Sahara Desert, one in some mountain fastness of the farthest Andes. There, unharassed, unhurried, free from the depression which comes from being encompassed by multitudes of books, they might render service of real value to the world. If they were given not more than a dozen books a year to read and review, and if great care had been exercised in choosing both the books and the men, literary criticism in America might — and very likely would — surpass in excellence any that the Western world has yet enjoyed.

IV

I have talked long enough, and yet there are scores of excellent reasons why I live in Tahiti that I have not even mentioned. But there is one more which has great weight with me: in a small island world one may comprehend all individual, social, and political activity at a glance. This adds enormously to the pleasure of living. One is bewildered by the complexity of life on a great continent. Here there is diversity without complexity, a mingling of races comparable to that in America, but on a small scale. To visit the Tahiti market of an early morning is to see the world in miniature: Polynesians, Chinese, French, English, Americans, Russians, Danes, Scandinavians; and it is of endless interest to see how these diverse elements accommodate themselves to their environment and to each other — to listen to the confusion of tongues and to note the results of the mingling of bloods. But the ultimate result of this mingling is already clearly apparent. Within the space of fifty years the Chinese have conquered Tahiti as completely as they will conquer all of French Polynesia well before the conclusion of this century. I doubt whether there could be found anywhere else so triumphant an example of the efficacy of peaceful conquest.

And so the time is at hand when this island, which might so easily have been set aside for the spiritual refreshment of all harmless anarchists, will be swarming with a class of Orientals who care nothing for spiritual refreshment — whose one concern appears to be to increase and multiply to the limit of nature's forbearance. But the Pacific is wide, and spangled with islands as the sky with stars. Although there is but one Tahiti, other crumbs of land exist where the anarchists may still find solitude and peace of mind, scaling lofty mountains for a distant view of the world, or walking lonely beaches, deep in unprofitable thought.

FORGIVENESS

BY GEORGE HERBERT PALMER

Embedded in the heart of the Lord's Prayer is a petition which may well give us pause: 'Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.' It is a hard saying, one perhaps never quite capable of fulfillment. Rarely can we estimate dispassionately the harm another has done us, rarely how much we have injured him. About all of which we can be sure is that the two are incommensurable, his guilt generally looking blacker than our own. To expect us, then, to forgive him — that is, to count him clean — seems unreasonable, impossible even. If we do not care for sincerity, we may treat him outwardly as if he had done no wrong. But that would fall far short of forgiveness. It would merely be calling black white, regardless of what we know the fact to be. On account of the clash between honesty and forgiveness to which the petition exposes us, certain scrupulous souls refuse to repeat the Lord's Prayer. Jesus himself perceived a difficulty here, and on this clause alone offers comment: 'But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.' But unhappily the comment explains nothing. It merely changes the petition to a threat.

Is, then, forgiveness unexplainable? Can we be at once clear-sighted, honest, and forgiving? If one who has professed himself my friend takes advantage of me for personal gain, am I called on to count him upright? Ought I not to be permanently hostile to his evil deed? God is angry with the wicked every day. That is the problem of this paper. What, exactly, is forgiveness, and how is honest forgiveness possible?

Such questions have lately become urgent. Many of us believe that a single nation sought to aggrandize itself at the cost of the rest of the world. To hold it in check took millions of lives and dollars, enough to leave half a dozen nations poor for a century. A crime so colossal was never before known. Ours was the victory. But what should be our attitude toward the conquered nation to-day? If we believe the Prussians as much at fault as is here assumed, shall we forgive them, find excuses for their conduct, and treat them as if nothing had happened? Would that be honest? Would it even be well for society?

But while in recent years the possibility of forgiveness between nations has been the most debated form of our problem, the less-noted perplexities of private forgiveness — that between persons, forgiveness of one's self, divine forgiveness — have been ever at hand. With these it is better to begin our examination, if we would get our minds clear on the general problem. Believing too that we are hindered in coming to clearness if we do not distinguish the several varieties of forgiveness — all frequent, all honest — and the different occasions for their exercise, I mark out four such varieties and to each give a specific name. Let us call them the Forgiveness of Superiority, the Forgiveness of Oblivion, the Forgiveness of Excuse, and the

Forgiveness of Faith. These I arrange in a logical order, each removing some limitation from its predecessor, but each needing supplementation from the one which follows. A common principle underlies them all. As I explain them, my readers will see that I am offering no new truth, but am merely bringing order and daylight into that which has always been obscurely familiar.

To cite a simple case of the Forgiveness of Superiority. It was given me by one who was present at the interview described. A graduate student, older than most, nervous and not in the best health, kept coming to the president of one of our principal colleges and complaining of slights and insults. The president showed little interest, merely pointing out the dangers of oversensitiveness. Finally the student interjected the angry question, 'I wonder what you do when you are insulted?' The answer was immediate: 'There is no one living who could insult me.' And it was true. In order that an insult may be received it must be accepted, but that president gave no heed to such things. Busied with large affairs, he had no time or attention for personal trifles. He was superior to them. So should we all be. It is the mark of a rich man that he is able to keep small things little. If, in making a purchase, he receives less change than is his due and subsequently casually notices it, it does not continue in his thoughts. He passes it by as beneath him to consider.

A nobler instance of this important Forgiveness of Superiority is reported in the Book of Genesis. There we read the exquisite story of Joseph and his half-brothers; how in their dislike they sold Joseph into Egypt; how he rose to be the ruler of all that land; how, when a famine arose, his brothers were obliged to go to Egypt and buy their food of Joseph; how he finally revealed himself to them and overcame them with fear; how he said to them, 'Fear not . . . ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good.' And he spoke kindly unto them and comforted them.

The Psalmist audaciously attributes this sort of forgiveness to God. Beholding how the futile impieties of men fall back upon their own heads, without damage to Him, he declares: 'He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision.' So again, comforting the well-intentioned but unstable, he asks, 'If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, who shall stand?' We should be treating God with more respect if we bore this thought about Him more steadily in mind. How often in our morbid moods we imagine God to be watching us jealously, offended at every petty forgetfulness on our part! What injustice such thoughts involve! Why not treat him honorably, as we treat one another?

For this elementary species of forgiveness is practised by us every day. Without it society would go to pieces. Wherever two or three are gathered together, frictions are sure to arise, and will be set aside by men of sense. Suspicion, touchiness, the thin skin, are contemptible. The young person must early learn how these check human intercourse. He must acquaint himself with degrees of importance and come to practise the Forgiveness of Superiority as a matter of course.

Yet a defect attends this species of forgiveness. It is scornful. The forgiver sets himself above the forgiven. He takes the better part at every meeting, allowing the wrongdoer to feel that his acts are not worth notice. That is not a complete moral attitude, nor does a well-trained man often allow it to arise. He passes over small

frictions without noticing them. For larger ones the two parties should meet as equals, come to as clear an understanding as possible, and agree that henceforth the supposed wrongdoing shall not be allowed to block their intercourse. The forgiver promises to put it out of mind and offers the forgiven a fresh start. Many of our moral differences may thus be wisely left unsettled, if only a clear path be provided for beginning anew. Hence arises a second form of honest forgiveness, the Forgiveness of Oblivion, admirably stated by the Psalmist: 'As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.'

Divisions in time seem contrived to assist this variety of forgiveness. As we wake each morning, how delightedly we welcome the opportunities of a new day. Darkness and sleep have wiped away much of the unpleasantness of yesterday. Still more fully does a new week close accounts with a poor past. On New Year's Day most of us feel that a turning-point has been reached where wise plans, greater steadiness, and fuller attendance on duty will be less hindered by what has gone before. We take courage and, undismayed by the mixture of good and evil behind us, form resolutions for a better future. However many of these are broken, the inclination to form them lies deep in us all and shows how greatly we value the fresh start. When this is granted by our fellows, and not merely by empty time, we experience the Forgiveness of Oblivion. Time should remind us to exercise it oftener. A trainer of the young especially should be skilled in knowing what not to notice, when to look the other way. Frequent correction is damaging. Jesus seems to have had something of this sort in mind when warning his disciples against pulling up tares in the wheat-field. Much that is good might be lost. Good and evil are so intertwined that often they may wisely be left undiscriminated till time shall put them to the test.

Yet while, when we see wrong done which is perhaps not acknowledged by the culprit, it is often well to offer him this Forgiveness of Oblivion and assure him that we will put it out of our thoughts, he will seldom be satisfied. Will it stay put? he will be asking. Whenever he comes into our presence will he not be uncomfortable, remembering his misdeed and suspecting that we do too? Even if I, the forgiver, desire forgetfulness, I may not be able to secure it. It is not easy to remember to forget. At best such forgiveness is half-hearted and settles nothing.

Let it be observed too that in both of the forms hitherto considered forgiveness comes through a separation of the forgiver and the forgiven. In the first kind I put myself too far above him to notice his evil act; in the second I intentionally shut out that aspect of the case from my mind. Both fall short of that coöperation with the neighbor which is the ideal of ethics.

In the Forgiveness of Excuse I take a precisely opposite course. Instead of putting myself away from the sinner I try to come close to him. I imagine the circumstances under which the wrong was done. I put myself in the other's place, and soon it seems that condemnation would not be honestly possible. The wise proverb says that to understand is to forgive. Our prodigality of blame, especially of our public men, may be induced by the general corruption of our day; but much of it springs from our own stupidity, the inability or unwillingness to examine the facts of the case imaginatively. We should remember that readiness

to meet misconception is pretty generally a condition of doing anything for the public good, and we should summon our imagination to make the amount of this misconception small. Readiness to interpret kindly conduct which admits of two constructions is one of the simplest and most beautiful manifestations of the Forgiveness of Excuse. My friend came to town yesterday. It was long since I had seen him and I was counting on his calling. He did not call and I was annoyed. But he may have been helplessly busy or may not even have known that I had returned from the country.

A case of weightier import is the following. A greatly admired friend came to me a while ago with a story of a disgraceful transaction in which he had been involved. He was much disturbed, and I had to acknowledge that it was thoroughly bad business, quite unworthy of him. He began to go over it in detail — not, however, seeking to diminish his guilt. Apparently his only comfort was the disgust he felt for himself. But as he proceeded my disgust declined, until when the whole tale was told I had to say, 'Bad indeed! But if I had been in your shoes, I am afraid I should have done what you did.' 'That is the miserable revelation the affair brought me,' he answered; 'I learned how weak we all are.'

God knows it too, says the Psalmist. 'He knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.' Truly great minds are charitable. The sublimest case of forgiveness recorded, the one which rises in the minds of us all as typical whenever the subject is mentioned, is an instance of this Forgiveness of Excuse. It comes from the Cross. 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.'

But we have not yet come to the end of our chapter, or to its most difficult and important section. There remains the Forgiveness of Faith. Hard as this is to comprehend, and still harder to practise, it underlies all other kinds and gives them their sanctity. But it cannot, like them, be outwardly observed. At least primarily, its meaning must be learned through the inner experience of self-forgiveness, where it is attended by repentance — something with which the earlier forms have no necessary connection. It was really with this Forgiveness of Faith that my friend was wrestling, and he accordingly found cold comfort in my offering him the Forgiveness of Excuse. A sense of guilt was upon him which could not be analyzed into circumstance. He faced a stained self and from it could not escape. It walked the street with him. It was in his bed at night, a being whom he abhorred and with whom henceforth his relations must be intimate. How could he have faith in himself hereafter, how recover self-respecting confidence when experience had shown him to be not the sort of person he supposed himself?

The Apostle Paul encountered this perplexity and indicates this method of meeting it, in a letter to the Romans: 'The good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do. Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me.' That is, he refuses to identify himself with the one who did the wrong. By repentance he puts it away from him and him from it.

Just so my friend clung to the abominable character of the act he had committed and was unwilling to let me attenuate it. In this way he felt it more remote from him. He hated it, held that he had no part or lot in it. He longed to be assured that his true self was the kind of being he was

acquainted with in all his previous life. Only by such repudiation could he forgive himself and have faith in his future. So after lesser wrongdoings we often express ourselves: 'I forgot myself'; 'I was false to myself'; 'I was beside myself with anger.'

And this is what we mean by repentance. In it I declare that sin belies me, substituting transient and casual reactions from the outside world for any continuously directing principle within. But this is the true self, the other a fiction. So long as I hold to this insight I can still have faith in myself in spite of — or the more for — my previous wrongdoing. Others, too, who count my repentance genuine, need not abandon their faith in me, and their trust is a powerful steadying influence. But we cannot accept the Forgiveness of Faith lightheartedly. It lays a heavy burden upon us. Henceforth we live under a conscious pledge. This is what the Psalmist is thinking of: 'But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.'

That fear cannot be escaped. Having been base once, we may be so again. There is no mechanic certainty in the moral life. It is a glorious adventure. But we know that there is much in us besides baseness and that this 'much else' includes all that we love and desire to be. When we have learned how to apply the Forgiveness of Faith to ourselves, we may see that, with suitable modifications, it is applicable to others also. In them we cannot be directly aware of repentance, as we can in our own hearts. We merely infer it. But our experience should guard us against the common error of supposing that a man's true character is disclosed in a single act. In spite of appearances we may find surer grounds for judgment in the general trend of his conduct. It is wiser to interpret an act by character than character by an act.

Many years ago a minister who had been a prodigious force for righteousness in this country and England was charged with misconduct toward a lady of his church. The evidence was conflicting, the most damaging feature of it being his own letters. Most of those who believed him guilty asserted that the man's real character was here revealed, and that accordingly he was proved a hypocrite during his previous life. But hypocrisy is rare. To practise it continuously demands a higher artistic power than most men possess. What made it difficult in this case to condone a wrong and keep our faith in the man was that he gave no sign of repentance. He maintained that his conduct had been altogether upright. Whoever, then, could not take this view, and saw impropriety in the letters, was compelled to find blind spots in the man's generally high, but perhaps too ardent, character.

To apply these conclusions to the case with which we set out: can we honestly forgive the Germans, welcome them again to our friendship, and, while not counting those mistaken or unworthy of supreme honor who opposed them, still have faith in their future and put them back into pretty much the place they had before? To all these questions I, an ardent pro-Ally, both formerly and at present, answer yes.

Obviously the first form of forgiveness has no applicability here. America has never looked down on Germany. President Wilson advised us to do so and hoped that by proclaiming ourselves 'too proud to fight' we might leave to other people the vindication of justice. But the ingenious phrase — like his later one, that we must remain neutral in feeling as well as in act —

imposed on no one. It was understood as a mere cowardly excuse for delay. The solid grounds for forgiving Germany are to be found in the last three of the varieties here listed.

Before determining, however, the appropriate forms of forgiveness, let us be sure that there is something to forgive. I hold that there is. The sentimentalists of to-day are exclaiming: 'We are all alike responsible for the war.' This has a pious sound. But as no specifications are given we cannot say what France, England, Russia, and the United States did or did not do to bring on the monstrous calamity. Of course few would assert, as the Treaty of Versailles did, that Germany was exclusively guilty. The world is too closely joined together to-day for anyone to stand alone. For fifty years the great nations have had divergent aims and corresponding suspicions. But none of these nations contemplated war or had used war as a means of reaching its present power. Prussia alone had through it made herself the dictator of Central Europe. After her subjugation of Austria, overthrow of Napoleon, unification of Germany under her lead, seizure of the French provinces, building of strategic railroads along the Belgian border, maintenance of the largest army known in modern times, her refusal to join with England and suspend for a year the building of ships of war, — perhaps we should add the unblushing attempt to placate the Germans in America so that they might hold back the United States whenever war should come, — it must have been evident to anyone not blind or biased that Prussia had long contemplated world dominion. It is true that after France was crippled and plundered in 1870 Frenchmen talked for many years of revenge. But this was long ago. I was in Paris just as the war was breaking out. On every hand I heard astonishment expressed that so hideous a thing should happen, and a belief that even at the last moment some way would be found to prevent it. But after Austria's impossible ultimatum was sent to Serbia, only one man could prevent it — Kaiser Wilhelm. He not only refused prevention but declined to sit in a conference pressed on him by England and France. Prussia has much need, then, for forgiveness. It should be granted her honestly, heartily, but with no glossing over of her crime.

Prussia, I say, for I do not believe the other German states would ever have brought about the war. Imperialism did it, and that was almost as much distrusted within Germany as without. In 1867–69 I was a student at the University of Tübingen in Württemberg. I became very fond of the Germans, a liking since increased by many visits to all parts of Germany and by a number of German friends in this country with whom I have been peculiarly intimate. Few races are so generally lovable, few so unselfish, hard-working, dutiful, peace-loving, and intelligent. It is unfair to count them responsible for the war. How, then, did they come to be in it? Their very virtues brought them there. They were obedient, submissive, romantic, with small political experience, the little kings and grand dukes of their many states managing the government for their peoples, who for the most part contentedly attended to their domestic, agricultural, or scholarly affairs. The Prussians were of a different temper — restless, militaristic, dictatorial. Under the leadership of Bismarck they gained control of a United Germany and throughout it inspired thoughts of a wider empire still. When the convulsion came, a docile people, accustomed to take orders, could not oppose Prussian

schemes and stand apart from their brothers. The call of a legendary Fatherland was irresistible.

It will now easily be seen how well the last three varieties of forgiveness apply to Germany. The only hindrance to their complete application is that, as in the case of my ministerial offender, there is as yet no repentance. But why on that account refuse a fresh start? Should not debate about degrees of guilt be suspended for the present? To assign them requires a more dispassionate temper than either side can now command; a fuller publication, too, of papers still in the archives. The Forgiveness of Oblivion is needed for the peace of the world, nor need it bring any lack of honesty if, for a time at least, both sides agree to suspend and officially forgive and forget.

For those of us who feel that the fall of a great people from a position of the first nation in the world is a tragedy so colossal that the human mind cannot withhold its judgment, I have pointed out the excuses for erroneous conduct that are to be found in the very character — so beautiful, so uncontentious, so easily led — of the generality of the German people. The average German is a better follower than leader. Let us remember, too, that the naïve and domestic Germans — unlike the calculating French — had allowed their country to become overpopulated; while, since it is encompassed on every side by strong nations, it could not expand or obtain the raw material its best growth was thought to require. On these and many more accounts the Germans are entitled to the Forgiveness of Excuse.

But we can do more than find excuses for them. We can trust them, have faith in them, set them back in the place long theirs. That passion for conquest which, by skillful propaganda, was made for a time dominant did not really belong to them. It was, in Paul's phrase, merely sin dwelling among them, a temporary and destructive craze, not representative. The ancestral German nature — sweet, reasonable, industrious, if occasionally coarse —must gradually return as the smart from defeat and poverty grows less. Obnoxious Prussianism has been discredited, shown not even to have lasting power under modern conditions. The imperial delirium has gone. Bewilderment remains. While Germany is coming again to herself, let the world have patience and a generous faith. She has not lost our love.

THE GENESIS OF MALICE

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

THE dictionary is rich in partial synonyms for what I mean by malice — namely, the finding of satisfaction in the downfall of another's pleasure or pride. But cruelty, I think, is a naïver thing than what I have in mind. Pure honest cruelty contains so much simple curiosity! It is a childish, thoughtless, brutal satisfaction of the exploring impulse. And vindictiveness and revenge convey too energetic a notion. They convey the notion of a conflict. They require a give and take of thrust and reprisal. Malice, as I conceive it, is a more coolly passive thing. Hatred, again, is highly conscious of itself, indulges a passionate fixed idea; hatred is dramatic, almost theatrical.

Malice I know has its lighter meaning, as of mischief; and it is used to describe some delicate wit, which, abhorring sentimental politeness, puts the vinegar into the salad of social life, and cuts the oil of compliments. Malice in this sense is the piquancy of memoirs, of the good letters of fashionable persons, and verses of society. It seems to me that there should be three words here, for mischief is probably too gentle; something should be invented between mischief and malice; or, if malice is going to be used in this airy sense, perhaps malignancy could cover what I mean. The word 'malignancy' has as passive an air as the word 'malice'; and by virtue of its 'mal' it conveys somewhat the same impression, as of a secret watching, a silent licking of the lips, over some person's comedown, embarrassment, or discomfiture, or at least freshly demonstrated inferiority.

Malice in this sense is said to spring also from jealousy. It infringes my patent to admit such a source. But I am afraid I must do so. Spirits which have been oppressed or irritated by the refulgence of another's easy luck will witness the bursting asunder of that bright bubble with marked satisfaction. Sometimes they will prick it slyly themselves. I have no special considerations to offer upon this form of malice. It seems to me a kind of asperity and gall in our relations with each other, which admits of but one cure, the general tonic and panacea — namely, a far richer provision of the materials for happiness for all hands, and especially for the immoral and unkind. Let the heart of man but once bite into the nectarine of happiness, and the mouldy crusts of satisfied malice will cease to please his palate.

The malice I mean is the cursing vice of the honest and brave — it is the serpent that sneaks into the garden of duty; and I am sure that I have watched it sneaking in, and that I know the hole and corner it comes in by. It is the unsuccessful attempt to govern that lets malice in. Milton's God was eaten alive by malice, as soon as he failed to make Satan obey him. He seemed almost to take more pleasure in devising torments for the mighty rebel than he would have taken in receiving his unbroken subservience.

I can show what I mean by running over the common varieties of this form

of malice. There's the teacher's, or nurse's, brand, the brand I have myself. The teacher has entered her profession because she likes children and enjoys their company. She comes into school on a Monday morning with a bright, benevolent look and heart. Some of the children run, perhaps, to meet her; she smiles at the crumpling of her hair and blouse in their embraces. A happy and harmonious morning seems to lie ahead of them all; and she is well prepared to do her pleasant duty of steering them through the appointed lessons.

In the course of the morning comes an unexpected baulk on the part of one or two of the children. The teacher knows both in theory and in practice what to do, but, taken unawares, she applies her tact and discretion a bit stiffly; they are not fresh enough. They worked last week, but, even with a new approach, they don't work now. Other children here and there inject some objectless and unprovoked giggling; the baulkers not only continue to baulk, but start something in the teasing line. The teacher maintains the outer shell of that bright cheer and comradery with which she entered the schoolroom; she maintains her outward calm; but within, what a fermentation has been set up! What a struggle between the realization that she must govern the children, must conform them to the patterns of their work and progress, as laid down by the Board, and the knowledge that to-day, at any rate, the spirits of half a dozen children are not to be conformed to the patterns without pursuit and capture! She knows the axiom, 'Never let a conflict arise; see it coming, and rearrange your programme,' and so forth. But she did n't see it coming soon enough; and she did see the supervisor coming. She must get the room in hand, by hook or by crook. And now she is truly horrified to realize that the thin features of Tommy and the freckled face of Josephine, both of whom ran to meet her when she came, arouse in her heart a dreadful feeling. She can't bear their impudent, free, gleeful contempt for her responsibilities. She wants to humble them, and see them look reduced and sorry. She realizes with horror that she wants this very much.

It's all mixed up with the sense of duty, the most anxious duty, to the widowed mother she supports, and to the Board, and to the supervisor, and to her own professional credit, and — yes, certainly, to the children themselves, that ninety per cent of them shall make their grades.

Ah, well! Perhaps some day she'll get a job in a libertarian school where it's not altogether dependent on your tact and discretion to keep order — where order is occasionally let go of, so that the children can find it for themselves; where the teachers try to fit the patterns to the children, and not the children to the patterns. Or where, in theory at least, this is the rule. Of course the libertarian school-teacher too keeps slipping and stumbling back into the old authoritarian ways; only murmuring to herself from time to time, 'But thank God, they never work very well!'

If malice had a sunny side, it would be in schools, and by teachers, that it would be shown, I suppose. Certainly it would be in prisons that the blackest side would appear. Unmitigated is the malice that the prisoner receives from society — and all in that unbecoming costume, the garb of duty. Frank Tannenbaum maintains that wardens and guards are not Torquemadas by nature. He thinks, and indeed it seems reasonable, that they begin as mere human beings, and often quite good-natured ones. But in their business, society has ordained, the prime

requisite is to be obeyed. And the ineradicable human nature of the men under them breaks through this unnatural obedience tragically often. Punishment then results; and when the high-spirited variety of human nature sees punishment coming in at the door, all chance of coöperation of course flies out the window. Reckless and desperate persons react as the high-spirited do, only more so. But even among the few characters who are meek and at the same time hopeful, or those very few indeed who are too philosophical to be seriously angry at anything personal, a touch of human nature sometimes prevails, a touch of spring fever, perhaps; and they too break a rule the second time. Punishment then redoubles, and the rebellion which it is the nature of punishment to bring on redoubles too; and soon we also, reader, were we prison guards, would find ourselves flogging our brother and sister creatures, and locking them up in stone dens to go insane; because we had been told to govern them intensively, and no man, child, or beast submits to such government if he can help it.

Is n't it the same with national governments? A certain proportion of the community are of one mind with the government, and they coöperate with it, and call their voluntary action 'submitting to government.' The rest of the population, who are of a different mind, and at one point or another feel tyrannized over, oppose the government, or circumvent it, as far as they can arrange to do so. But the government must govern everybody whom the abstract includes. It therefore, like the warden and the guard, begins to punish, and if libertarian ideas are mixed up, in its tradition, with the obvious necessity for punishing, it does so under a veil of libertarian language. At first it punishes 'acts' of opposition only, leaving 'opinions' free; but opinions are so rebellious, government soon discovers that it is an act to make a speech, and it then begins to punish for speeches. Free opinion is such a luxury that it seems cheap to its lovers at the price of a few fines, or a little life in jail; and then it becomes necessary for the government to extend the sentence, and expose the prisoner to those secret prison punishments of which Miss Mary Winsor truly says that, if a judge ever mentioned them in his sentence in open court, the public would end them at once. That is, they would end them on paper, with unequivocal words. The statute which forbade them would not even leave the desired phrase 'unless imperatively necessary.' But nothing on paper will stand before the imperative necessity of governments to govern. We saw this most clearly, because most suddenly, in time of war. Leaning back upon the Third Amendment to the Constitution as upon a granite monument, free speakers found it to be a bag of sawdust with a little hole in one corner. What has been so in this country has been so, apparently, in every other. The Dictatorship of the Proletariat must govern, too. It also must govern those who do not cooperate with it. The ends of the Russian Government are different, very different, from the ends of other governments; but the means are the same and, the means being the same, the results are far more alike than a humanitarian like Emma Goldman can endure. And therefore I suppose it is that Bertrand Russell says it will revolutionize a government far more to use a different means than to keep the means unchanged and adopt a different end.

We have as yet no libertarian governments, like the two or three libertarian schools the teacher can visit

and envy, and the many and flourishing libertarian families. Governments follow; they cannot, in the nature of things, lead. When schools and families and jails have become prevailingly libertarian, a government may be attempted which really trusts in freedom. I have a notion that some day it will be an axiom of legislatures not to pass a law that is not unanimous.

Malice even[1] arises in a parent who has fallen into the vicious habit of governing. This is the most terrifying sensation, I think, that can come to a parent. The child for whom he would die, for whom he lives, has opposed his will and has become his antagonist — that is to say, his enemy in the first degree. Parents, I think, and those who stand in loco, and so forth, pretend to an Olympian detachment from temper and personal pride, class pride as adults, parental prestige, and the like, which they are far from feeling. Essentially, to be sure, they are anxious for the child, but their anxiety for him has temporarily taken the form of anxiety for the maintenance of adult supremacy. And if they peer deep into that terrible catchall, the human heart, I think they will find an ugly little temporary wish for their own child's humiliation before themselves. We practise upon ourselves a few deceptions in this regard, which may not perhaps impose upon the subconscious perceptions of the children. The vain and picayune has a strange way of adhering in our hearts to the noble and tender. What, for instance, we call thinking only of the child's good (as Dorothy Canfield Fisher long ago pointed out) is all too often thinking a great deal about our own reputation among our neighbors or in-laws as successful parents of well-behaved children. We want our children to 'appear well' — telltale phrase! Could we be serenely unconscious of other grown-ups, and their hasty, unimportant opinions about our children, I believe we could serve our children more truly, influence their lives more deeply, and be all the time — that heaven of parents! — much closer to their thoughts and lives.

There is a superstition, 'an unconscionable time a-dying,' that adult judgment must at all times, and on all subjects, be superior to that of children — and so appear. The children often, in their hearts, know better. But, like all human beings, they will be docile enough where they really admire and respect. Adult judgment rightly carries great weight with children, and all the more so when it is expressed with due respect for their judgment. Far too great weight, indeed, it sometimes carries with them, so that it prevents them from exploring life sufficiently in the company of their own contemporaries. This enormous prestige which adults possess already in children's minds arises naturally from our having been in the world longer than the young folks. 'With life' — presumably — 'we are familiar, free, and wise.' They will coöperate with us so often, in so many things will seek our guidance, that if we cultivate a little more humility toward them, a little more honest respect for their judgment and freedom, I truly think we shall find ourselves practically without any occasion to govern them, and therefore to expose ourselves to the terrible experience of feeling malice toward them.

Haste and health I believe are the two points in which government of children by adults comes to be, or to seem, necessary. A thousand complications which we could arrange with them by mutual agreement, if there

[1] An educational expert who has read this paper suggests that here, instead of 'even,' I say 'especially.'

were only time, have to be shortly disposed of, and therefore we must deliver a papal bull on the matter. This happens, of course, much more often than the health or safety emergency arises in which we must, and must immediately, prevail. It is school time — it is train time — it is time for supper — and 'we can't discuss it.' Punctuality is indeed the thief of time! It is the most expensive of all our modern conveniences. The first element of a real Utopia, I believe, will be the abolition of a vast lot of our subdivided punctualities. In the meantime, what can parents do to avoid unnecessarily governing their children — just because they are in too much of a hurry to arrange matters by common consent instead?

For one thing, I believe, we can seize some leisure hour and have a family discussion on this point, to cover these cases beforehand by a sort of gentlemen's agreement. Perhaps the children will have one or two propositions to make. Their thoughts upon the subject would be worth knowing. In case they have nothing better to propose, we might ask for an agreement, on their part, to follow our advice in emergencies. This might be too much like asking for a carte blanche to govern them, unless we offer to talk over the points of our emergency as soon as we can get time afterward. Such discussions ought to be a great help in family life. Be sure the children won't bring up anything that is n't still a live issue in their minds. They abhor post-mortems much more than we do. But if there is anything really fermenting in their minds, any sense of injustice or belittlement at our hands, how good for them and for us, and for the hoped-for sunshine and clarity of our life together with them, that it should be hung out in the fresh air of mutual discussion, instead of mildewing away for a psychoanalyst to try to wash out fifteen years from now!

Much can be done, perhaps, in ways which will arise from this way, to avoid occasions for the dangerous surgical operation known as governing, which so often infects the surgeon with the blood-poisoning of malice!

(I sometimes think that the owners of dogs present an interesting exhibit on the subject of Malice, its Cause and Cure. There are those who make dogs 'sit up' for long stretches of time, to show off their perfect authority — 'I just want to show you how well my dog minds me.' This is a good soil in which to grow some of the cruelties on account of which Humane Societies have to step in and take animals away; often with a troubled wonder whether there are children in that house, too, who should be rescued from their parents. The delights of having a dog obey you are not the best delights of having a dog. Some owners delight in the freedoms their dogs take with them — in being trusted not to make too much fuss about the inadvertent muddy paw; in respecting the evident wish of a dog to follow a dog's pursuits rather than those of a mere parasite of humanity. The adults who brought us up used sometimes to say, in a hotel or railway station, 'I wish that man over there would stop governing his dog and children.')

HELEN IN EGYPT

BY EMILY JAMES PUTNAM

I

When the second morning dawned the north wind had increased in strength, an ugly sea was running, and it was very cold. During the night the helmsman had been obliged to let the vessel fall off more and more, until she was very nearly running before the gale.

Paris conferred in low tones with the sailing-master. He was haggard with sleeplessness, excitement, and anxiety, and the motion of the vessel had affected him unpleasantly, but he was happy. If the worst should come, to drown with Helen seemed to him all a man could ask; in the meantime, however, he was grieved to the heart for her discomfort.

'We can't do it,' he whispered to the master. 'We can't cross with the wind like this. These northers sometimes last for days. We had better get under the lee of Crete and lie there till it blows out.'

The master pointed over his shoulder to windward. 'Do you see that gray cloud on the sky line to the northwest?'

'Yes.'

'That is Crete. We passed it in the night.'

'Good god!' said Paris. 'Then we are in the open Egyptian sea.'

'Yes.'

'There is nothing to do, then, but run before it till we run under.'

'We shall not run under,' said the master. 'It will run over us.'

'Suppose we float and the wind holds, how soon shall we see the coast?'

'I've no idea. I've never been down here. Some say it is five days' sail from Phæstus, and some say it is twenty.'

Paris considered.

'Food?' he asked.

'For about five days, spreading it rather thin,' said the master.

Two men squatted at the tiller, one looking forward toward the scrap of sail and the horizon ahead, the other glancing back at the windward sky and the snarling seas. Every hour they were relieved from the crew, who sat amidships at their oars, at the master's signal helping the helmsmen to dodge the more obvious perils.

The driest part of the boat was forward, under the little triangle of deck. Here lay Helen, couched among the more perishable of the supplies. Soft skins and rugs were strewn beneath her, and during the first hours of the voyage her two handmaidens had taken turns in supporting her on their knees. But as the sea rose they had fallen sick, and Helen had turned them out into the open waist among the sailors.

'You will be better in the air,' she said; and they, adoring her, murmured, 'How kind madam always is,' and crept wretchedly forth to lie in the wash of the bilge, where the sailors laughed at them.

Helen knew as well as anyone that

it is only plain women who are seasick, but she had overlooked this fact, and had chosen on other principles the least lovely of her maidens to be her companions. She had herself slept soundly and she woke only when the sun was high. The strong air of the sea had brought color into her ivory cheeks and frizzed her hair so that it stood out about her face in a soft cloud. Nor did she feel any fear of the wind or the sea. Far better than Paris and better than the master himself she was able to appreciate the buoyancy of the vessel. Moreover, as she lay still for a while, unready to announce herself as awake, her mind, consciously busy with the emotional aspects of her situation, formed on a lower plane of attention the judgment that the gale had reached its height and would presently moderate. And to her adventurous temper the fact that they were scudding heaven knew whither through uncharted seas — a fact which appalled Paris and the master — was in itself a pleasant excitement.

But her enjoyment of the adventure was spoiled by the intrusion of another set of images. Vaguely before she fell asleep, clearly after she waked, she had seen that the affair was taking a different shape from what she had pictured to herself. Not for a moment had she meant to participate in a mere vulgar elopement. She felt nothing in common with the great lovers of history. Io was a poor creature, a seducer's victim, driven to flight to hide her shame. Europa was a child, dazzled, amused, overwhelmed. Medea was a splendid woman, no doubt, gifted and strong, but she had given all for love as simply as either of the others. Helen saw her own case as essentially different from any of these. She was a princess, passing from one throne to another. Paris had brought assurance from Priam his father that she should come to him as his daughter; that Troy would receive her as one who conferred honor; that the Trojans would hold and defend her, though all Europe should come to carry her back. She had pictured a short passage over summer seas, the sailors singing at their garlanded oars, Menelaus and his insufferable dullness left behind forever, and a new world of devotion open before her. All was to be done with dignity.

She had brought with her a quantity of comforts and valuables from Menelaus's house, having no mind to appear to her new admirers as a blowzy runaway. Naturally she had been obliged to leave secretly, a detail repugnant to her sense of decorum, but many a great captain had found it necessary to do the same. She had left a message for Menelaus, putting the affair in its true light as an international event. To his slow mind the idea might be hard to grasp, but she felt sure Agamemnon would explain it to him. Of course Paris could not be left out altogether. His dignity was essential to her own and she had given him full weight; but she had felt that Menelaus would need no underlining of this passage. Paris was incredibly handsome and had a tact with women which Menelaus could appreciate, though there was nothing corresponding to it in his own processes. Paris had seemed to her in every way fitted for his part, a fairy prince, deeply in love, chivalrous, brave, regretting the base aspects of his adventure, and eager to fight for his lady, once she was safely his.

But she no longer saw Paris quite like this. At dusk last night she had closed her eyes against the spectacle of a wilted Paris, trying to be sick to windward. The sailing-master, with an oath, had lifted him bodily to the lee rail. . . .

A pair of blankets had been hung from the deck to screen Helen's bower, but one of them had blown away in the night. The sailors, seated on thwarts through the boat, strove to be discreet, but often, peeping through her eyelashes, she saw bright dark eyes peering at her. She turned over to the protection of the remaining curtain, thus coming into contact with the packets stored at each side of the covered space. Some of the packets contained bread, others salt fish, and others cheese. The aroma of each was distinctly perceptible. Helen had no contempt for any of these things — indeed, she meant to consume a portion of each for her breakfast. But that she, a queen, the most beautiful woman in the world, the daughter of Zeus, the favorite of Aphrodite, a cause of war to kings, should have to sleep where she could smell them touched her heart with a chilling sense of failure.

Meantime a new embarrassment opened before Paris. The seamen were beginning to grumble for their breakfast, and Helen was lying on the stores. Her women waited the signal to rouse her, but Paris frowned at them and came himself to the ragged entrance of the sorry bower. Softly he spoke her name, and softly and sweetly she answered him. He stooped and looked under the deck, dreading to see the signs of suffering; but there she lay, glowing with such beauty as he had never yet seen her wear. Sweetly she smiled on him and he fell on his knees beside her. Never had he felt so keenly that she was a queen and he, though a prince, a shepherd. All night he had been upheld by the thought of a rapturous morning kiss behind the kindly curtains, but now he dared not kiss her. The wretched surroundings to which his love had brought her obliged him to an increased respect. He was rather proud of feeling thus, and it did not occur to him that Helen herself had a hand in it.

II

On the fourth day the wind hauled to the west and abated, so that on the fifth they made a propitious landfall on the coast of Egypt. Feeling his way along, the skipper finally beached his boat safely within that mouth of the Nile called the Canopic, near the Salt Pans. On a little eminence thereby stood a temple of Herakles, and thither the whole company bent their steps, to give thanks for their escape. The seamen rudely pressed ahead. Helen, veiled, walked gravely with an arm resting on the shoulders of each of her maidens. Paris came last, carrying the more precious of her parcels.

When they reached the temple, twenty minutes later than the men, they found trouble. The master and the seamen stood in a grinning row beneath the porch of the temple, and on the steps before them stood a smiling priest, who rubbed his hands and welcomed the late-comers.

'Madam and sir,' said he, 'surely the gods have a special care of you, since you have come safely through a storm that has brought more than one wreck upon our shores. Enter and give thanks, and let us minister to your wants.'

The sailors made no offer to stand aside to let them pass, and Paris raised his hand in anger.

'Slaves,' he said, 'make way!' And as he glanced along the row of insolent faces he noted that each man had the sign of the swastika drawn in vermilion on his forehead.

'I must explain,' said the priest, still smiling and rubbing his hands. He was clean-shaven, even his poll being razed, and he was clad in white

linen from head to foot and shod with papyrus sandals. Paris thought he had never seen anyone look so clean — or so repulsive.

'Noble sir,' said the priest, 'it is my duty to declare to every visitor of this temple, before permitting him to enter, that it is a sanctuary. If a slave enters and gives himself up to the god and receives the sacred sign upon his brow, he thenceforth has no mortal master. As my vows require, I made this announcement to this ship's company, and one and all they closed with the offer. From their anxiety to have the marking finished before your arrival, I infer that you are their former master. I fear this may inconvenience you.'

Paris sprang up the steps and drew his sword, in such a red fog of anger that his hand was stayed a moment because he could not instantly decide whether to slay the priest first or go straight for the captain and the sailors. But in this second the priest stepped before him and held up a warning hand. He had stopped smiling, and his voice was no longer honeyed, but harsh.

'The gods alone can help you, my poor boy,' he said. 'I fear you have already sinned against them. Do not offend them further. And I may remark, on a lower plane, that I have fifty armed men within call.'

Paris replaced his sword. Love was teaching him many things; for Helen's safety he renounced the *beau geste*.

'Holy one,' he said, 'what is this country, and who is the king of it? In the name of Zeus, who protects strangers, I ask to be taken before him.'

'This is the land of Egypt,' said the priest. 'It is ruled by King Proteus, who lives in Memphis, two days' journey up the river. The warden of this port is Thonis, and it is my duty at once to take you before him with these sailors and this lady — doubtless I should not exaggerate if I said this fair lady,' and he saluted Helen with a bow of ironic reverence.

Paris, watching him with silent fury, saw his face change as he returned to the upright position, and, looking to see what had caused this change, he saw that Helen had raised her veil and was gazing into the eyes of the priest. Her expression was one of faint and almost amused interest, and she seemed to be looking from a long way off.

The avidity that appeared in the priest's eyes and mouth was strange for so holy a man. It caused Paris to realize that going about the world in charge of the most beautiful woman in it would not be restful.

The priest bowed again. 'Madam,' he said, 'forgive my levity and let me offer you the security of this shrine. Will you not take sanctuary here while this unhappy young man goes to give an account of his misdeeds?'

Gently Helen answered, still faintly amused: —

'Why should I take sanctuary? I am a free woman, guided by the gods in what I do. My companion is a prince in his own country and my trusted friend. I need no sanctuary, unless we have fallen upon a barbarous land where strangers are ill-treated.'

Paris took Helen's hand. 'Thank you, dearest,' he said. 'Let us go. Thonis may be more sympathetic with us than this shaven celibate.'

Helen softly pressed his hand. 'Paris,' she murmured, 'it may be, after all, that we have done wrong. If we have, we cannot hope for sympathy.'

'For heaven's sake,' cried Paris, 'don't lose courage now! We went over that a hundred times. Come, we

are together for better or for worse. We will tell our story frankly to this warden and win through to happiness or die together.'

Helen gazed at him with lovely, inscrutable eyes. Her look made his head swim with passion and admiration, and yet it sent a pang of terror through him. Her eyes were like the eyes of a goddess.

'Come,' she said, and they went forward, the priest showing them the way.

Paris, upborne by his great love, was strong in his belief that love justifies all. This woman was made for him. The gods in heaven had brought it to pass that she was his. Could anyone, god or man, condemn this marvel of the world to a lifetime with Menelaus? Paris was humble; he knew he was himself unworthy of her, but at least he loved her. Menelaus, honest, tiresome man, displayed the traits of the husband of all time. Perseus saving Andromeda could not have glowed with purer chivalry than did Paris in rescuing Helen from Menelaus. But far down beneath all this heady excitement a troublesome thought worked steadily, desperately, like an entombed miner. Why had he permitted Helen to bring away so many of Menelaus's goods? It was natural that she should want to come not quite empty-handed to her new kinsmen. He had understood the feeling, and in fact admired her for it. Now that he saw an ugly side to the act he blamed himself, not her. But on the main issue his conscience was good, and he longed to tell his story to this barbarian official, and indeed to all the world.

The warden of the port received them in a fine hall supported by many columns, quite different from Paris's notion of a barbarian's house. The man himself was gross, fat, and dusky, and strangely dressed. He was playing at draughts with his clerk, and black men fanned them. Paris sought Helen's eye for a silent exchange of impressions, but she stood a little behind him, sheltered by her maidens, and covertly studying the warden's face.

The priest told his story. The seamen had come to him declaring their master had committed a great crime. He had seduced the wife of his host and carried her off, together with much treasure. The gods in their anger had nearly drowned them all and had driven them to the ends of the earth, whence they could hardly hope to get home again.

Impassively the warden listened; then he motioned to Paris that he should speak, and Paris stepped forward, glowing with good faith.

'Sir,' said he, 'I am Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy. While I kept my father's flocks on Mount Ida, Zeus himself — for what reason, who can say? — referred to me the dispute between the three greatest goddesses as to which is the most beautiful. As I am an honest man, Aphrodite fairly won the prize. In gratitude to me she promised me the fairest woman in the world for my wife: Helen, called the daughter of Tyndareus, King of Sparta, but in fact the child of Zeus. Thus, with the sanction of the gods and with my father's approval, I went forth to win this lady. Doubtless it was by the good offices of Aphrodite that she loved me as I loved her. I am not worthy of her, — what mortal could be? — but we belong to each other by the will of the gods, and I will give my life to maintain her honor and her happiness.'

The warden listened to him quizzically and nudged his clerk. 'Did you ever hear of all these kings and queens,' he asked, 'whose sons are shepherds and whose daughters are the children

of somebody else?' And both men laughed.

'Prince,' he said, addressing Paris, 'this is all very pretty; but is it true, as these sailors say, that the lady happens to be the wife of another man, that he was your unsuspicious host, and that you have carried off, together with his wife, a considerable amount of his property?'

'On the voyage to Sparta,' said Paris, 'my ship with all my goods was lost on a sandbank. This lady brought with her the simplest comforts to supply the loss, and all will be returned fourfold to Menelaus when we reach Troy.'

Another thought struck the warden. 'Let us see the lady,' he said.

Slowly the handmaids stepped aside, and slowly Helen moved forward, her head humbly bowed, her hands crossed suppliant-wise on her breast.

'Look up, look up, my dear,' said the warden. 'Nobody is going to hurt you.'

And Helen looked up. She shot at the warden the drollest glance of confession and avoidance, and the room was transformed by her smile, her fairness, and her look of youth. You would not have supposed she was more than sixteen.

'Good god!' said the warden. 'Who could blame him! Lady, we mortals are truly the playthings of the gods. It is not for me to judge your strange case. I must send you to Memphis to the King, together with this rather simple-minded and, I fear, unworthy young man and these sailors.' And he forthwith gave orders that they should be conveyed to the capital in a style befitting their rank.

III

As they journeyed up the great river, driven by a breeze that blew always from the north, Paris noted, it is true, the many novelties of the country — the trim little rice-fields, the black men working in them, the tall trees like bouquets of fern on long stems, and the great deadly lizards on the sandbanks; but the real activity of his mind was devoted to the consideration of their plight, and above all to the effort to understand Helen. Since they had landed she had given no sign that they were lovers. This grieved him, but he did not accuse her of a cooling love. They were in danger and they must be discreet. But with a sharper pang he felt that she was disappointed in him; he had drawn her into a scrape and was not man enough to get her out. Her talismanic beauty, not his sword, was their defense.

In the evening the boat was moored to the bank for the night. The river flowed past them, mighty as a sea and quiet as a pond. A great orange moon rose from behind the eastern hills, such a moon as was never seen in Troy or Greece.

On such a night a man like Paris could no more keep his emotions to himself than the honeysuckle can hold back its scent. He seated himself by Helen and murmured, 'Dearest, tell me your thoughts.'

'I like this country,' said Helen. 'I am glad we have come here.'

'It becomes you,' said Paris. 'I've been admiring you all day as you lay there more like a queen than a prisoner, served by these humble blacks, shaded from the sun with beautiful stuffs whose very name I do not know. Never will this great river — I salute him! — bear anything so lovely again.'

'Do you know, Paris,' said Helen, 'I am sometimes sorry to hear you dwell forever on this beauty of mine. It seems as though I had nothing else. Is it all you see in me?'

This attack seemed to Paris so unfair and so uncalled for that he spoke with more bitterness than he knew he had. 'I know I am a fool,' he said. 'Perhaps you are getting tired of me altogether.'

'Paris,' said Helen, 'are you turning against me?'

'Good heavens!' cried Paris. 'Am I not your dog, your slave, your fool? Have n't you made me feel every hour of the day since we came to this cursed land that you are of the race of the gods rather than a human woman and my lover? Don't I know that when we appear before this leather-colored king he will only look at you once and acquit you of all wrong, while I bear the blame? Of course I am willing to bear the blame,' added poor Paris hastily. 'There is no blame; but if there were it would be mine. Only I cannot bear that you should separate yourself from me. You don't mean to, of course, but when men see your face they naturally give greater weight to what you say or even to what you don't say than to the words of a mere man. I ought to be our spokesman, but your beauty is more convincing than the plain truth.'

'How little you know me,' said Helen with a sigh. 'No woman ever lived who needed beauty less than I do. See here, Paris — I will make you a promise. This barbarous king shall not see my face to-morrow until he has given judgment. I renounce the advantage you complain of, and you shall have it all your own way. It may be the death of us both, and I may say some things that you won't like, but at least you can never feel that I saved myself by my poor face at your expense. I will tell you fairly in advance, however, what I think will happen. Unless they put us both to death, we shall be parted.'

'The difference between us,' said Paris bitterly, 'is that I would rather die with you than live without you.'

'My poor Paris,' said Helen, 'life is always good.'

Next morning a bend in the river revealed to them the columned temples and palaces of Memphis, the busy quays, the avenues of palms, the statues of dead kings towering to the sky, the multitude of inhabitants, numerous as ants and very like ants in their activity and the strict division of them into carriers of burdens, soldiers, and rulers. For a while Paris and Helen forgot their danger and their divided hearts, so insignificant did they seem. Paris was overwhelmed; how could he hope to get so much as a patient hearing from the king of such a city? But Helen carried her head high beneath her sheltering veil. 'I like this place,' she said again.

Without undue delay they were brought before the King. Half a dozen times they thought they had reached the presence, for each successive anteroom deceived them by its splendor. The audience hall itself was like a park of trees with its interminable avenues of columns. The King sat upon a high chair on a raised platform. He wore a beard on his chin and a golden serpent on his head. His guards and attendants were past counting.

A chancellor called upon the sailors to tell their tale, and they repeated what they had said to the priest and before Thonis.

Then Paris was bidden to reply. He blinked and swallowed and made the speech he had prepared. He repeated in the main what he had said before Thonis, but one statement he altered. 'These men lie,' he said. 'They are slaves and badly frightened slaves. They believe I have brought them bad luck, and they will say anything to blacken me. These goods of

which they talk so much I brought from Troy as gifts from my father and my mother to my bride.'

The King turned to the sailors. 'Can you prove your words?' he asked.

'My lord,' said the captain, 'your scribe holds in his hand the writing of what the prince told the warden of the port. Will you graciously ask him to read it?'

And from a sheet of some thin tough stuff covered with dismal signs the scribe recited, to Paris's amazement, every word he had said to the warden, including the story of the shipwreck. This was mere magic to the unfortunate young man, and he hung his head in shame and discouragement. Through the confusion of his thoughts he heard Helen's clear, moving voice.

'O King, may I speak?' said she.

'Speak, madam,' said the King, 'but raise your veil.'

Helen knelt at his feet. 'Let me keep to the custom of my simple country,' she begged. 'I could not speak if I beheld your greatness.'

'As you will, my child,' said the King.

Helen rose to her feet and spoke, and all listened attentively, so compelling was her voice.

'All that this gentleman has said is true but for one thing; and what these men have said is true also, as far as their slave souls can know the truth. I am the daughter of Leda and of Zeus, though Tyndareus is called my father. When I was still a child, he gave me in marriage to Menelaus and with me he gave a kingdom. From my birth Aphrodite has been my mistress and my friend. She it was who bade me leave my husband with the stranger prince and take with me for my comfort and for my credit in a strange land some small part of the goods I brought to Menelaus. I thought I might do as I would with my own; but let them be sent back to Sparta. They are nothing. Surely some god at enmity with Aphrodite has driven us out of our course and brought us to this distress. Who can tell the mind of the gods that live forever? Far easier would it have been for me to live on quietly at Sparta with goodly Menelaus.'

While Paris was marveling at the adroitness with which Helen had conveyed the idea that her elopement was a duty rather than a pleasure and had avoided the plea of all-for-love which he now felt he had himself been somewhat undignified in urging, he was surprised to find that, though she had herself made an excellent impression on the King, she had not done much for her friend.

'My child,' said the King, 'I see how your simplicity and ignorance of the world have been played upon by this young man, who seems to be at the same time designing and incompetent. There are aspects of the case on which we should be wise to shed the light of a noble woman's mind'; and, turning to an officer of the guard, he said, 'Give Her Majesty my love, and ask her if she will kindly attend me here.'

This development was a thunderclap to Paris. Much as he disliked facing the idea, it had become clearer to him at every step that Helen, not he, would save them if they were to be saved. He detested the sight of her power over other men, yet he had come to count on it. He regarded it as demonstrated that no man would be severe with Helen; but what about a woman? He felt instinctively that the very sources of her strength with men would handicap her here. How fortunate that her face was veiled! In looking forward to their life in Troy, he had always felt that Hector and his father would be Helen's best

friends and might be obliged sometimes to protect her from the women of the family. And now this Queen! What was she like, and how would Helen deal with her? He felt another pang of mingled pain and hope in the reflection that Helen's mind was dealing with the fresh problem far more clearly and more rapidly than his own.

A disturbance in the hall told of the Queen's arrival. She bowed before the King and seated herself on a vacant throne at his right. She had a strong, somewhat stern face, in feature not unlike the King's own, and she wore, like him, the royal asp. The King pointed out to her the parties to the suit and repeated in substance their various evidence.

'I refrain, my dear,' said he, 'from comment of my own, as I wish your independent opinion.'

The chancellor looked fixedly at the wall two hundred feet away; two courtiers exchanged a glance; the captain of the guard coughed behind his hand. It was clear to Paris that to the King's familiars there was something amusing in his speech.

'It seems quite clear,' said the Queen in a loud, determined voice, 'that the young man is a liar, a seducer, and a thief, and that the young woman is a lost creature.'

'Madam,' said Paris, 'with your knowledge of the world you should realize that I am not a liar; if I were, I should never have told so stupid a lie as this one. Nor am I a thief. This lady has explained that she took only of her own. Let the goods go back to Menelaus at once. As she says, they are nothing. And least of all am I a seducer, if you mean by the word what it means to me.'

'I suppose you are this woman's lover,' said the Queen.

'I love her, certainly,' said Paris.

The Queen looked at him malevolently. 'I am not interested in the subtleties of illicit love,' said she.

Helen had been slowly advancing inch by inch toward the Queen. As these words were spoken, she threw herself at the Queen's feet with a little sob. 'Oh, madam!' she cried. 'If I had only had a mother, a sister, a friend like you! Never has my unhappy lot brought into my life a woman so high-minded!'

'Tut, tut,' said the Queen; 'what's all this?'

'I am not worthy, madam,' sobbed Helen, 'so much as to touch your robe, but let my sinful lips purify themselves thus,' and she bent her lovely head and, beneath her veil, kissed the Queen's sandal.

It was evident that the Queen began to be interested. 'Let me tell you all,' Helen went on. 'As you say, such a story as mine is hardly fit for your ears, and yet I never knew until I saw you and heard your words how wicked I have been. I beg you, madam, of your goodness to take me apart where no man can hear us. I will tell you everything, just as it happened, and you shall tell me how to make atonement to gods and men.'

A sort of smile tinctured the Queen's grimness. 'Your Majesty,' she said to the King, 'I ask you to put this young woman in my charge. You will doubtless deal with the man to the full extent of the law. Death, I should say, would meet his case.'

'The trouble is, my dear,' said the King, 'that our laws absolutely forbid putting strangers to death. I am horrified as you are by his violation of the first principles of society, but what can I do? We can keep the lady and the goods and restore them, when opportunity serves, to the barbarous chief to whom they belong; but I can do nothing with the young man but

give him a ship and send him home.'

'It is a pity,' said the Queen. She rose to withdraw, and directed that Helen should be brought to her. With parted lips and round eyes of wonder Paris watched them go.

IV

It was not until the following day that he saw Helen again, and he spent a restless night in wondering what her next move would be. It would be untrue to say that his confidence in Helen was unshaken. As he recalled their days of furtive love-making in Sparta, when her passion and her amorous invention had excelled his as much as her cool diplomacy excelled his now, he could not quite convince himself that circumstances alone were changed; the change was in Helen herself. All that she had done for them both might have been an added bond, but it was in fact a barrier. She did not confide in him. She did not let him feel that their interests were one. It had not yet occurred to him that she might throw him over, but he realized wearily that she was not a simple person like himself, and that possession of her, instead of being the great simplification he had expected, was a complication perhaps too great for his powers.

Early in the morning a messenger brought him to her, and to his relief he was alone with her. It was the first time since they had left Sparta, and he ran to her with open arms. But Helen checked him.

'Paris,' she said, 'I am on my honor. Be brave, my dear friend. This is our last talk together, and we must be like brother and sister.'

'What!' shouted Paris, standing before her, his arms still outstretched. 'What do you mean? What have they done to you?'

'They have shown me,' said Helen gently, 'that we have done wrong. Love is not the only thing in the world. There are greater gods than Aphrodite.'

'Good heavens!' said Paris. 'Are you throwing me over?'

'You make it very hard,' said Helen. 'If we had planned together to rob a shrine or to kill a defenseless person, and you had come to me and said, "Helen, we must not do this; it is wrong," I should not have raged at you. I should have thought to myself, "Paris is an honorable man; there must be reason in what he says." And I should have thought it over, and if I came to agree with you I should have been grateful to you; and if I did not agree with you I should still believe you were acting for the best, to satisfy your own sense of what was right.'

'Helen,' said Paris, 'you make me sick with your sense of what is right. There is only one right thing now for us, and that is to be true to each other. You have left everything for me; I have risked everything for you. We are man and woman grown; we knew the nature of our act, and we knew the responsibility we undertook toward each other. Was it mere impulse that gave you to me in Sparta? I thought your whole life was in it as mine was. But you can't mean it! Don't frighten me so. Are there listeners for whom you are speaking?'

'I don't know whether there are listeners,' said Helen. 'Whether there are or not, I can say but the one thing. Some day, Paris, you will see that I am right.'

Once in his shepherd days Paris had killed a lioness who attacked the flock, and had found beside her a tiny whelp. This he brought to his hut, and tended it, and found it the prettiest of little pets. It grew more rapidly than he

could have wished, but in spite of the warnings of his friends he kept the affectionate creature as his housemate. One day as he was teasing it in play it leaped straight at him with bared tooth and claw, and if comrades had not been at hand Paris's pet would have torn his throat out. The scene and its emotion flashed through his consciousness now.

'You are terrible,' said he to Helen. 'You are dangerous. You ought to be killed.'

'Keep your hate alive, Paris, to help you to fight for Troy when the Greeks come.'

'But the Greeks will not come if you are not there.'

'I think they will,' said Helen. 'My husband's brother Agamemnon saw quite well what you and I were planning; why do you think he let us come away without hindrance? Simply because it would make a very convenient cause of war. The truth is, Paris, Agamemnon is going to take Troy because he believes the Greeks should control the Hellespont.'

'The Greeks control the Hellespont!' shouted Paris. 'My brother Hector will have a word or two to say to that!'

'I have no doubt,' said Helen, 'that Hector and Agamemnon will exchange many words on the windy plains of Troy, whether Helen is there or not. And doubtless Agamemnon will insist that I am there, and the stupid chiefs will believe him, and doubtless as long as men sing songs, songs will be sung of how Troy fell for shameless Helen's sake, for a runaway princess is a more inspiring thing to fight for and to sing of than a trade route. But it will not be true. . . . Paris, they will not let us talk longer. The guard is at hand to take you to the sea. Forget me until you can think of me more kindly. As for me, I shall stay with these good people and keep myself for Menelaus.'

At this Paris's nerves were fairly overset and he burst into a horrible laugh. He flung his arm across his eyes and ran from the room, and as he met the guard on the threshold he cried through his laughter, 'She is keeping herself for Menelaus!'

Helen sat awhile pensive until a maiden came to summon her to the Queen. 'My dear,' said the Queen, 'you have behaved nobly. Sit beside me with your work, and tell me the story you hinted at yesterday of your illtreatment at the hands of Theseus.'

And the Queen gave Helen a golden distaff and a silver basket that ran upon wheels, and the wheels were rimmed with gold.

THE 'PARDON' AT GUINGAMP

BY MARJORIE LANE

Notre Dame de Bon Secours,
See a little maid and poor
Humbly standing at thy door.
(*Ave Maris Stella!*)

We have traveled far to-day
In our cart all sweet with hay
At thy shrine to kneel and pray.
(*Ora pro nobis!*)

Scarce a stone upon the square
Could we see for people there,
And gay stalls were everywhere
Marketing enchantments!

Silver chains and tasseled pins,
A tinsel fish that twirls and spins,
Lace for coiffes, and ripe red cherries,
Quimper plates and fresh strawberries,
Shoes, and velvet-streamered hats
With silver buckles, and butter pats
Nestling cool beneath green leaves,
Silken shawls of lustrous weaves,
And little saints to place before
A house, enthroned above the door —

And Queen of Heaven, didst thou see
The brush piled high to blaze for thee?

We have sold our cock 'Saint Pierre,'
And bought blue plates for 'tite-mère,
And new sabots for mon père!
Now the dusk is closing down;
In thy blue and silver gown
Soon thou wilt ride through the town.
(*Ave Maris Stella!*)

Darkling gables will turn bright
With festoons of winking light,
While we march beneath the night
Singing holy canticles.
Now we light our tapers tall;
Tiny flame-points rise and fall;
Hushed, we wait Processional.
(*Mé hou salude, Mari!*)

Notre Dame de Bon Secours,
Bless us, toil-worn folk and poor —
May our harvests' yield be sure!

GERMAN CHARACTER AND THE GERMAN-AMERICAN

BY KUNO FRANCKE

It is natural that the collapse of German political power, and the violent and unreasonable defamations of everything German which in this country resulted from the war, should have brought to German-Americans much distress, much searching of the heart, and much groping about for the true sources of German greatness and for the elements in German character from which a new era of high national culture may be hoped for. The following reflections may be considered as an individual reflex of this general state of mind.

I

I agree with two of the most distinguished German writers of to-day, Count Keyserling and Thomas Mann, that the Germans are not, in the true sense, a political nation. Only I do not, like them, see in this a title of honor, but an unfortunate limitation of German character. The whole course of German history has been a tragic confirmation of this fact. There have not been absent individual political achievements of high merit. I am thinking of the constitutions of the mediæval free cities, the organization of the Prussian State under Frederick the Great, the reform legislation of Stein and Hardenberg, the transformation by Bismarck of a loose federation of states (*Staatenbund*) into a centralized state-confederacy (*Bundesstaat*), the model administration of the German cities of to-day. But only in rare moments of high distress or high enthusiasm has the whole nation been united in common action. The sober, persistent work in building up a free national commonwealth, such as the English people has engaged in for centuries, the German people has hardly known.

How erratic, for the most part, was the foreign policy of the mediæval German Empire. What a waste of human material and mental energy was entailed in the oft-repeated crossing of the Alps by German armies for the sake of winning the Roman crown, the foolish attempt to crush the Lombard city-republics, the fantastic designs to extend German sovereignty even as far as Sicily. To speak, as has been frequently done by German historians, with patriotic fervor of these high-flown imperialistic schemes of the Ottos, Fredericks, and Henrys, to consider them evidences of noble national aspirations, is a piece of strange political aberration. Far from having added to national power and prosperity, this fantastic policy of conquest has harmed the Empire both at home and abroad; at home, through the delegation of sovereign rights to the higher nobility, forced upon the Emperors thereby, and the consequent weakening of the central power; abroad, through the kindling of bitter national hatreds and resentments. The political disintegration and isolation of Germany, then, at the end of the Middle Ages were the natural result of centuries of neglect of what should have been the main concern of the ruling classes, the knighthood, and the free

cities: the creation of national institutions which would have made possible habitual coöperation of all the estates of the Empire and habitual compromise between class interests and national tasks.

The Reformation of the sixteenth century seemed for a time to carry the whole German people with it, urged on by a wave of high moral enthusiasm. When Luther, at the Diet of Worms, upheld freedom of conscience in the face of the most formidable array of Church and State authority, the heart of Germany was with him. Never before in German history had there arisen a national hero like him; never before had there been a moment of equally portentous promises and possibilities. On Luther's side stood the most enlightened and influential of the princes, and a large part of the knighthood; the free cities greeted him as a champion in their fight against episcopal encroachments upon their privileges; the peasants divined in him the deliverer from social injustice and serfdom. What might not have been achieved, if all friends of reform had stood together, if all party demands and class interests had been merged in one great stream of the people's cause, if the creation of a great free commonwealth, such as hovered before Hutten's imagination, had become the watchword of all. It was the German lack of political instinct which spoiled this opportunity. Each class by itself — the peasants, the knights, the cities, the territorial princes — clung after all to its own special interests. And from the wild civil wars which resulted from the conflict of these interests there arose at last the princely absolutism of the seventeenth century as the only firm, dominant political power — a lamentable outcome of a movement which had set in with the highest hopes for the freedom of the individual in matters of State as well as of Church.

Among the absolute monarchies which, from the Thirty Years' War on, overruled private as well as public existence in Germany, the Brandenburg-Prussian State unquestionably held a place of exceptional worth. The Hohenzollern princes, from the Great Elector to Frederick the Great, were in their way perfect types of governmental methods consecrated to the public welfare. Allegiance to duty, sense of order, economy, honesty, methodical care of popular education and prosperity, have become through them permanent characteristics of German officialdom. But an unloosening of common political activities, a delivery of popular political forces, was the last thing for which the Hohenzollerns stood. Something hard, rigid, class-bound, inheres in every contribution of theirs to public progress. The collapse of this whole elaborate state-machinery under the assault of the Napoleonic armies, inspired with the rhetoric of great national ideals, however illusive, revealed its inner torpidity and lack of soul.

The rising of 1813 brought once more, like the sixteenth-century Reformation, one of those great historical moments when a people carried away by one mighty feeling and united by one supreme aim seems capable of achieving the impossible. For the German youth which then rallied to the colors was impelled with the determination, not only to drive the foreign conqueror from the ancestral soil, but also to create a new Germany, a Germany transformed from a geographical term comprising an ill-assorted conglomeration of more or less despotic governments into a great national body of free commonwealths. But again, as in the time of the Reformation, the great moment passed without leaving permanent results. As soon as the victory over the foreign enemy was achieved, the old political short-

sightedness, the old distrust of free coöperation of all classes, asserted its baneful sway. A dull, spiritless bureaucracy, which had learned nothing from the popular rising, and which had forgotten all the evils of the past, succeeded for decades in repressing all liberal thought and attempts at reform, outlawed and persecuted the noblest patriots and most distinguished men of letters, and attempted to force a nation, raised through the classic achievements of German philosophy, literature, and music to the highest level of spirituality, back into the humiliating fetters of the ancient régime. And when, in spite of all this, in the Revolution of 1848 the new spirit triumphantly broke forth and irresistibly swept away all impeding barriers, it was again not, as so often has been asserted, the inexperienced idealism of the Frankfort Parliament, but the political obtuseness of the governmental classes, and their inability to harness and direct the popular idealism as a driving force in creating a new Empire, which robbed even this noblest 'Springtime of Nations' of its best fruits.

The final unification of Germany in the Hohenzollern Empire of 1871 was undoubtedly a remarkable achievement of Bismarckian diplomacy; and yet even this achievement of the greatest German statesman lacked the crowning merit of true political wisdom. Bismarck's own internal policy suffered from two fundamental defects: his undervaluation of the moral strength of the Catholic Church and his unconditional condemnation of Social-Democracy. The coercive measures of the so-called Kulturkampf — the incarceration of bishops, the wholesale suspension of Catholic priests, the expulsion of the Jesuits and other religious orders — outraged the feelings of the Catholic population, one of the staunchest and most stalwart sections of the whole German people, and estranged it from allegiance to the Empire in the very first years of its existence. And the official denunciation and degradation of the Social-Democratic Party, a party led by men of such moderation and insight as Bebel and Liebknecht, into a band of intractable traitors and 'enemies of the Empire,' with whom no compromise could be thought of, instilled a poison into all German political life of the last fifty years which no amount of paternal workingmen's legislation has been able to counteract.

Particularly disastrous in the further course of the Wilhelmian era came to be the political shortcomings of the German bourgeoisie. If the German bourgeoisie in political matters had had only one tenth of the insight it betrayed in commercial and industrial organization, it would have recognized the necessity of forming with the Social-Democrats a solid party of opposition, strong enough in internal affairs to guard parliamentary rights, and in European and colonial questions to curb the aimlessly provoking bravado of the imperial policy. The fact that, with the exception of the numerically inconsequential Progressive Party, the German bourgeoisie, from fear of the Social-Democrats, delivered itself up hand and foot to the reactionary jingoism of the ultranationalists seems to me in the tragedy of the last decades to form a particularly tragic episode; at any rate, it is another striking illustration of how little instinctive sense for political fundamentals the average German possesses, and how little we are justified in holding up German political experiments as models to be followed by other nations. A noteworthy exception to this is found in the lack of corruption in the German civil service and the nonpartisan objectivity of German municipal administration —

recognized the world over as shining examples of honesty, efficiency, and common sense.

II

If then — to sum up all the foregoing — the peculiar virtue of the German does not lie in his qualification for national politics, where may we look for the traits in which he is distinguished from other national types and perhaps superior to them? To say it in a word: in the depth of the individual personality. A few manifestations of this side of German character may briefly be considered. 'Not a great nation, only great men' — thus Heinrich Mann, the counterpart of his brother Thomas, has characterized Germany. I take the part of Heinrich against his brother by briefly pointing out in what special sense the great men of German history have been lonely men, how little they owed to the masses, how deeply they were anchored in themselves.

From Luther to Nietzsche there extends a long chain of men who, for pronounced subjectivity, for defiant independence from the crowd spirit, and for intensity of inner strength, hardly have their equals. At the head of them Luther himself, the hero of the 'Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise'; the man of ironic contempt of the world which, at the very height of his activity, made him say: 'I trust that in course of time my books will be forgotten in the dust, especially what good through the grace of God they may contain'; the unswerving apostle of faith who drove away all attacks of doubt and despondency with the word: 'The Lord has said He would dwell in the gloom and has made the darkness His tent.' Johann Sebastian Bach, who, from the modest round of his Leipzig organist life, called forth artistic creations in which all suffering, all longing, all dumb striving for light and freedom, seem transformed into a world raised above all limitations of reality, a world of eternal suns and heavenly bliss. Klopstock, who in an epoch of weakly and petty sentiments dared 'to think creation's thought anew'; who pierced the commonplace barriers of his surroundings with the trumpet sound of his own full, generous personality; who inspired a generation crushed under the weight of political oppression with the prophetic word: —

> Nor forever crusheth it! Free, O Germans,
> Are you to be! But a century more
> And it is done, and there rules
> Reason's right over sword's right.

Lessing, the lonely champion of genuine individuality and inner truthfulness; lacking every support or background of a living literary tradition; conquering every inch of intellectual territory by himself; pointing to new paths in æsthetic criticism, in dramatic production, in religious speculation; in his whole reformatory activity guided by the thought which he for the first time expressed in some youthful album verses: —

> How soon 't will be until the sham
> Of life is gone for me!
> Why should my name
> Be known to fame
> And to posterity,
> If only I with certainty
> Know who I am!

and for the last time in the last words of his last work: 'Is not all eternity mine?' Kant, the self-centred thinker, who — without any personal contact with the actual world in its wider aspects, confined throughout his life to the narrow boundaries of an isolated provincial town — through mere reasoning created a world in which sensuous experience appears as product of the mind, and in which the moral life is ruled by the principle: 'Thou canst, for thou shalt';

the retiring scholar, who in the midst of an age bristling in arms clung to the idea of 'permanent peace,' not dreaming about it as a utopia, but setting it forth as a necessary consequence of a democratized Europe. Schiller, who not only, as a youth, hurled flaming words against class tyranny and princely absolutism, but whose whole life-work and highest artistic achievements were inspired by the desire to replace the humdrum, mechanized, fragmentary existence of the despotic state by a free, creative humanism, developing all vital powers and leading to totality of character. Goethe, whose world-wide activity essentially bore the signature of his own dictum: 'Highest bliss of humankind rests after all in personality'; who, at the end of the classical 'Walpurgis Night,' when the shades are recalled from their brief earthly existence, lets only Helena and the leader of the chorus return to the conscious life of the Beyond, while the mass of the chorus is dissolved into the elements of earth and air. Fichte, who, during the occupation of Berlin by the French, writes to a friend: 'People here are near despair, and it is hard to see what will become of us during the coming winter if these guests do not leave us. I, locked up in a lonely garden-house, guard myself as well as I can lest a sound of that despair or of the insults by which it is caused penetrate across my threshold; for I must retain the freedom of my spirit to think out the principles of a better order of things'; and who in this state of mind sets himself to writing his 'Addresses to the German Nation,' the intellectual call-to-arms against the foreign oppression. Heinrich von Kleist, who, driven about by fate, ignored or misjudged even by the best of his people, consumes himself in passionate attempts to find inner poise and control of his instincts, until at last he leaves to his indifferent contemporaries immortal poetic embodiments of his own self. Hebbel, the stubborn self-willed Frisian, who condenses his opposition to traditional morality into the word: 'Not all the Ten Commandments whip a man forward as vehemently as do his own youthful follies'; and whose life-work is that of a man who, as it were, with his teeth set and his eyes closed sets about to hammer out of the quarry of the past a new feeling of humanity and a new form of dramatic art. Richard Wagner, who with titanic self-reliance and boundless contempt for people and opinions that stand in his way, in a much higher sense than Hebbel, conquers for the German drama a new domain of astounding emotional effects. Bismarck, who asserted that a wave of popularity always made him doubtful of himself, and who was never more himself than when facing a hostile majority either in the old Frankfort Bundestag or in the Prussian Landtag or in the diplomatic concert of Europe. Carl Schurz, who not only in Germany, single-handed, defied political tyranny by rescuing, at the risk of his own life, a noble apostle of freedom from death behind prison walls, but who in this country also stood only too often alone as unflinchingly opposed to any kind of party dictation in matters of principle. And finally Nietzsche, the social aristocrat, for whom the masses had interest only in three respects: 'first as dimmed copies of the great men, printed on poor paper and from worn-out plates; secondly as opposition to the great; and finally as instruments of the great — for the rest, may the Devil and statistics take them'; the recluse of Sils-Maria, who feels himself 'exiled from father- and mother-lands' and seeks only his 'children-land, the undiscovered one in the farthest sea,' in order to 'atone to his children' for his being his 'forefathers' child'; the

prophet of the Superman who may say of himself: 'I walk among men as fragments of the future, that future which I see. And all my desire and striving is only this: to bring together and form into a whole what is fragment.'

What a gallery — and it might easily be doubled and trebled — what a gallery of heads, of sharply chiseled individuals, personalities rooted in themselves, to whom the bringing into play, the heightening and broadening, of their own self is an inner necessity, and who, unconcerned about the opinion of the crowd, charmed against misjudgment and slander, with the whole weight of men singled out by fate, throw themselves into their appointed task. Truly in men like these the politically sterile Germany has brought forth cultural values which benefit all striving men in all countries — shining examples of the victorious spirit of all times.

III

If thus the most significant German personalities have, for the most part, achieved their highest either apart from the masses or in opposition to them, the average German seems to me to possess in an unusual degree the capacity to draw inner profit from outward conditions.

What I mean hereby may be illustrated by the fact that in no country of the world, with the exception perhaps of China, is the value of intellectual training so generally recognized as in Germany. Nowhere in Europe or America does scholarship as such, irrespective of its practical utility, enjoy a social prestige so widely spread. Nowhere is the title of professor so universally and instinctively honored. Nowhere do school questions — the children's marks in the semestral examinations, their promotions from one form to another — play such a part in family life. Nowhere are the children so early taught to make a choice for their professional career; nowhere do they learn so early to have respect for their intellectual superiors. To be sure, all this is connected with the less wholesome aspects of German life: on the one hand with the harshness of the struggle for existence and the economic necessity of working up from narrow conditions; on the other with a certain submissiveness of German character which is itself a consequence of these narrow conditions. On the whole, however, we may say that this instinctive recognition of intellectual values imparts even to the average German life deeper substance and more earnest aspiration than is to be found in the average life of most other countries. That there is mixed up with this a good deal of half-knowing and loose thinking cannot be denied. I doubt, for instance, whether the thousands of German students who within the last decade have been carried away by Oswald Spengler's *Decay of the Occident* have got from it more than a vague notion of the worthlessness of all previous historical writing and a confused conception of a certain parallelism in the development of national cultures. But the mere fact that such a book, the ponderous product of an immense learning and of an astounding power of fantastic combination of facts, which on almost every page confronts the critical reader with doubts and conundrums, should have intoxicated a large part of German academic youth is at least an evidence of the hunger for intellectual nourishment pent up in its rank and file. In no other country could such a book have produced such an effect. And the whole German *Jugendbewegung*, it may be added, is something entirely unique. That youth itself should philosophize about the idea of youth, should adopt the watchword, 'Away from the

sins of the fathers,' should consciously rally for a new life of reveling in nature and in the great art of the past, and in moral matters should try to live up to the demand 'in the midst of mean reality to profess a higher reality' — that could occur only in a country in which the striving for true cultivation of individual character, in contradistinction to a purely passive reception of external impressions, had been inherited from generation to generation and had become a part of the national character.

At least one consequence of this German cultivation of the inner life I wish to emphasize: the capacity to transform suffering into an impulse for higher activity. The whole history of modern Germany is one long story of national suffering, and at the same time a story of constant victories of countless anonymous individuals over the national suffering. What catastrophes have not swept over the German lands in the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. The sixteenth century brought, besides the terrible Peasants' War and the fearful massacres of Anabaptists, the clash between the Emperor and the Protestant princes in the Schmalkaldian War, and constant feuds between territorial princes and free cities; the seventeenth, not only the Thirty Years' War, but, after a short pause, new incursions by Swedes and French, the devastation of the Palatinate by Louis XIV, and the siege of Vienna by the Turks. The beginning of the eighteenth is filled with the wars of the Spanish and the Austrian Succession, largely waged upon German soil; its middle with the Silesian campaigns and the Seven Years' War; its end and the beginning of the nineteenth with the inundation of all Germany by the armies of the French Revolution and Napoleon. Hardly a decade in these three centuries when wide provinces of the Empire were not ravaged and laid waste. And, in the midst of all this misery, a constant, ever-new gathering of vital forces, a slow, often interrupted, but never entirely repressed ascent to spiritual greatness.

From this point of view, the very time of deepest political humiliation, the time from the Thirty Years' War to the accession of Frederick the Great, is seen to be a splendid manifestation of the constructive power of the spirit. For seldom has a people in the very breakdown of its political institutions so clearly proved its ability to rebuild its national culture. One generation after another, and one group of men by the side of another, devoted itself to this task. The brutalization of the masses and the fashionable degeneracy of the educated call forth, from the middle of the seventeenth century, in ever-widening circles of thinking men, patriotic indignation and attempts at the resurrection of national dignity in manners, speech, and feeling. The horrors of the war and the pressure of a servile subject-existence awaken the Stoic ideal of steadfastness and make calmness of soul a liberating power. The woes of the present make the tormented minds seek comfort in the study of ancient times and foreign countries, and thus help to create the science of universal history and ethnology.

And the work which Luther had begun, but had not been able to carry through, — the foundation of religion upon the moral consciousness of the individual, — is taken up once more in the midst of the national misery. Enlightened theologians, both of the Catholic and of the Protestant Church, pave the way for a reconciliation of fundamental creeds. Pietism opposes to dead ecclesiastical formulas the fervor of prayer and the duties of practical Christianity. Rationalism leads from the defects and imperfections of reality to the conception of a living universe,

in which evil itself is made a power for good, and in which there seem to be evidences of a constant progress from lower to higher forms of life. And at last there emerges from these incessant and laborious efforts of respectable mediocrities the classic epoch of German genius.

We may indeed say that the best and noblest possessions of the German people as a whole have been born from suffering; and perhaps we should be grateful to Fate that it has put the German people to trials in which it could prove itself great, not only in a few individual men, but also as a people. The last decade has been another such time of testing national worth. When has any nation, except Russia, in the short span of five years experienced so violent a convulsion, such an elemental upheaval of all its foundations of life, such mental distress, such a disintegration of whole classes of society, as the Germany thrown into the dust at Versailles? And to-day? Impoverished, humiliated, politically degraded, internationally gagged, is Germany even to-day. But this impoverished, humiliated, gagged nation possesses one thing which perhaps none of the victor nations possesses in the same degree: the belief in the spirit born from its sufferings, the burning desire for high achievements, the glowing wish to replace the loss of power by inner superiority, the firm determination to create a new national culture.

I have left to the end what is perhaps the most significant and most productive quality of German character in its best representatives: the wide intellectual horizon and the receptivity for the ideals of the universally human. I say deliberately 'in its best representatives.' For I do not wish to create the impression that I ignore such lamentable phenomena of mass psychosis as contemporary anti-Semitism or ultra-nationalist party fanaticism. These are phenomena which, lamentable as they are, find their explanation in particular social evils and particular political constellations. They do not belong to the great traditions of German culture. No other people has had a classic epoch of national culture which in cosmopolitanism, in breadth of horizon, and in detachment from inherited preconceptions could be compared with the age of classic German literature. From the æsthetic point of view this aloofness from the soil is an element of weakness in classic German literature; it gives to not a few of its creations something overrefined, too delicately spun, something shadowy, unreal. To realize this, one need only compare Goethe's *Iphigenie* with Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, or Schiller's *Jungfrau von Orleans* with Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan*. But in spiritual values, in pure humanity, in moral fervor and stimulus, the world of poetic imagination that sprung from the brains of Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller belongs to the very highest that has been achieved by any people of any age. Here we see, as hardly anywhere else, human personality in absolute freedom. Here the barriers of church, of race, of class, have been entirely eliminated. From *Nathan the Wise* to *Wallenstein*, *Wilhelm Tell*, and *Faust*, man is seen as such, in his eternal relations, his highest insights, his deepest conflicts, his mightiest strivings. A people which has accustomed itself to feel and live with such ideal figures as these is lifted thereby unconsciously to a higher level. And the fact that, in spite of many countercurrents, in spite of all critical attempts to belittle the grandeur of our classics, in spite of all the stars of lesser magnitude which have been glorified by Romanticism, Naturalism, Impressionism, and Expressionism, this ideal world of the German Classics has

lost nothing of its lustre, but, on the contrary, throughout the nineteenth century and to this very day, in ever-increasing measure has come to be the spiritual treasure and support of the mass of the German people, is sufficient to prove the mission of Germany for the culture of the world.

IV

I close with a brief summing-up of the tasks which, as a result of all these reflections, seem to me the paramount duties of German-Americans, as heirs and guardians of German culture in this country. It seems to me clear that these tasks do not lie in the pursuit of group politics. We certainly should not abdicate our political rights. We should emphatically insist that the unworthy encroachments upon German equality, the neglects and injustices to American citizens of German descent, the abolition of German instruction in public schools, and similar outgrowths of war fanaticism, as far as they still exist, should speedily be revoked. We should do our best to win fuller understanding and sympathy with the present republican Germany in the American press, in the American institutions of learning, and among the American public in general. But the attempt to play a separate political rôle, to form a special German-American party, would not be what we owe to the country of our adoption. For, apart from the harmful results which such a racial policy would have for American party-life, it would not bring out what is best and most valuable in German character; it would not represent the specifically German contribution to American civilization; it would not render to American life the specific service to which we, as German-Americans, are called. On the contrary, the formation of such a petty party-group, limited to the immediate interests of a particular set of people bound together by common descent, would be only a new and deplorable evidence of German lack of political farsightedness. That which is best and most valuable in German character, unless all my previous observations are mistaken, consists in independence of personality, in depth of conviction, in freedom from prejudice, in earnestness of intellectual effort, in breadth of view, in spiritual striving, in just appreciation of cultural values.

Let us cultivate, each in his own way, these precious legacies of our Old-World ancestry. Let us, like Carl Schurz, take our stand by the side of our fellow citizens of other descent as fully rounded personalities, bent on high achievements; let us take prominent part in all matters concerning the political, intellectual, moral, social, and artistic elevation of the masses; in other words, let us make use of the best of German culture in the service and for the benefit of our new fatherland. Through such a forward-looking attitude we shall win genuine respect for German character among our fellow citizens. And, above all, we shall in ever-increasing measure be in the front rank of those who are creating what is sacred to us all: the ideal America of the future.

LETTERS OF A CONFEDERATE MOTHER

CHARLESTON IN THE SIXTIES

[The Southern animus of Mrs. Gilman's letters derives a special piquancy from the facts that she 'first saw the light where the Mariners' Church now stands, in the North Square,' in Boston, 1794, and that her father, Samuel Howard, a shipwright, was one of the sixty protestants who attended the Boston Tea Party. Caroline Howard married, in 1819, the Samuel Gilman who was later to distinguish himself by writing 'Fair Harvard.' Immediately upon their marriage, the two young New Englanders settled in Charleston, South Carolina, where Mr. Gilman was ordained pastor of the Unitarian church. The greater part of Mrs. Gilman's long life, until her death in 1888, was lived in the South. She was the editor of one of the earliest periodicals for children, *The Rosebud*, and the author of *Mrs. Gilman's Gift Book* and a number of other volumes. From a voluminous correspondence extending over a period of seventy years, 1810–1880, these vivid reminiscences of the Civil War have been chosen. — The Editors]

Charleston, S. C. (*No date*)

Dear Mr. Dodge: —

Answers to your eight questions.

1. It is wonderful, considering the inexperience of the men and the crowded state of the Forts, that so few mishaps have occurred. It is also strange that, though it poured rain half of last month and the sentinels have been drenched, while the men on the night boats are standing half the time in water, or in the marshes, guarding the creeks and inlets, there has not been a death from disease.

2. Of course business is in a very different state from what it would be in the palmy time of peace, but as the revolution was not sudden, people prepared themselves. Our banks were particularly provident and cautious. If it is hard to collect money, people are very patient & hopeful, which balances the difficulty.

3. With regard to young men being drafted & forced — the trouble is that they are too eager to volunteer, and become restless as clerks and apprentices. The Gov. has refused hundreds.

4. The men are building fortifications at every available point, but from what I hear from Washington and Willie, they are all willing and cheerful. I heard of one youth who refused to *sweep* under orders, but no other mutiny or discontent.

5. The idea of parties of soldiers entering houses & demanding money is the merest fiction.

6. The only family I have heard of as removing, was old Mr. Gibbon with his wife, two children, and two nurses. They all came back last week and are at their home in New Street.

7. The wealthy *are* called upon and willingly contributing to furnish uniforms, clothing to the military volunteers. Mr. Mordecai has given ten thousand dollars to the State. Plowden Weston, a member of the legislature,

whose income is 75 thousand per year, has kept twenty-five thousand for himself, and given the remainder to the use of the State. It has not been published. He also entirely furnished a Georgetown company. Planters are sending rice, potatoes, etc. gratuitously. Washington says that a farmer up the road sent two loads of cabbages to Morris Island. One of the exquisites of our city, wanting some milk for his coffee, took a cabbage in one hand, and his tin cup in the other, and coaxed a stray cow to stand still while he milked her. A few of the donations are mentioned in the papers, but not one third. The merchants continue the salaries of their clerks, while at the Forts. Frank pays six, and does not employ more than two, at the Counting House. Mr. Atkinson, Frank's friend in England, wrote to him to draw on him for $100 for the city's wants.

Circles of ladies all over the city are at work for the soldiers.

That there must be pecuniary pressure by and by, I suppose no one can doubt. If Fort Sumter is attacked, which I pray God to avert, Charleston must be a city of mourners and the widows and orphans destitute.

8. You ask if Mr. Petigru and Mr. Bryan are the only Unionists. I doubt not that there may be others. So many were proud of our beautiful mother, but they are hidden by the mass who think themselves aggrieved.

I have been led to speculate on the subject of war, now that it has been brought so near. Next to the fact that all animals prey on other animals, this seems the most difficult to reconcile to the idea of a God of Love. But I must bow in humble faith, trusting that He 'doeth all things well.'

Farewell all. Whatever betide, let us keep a kindly and loving spirit, and so 'fulfil the law of Christ.'

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER

CHARLESTON, S. C., *Dec. 16th*, '60

MY DEAR CHILDREN: —

The Arsenal in Cannonsboro belongs to the U. S. A Federal officer is in command, with a few soldiers.

The state of things seems to be this, as far as I can learn, though I have seen nothing official. When our citizens (for it was common movement) decided on a revolution or Secession, there was danger that they would seize the Arsenal, in some moment of excitement; there was danger, on the other hand, that the Federal Gov. would send more troops.

Either of these movements might have led to civil war, which was foreign to the original plan.

The Governor of our state, as I understand, guaranteed the safety of the Arsenal to the Pres. and ordered the Washington Light Infantry to keep guard. The State soldiers and the Federal officer are on amicable terms. It is a peculiar state of things, but if kept in good faith on both sides, may save bloodshed.

I had a conversation recently with James. I told him that I wished him to understand the cause of the difficulty between the North and South. I said, 'You know the old thirteen states made laws together, called a constitution, and promised to keep them. One of the laws was that runaway slaves should be returned to their owners. The North has broken the law, encourages the slaves to run away, and sends them to Canada. They do not take them home and make ladies and gentlemen of them, but put them in a freezing climate, to labor for their own living, good and bad together.

'Another trouble is about the territories. Can you tell me, James, who owned Louisiana before the U. S. bought it?'

'The French, ma'am,' said he, without hesitation.

'Well, that state, and the other territories were bought by all the States, North and South. The South paid as much money as the North and had the same right to them. After a while some of the Northern States began to say the Southerners should not carry their slaves into new territories. Of course they could not live without their slaves, who are their support, and this made another difficulty. Now the South wants to separate from the North and have nothing more to do with them. James, do you understand all this?'

'Yes, ma'am. Thank you, ma'am.'

'Now James, I hope and trust there will be no fighting, but if there is, you must take good care of me, and I will take care of you.'

'Yes, ma'am.'

To show you how tranquil I am, dear children, I tell you that I sleep alone, on this floor, without fastening my door. Can the Northern ladies say the same?

In all events your

LOVING MOTHER

EAST BATTERY, CHARLESTON, *Aug. 7th*

DEAR, DEAR DAUGHTER: —

I have a few moments to write you by a private opportunity to tell you of our health and welfare. *We do* see all the worst threats of the North in our papers and so are prepared, but *you* cannot see the calm indomitable spirit that prevails here. Every old man and boy is prepared all over the South. You need not be told what the military are after the experience at Bull Run; and as for the blockade, it is almost a farce. One would think that Pres. Lincoln and his Cabinet had never studied geography. They have overlooked the numberless creeks and inlets on our shores, that must, from their peculiar navigation, be the outlet for privateers, while dangerous to outsiders.

As yet we are unstinted in our wishes for the good things of this life — our markets full — dividends good, and everybody willing to bear a reverse if it should come. I write you thus, that your fears for us may be removed.

MOTHER

CHARLESTON, S. C., *March* 12, 1861

DEAR CHILDREN: —

The dearth of public amusement here is made up by the excitement of slipping the blockade. In the last month *thirteen vessels* have run out, and three steamers have come in, the Ella Warley, the Catawba, and one large steamer, now lying in full sight from my window, whose name I have not yet learned. How these vessels pass over and through Lincoln's hulks and by the fleet is wonderful. In the history of the war the daring of Southern sailors will form a conspicuous part of the picture. . . .

Frank is with us until the 20th and Willie also. They are preparing for their destination *for the war;* Washington has gone. We do not know when we shall see any of them again. If Charleston is in real danger we shall go to Greenville, where we have a house engaged.

I have said nothing about the Naval victory at James's river, for even that will be a nine days' wonder over, when this reaches you. Well may Lincoln be in tears. He with his Cabinet has made two nations weep.

I know nothing of my Island House, which is open for the soldiers. So farewell, dear ones all.

MOTHER

CHARLESTON, S. C., *March* 31, 1861

MY DEAR CHILDREN: —

I was able to give the Wilkies great pleasure, by taking them with my permit to Sullivan's Island on Friday. The wharf presents a very animated appearance from the number of soldiers and the different uniforms — the

Zouaves I think the most picturesque. Lieut. W. met us at the Cove, after we had passed the guard. In a short time Willie and Washington joined us. Lieut. W. borrowed the State wagon, and putting some of our chairs for extra seats, the party were made very comfortable for a drive to Fort Washington, the quarters of the Washington Light Infantry. Washington drove me in a buggy. The first battery on the way, now finished and mounted, is the next lot to mine, the terrible cannon pointing Sumter-wise. We stopped to see the recruits (regulars) drill. The second battery is on Mrs. McDowell's lot; the third is Fort Moultrie, where the fearful machinery of war is so artistically arranged; the fourth and fifth are near the Curlew grounds, and the Myrtles. After our drive of three miles, so different from our Summer associations, we turned at East End, and saw the battery now named Fort Washington, which our boys have been blistering their hands in building. Lieut. Wilkie ordered the guns to be fired that we might see the force of their action. The first regiment of rifles, including the Washington Light Infantry, are all in tents, at the East End, and form quite a picturesque village. We went first to the Officers' tent, where Lieut. Wilkie unrolled a new flag beautifully wrought with a Palmetto symbol and recently presented by Mrs. Beauman of Charleston. Knowing where to touch the heart of a W. L. I. man, I asked to see the old Eutaw Standard. He unrolled it reverently. It is of red damask and in tatters.

From the Officers' tent we went to Willie's. Willie was full of fun as waiter, with his tin drinking cups, and Washington was over-running with sentiment about Carrie, who was absent, and for whom he made a charming bouquet, with an appropriate kiss sentiment hidden in the centre. After about an hour of chat and inspection we drove home, with Fort Sumter in view, the calm waters and glittering beach in all their old beauty. Fort Sumter looks like a noble stag at bay, with Morris Ft. where the largest force is stationed, and James Fort bristling with cannon in the rear, Sullivan's in front; and the floating battery ready for the first note of reinforcement, for Beauregard says all is ready. When will it be surrendered? The men, ours, have finished their work, and are growing impatient of delay. It requires all the wisdom of their superiors to keep them cool. Think of so many thousand men leaving plantations, mercantile life, shops, colleges, and every department of labor, since December, and working like journeymen. The dragoons, who have been waited on all their lives, curry their own horses.

Such is my faith in peace, that I carried down a gardener to arrange my flower beds.

MOTHER

CHARLESTON, S. C., *April* 16, 1861

MY DEAR CHILDREN: —

On Thursday the 11th we heard that the attack on Sumter was to commence at 7 o'clock P.M. We went with beating hearts to Lou, but all was still. At ten Caroline and the children went home, and as Frank was with his company at Morris Is., I decided to remain with Lou until his return. I had an agitated night, but fell asleep towards morning. At half past four I was awoke by the signal gun, which I thought was to be the forerunner of death in its most horrid form. Then followed the action, with which by this time you are familiar. The wind was in a direction to blow the sound towards us, and from that time, until seven in the evening, we heard every gun. Instantly, after every firing on the Islands and at Fort

Sumter a cloud of white smoke rose before the explosion, and thus, the sight of every discharge was as distinct as the sound. We could hear the whiz of the balls, and feel the house shake at each concussion. A strange fascination drew us to the windows, to gaze and tremble. Many friends came in and out through the day, and the most part of them were immediately employed in making cartridge bags. A group of ladies, from time to time, cutting them out in the dining-room. They are made of strong red baize, and sewed with worsted, as cotton thread ignites more readily. For the largest guns, they are about ½ a yard long and a quarter wide. Little was said, except when rumours were brought in by the few gentlemen who could call and then we clustered around them, as if life and death hung on their words. At seven, the guns of Fort Sumter stopped for the night, but all through the next ten hours, the relentless shells rose from the batteries like stars, careered in light prismatic shades over Fort Sumter, and then dropped their fearful burdens within the walls, or sent up a shower of spray outside. All the long night this went on, and amid a thunder storm I still saw them and saw too the flag we once loved so well, waving unhurt.

In the morning, a glorious morning in nature, Anderson, the brave soul, resumed fire, but about eight our hearts stood still, for a shout came from the spectators — Fort Sumter was in flames. Still the flag waved, as if only a summer breeze stirred its folds. We forgot our people, we forgot everything, for a few moments, but the gallant band within the burning crater. You know the rest. You will read of the courtesy and even tenderness of our military commanders, to a man whom they cannot but honor in defeat.

YOUR LOVING MOTHER

CHARLESTON, S. C., *Oct.* 20, 1861

DEAR ANNIE: —

Are your ladies as busy as ours are for the soldiers? The amount of work done, and the zeal which characterizes it, is wonderful all over the Confederacy.

At the Island, recently, Capt. Wagner of Fort Moultrie gave out that he wanted several thousand cartridge bags in twenty-four hours, for the Coast. Some ladies sat up all night, and we rose at daylight. Of course the order was completed. You see everywhere ladies knitting stockings for the soldiers.

Lou and I were driving, and little Lou took a small basket with pieces of carpet about an inch square, and began to ravel in the carriage. I asked her what it was for, and she said 'for the sick soldiers' pillows.' Wool is very scarce. Madame Girard has a society of little children, for the purpose, in her school. . . .

I referred a little while since to the state of our country. Let me beg you to distrust all extracts you may see from the *Mercury* against our Authorities — the editor belongs to a little clique, who have no influence of importance. Pres. Davis is almost idolized by the mass of the people, and the military commanders are still more popular.

What a curious picture the South presents, storing piles of their staple every hour; in a few weeks they will open the ground for new planting. The sea-coast only will be disturbed, and plans are laid for the negroes to fall back, after the fortifications are completed, to safe residences. The utter impossibility of simultaneous attacks on our immense coast, and the greater impossibility of the Lincolnites leaving an army of occupation behind them, renders the margin of retreat for the negroes very wide. I suppose it is

pretty well understood that the Southerners do not mean to retreat.

Whatever I am besides,

YOUR LOVING MOTHER

CHARLESTON, S. C., *Nov. 3rd*, 1861

MY DEAR DAUGHTERS: —

The history of the Gordon seems like a romance. Three weeks ago, dismantled of her guns, dressed with flowers, and christened Theodora (God's blessing) she left this port and passed the blockading vessels with our Commissioners Slidell and Mason with four ladies and their female attendants. Frank, who is agent for the Theodora, says the young girls were as gay and lighthearted on that momentous night at 12 o'clock, as if they were going to a party, and in raptures with the beautiful roses with which Lou had decorated the cabin. Now she lies at one of our wharves, having discharged a splendid return cargo. In view of the expected attack at Bay Point, near Beaufort, by the Lincoln Fleet, she was engaged immediately on her arrival yesterday as a transport. Frank and Willie went down to her wharf last night, at 9 o'clock, and returned this morning at six, having employed twenty laborers and four drays all night.

I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Slidell, who does not look the 'wily politician' he is said to be.

This is one of the most agitating periods of the war, as the Great Fleet is momentarily expected. A telegraph just announces that two of the Lincoln transports are aground off Georgetown, but they can afford to lose a few.

The buoyancy of our people is wonderful, and so calm too.

Mrs. Harleston was at church this morning, pale but cheerful. No one here thinks that her son and the other privateers will be sentenced. If they are, God be with the prisoners here, for man will hardly help them. The retaliation will be fearful.

Jan. 25th, '62

After writing the above, Mason and Slidell were captured, and I had no spirit to continue.

MOTHER

CHARLESTON, S. C., *Feb. 1st*, '62

MY DEAR CHILDREN: —

I think all your letters must have reached me safely; mine, giving most substantial evidence of the inefficacy of the blockade, you have acknowledged, five in all.

The second instalment of the Stone blockade was deposited one week ago, seen by observers from Sullivans Is., with good glasses. Last night six vessels went out over our bar, from our wharves, two of them probably carrying letters from me. I hoped to have sent P. D. a map of the burnt district drawn by a friend, but have not rec. it in season. . . .

My Orange Street house was struck by a shell, through the pantry, which entered the cellar without exploding.

It is no child's play here.

YOUR LOVING MOTHER

GREENVILLE, S. C., *March 27*, '63

MY DEAR CHILDREN: —

The incident of the past month has been a call from one of the surgeons on the Coast, for our Ladies Aid Society, for flags and rosettes for his department, the flags to be nailed to fences and trees from a battle field to a hospital, to designate the road, and the rosettes to be attached to the arms of those who are to carry the wounded. I volunteered at the Directors meeting to have twenty flags made, and Lou gave the material. All that were required were completed and sent seaward in thirty-six hours, but the

expected attack at the last 'spring tide' has not taken place. We are now awaiting the third of April when it (the tide) serves again in our harbor.

The Confederate authorities also called on us to have a hundred sheets made for a receiving hospital in Greenville for convalescent soldiers from other hospitals in case nearer ones should be wanted after a fight. In a week the ladies had everything ready. Beauregard is a splendid officer for precaution; minute details are not below his large military vision.

One year since we came to Greenville and not subjugated!

YOUR LOVING MOTHER,
C. G.

GREENVILLE, S. C., *Aug.* 21, '63

DEAR CHILDREN: —

Situation public

Charleston besieged. Men fighting on the Islands, women nursing in the City — singularly few casualties. Many private families not removing. Mrs. Crafts and Mrs. Miles, for instance, are still on the battery. Supplies and men coming in. All willing to meet the emergency. Frank says we should not know Sullivans Is. The houses on Front Beach from my lot, where Battery Bee is, to Fort Moultrie pulled down and batteries in place. To-day is Jefferson Davis's Presidential Fast.

Situation private

And now, dear children, farewell. No matter if you *wish* or *fear* that Charleston may fall. Vicksburg and Hudson have gone, but look at the rallying along the Mississippi, where the abolition commerce trembles under its treble guards; so will it be in South Carolina; let Charleston be annihilated (for it never will be taken) and resistance will spring up in every new form that valor and ingenuity can devise.

In Greenville, among the negroes, you would still not think of war. Like other refugees, they are mending up their old clothes, but they are not yet losing fathers and brothers like the whites. The same merry laugh is heard, the same willing labor seen.

YOUR LOVING MOTHER

(*No date*)

MY DEAR ANNIE: —

We have a constant succession of Frank's relatives and friends here. He is so hospitable that he will share his last with others. Not a week passes but we have an improvised bed, what the soldiers call a 'shake-down' in the parlor.

Willie is a paroled prisoner and came home on a walk of two hundred miles from Johnston's army. Notwithstanding *the times* he and Nina went to a surprise party last night and stayed until the small hours.

We are living in a strange way now. Isolated by the cutting off the R. R.s we have only accidental communication with the outer world, no stores for two years open; without currency; no post-office, that is, no paid P. M., and a future dependent on the strangest combination of human affairs. It requires more than Ariadne's thread to carry us through this labyrinth.

Love to the children,
YOUR LOVING MOTHER

Christmas Day, 1864

MY DEAR ELIZA: —

Savannah has gone; Charleston is in danger, and though they are not *the* Confederacy, and there is a strong recuperative power after every blow, yet the suffering must be immense. By the way, Atlanta has started a newspaper again, and the road is open to Macon.

The children rose at daylight to examine their stockings, for we sympathize with them. By a singular

accident my gifts were quite belligerent, *fighting cocks*, made of pumpkin seeds, and worsted *balls*. To give you an idea of prices, Lou gave twenty dollars for an india rubber round comb for Louly, and $1.50 for a set of wire knitting needles. I paid $10 for the *making* of a pr. of leather shoes for little Phillis, and Lou found the material. Men's coarse shoes are $90. You should see Frank's bill for his yard family, eleven in number.

Lou had a grand present from her friend Jennie Wardlaw yesterday — sausages, chines, hogs-cheese, butter and eggs. By the way, eggs were offered at the door yesterday at five dollars per doz! And yet strange to say, we hear of no real want in Greenville.

I suppose Sherman will not turn the women and children out and burn Savannah as he did Atlanta, but keep it as a base of operations.

How that march through those feminine foes in Georgia will read in History! The cry of those ruined households will sound along the ages, when he might, like our General Lee, have made it so glorious by lenity.

Whatever happens, however, do not think the South gives up for the burning of her cities. The field is too wide for that. It will still be a give-and-take game, while our internal resources are so varied.

By the way, I just heard Frank say, 'Albert, gather me a quantity of poison berries (Pride of India) to make some blacking.' Three cheers for Confederate blacking!

YOUR LOVING MOTHER

GREENVILLE, S. C., *August 5th*, 1865

If you have rec. all my letters, you will have learned, my dear daughter, that Frank after covering his wagon, and making a whip, borrowed two hundred dollars and went to Charleston to buy goods. You and Annie who have been purchasing about that amount lately, can fancy the quantity. On his return, he hired *by the week*, an empty store, and he and Willie placed their stock of Eng. goods in a bow window, and glass case, in one corner, with a bag of coffee, some boxes of herring etc. near the door of entrance. It is a large store, well arranged, and it was amusing as well as sad to see the empty shelves beyond. Every evening Willie comes home and hands over his little purse to Frank, and they have as long a talk as when they bought thousands of dollars worth of cotton. One very funny incident occurred in the store, luckily to Frank, and not to Willie. Two girls came in dressed in homespun, with sunbonnets. They fell into great admiration at the straw hats trimmed with red feathers, which Frank had brought from Charleston, and immediately selecting two, put them on. On asking the price, Frank told them five dollars a piece.

'Wait a bit' said one, and stooping a little, she raised her dress, turned down her stocking and handed out the amount in greenbacks. This is worthy of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*.

We had no greenbacks in circulation, the garrison having arrived only two days previous, so the greenbacks told their own story.

Frank and Lou and I were driving in Main Street, when the garrison, arriving from the cars, took possession of their quarters. There was no demonstration of feeling of any kind. A gaze of curiosity in the negro population; a grave stolidity in the conquered rebels. They have been here three weeks, and our people walk opposite. By the way, I was saddened by your allusion to Peace celebration, the contrast was so strong. All here was so still, so Poland-like in its cold, stern acquiescence. I hear, however, that 'in fifty years the

South will be proud of the Union.'

Did you know that all the old residences on Ashley River were burned by the Northerners, except Drayton Hall, which was used by them for a small post?

YOUR LOVING MOTHER

1865

I destroyed *my will* yesterday, 'circumstances having altered cases' as the copy book says. Caroline calls it *my won't*. It was with a very peculiar feeling that I ran over the items donated to all of you children and grandchildren, now either in possession of a Northern soldier, or destined to be sold for my temporary support. The silver and your father's college table I shall retain.

I asked Lucas R. in a recent letter, to write you my account of the recovery of her family portraits. We have them here, and Louisa says she is becoming attached to them, as they look at us, some of them sadly mutilated, in our parlor. Gov. Ed. Rutledge we cannot recover. It is probably in some hovel. When the raiders, who came during the armistice, found nothing valuable to them in a box, they threw out the contents to the negroes and women of ill fame who surrounded them. I cannot divine the motive for their cutting the figure of the full-length by Romney from the back-ground, for it required some time to do it. We have it here. The features can all be recognized and the form is entire, but the coloring is almost lost. It has been trodden under foot, in a negro yard, I suppose in mere recklessness or carelessness.

Frank has just returned from his country trip, and there is the usual amount of bustle. I dare not dwell on the idea that we shall never be a united or loving family again. Time is a healer, but the scars are *so* deep! Poland! Poland! Will Frank ever be Annie's Frank in this world? How he did love her next to his own children!

Frank exchanged his coffee for corn, to a family of maiden ladies and a decrepit old woman in an old fashioned house, and fairly set them dancing with delight. He says it is one of the drollest sights he ever saw, to see the old ladies fly around when they heard the word coffee. He says the corn crops are splendid; no starvation but — no cotton.

Now I have shown you all in these few phrases, can you fancy us as we are? With love to the dear children, your 'owny, downy'

MOTHER

June 2nd, '65

MY DEAR ELIZA: —

I think you will be interested in an account of the Raid in Greenville, which, occurring as it did after the announcement of the armistice, may not be published.

On the 2nd day of May, Louisa, Caroline, the children and myself, seated ourselves at the dinner table, with some pleasant jests on the subject of a roast pig, which Lou had provided, as a great treat, after a long series of bacon. A sense of calm, if not happiness, was shed over us by the thought that our friends were not in mortal combat, and we had full confidence that the flag of truce would be respected. What was our horror, then, to hear a cry from the servants. 'The Yankees are coming.' We sprang from the table, and rushing to the piazza, saw Albert throwing up his arms in a phrenzied manner, calling out 'Lord Jesus, the Yankees are coming! The Yankees are coming!' Presently a negro man, in a cart, whipping his horse to a full gallop, came tearing along to escape, but in vain; a dozen of the enemy's cavalry came after him and fired. In an instant, almost, his

horse was unharnessed and taken possession of.

Not having any immediate object to pursue, the riders, who were a portion of Stoneman's Brigade, under Major Lawson, turned back and Caroline and I went to the front gate, where she hailed them with 'Have you an officer here?' One of them rode in advance, the rest followed. 'Yes,' was the reply. 'I am Lieut. West.' 'Will you give us a guard?' 'That is not at all necessary. Our men have strict orders to respect private property.' 'But,' I urged, 'there may be stragglers, or your men may become intoxicated. Pray let us have a guard.' 'I assure you, madam, your houses are perfectly safe.'

Caroline ran up the piazza steps, and taking her baby from the nurse's arms, stood by the Lieut. who was on horseback. 'I have heard' she said, 'that some of Sherman's men tore the clothing of infants to strips. Do give me a guard for this one.' The *gallant* Lieut. stooped from his horse, took Clare in his arms, and caressed her under the boughs of the apple tree which reached his head. Our servants, twenty in number, were peeping from every accessible opening. The Lieut. glanced at his followers, and then called to a stolid looking man, and said, 'Shertz, guard this house strictly, and watch the streets. Let none of our men disturb these ladies.' Then giving Clare back to her mother, he added, 'Madam, I have been four years in the war, and I can say I have never injured a woman or child.'

'But,' said I, before he rode away, 'How is it that you come to a place like this, where there are only non-combatants, during the Armistice?' 'Oh, madam,' was the reply, 'The Armistice did not hold after Lincoln's death.' He rode off, promising to look after us. . . .

Shertz took his stand on the piazza. Clusters of horsemen passed, looked, and rode on without a question, while in other houses they were searching for arms and horses. One man came on foot, while I was leaning over the rails, and demanded coffee. I said I had been without coffee two months. 'I hear you have coffee,' said he, 'and if I find it is so, I'll be damned if I don't burn your house down.' Shertz pointed his musket towards him and he went away.

The Raiders, about two hundred in number, went to Main Street and opened the Commissary Stores, robbed the Bank, pillaged every article from the rooms of the Ladies' Association, and then proceeded to private houses and property. The Refugees from the Coast had put their property in various closed chambers in empty stores three years ago, all over the town. Everything was rifled; books, costly plate, wines, pictures and bed linen thrown into the streets to be picked up by any passer-by. All the afternoon we saw white and black, laden with goods, passing by the house.

At twilight I was on the piazza, when Lieut. W. made his appearance with a stand of U. S. colors. 'I hope you will excuse me, madam,' he said, 'for bringing my flag, which I have captured in the foundry. I hope I don't hurt your feelings,' walking into the parlor and unrolling it. 'I should be very sorry to do so. You will allow me to place it here,' extending the flag staff along the high, old fashioned mantel, and letting the colors spread out at full, against the wall.

'We are in your power, and of course you must do as you choose,' I replied.

He sat down to supper, we remaining near, but not joining. Louisa waited on him, but did not sit. After some remarks he said, 'Will you tell me, ladies, why we engaged in the war?' After a pause Lou said, 'to subjugate us and free our slaves.'

'You never were more mistaken,' said he. 'We do not want to subjugate you, nor do we want to touch a negro or your institution. The U. S. only wants her own territory, and she will have it.' 'Ah,' said he, looking up to a youth about seventeen, who entered the door, 'Here is one of my boys, Mr. Simpson. I hope you will give him some supper. He is a perfect gentleman.'

The 'perfect gentleman' had just thrown off a broadcloth cloak which we afterwards heard he had stolen from the Rev. Dr. Boyce, at the same time taking his watch. He wore a new velvet waistcoat which he had taken from a locked trunk of Mr. Burckmeyer's, that was under Dr. B's care. Immediately, on being seated, the 'perfect gentleman' said, 'Well, Lieut., how many Rebs have you bagged to-day?' 'None,' was the answer, 'but I captured a splendid number of guns, and a stand of colors at the foundry.' . . .

Starting up, the Lieut. said they were 'under orders to be off in an hour. But Gen. Brown,' he added, 'will be here with five thousand men at twelve o'clock to-night.' So they departed, taking our friend Shertz with them.

We none of us undressed for several nights, but Gen. Brown did not appear.

Two young ladies here, pretty girls, had no matron to protect them, so one of them, only fifteen years old, but quite an adept in masquerade, dressed herself like an old woman. Fifteen privates went to their house and demanded supper. She waved her hand with great dignity and said to a servant 'Give these men their supper in the kitchen.' They obeyed her orders. When they enquired for fire-arms she told a servant to bring the poker and shovel, and ordered about her elder sister with a severe manner of authority.

The Lamb family had eight hundred dollars in gold and all their jewelry, diamonds included, taken from a wagon on the road where they were sending them for security.

The Raiders pointed a pistol at Mrs. Forsyth's little son, eight years old, and called him a little Rebel. The child, who has a nervous temperament, fell insensible, and has never recovered from the shock.

I did not mention that almost every lady in Greenville had on two suits of clothes to save them. I put Mr. Jervey's new silk over an alpaca. Fortunately the weather was cool.

So ends the history of the Greenville Raid, which occurred, as I wrote before, *during an Armistice.*

YOUR LOVING MOTHER

Thirty thousand dollars in gold was taken from the Bank — 'private property.'

GREENVILLE, S. C., *Sept.* 17

MY DEAR ELIZA: —

Fearing that my letter of 15th may not have reached you, I write again to express my sympathy with your happiness, and approval of your choice. May the anxiety of the past settle into gentle domestic calm. My wedding day was 14th.

Frank has returned from another of his terrible journeys for goods. Willie has an assistant behind the counter in Huger Smith, Eliza Mason Smith's third son, who is to receive a dollar per day. I saw his brother Robert volunteer to bring heavy boxes into the store with the drayman. He hauls wood for the use of his family.

Mrs. Williman has not a servant left, and Mrs. Pyot, one of the wealthiest women in Charleston, with an infant, does her own cooking. These are specimens.

The negroes appear to think that even if they receive wages, besides their old privileges, they are not free as long as they are with their old masters,

and you see them leaving their comfortable homes and living in miserable shanties, often seeking a day's work for food.

On the other hand, there was a Saturday picnic yesterday, where they gathered, in their Sunday clothes, and they have a school with a colored teacher.

Since the announcement of their freedom in our yard, we have not heard Albert's old Methodist hymns at his work, and Handy, who said he would 'like to be sworn at,' because it made him more 'perticular,' has been surly and disrespectful, although his wife has just given birth to a little freeman. The policy among them will be to get to the Coast, and Frank's idea is that it is best, as it seems to be theirs, ultimately to part.

I mentioned rice fields. . . . Does it seem possible to you that in this State we should not have had any rice on our table for five months? It will probably be imported for some time to come, from the old world.

YOUR OWN MOTHER

CHARLESTON, S. C., *Dec.* 12, '65

MY DEAR ELIZA: —

I closed my last Greenville letter just a month ago. On the morning of the 14th, Frank, Lou, and all the children rose at four o'clock and sat down to the last breakfast to be prepared for us by the family servants. And a nice breakfast it was, and bountifully did Lou supply our meals for the journey. Kissing the whites and shaking hands with the blacks, we departed at six.

One of the saddest spectacles on our way was the gangs of negroes, with weird, tired, hungry faces, going coastwise to take 'possession of the lands.' Many of them, most of them, leaving comfortable homes and kind masters. But what of that?

It occupied us seven hours to reach Columbia. How gladly I would have escaped what may now be called Sherman's Desolation. Scarcely a farm house, not an elegant and hospitable plantation residence on the way, all ruin, ruin; and in Columbia the last rays of twilight were on the ruins. We were glad to leave early in the morning and start on the car for home, *Home!*

In 1858 I journeyed with a coffin, where was laid my love and earthly hope, and came *home.* In 1865 I journeyed with the dead South, and came *home.*

I found by G. Howard's kindness a furnished bedroom and parlor and Laura Geddings had superintended Caroline's room, by her request, which looks fresh and bridal. It was interesting to see the remnants of the past. Your father's Bust unharmed during four years of destruction, looking so calm, that it filled me with a sense of sacred repose. The Apollo and Diana, in their classical beauty, gave me welcome.

One great event took place. James unearthed the box he had buried in 1861, which contained the beautiful tea set Frank gave me, the glass finger bowls and various toilette keepsakes from friends. Mr. Dodge's pretty inlaid vase was ruined, also window transparencies and everything of woodwork, but strange to say, amid mould and destruction, at the bottom of the box, the framework fallen to pieces, and seemingly exposed to every possible injury, Annie Loring's face looked up with its young loveliness, unharmed.

My books, private papers, and pictures are all stolen. The pillagers must have had some object beside robbery in their selection. Everything valuable as an autograph is gone.

You remember the eight little white books your father inscribed for me and seemed so fond of; they are gone.

James came a fortnight ahead of us, laid the carpets and prepared the bedding, and we had every reason, when placing our heads on our pillows, to thank God for a home.

Soon after my arrival Mr. Stebbens called and sympathized with me in my plans for restoring the Cemetery. I was fortunate in securing a gardener, who was engaged to clear the four years débris and overgrowth for eighty dollars. I have pledged fifty of Louisa Loring's, and Mr. Stebbens promises thirty. Other persons will doubtless help on the good work. I could not help thinking yesterday, as I saw the flowers look up and smile when the superincumbent weight and decay and ruin were removed, that they set us a good example politically. But then, flowers have no memory.

And now a new era in my life has begun. My prayer for usefulness has thus far been granted. Perhaps my heaviest trial may come when that ceases.

One of my favorite poems has it,—

> At sixty-two life is begun,
> At *seventy-two* begin once more;
> Fly swifter as you near the sun,
> And brighter shine at eighty-four;
> For life well spent is ever new,
> And years anointed younger grow.

In life or in death, dear child,

YOUR OWN MOTHER

THE FIRST HANGING AT MULINUU

BY VERNON KELLOGG

THE scaffold alone had cost six hundred marks. And that represented so many pounds of copra that all Samoa was mightily impressed. So the island song-makers made new *meles* to be sung in the great village boats as they would be merrily rowed to Mulinuu on the festal day, and the traders enjoyed a brisk run on their rolls of brightest *lava-lava* prints.

The whole affair had grown out of such an insignificant matter — simply the killing of one of the German firm's imported Solomon Island laborers by Fafelé of the Motoola Road village of Tanugamono. In the first place, the somewhat disfigured deceased was so obviously not a white man that it seemed strange that the high chief foreigners should interest themselves at all in the matter. And in the second place, he was equally obviously not a Samoan, with sympathies for the king last deposed, or perhaps for the next to last, so that the affair plainly touched no question of politics.

Inexplicable as it was, however, it was no less certain that the German Consul had demanded of King Malietoa that the murderer be hanged, and the hanging, whatever new and interesting experience that might prove to be, was to be achieved in the kingly village of Mulinuu. Stretching out into the lazy ocean, Mulinuu Point, narrow, low, and almost awash with the gleaming sea-water, but superbly covered with graceful coconut palms, was the abode of the native king and high

chiefs and the seat of the highest native official functions.

There had been a trial before the King. The pleasant-faced murderer, wearing a brilliant new lava-lava, listened interestedly to the interpreter of the German firm who recounted the charge against him. He even waved aside the unnecessary verbiage of the 'talking man' to confess simply: —

'Yes, I killed him. Why not? He was in my taro patch.'

He had followed with some surprise and astonishment the German Consul's positive words, as interpreted with much gesture and emphasis by the official talking man, concerning the enormity of the crime of murder. King Malietoa, dignified and impassive, himself raised his eyes wonderingly at the new vehemence of the high chief Consul.

When the King was ready to pass sentence, he even explained severely to the accused how bad a man he had been, and how very wrong it is to kill people, even black and kinky-haired Solomon Islanders. And then he sentenced the always interested and now large-eyed criminal to three months' imprisonment in jail and a fine of two hundred marks.

The prisoner smiled pleasantly and humbly begged to be pardoned for putting His Majesty to all this trouble, thanked him for his so-improving words, and turned to go. But the Consul, with purple face, and exploding disgust and anger, hurriedly conferred with Malietoa, who quickly made a sign for all to wait. Then he further signed that all should withdraw a little, while he and the Consul had a short but pointed conference.

The Consul wasted few words in making it plain that such a sentence was absurd, and that death by hanging was the only sufficient punishment for the crime of murder. With the plain intimation in his ears that if he did not condemn the murderer to the gallows the German Governor would find cause for interposition in the matter, with the certain result of the hanging of the murderer and in addition the curtailment of the judicial functions of His Majesty, King Malietoa reconvened the court.

Briefly explaining that the high chief foreign Consul had kindly pointed out to him a slight error in judicial procedure, he reconsidered the sentence already passed, and pronounced a new one — to wit, that Fafelé of Tanugamono should, for the crime of murder duly confessed, be hanged by the neck until dead, and may the Lord have mercy on his soul. Fafelé, still pleasantly interested, but a bit larger of eye, again cordially thanked His Majesty for his courteous attention to the humble affairs of a faithful subject, and quietly walked away with the Chief of Police.

Hanging-day at Mulinuu! Under the swaying palms, curved of trunk and shaggy of top, the humming of a multitude; the soft liquids and quick rippling laughter of the brown men and women; the steady low chattering of the little kinky-haired blacks and the serious gutturals and nasals of the small group of Germans, Americans, and English. All Apia and its neighboring villages and plantations — officials, traders, planters, free Samoans, and serf Solomon Islanders — were there. And from Vailele and Vaitele, and the other half-dozen little villages of mushroom houses that huddle under the tossing palms and heavy breadfruits along the shore line of Upolu, had come the long village boats, each with its score of rowers and score more of passengers, all in festal dress and all singing, ever singing, as they slipped easily along in the safe green water of

their aquatic roadway between shore and protecting barrier-reef.

Mulinuu Point was overrun with the spectators of the hanging — or of whatever was to be the spectacle. Those careless laughing faces certainly betrayed no fear or anxiety of the outcome. There would be some speeches by the talking men, the King would receive the homage and the gifts of his scattered villages, and then would be brought forth those five great trade-chests filled with fine mats and *tapas*, with chickens and octopuses, bread-fruit and taro, to be given to the chattering little group of Solomon Islanders in full satisfaction for one black boy murdered. Ah! that was the open secret of all the Samoans present; that was why the hanging was to be celebrated merrily. It was only after much general protest by the people and long days of steady speech by the tireless talking men that the gift-chests had been filled. So much to give for one black boy! But no memory of this remained in the careless minds of the brown men, and it was only as a show and a chance to visit with cousins and friends from the various separated villages that the hanging was now regarded.

But the murmur hushes near the scaffold, where the press is closest, and the hush spreads quickly out to the fringes of the crowd. And as the babble of voices dies away the constant throbbing roar and beat of the ocean on the outer reef rules for the moment; the foaming line of the repulsed breakers catches the eye as one looks out across the shallow green inner water to the limitless blue reaches beyond the reef. A gleaming white tropic bird sails slowly in from the ocean, over the highest palms and on and up, ever with motionless wing, over the very top of Mount Vaea itself. With the bird, one's eyes turn inland. Lifting high above Mulinuu is Stevenson's grave-mountain, its steep slopes lush with tropic bush and forest, on its shoulder the heavy low tomb, made like a Samoan chieftain's, of the man who came to these brown men as one of themselves, so tuned was his heart to their simple, manly ways.

With the steady low roar of the surge mingles another voice. The talking man of Tanugamono, Fafelé's village, is introducing the five trade-chests of gifts from the Samoans to the black men. Leaning on his tall staff, a fresh white lava-lava around his brown loins, and a wreath of fragrant peppers about his naked neck and breast, old Manua is making one of his most florid efforts. With an introduction, in choicest 'mijinery' language, of thankfulness for all the blessings enjoyed by Samoa from the hand of a gracious Providence, he passes by skillful modulation to the specific interest of the occasion. He speaks long and he speaks loud, but even such a glorious opportunity for the exercise of that fascinating thing, speech-making, must have its period. With a brilliant peroration, the great expiatory gift is formally offered. Sensation and satisfaction among the brown men of Upolu!

A small, disreputable, frizzly-haired black arises. In few words and expressive gestures he refuses the gifts and suggests that the hanging proceed.

Sensation and dismay among the brown men of Upolu! Here was an impossible possibility become real. Fafelé glanced dubiously at the swinging rope. A thousand eyes followed his glance. If the hanging were really to go forward, things might be very uncomfortable for Fafelé. A new murmur joined the always present deeper murmur of the tireless waters breaking on the distant reef.

Then the German Consul stepped forward and, addressing Malietoa,

spoke to this meaning: What has so far been done in this matter is well. Justice and its official expression, law, rule in Samoa. Malietoa has made his people understand what heinous manner of crime murder is, and he is now in the very act, so to speak, of dealing out with pitying but unyielding hand the only sufficient punishment for it, death by hanging. All Upolu sees this and recognizes the justice of it, and so do the official representatives of that great nation, Germany, which stands as the benevolent protector of Upolu. Justice is the intention and the will of all. The majesty of the law is unquestioned. It is very good. Let us add mercy to justice. Let the first hanging at Mulinuu be remembered by an act of kingly clemency. As representative of the great Emperor of Germany and her colonies, among which Upolu is a bright particular ocean gem, and on immediate behalf of the German Governor of Upolu, he respectfully suggests that King Malietoa commute the death sentence of Fafelé to the next most severe punishment. Renewed sensation and renewed satisfaction among the listening multitudes at Mulinuu!

The King arises. It is indeed good. *Fa'afe'tai, fa'afe'tai, tele lava* (thank you, thank you in the highest) for the chiefly suggestion. Let Fafelé attend. Let the people hear. The sentence of Fafelé, murderer of a small black Solomon Islander, is commuted from hanging to imprisonment in the jail for three months with payment of two hundred marks fine.

General cheerfulness among the brown men of Upolu, including Fafelé. Consternation on the face of the representative of the Emperor of Germany!

Again, as at the trial, comes a hurried conference between the humble representative of overseas civilization and the sovereign king of a tropic isle. And again, as at the trial, Malietoa thanks the Consul for his just correction, and announces to his expectant and pleasant-faced people, standing in glistening brown ranks about the scaffold, a revision of the sentence. Fafelé shall serve fourteen years at hard labor and pay a fine of four hundred marks.

The pleasant-facedness of the glistening brown ranks remains unmodified. No sudden and violent death for Fafelé — that is the point. 'Hard labor' — well, that is a phrase not in the bright lexicon of Samoan life and cannot be understood at this first coining of it. And whether it is to be hard labor for fourteen years or twice fourteen, it is life — life under the full warm sunlight of tropic days, and under the soft twinkling of the slowly turning Southern Cross by night; life with the ears full of the rustling of great palm fronds, the singing of the coral sands as the lapping waves grind them up and down the beach, and the throbbing giant pulse of the breaking swell on the outer reef.

So the brown men and women of Upolu, in their gaudiest lava-lavas and with their smooth skins all ashine with coconut oil, come away from the hanging at Mulinuu in great good-humor.

And now Fafelé at hard labor! On the beach road from Apia to Mulinuu, that most favored and frequented of Apia promenades, along which all the happy Samoan world drifts, chatting and laughing, are two men in restful, if rather ungraceful, squatting attitude. One has the uniform of office, obviously a member of the native soldiery or constabulary, a conspicuous figure and pridefully self-conscious of it. The other is Fafelé. They say *tofa* (good-bye) to a mutual friend who has been making a long gossipy call, just

as the heavy German doctor, in vast expanse of well-laundered white, comes down the road. The mutual friend strolls on, the royal guard shoulders his gun, and Fafelé taps lightly with a shining new hammer on a bit of coral rock between his knees. The full-rigged doctor, beating slowly to windward, comes up and on, and disappears down the coast. The tapping ceases and the gun comes to a 'lean-against-tree' position. Two long tapering cigarettes, with dry banana-leaf wrapper and crumpled-up home-grown filler, come from their penholder-like rest above the ears, and prisoner and guard resume again their serene contemplation of tropic sky and sea.

Meantime Malietoa is worried. Twenty marks a month from the kingly income — there is no national treasury — goes in salary to the uniformed man, and a varying sum for breadfruit, taro, and coconuts must be paid to keep the prisoner alive. The uniform, too, — envy of all Upolu, not excepting, I fear, royalty itself, — Malietoa well knows is charged on trader Moors's books to him; and how many pounds off from his copra credit that means he can only shudderingly guess. So when Wailua, a responsible and respected citizen of Vai-vai village, owner of many coconut trees and of the largest fish-seine on the island, appeared one day to make a formal proposition to take over the prisoner Fafelé, now serving fourteen years' sentence at hard labor, as his bondman and serf, said Fafelé to haul said Wailua's seine and gather his coconuts, for which service said Wailua will 'find' the prisoner and be responsible for his detention, the King, with gleeful heart, though impassive countenance, gave ready ear.

The negotiations were brief and satisfactory to both sides — aye, indeed to all three sides, for Fafelé, although without voice in the decision, had much voice, albeit indulged discreetly, in the expressions of satisfaction. Life under a shady breadfruit tree on the Apia-Mulinuu beach road, with a shining new hammer with which to tap lightly and intermittently on coral rocks, is all right, if sufficient food comes. But economical Malietoa was making each roasted breadfruit last longer and longer, while as for pig or tinned salmon, no taste or smell! And Wailua, who was own brother-in-law to Fafelé, — it is odd how little knowledge of native family relationships the German authorities have, — was known to cover his banana-leaf tablecloths with an unusual luxury of food.

So finally Fafelé, murderer, hero of the first hanging at Mulinuu, cynosure of the chatting, laughing promenaders of Apia beach, and only prisoner at hard labor in all Samoa, disappears from our view. For Vai-vai village is not on the beach, and what manner of life Fafelé may lead in the household of his brother-in-law, Wailua, is well screened by the great grove of coconuts, bananas, and breadfruits in which this quiet little hamlet nestles. But I have heard that he hopes earnestly to be granted life to serve his sentence out. For Wailua loves his wife, and is a merciful jailor to his wife's brother.

ART AND THE X-RAY

BY ALAN BURROUGHS

I

THE audience reached by a short story, 'La Dame qui a perdu son peintre,' written in 1907 by Paul Bourget, cannot be extensive; the satire of the tale and the edge to its Gallic politeness have been appreciated chiefly by readers who are familiar with the writings and methods of art experts. For myself, engaged in the study of paintings, the story has an inescapable point, telling as it does the history of a forgery and its acceptance by all concerned, even by the poor student who painted it — and especially by the 'famous critic' who has a 'scientific method' at his finger-tips.

The so-called 'scientific method,' delicately lampooned in Bourget's story, is a by-product of the 'emotional method,' which simmers down to sublimated guesswork. A single date or incident grows oversize and bears a startling crop of supposed 'facts'; slight resemblances lead to shockingly definite comparisons. Among recent examples is the well-reviewed volume on Rembrandt which states as a fact that only fifty or so of the large number of paintings attributed to the master are genuine. Trivial resemblances furnished the critic in this instance with a devastating method. The fact that the nose and high cheek-bones of 'The Old Lady Paring Her Nails' (owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art) seem to resemble those features in the old ladies painted by Nicolas Maes was deemed sufficient reason for announcing Maes as the author of the famous picture in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which contains many of the moving characteristics — the weight and bulk of form, conviction of design and gesture, simplicity and disposition of light — that are clear in Rembrandt's mature work. Other Dutch painters of the time might possibly have achieved something similar in breadth, but not Maes, who has signed himself as the tight little painter of sentimental genre.

This volume has been discussed half a dozen times by reviewers who regret the author's shortsightedness; my point is merely to remind the reader of a clear-cut reductio ad absurdum in recent criticism. More insight, more inspiration, perhaps — but that incident is in the past; and inspiration alone would be no guaranty of rightness.

Information is the essential, and the means of obtaining facts are the fundamental elements in serviceable criticism.

The student of style can be misled by restorations on a picture, his scholarly inferences being rendered useless by lack of information in regard to the physical conditions wherein an expert picture-restorer revels. He needs other means, an extra aid to study, which will simplify his material and sort out the important details. His critical labors deserve some method which will remove the hazard involved in trusting chiefly to matters of taste

and feeling. And there is not a genuine critic who would refuse such help were it offered to him.

Ever since Crowe and Cavalcaselle began their systematic study of Italian painting, the work of the connoisseur has been approaching such accuracy as a jury of laymen can understand, whatever their æsthetic equipment may be. Documented facts have been used with greater frequency, of course; the unemotional camera has enlarged the critic's field; lately the X-ray has been found useful. An experienced eye may pick out with accuracy the repaints on a painting, but much more reliable is the machine, which depends, in its workings, solely on physical fact. And if that machine can reveal the hidden mannerisms of former artists, how much value it may have in the hands of a student capable of using it.

It is not necessary to defend the use of a machine in a matter so linked with questions of taste and feeling. The following account of recent experiments will show that at least one student has found a firmer basis for his opinions through the use of a method more fundamentally scientific.

II

Dr. Faber in Germany, Dr. Heilbron in Amsterdam, and Dr. André Cheron in Paris began experiments with the X-ray on paintings some years ago. Their conclusions were not made available for general use, nor did they examine all the possibilities in their grasp, judging by published accounts; their work was tentative. From the layman's point of view it was fascinating, but not conclusive. From the art critic's point of view it was too technical, and possibly damaging, for it seemed incredible that a machine could ascertain information which a student could not see for himself, and that light which could penetrate pigments would not affect the pigments themselves.

The experiments performed by the writer on paintings from the collection of the Fogg Museum at Harvard University, and undertaken under the supervision of Mr. Edward W. Forbes, have carried on the work to a point from which it is possible to answer the criticism directed against earlier experiments, at the same time proving that the X-ray can be developed into a valuable addition to the connoisseur's equipment. As Dr. Cheron and Dr. Heilbron pointed out, this development involves the detection of repaints. Also it goes further and involves a new method for studying the materials used by artists and the manner of employing those materials, the antiquity or genuineness of paintings, and in some cases the authorship.

The use of the X-ray in examining old paintings is based on the familiar fact that a sensitized film will record the shadows of material objects according to their opacity to the ray. The developed film is a shadowgraph, containing the story of the densities of the various substances which go to make an old painting. That the recorded densities are complex must be understood. Each shadow on the film represents a mixture of pigment, perhaps a worked-over outline, varying thicknesses of painted areas, holes in the front surface or the back, or a heavy preparation for the surface that has been covered with paint. For convenience the total density of the complete picture can be divided into three parts: the surface paint, the ground or preparation for painting, and the backing — whether wood, canvas, copper, paper, or what not. The degree of excellence of the shadowgraph depends on the relative values of these three levels of materials. If the density of

the pigment is greater than the density of the other two general factors, the detail of pigment is clear. If the ground is much heavier than both paint and backing, the ground shows well. The efficiency of the X-ray is no greater for the whole picture than it is for the most dense substance used in its making. Thus a heavy ground of white lead complicates accurate study of a picture's backing by this method. Fortunately, however, white-lead grounds are not common except in the more modern paintings; and when encountered they are frequently not so thick but that some detail in the variations of pigment is visible. Panels of wood an inch in thickness, 'cradled' with strips of wood on the back to prevent warping, and prepared with a coat of gesso less than an eighth of an inch in thickness, are the heaviest materials likely to be met in X-raying old pictures. Because of the density of old paints, however, such thicknesses of ground and backing are not too great for study. Well-dried wood has little density; and gesso is not so dense as Naples yellow, for example; strokes of old paint on top of such materials register on the film consistently.

Hedged round by variables, the student must take care in 'reading' the shadowgraphs. Any one film cannot be compared with another without running the risk of confusion among less important details. Conditions, one can easily imagine, are never exactly the same for two pictures, since similar strokes of paint on slightly dissimilar surfaces will not appear alike on the X-ray film. Subtle variations in density and thickness, differences due to the kind of wood, the composition of the ground, the age of the materials, and the treatment they have experienced in the course of many years, all affect the visible form of the shadowgraph. What comparisons are made must be between general conditions as they exist in one film and as they exist — slightly different in scale of light and shade — in another picture. Each painting examined imposes its own set of conditions.

The first step in the experiments undertaken under the supervision of the Fogg Museum proved that the X-ray has no physical effect on pictures. Three charts of colors — one containing pigments prepared according to the formulas of Cennino Cennini and considered typical of tempera painting, one containing samples of oil paints covered by glazes in the Venetian manner, and one containing a miscellaneous assortment of colors such as are on the market to-day, some mixed and others pure — were exposed for a long period to a powerful ray which 'dosed' the paints with about half a million times more exposure than is necessary to take a sufficiently exposed shadowgraph. There has been no change visible between the charts so exposed and the duplicate charts not exposed to the ray. This tends to bear out the opinions of authoritative physicists who have said there is nothing in the X-ray to affect the materials of which pictures are made and no need to fear damage to paintings in the process of X-raying. Furthermore, none of the hundred-odd paintings exposed has shown the slightest damage or faintest suggestion of change.

The preparatory experiments over, the work began to show more positive results. Of the sixty pictures painted on wood panels, either in a tempera or in an oil medium, in the technique of the Italian Renaissance, five were suspected on æsthetic grounds of being imitations, and six others were known to have been done by students working in the technique of Cennini as taught at the Fogg Museum. Not only were the X-rays of the five imitations beyond

question different from those of the remaining pictures in this group of sixty, but the student work also showed definite characteristics peculiar to itself.

Two of the imitations examined were clearly painted on wood eaten by worms *before* the pictures were made! Another proved to be a clever combination of an old panel containing traces of old paint and modern surface-paint, applied with such skill as to create the impression of a creditable fifteenth-century portrait. The history of this last-mentioned painting is known to the Fogg Museum — it is preserved as an example of modern skill in an old technique. The shadowgraph told the story well and added a few items to the information available, revealing that the artist had taken pains to use a mineral red similar to the old reds and had avoided the use of pure-white pigment. Skillful as his work was, the X-ray showed in a moment that he was a modern workman and not an old master or even an old-time apprentice.

Using the X-rays of the five imitations as a basis for further comparisons, the experimenter discovered another modern imitation of an old panel, so cleverly executed in the Sienese manner of the fourteenth century that connoisseurs hesitated to believe it a forgery, in spite of information to that effect which they had direct from the agent who brought the picture to this country. The painting was X-rayed, and was found wanting; the modern paints refused to register, except for traces of the whites (lead or zinc compounds), and the workmanship was exposed as being fundamentally illogical and amateurish. The cracks in the surface, the familiar marks of age, the resistance of the paint to other simple tests, the tone and style, indicated a work of art genuinely old; but the X-ray searched out facts. What better proof of efficiency than this?

It is worth remarking that none of the other paintings X-rayed showed characteristics similar to those of the panels suspected of being forgeries. In other words, the experimenter is convinced that the shadowgraph will settle the matter of modern faking beyond dispute.

The reader might imagine that old colors employed most craftily could duplicate the effects of old pictures. Ideally it may be possible. But actually, judging by the tests next undertaken, the forger or copier cannot duplicate *every* condition of age throughout his work. Taking for comparison old paintings and copies made as accurately as possible by students, the X-ray again sorted out the old from the modern, in spite of the fact that the copiers had in every case attempted to prepare their colors in the fifteenth-century way and to follow, step by step, the method habitual to Renaissance artists. A single example of this sort would not carry much weight. But when six pairs of examples, no two of which are the same in treatment or in actual conditions, produce consistent results leading to the very same conclusion, conviction comes as a matter of course. The original paintings used for this experiment differ as widely as the Annunciation by Andrea Vanni and the Crucifixion by Simone Martini — the first being large in scale, painted on a thick poplar panel riddled by worms, and the second being miniature-like, on a hardwood panel now only an eighth of an inch thick. The copies of these two originals showed similar characteristics when X-rayed: that is, the newly applied pigments appeared milky in the shadowgraph, or as if they were seen through water. The copiers' technique lacked firmness, especially in underpainting.

A pinnacle by Ambrogio Lorenzetti — matched by an excellent copy true

to the original in detail, even to the extent of reproducing scratches and abrasions — showed under the X-ray a clarity of intention and design which is unhesitatingly set down as characteristic of a master artist. In the copy the outlines betrayed a hesitating hand, the brushwork trailed off in niggling strokes, the colors showed an unequal distribution. Another copy of this painting revealed the same conditions to a different degree, and it was perfectly evident that the two copies were not from the same student, even though on the surface they appeared very much alike. Remember, if you please, that to the eye, unaided by the X-ray, these details are obscured. Only by means of the shadowgraph does the actual construction of both original and copy become evident; the X-ray brings to view the material details which form a style.

The general scheme of the next series of experiments covered Byzantine painting, Italian painting on canvas, Northern painting on wood, and Northern work on canvas. The division was intended to simplify the material somewhat according to the natural differences. The X-ray continued to furnish example after example of interest to the student. Gradually the proof began to accumulate, pointing unmistakably to the authentication of pictures by comparison of tricks of technique between known and unknown pictures, paintings documented past mistake and those attributed on æsthetic grounds or believed doubtful. I will list a few subjects from the many studied at the Fogg Museum: a fourteenth-century Lamentation; a Sienese panel, painted on both sides, of the same century; a triptych by Bernardo Daddi; panels by Girolamo di Benvenuto, Pier Francesco Fiorentino, Pinturicchio, Jacobello del Fiore, Pacchiarotto, Cosimo Tura, Lorenzo di Credi, Peselino, Bernardino di Mariotto, and many others, the X-rays of which will serve at some future date as a basis for comparison with other paintings, perhaps by the same masters. This very sketchy list shows the range of Italian painting studied in the experiments.

III

It is too soon to announce definite mannerisms characteristic of old artists, as disclosed by the X-ray. Nevertheless they are there, waiting only for more detailed study. One notes tricks of drawing — I mean the preparatory drawing, which is hidden from the eye by surface paint — in the shadowgraph; or methods of underpainting; brush strokes that cannot be seen on the surface; thinness or thickness of paint; changes in the composition during the progress of the picture; peculiarities of material — from 'ground' to choice of pigments. A study head, ascribed to Correggio, revealed fine brushwork under the X-ray. Although we lack other Correggio shadowgraphs to compare with the Fogg Museum picture, it is, nevertheless, plausible to set down this study as an original work by the master, because of the dash of the strokes, the simplicity and directness of the modeling, and the character in the slightest touch of pigment; a fine technique is indicated in every shadow of the X-ray film. The Holy Family by Polidoro da Lanciano also contains characteristics clearly marked in the shadowgraph; incidentally, Saint Jerome, who now sits in the foreground on the same plane as the Virgin, once was farther back in the picture, where his smaller figure could not have brought about the balance desired by the artist in his finished work. Tintoretto's brushwork shows rigidly in the underpainting of the picture lent to the Fogg Museum. And the head by Passeroti, the portrait of a woman by Badile, and

several other canvases of about the same period show underpaintings of different and individual kinds.

I do not hesitate to announce something more definite in regard to repaints on old pictures. Here is an immediate and most practical result of the experiments at the Fogg Museum, for the points raised by the X-ray have been corroborated in several instances by the information assembled by the Museum from picture-restorers and connoisseurs. And, the best of final proofs, a painting has been cleaned after being X-rayed, so that the evidence of the shadowgraph can be matched by the actual condition of the picture. Cracks, holes, blisters that have been laid, new parts that have been added, — like the strip of wood at the edge of the Pinturicchio, — new figures in the composition, retouching in spots, changes of any kind, can all be revealed in the X-ray film. After comparing a painting and its shadowgraph inch by inch, one can determine its exact condition and reconstruct the mutations to which the work has been subjected. Omissions count in the X-ray of the picture; cracks which appear true enough on the surface may not occur in the old pigment at all, or vice versa; false wormholes are shown false by their shallowness; chips and scratches may be revealed beneath the present surface.

Let me illustrate the practicality of the X-ray in detecting repaints by describing a portrait owned in New York and sent to the Fogg Museum for testing. A pretty face looked coquettishly out of a dark ground — delicate in shape, blonde in color, and altogether much too frivolous to be of the seventeenth century, as it had been catalogued. The face seemed like repaint, but the lace collar might have been painted by Pourbus the Younger, to whom the portrait had been ascribed. The owners hesitated to clean it, for fear of losing what little remained in the way of portrait. An X-ray test was made, and on the strength of the shadowgraph's evidence the picture was cleaned. Off came the pretty face and the messy background. In place of curving lips, sidelong-glancing eyes, and rounded cheeks appeared a masculine-looking face — a woman's face full of energy, with a generous mouth, large nose, bold eyes staring directly at the spectator, and a pointed jaw. This is identically the face revealed in the shadowgraph. Even the chip lost from the forehead was foretold by the X-ray. And, more yet, the panel was shown to have been remounted in a larger panel — inlaid in a manner the restorer could not possibly have foreseen.

Again I wish to call attention to the fact that these are not isolated instances. Another painting, X-rayed before cleaning, prepared the restorer to find a much scaled old surface beneath repaint, and a better picture. Formerly attributed to Raeburn, this painting, even in its somewhat damaged condition (which was obviously the reason for repainting it), can now be called a Raeburn with some degree of assurance.

No better illustration of the subtlety of the X-ray need be found than the case of a Flemish panel painted on both sides and attributed to Gerard David. The X-ray shows that this thin oak board has been painted *twice* on each side; that it is not a question of old and modern paint, but one of change of subject within a few years of its origin. The front of the panel has been altered but slightly; the hands, which are folded piously in a lower corner of the picture, have been moved from a forward position — and an awkward one — to the 'profile'; the neck line of the robe on the figure has been

shifted; and the head of the figure has been redone, covering a corner of the robe of the Bishop who attends the figure of the 'donor.' Who this donor was can be read in the inscription on the back. But that too has been changed. The lines of lettering are revealed on top of a crest; the monogram 'J K' contrasts with the monogram beneath the surface paint — 'F B.' The coat of arms visible to the eye covers another coat of arms, simpler in form and resolving the quartering per pale to a simple case of a quartered shield. The explanation is fairly evident. A member of the Van der Burg family earlier than the Joost Van der Burg whose name appears in the inscription had this panel painted for himself; his initials were F. B. Whatever his relationship to the later owner, he must have lived before the date 1496 was added on the back, the probability being that he lived at least a generation before. That probability is strengthened by the difference in the painting of the two pairs of hands mentioned as being in a corner of the front surface. The gnarled realism of the earlier hands matches well with the painting of the Bishop's face, which differs from the more recent painting in the donor's face. For the connoisseur to attempt to solve the riddle of attribution for this painting, without knowledge of these details that were shown in the X-ray, would be an impossible task.

IV

There are several conclusions to be made. The first deals entirely with materials, and may be put in the form of the statement that paintings in oil and tempera, on wood, canvas, and other materials, are analyzable in the X-ray film. They may be studied from the point of view of condition, with the purpose of ascertaining their genuineness. They may also be studied from the point of view of connoisseurship, with the purpose of attributing their workmanship to some definite artist.

Mention should be made of another group of experiments, dealing with a Græco-Roman painting in wax, a painting in oil on copper, an illuminated manuscript, the cover of an old book on the inside of which was attached a paste print, etchings, and a drawing. Since the experiments were forced to a temporary close, it was not possible to make much headway in the fields suggested in this list. But enough was accomplished to prove the wide possibilities of the X-ray as a means of study.

At present the connoisseur with a working knowledge of X-ray technique may confidently assume that some facts, for lack of which connoisseurship has been limited, can be proved in so plain a manner that the layman can appreciate their existence. Matters of personal opinion need not, therefore, be the sole groundwork for the study of art, and contradictions may sometimes be settled by leaving the matter to the unemotional machine.

Obviously the X-ray is no cure-all; nor is it an infallible method for determining all the truth in a moment. Under some unfavorable conditions — the presence of very dense matter in either the ground or the backing of a picture, for instance — it may be considered useless. As far as personal experience goes, the X-ray is also open to misinterpretation, to the same degree that medical X-rays can be wrongly read. But these drawbacks do not prevent the machine from serving the art expert or student who keeps before him all the variables that complicate his work. In the course of

further experimenting it seems inevitable that judgments which necessarily are the outcome of sensitive comparisons will be based more and more on physical facts, plainly understood through the penetrating power of the X-ray.

The immediate future may disclose still more facts. How convenient to know, for instance, whether the X-ray will record the age of wood accurately; what may be the shadowgraph difference between coats of paint applied two years apart, or twenty or fifty years apart; whether the age of canvas may be told by study of its weaving as disclosed by the X-ray; whether there is a consistent difference between pigments used in the 1805–1880 period and pigments manufactured to-day; whether the X-ray tells anything definite about the 'secret' of early Flemish technique.

If the experiments conducted at the Fogg Museum had no other result than to prove the shadowgraph difference between a twentieth-century picture and a Renaissance painting, the work would have great value. Every museum and every collector knows how easily one may be cheated with forgeries. But when the experiments bring up the possibility of answering even one or two of the questions put in the paragraph above, the work deserves a few commendatory adjectives. Although mysterious waves and sensitive film can never supplant æsthetic judgment, they can add largely to the knowledge on which such judgment is based. That is the value of the X-ray in connoisseurship.

MODESTINE'S SHOES

A BIT OF STEVENSONIANA

BY R. CLYDE FORD

In September 1878, Robert Louis Stevenson, after a month's sojourn at Monastier, near Le Puy, freighted Modestine, his donkey, with bedding and provisions and fared forth to high adventure, walking south and west through the Cévennes. Everyone who has read the narrative of that journey, as he has recorded it in his *Travels with a Donkey*, remains everlastingly under the spell of it; and some there are who have wished because of it to see that same mountain country and walk those same mountain roads. I confess to being of this number.

It is a good fifteen miles from Florac to Pont de Montvert, following the road up the valley of the Tarn. I made it between one o'clock and seven, with a few pauses at kilometre-stones to rest. My knapsack was heavy and the lift of the road pulled on my legs; but, tired and sweaty as I was, I did not fail to notice the beauties of the landscape. To the north lay the rugged slopes and rolling summits of Lozère. To the south rose the heights of the Romponenche and the greater bulk of the Cévennes,

and by gazing hard I could almost see Mount Aigoual, where only the day before I had stood and looked southward beyond Montpellier to the sea.

Above and below me were immense groves of those Spanish chestnuts which Stevenson so much admired and under which he camped for a night. Here and there the drab of the roadside was relieved by patches of dwarf purple heather that the bees seemed to love. Purples and yellows are the prevailing colors of the mountain flora. Never before had the wild flowers of the high altitudes seemed so lovely to me. The man who wrote about the delights of botanizing from a car window would be enraptured to walk through the gorgeous floral panorama of the valley of the Tarn. And at the end of the day's tramp he would find, as I did, the genial welcome of the only inn in Pont de Montvert, and in a soft bed, in a room looking over the brawling stream the clamor of which lulled him to sleep, he would dream dreams woven of the history of the valley, of the Camisards, and Pope Urban the Fifth, and Stevenson — and mayhap of Modestine.

It was a Sunday when Stevenson made his way down from the north into Pont de Montvert, where he found a noisy sociability in rude contrast with the Sabbath stillness which he had left behind in the mountains. But Sabbath stillness was never entirely to his liking, and he was glad enough to exchange it, temporarily at least, for the good-fellowship of the little inn, where he could play squire to a lady in distress because of the boisterous merriment around her.

Now I had no such opportunity for gallantry, being compelled to eat alone in a solemn dining-room. The pretty daughter of the hostess waited upon me, not with the 'heavy nonchalance' of Stevenson's Clarisse, whom he assured of his lasting devotion, but with the cheerful interest of a person who desires simply to make the traveler feel that he is at home. The supper was a good one. Smoking trout but recently caught in some deep pool, and the *salade de saison*, and the pot of tea substituted for the usual bottle of red wine, and the view from the window, all helped to drive the fatigue from my bones and induce a feeling of comfortable and inquisitive curiosity.

Is a transient guest remembered after forty-seven years? Did anyone recall the visit of a cadaverous foreigner who years and years ago had dropped down suddenly from the mountains of Lozère, driving before him, with much fervid language, a little donkey with a pack? In short, had madame the landlady ever heard of one Robert Louis Stevenson?

'*Mais non, monsieur! Quel drôle de nom!* And funny too that a great man, as you say, should make a trip on foot through the Cévennes — and with a donkey, above all things!'

Clearly the memory of Robert Louis had perished here in this refuge of wayfaring men. I tried to turn a delicate compliment by saying that one who was surely in her thirties would not, of course, remember back forty-seven years. Madame gave me a sweet smile, and her daughter, who thought she detected some malicious strategy in thus endowing her mother with unbelievable youth, bestowed upon me a delirious giggle.

Well, then, I persisted, was there anybody in the village who might have some recollection of that distant time and be able to give me any information about it?

'Oh, the *forgeron-maréchal*, the blacksmith across on the other side of the bridge. He is old, and so intelligent that he reads books. And he has always prated about the history of Pont de Montvert. I am sure he will have some

sort of knowledge about this donkey-voyager of yours — or pretend to have, at any rate.'

There was just enough sarcasm in all this to make me a little suspicious of the lady's good intentions, but I determined none the less to see this ancient worthy and sound him out. Accordingly, the next morning, after my bowl of café au lait, I set out to find the forgeron. His shop fronted the other side of the Tarn and was empty. I peered in, walked past it, and then as I turned back I caught sight of a little old man working in a garden in the rear. I called to him.

'Monsieur, are you the forgeron-maréchal? Because if you are I want some conversation with you.'

'Yes, I am the smith, but am no longer the farrier. My old back refuses to bend as easily as it did once. But you spoke of conversation — in what way can I serve you?'

The old man's language had a certain stately quality about it, which I had not expected. In the landlady's phrase, I perceived that he was 'intelligent.' The interview was opening well, but I knew that when talking with a blacksmith one must strike while the iron is hot.

'Forty-seven years ago,' I said, 'a slim and lanky man descended one afternoon from the slopes of Lozère into Pont de Montvert, driving before him a little donkey loaded with camp equipment. He was a foreigner, and his coming must have aroused some talk in the village. Do you remember it?'

'Monsieur, if you are interested in that man's strange adventure, we shall have material for a long conversation. Will you give yourself the trouble to come into my house?'

I did not wait to be invited twice. We went in through the smithy and on beyond into what was the living-room of the old man's house. A few chairs, a couple of stools, a table, a big fireplace with a whole battery of shining pots and pans hanging around it — all these I saw as we entered. He drew up a chair to the table for me, pulled up a stool for himself on the other side, and sat down. Not till then did he speak.

'I am seventy-five years old, and know the happenings of Pont de Montvert as one knows the inside of his pocket. We can talk undisturbed here, for I am living alone. Are you an Englishman, monsieur?'

'No, not an Englishman — an American.'

'Ah yes, an American — I should have thought of that. You are twice welcome, for Americans have a place in the hearts of Frenchmen. But I guessed you were English, for there is something in your voice which suggests even to my old ears that you are a stranger — and, by your leave, a foreigner. That other stranger who passed through here so long ago — he had a burr in his voice to make you laugh. But he was fluent enough, mon Dieu! and talked about everything in heaven and earth.'

'Robert Louis Stevenson was not exactly an Englishman,' I interposed. 'He was a Scot; and a Scot is better or worse than an Englishman, depending on the way you look at it.'

I intended this for a very cryptic utterance, but my old forgeron got it.

'I see,' he said; 'just as a mountaineer is better or worse than a plainsman, depending on where your father was born. But what about this adventurer with the donkey?'

I thought it best to make some explanations.

'That young Scotchman who came into this valley so long ago became a world-famous writer. Among his sketches of travel is one detailing his excursion across the Cévennes, and one whole chapter is devoted to Pont de

Montvert. The fact that the Camisard war had its beginnings here interested him. It was the local color probably. He lived on the color of life, you know.'

'*N'est-ce pas?* I recall as if it were yesterday the zestful manner of him. He came into the Hôtel des Cévennes, where some of us young fellows were gathered for a few hours of Sunday revelry, and took charge of things. He could talk with the best of us, and a bottle of red wine was like so much water out of the Tarn to him.'

'And the donkey — what did he do with her?'

I did not want him to get the cart before the horse — that is, the driver before the donkey.

'Oh, he called for someone to act as stable boy, and we stood around while he unloaded her. Bless my soul! He had an outfit on her back such as no one in our region ever saw before. Instead of a tent to sleep under, he had devised a bag to sleep in. We laughed a good deal when we saw it, but our banter did not bother him any. For every word of ours the fine young man had two ready; when it came to *blague*, he was an artist. You know, monsieur, we people of the Midi enjoy a bit of big talk, of *hâblerie*, and the stranger could string us along till we did not know whether we were afoot or on horseback.'

'What did you talk about?'

'Oh, about good things to eat, and the ladies, and the adventures of the road. And then all at once he was off discoursing about the wolf of Gévaudan, stories of which he had picked up somewhere on his way over the mountains. I can well believe he was a writer, a maker of books. He was himself a sort of human book, a lively volume on legs, with a manner of speech — even in his French — that was heaven-born. No, I have not forgotten a bit of that day forty-seven years ago.'

There was a moment of silence. I waited; and finally the forgeron continued.

'I do not know your religion, monsieur, but we are all Protestants in Pont de Montvert, and this clever young Scotchman found much, as you say, to interest him in our old Protestant traditions. Maybe it was what you call local color; at any rate he was keen for it. He insisted on seeing the house where Du Chayla lived — you know Du Chayla was the priest whose overzealous attempts to propagate the faith touched off the Camisard war as one kindles a train of powder. And when he learned that Spirit Séguier, the Camisard rebel who was burned alive in that open space out there by the side of the Tarn, was an ancient kinsman of mine — why, he embraced me like a brother, and harangued long and loud about religion, and Christianity, and Du Chayla the Catholic martyr, and Séguier the Protestant hero, and how the souls of the two might now be holding sweet communion in Paradise. Oh, it was a fine bit of blague, monsieur, even if quite impossible to believe.'

'Did the traveler stay here long?'

'No, he left the very next day after his arrival, driving that cursed donkey before him.'

'You were no great admirer of Modestine, I judge.'

'No, nor was the wanderer either. Bless your soul! The dear young man was n't cut out to manage donkeys. His manner was too sweet and gentle. An ass is not governed by poetry and fine speeches.'

He laughed aloud over this bit of wisdom, which other men have discovered, too.

'Oh — Modestine. Yes, that was her name; but it did n't become the beast. *Modeste est celui qui a une*

opinion médiocre de son mérite. Now that infernal donkey was as stubborn as Satan and as opinionated as a member of the Chamber of Deputies. I know, monsieur, for I shod her the morning of her departure.'

'Tell me about it.'

'It was outside, in the smithy that we came through as we entered here. Four men held her, and her master berated her in all the language — and languages, too, *pardi* — he was master of. Some of it sounded like Latin, I'll swear. But whatever it was, Modestine would have none of it, and she kicked, and stamped, and squealed, and bit, like a female devil. That sweet young man must have had his troubles with her.'

'He says in his book that she was temperamental, — like the sex, you know, — and he was willing to make allowances for her.'

'And much need he had, too. But excuse me a moment — I want to show you something.'

The old man went out into his shop, but was back in a jiffy. He had two little iron shoes in his hand.

'There, monsieur, look at them! Two cast-off *fers d'âne* — Modestine's front shoes!'

'Really,' I stammered, 'this is most amazing.'

'It does seem almost uncanny, does n't it? Forty-seven years ago! After I had finished with Modestine I cast these worn-out shoes, with some spirit, I am afraid, into a corner, but her owner hunted them out at once. "Monsieur le maréchal," he said solemnly, "preserve these shoes, and they will bring you luck. I bequeath them to you, with a charm which I will say over them." He rattled off something in some heathenish jargon, then handed them to me as if they were the keys to a city. Of course I played up to his grand manner and big talk and accepted them with a bow, and later I laid them away. Whenever I have come upon them since, they have always given me a laugh. That was the charm, I think. And now, monsieur, allow me to hand them over to you. The spell is still on them. The shoes of Modestine will bring you, too, many a cheerful moment.'

I accepted the proffered treasures and soon after took my leave of the jolly old smith. May Pont de Montvert claim him yet for many years! As I write these words, I glance at two little, worn donkey-shoes hanging over my desk, and I laugh uproariously. The charm still works. And yet one thing troubles me, troubles me much: Are they really Modestine's shoes, or is that story, also, blague?

That same day I took up Stevenson's trail north over Lozère.

PHILOSOPHY

BY ROBERT HILLYER

The curtains draw across the brain
And in that lighted house of mirth,
Secure from all the eyes of earth,
Our troupe of dreams come out again.

Folly has donned the sage's mask,
Wisdom appears the Knave of Hearts,
Yet in these topsy-turvy parts
They seem as real as one could ask;

As real as when they change their rôles
To be themselves and haunt the dream
Where for some hours of day they seem
Important to our sleeping souls.

THE DILEMMA OF THRIFT[1]

BY WILLIAM T. FOSTER AND WADDILL CATCHINGS

THRIFT — a virtue almost universally praised and practised; as, indeed, it ought to be. The spendthrift is known for a fool, even though there are always plenty of thrifty ones to abet him in his folly. Nearly everybody — as the rapidly mounting lists of bank depositors, bondholders, stockholders, and insurance-policy holders bear witness — is moved, by some motive or other, to save money in some way or other, instead of spending it; and that is the only sense in which we are using the word 'thrift.'

In praise of this virtue, home and church and school unite with bankers and economists. The precepts of Poor Richard have become the maxims of the nation. This is as it should be. Individuals must save, or almost certainly become paupers; corporations must save, or almost certainly become failures. Nevertheless, since it is consumption and not abstinence that stimulates production, and since most of the money which is saved is next used to create new capital facilities rather than to buy the goods already produced, the question arises whether it is possible for either individuals or corporations to save money without to some extent discouraging production and thereby frustrating the social object of saving. Is there not a real Dilemma of Thrift?

But here we are, rushing headlong into the middle of our subject before we are ready for it. First, we must take a look at the anomalies of this thrifty world.

I

We all remember how prosperity spurred us on to expand business in 1919, and then how prices cracked and business slumped. Amazing, incredible, would have seemed the conditions that followed, had we not time and again suffered similar strokes of paralysis.

Factories and machines there were on every hand, more extensive, more efficient than any nation had ever known before — but not half used. Warehouses bulging with surplus cotton, copper, leather, lumber, chemicals, wealth beyond the dreams of a generation ago — and nobody able to use it. Several millions of men and women eager to work — but with no work to do. And, withal, a monetary system invented by man for his own convenience, and entirely subject to his control. At the same time, a hundred million of us were eager for the innumerable products which these idle workers, by the use of these idle machines, would gladly make and — thanks to the wizardry of invention — could readily make out of these surplus materials. Yet there was sustained business depression.

How to avoid this periodic paralysis; how to prevent the resultant losses to society, losses far greater than the income of all our millionaires; how to

[1] A prize of $5000 for the best adverse criticism of the theory presented in this essay has been offered by the Pollak Foundation. The Contributors' Column contains the details.—THE EDITOR

have a job for every worker who wants one; how to keep our vast machinery of production moving at some approach to capacity, and the finished products moving into use at about the same rate — that is the great economic problem.

A baffling problem it is. Indeed, to most of us who know little about abstruse economic theory nothing seems more incomprehensible than the fact that with so many of our people in dire poverty, with so many more in want of the minimum requirements for comfort, health, and security, with scarcely one of us who is not eager for more of the good things of life, and with a capacity for producing far more of these things than we have yet produced, the industrial world nevertheless stops short of creating what is well within its power to create, because of the ever-imminent danger of creating too much. Consumers in constant fear that they cannot get enough, and producers in constant fear that they will turn out too much!

What a mess we get into! We work hard to pile our shelves high with what we most desire, and then we have to stop working because we are unable to take these things off the shelves and enjoy them. Though we produce much less than we could easily produce, we do not distribute to advantage even what we succeed in producing. We condemn extravagant buying at the very time when industry slows down because people are not buying enough. Then, while business wanes because it lacks consumers, we put taxes on consumption; and, precisely when business is in greatest need of people with incomes to spend, we reduce those incomes by reducing wages and dividends. We celebrate 'Buyers' Week' and 'Thrift Week' at one and the same time. By investing our savings, instead of spending them, we deny ourselves to-day in order to produce more in the future, although we are already equipped to produce more than we know how to use. While many at home are in want, we strive to send more and more of our own real wealth abroad; but we are loath to import much in return. Nations, at least, seem convinced that it is more blessed to give than to receive. A topsy-turvy world! Alice in Wonderland found nothing more paradoxical.

Now, the question before us is whether this paradox has anything to do with thrift. We believe that it has. We are confident that we can throw some light on the mystery by seeking the consequences of saving money. This search, however, will take us on a little excursion into the domain of economics; and economics has been called, with reason enough, 'the dismal science.' Still, to anyone who works for a living, and who cannot buy nearly so much as he wants to buy with the best wages he can get, what we have to say may not seem dismal. For we are to consider how real wages can be permanently increased — and real profits, too, for that matter. We are to inquire whether there is not a way, as yet scarcely discussed, whereby everybody can obtain, as a reward for his labor and his thrift, more of the good things of life. And, fortunately, any man can understand us. All he needs is a knowledge of elementary arithmetic and of the way he spends his wages.

II

Why is it, then, that decade after decade we cannot buy more with our money incomes? The first answer is simple. It is because we do not create more. But why this failure to create? What prevents us, as producers, from turning out the goods which, as consumers, we are eager to enjoy? The answer to that is not so simple.

One fact, however, is clear: our failure to produce more is not due to lack of capacity. That was proved during the war. Even with millions of able-bodied men taken from productive effort, even with the resultant sudden dislocation of industry, the workers who were left produced so much that they not only supplied the wealth that was sunk at sea and blown up in battle, not only supplied the Army and Navy and peoples abroad, but had enough left to enable them to enjoy at least as high a standard of living as before the war.

The fact that incapacity to produce is not the trouble is also shown by the heights we have actually reached in time of peace. If business could be sustained even at such levels, if severe setbacks could be prevented, far higher standards of living, far higher real wages, would be certain. Demonstrated capacity, moreover, is far below potential capacity. The engineering societies, under the direction of Herbert Hoover, have shown that we are already equipped to double our volume of production.

To double the output of everything — of matches and motion pictures and medicines, and every other commodity and service — is neither possible nor desirable; but to double the output of things in general, with the proportions among them largely determined as they are now determined by the free choices of the people, would be both possible and desirable. Indeed, such gains would be no more than enough to provide all our people with the requirements for comfort, health, security, and education. Any lower aim is indefensible.

It may be said, however, that the greatest need is, not more goods, but better goods. These two aims can be reconciled; the people want and are perfectly able to produce better goods and more of them. Recent advances in the arts, in the application of inventions to production, in management, in the reduction of wastes, in power development, and in the discovery of new resources, make it clear that the progress of human knowledge alone, in the absence of anything to nullify its advantages, would make possible, decade after decade, better goods and far more of them per capita.

What a challenge to the imagination! Evidently we could all but abolish poverty in this country among those who were willing to work, if we could keep at peace with the world and supply whatever is now lacking to enable us to use our resources, human and material, to continuous advantage.

Precisely what is it that is lacking? Now, as everybody knows, a simple answer to that question will not suffice. A single cause cannot account for all our economic ills, nor can a single remedy cure them. Still, we may find the chief cause and the chief remedy if we hold fast to the truth that in the complex money-and-profit world of to-day, no less than in the primitive barter world, the final end of all production is consumption.

But what do we mean by production and consumption? Once we have answered that question, we are done with technical terms. To grasp what follows, nobody need know anything about the textbooks. In fact, the pursuit of fine-spun economic theories sometimes develops a blind spot, which prevents the scholar from seeing what seems clear enough to the baker and the butcher, and to everyone else who is in daily contact with the real world; with the people who bring things to market and the people who buy these things or — for some reason not clearly explained in the textbooks — fail to buy them.

What, then, do we mean by production? For our purposes, we mean the

turning-out of things which are ready for final use; not lathes, and harvesters, and spindles, which are used up in the process of making other things, but chairs, and bread, and shirts — the things, in general, for which incomes are spent. These are called consumers' goods; and consumption is, of course, the process of using them up.

Now, as we have said, consumption is the final end of this highly complex industrial world, which presents so many contradictions. Shoes are not made to stock shops, nor leather to lie in warehouses. These myriads of toilers, going daily to their work, — as long as there is work to be had, — planting corn, painting cars, riveting boilers, trimming hats — what are they all about? One end they have in common. All their activities are directed solely toward the consumption of whatever their combined efforts can produce. All other aims are incidental.

Since, therefore, the final end of all economic activity is consumption, and since it is always possible to produce far more than we consume, *consumption regulates production.* There is no use building more wooden ships, when hundreds are lying idle at the wharves; no use running all our spindles, when it is impossible to sell the cloth we have already made. Too commonplace to mention, this fact may seem; yet it is the basic fact in the whole economic problem. There could not possibly be a serious setback of business in general if consumption regularly kept pace with production. Sustained business-depression accompanied by adequate consumer-demand is no more possible than drought accompanied by heavy rains.

Why, in 1921, for example, was basic output twenty per cent below the output of 1918? Why do we ever curtail production in general — reduce crop acreage, bank furnaces, shut down mills, throw men out of work? For one reason and one only. Because we cannot get our products consumed, which means that we cannot sell them to the people who want to use them, at prices that make continued production possible.

III

The reason we cannot sell these products, though it is the subject of many learned treatises, seems plain enough to the plain people. It is because they lack the money; it is not because they refuse to buy. The 'consumers' strike' against high prices, which was the common explanation of the depression of 1921, was imaginary. This explanation is discredited both by statistics and by all that we know about the buying-habits of the public. There was no consumers' strike.

The one thing that is needed above all others to sustain a forward movement of business is enough money in the hands of consumers. With our financial world as it is to-day, let it be known that there will be buyers with money to spend for any known and producible goods, at prices sufficiently high to warrant production, and the goods will be produced. Give consumers the money, and organized business will look out for the rest. There will be no shortage of money on the producing side; the credit and investment world is always able and eager to take care of that. A willing buyer does not have to wait long, but a willing seller may have to wait forever.

It is true that, even if total consumer-demand were adequate, business would still be bothered with unpredictable changes in the demand for various goods. A mild and sunny fall might reduce the sales of overshoes and ulsters, but sales of motor-cars, millinery, or something else would be proportionately increased. Danger there would

still be, as in a barter society, or in a communistic society, or in any other society, of producing relatively too much of certain things — phonographs and tires and Mah Jongg sets, for example; but this danger could not hold back industry as a whole, for there would be no danger whatever of producing too much of things as a whole. Trade could not contract in some places without expanding in others. No longer would there be a vicious spiral of deflation whereby troubles would be passed along from industry to industry in a cumulative process. For business as a whole, overproduction, depression, and financial loss would be impossible.

This is the gist of the matter: there is no possibility of preventing business depressions, giving men steady work, rapidly increasing per-capita output and standards of living, unless consumers somehow obtain enough money, year in and year out, to buy all the finished goods about as rapidly as they are ready for sale.

The chief trouble is that consumers do not now obtain the necessary money.

IV

For this deficiency of consumer income, there are two main reasons: corporations must save, and individuals must save.

First, consider the effects of corporate savings. Suppose, for example, a company is manufacturing shoes and selling directly to consumers. In the process it pays out this year nine thousand dollars. That is to say, its expenses for materials, rent, labor, insurance, and the rest — the money payments in connection with making and selling the product — amount to nine thousand dollars. Now any newsboy can see that the company must recover that amount from sales before it can come out even; but the company would not — in fact, could not — go ahead buying materials and paying wages unless it got back more than the cost, more than the nine thousand dollars, something which could be saved.

Where is this profit to come from? It can come only from consumers; business has no other source of income. The company, however, has given consumers only enough money to cover its costs. In point of fact, successful producers do not, as a rule, pay out enough money to enable people to buy their products at current prices. On account of corporate savings out of profits, the flow of money to consumers in a period of prosperity is not equal to the flow of goods. Largely for this reason, unsold stocks pile up, prices break, production is curtailed, men are thrown out of work, and wages are reduced. Thus the demand of consumers is still further reduced, more men are thrown out of work, and so on, in a vicious spiral downward. Thus prosperity breeds depression.

Here the objection may arise that we are talking about profits as though they were locked up in somebody's strong box, whereas everybody knows that about half the profits of corporations in the United States are distributed as dividends, and about half are used to expand business; used, for example, to pay the workers who build a new factory, and indirectly to pay those who supply bricks, cement, hardware, and the rest. In such ways, it is said, all the money successful concerns take from consumers is returned to consumers.

This is, indeed, often the case; but not always. The one hundred and thirty million dollars of profits which the United States Steel Corporation has accumulated as bank balances have not been distributed to consumers by the Corporation as dividends or in any other way.

Take, however, the case of a concern which does pay out all the money it takes in. Suppose it makes motor-cars at a total cost of eight million dollars and sells them for ten million. Its profit is two million. Now suppose it pays one million in dividends. So far its operations have taken ten million from consumers and paid them nine. Thus it has fallen one million short of providing the public with enough money to buy its product.

Suppose, however, it uses the remaining one million dollars of profits to build additional cars, in such a way that all this money goes directly or indirectly to consumers. The company has now disbursed exactly enough money to cover the full sales-price of the cars it has already marketed; but where are consumers to obtain enough money to buy the additional cars? The corporation has given them nothing with which to buy these cars.

As a matter of fact, however, business is often expanded by the use of bank loans, which involve an increase in the volume of money in circulation. Are not deficiencies in consumer income made up in this way? Let us see. Let us suppose that a shoe manufacturer, in order to increase his output, borrows ninety thousand dollars from a bank, and that this loan involves an increase of the volume of money in circulation. This borrowed money, we assume, is paid out by somebody as wages. The question is whether such loans offset the deficiencies in consumer purchasing power which are caused by other concerns in the ordinary course of increasing production out of profits. Certainly they do offset these deficiencies at times, for the proceeds of such loans flow into consumers' hands as wages before the resultant commodities are ready for the markets. The time comes, however, when these commodities are offered for sale — offered necessarily at a price in excess of the amount of money borrowed from the banks. There is no mystery about this. Everybody knows that no man borrows ninety thousand dollars to use in his business merely with the idea of getting back the ninety thousand dollars.

The fact is that for every nine dollars that a manufacturer borrows from banks, and pays out as costs, he expects to get back from consumers, let us say, ten dollars. In short, he seeks profits. If he gets them and does not fully disburse them (as dividends or in other ways which do not at the same time increase the output of consumers' goods), he not only fails by means of his bank loan to make up an existing shortage of consumer purchasing power, but he actually increases the shortage. This is not a speculative theory; it is elementary arithmetic. The shortage is as certain as the fact that ten minus one is less than ten.

It is true that if corporations went on forever increasing their output, and, in the process, expanding the volume of money in circulation *at a sufficient rate*, and if the flow of the output to the markets sufficiently lagged behind the flow of the new money as wages to consumers, consumers might continue to buy all that the markets offered. Such an expansion of money, however, does not long take place. Business men always fear a slump in demand; and when they doubt the capacity of consumers to buy current output they have no incentive for increasing output — no motive for using bank loans for that purpose.

So much for the deficit in consumer income caused by the established and approved policy of using profits to finance increased output. So much for the Ten Minus One Theorem, as applied to corporate savings.

V

Corporate savings, however, are not the only form of savings. Individuals also save; and, in so far as they save money, they also may cause deficiencies in sales. That is another point which needs no proof beyond addition and subtraction.

Consumers in this country have no source of income except industry. Industry has no source of income except consumers. If, therefore, industry in some way handed over to consumers all the money it received from consumers, and consumers spent all this money, industry could continue indefinitely to make and sell a given volume of goods at a given price-level. There would be an even flow of money from producers to consumers, and from consumers back to producers, and a corresponding uninterrupted flow of goods. The balance would be perfect. Demand in dollars would exactly equal the supply of goods at current prices.

This could happen — let us note carefully — only if consumers *spent* all the money they received. Every dollar they *saved* would cause a dollar of deficit in consumer buying, unless the shortage was made up in some way. Now of course all of us must save. Consequently a part of the money which industry turns over to us as wages, rent, interest, and dividends, we do not spend, but save.

That part of our savings which we tuck away in the proverbial stocking is a total loss to industry as long as the money is hoarded. Concerning that point, at least, there is no disagreement. Most individual savings, however, are not hoarded, but invested; and, it is said, money that is invested is money spent. Through some channel or other it all flows back to consumers. Hence, we are told, it makes no difference in dollar demand whether an individual spends his income or invests his income.

The essential fact that is overlooked in this argument is that, when anyone invests money instead of spending it, he uses it, not to purchase goods which have already been produced, but to bring about the production of more goods; and every dollar thus saved and invested helps to increase the output of industry faster than the capacity of consumers to buy it.

Suppose, for example, a man decides to save five dollars instead of buying a pair of shoes. Then one pair of shoes is unsold which otherwise would have been sold. Now suppose that he invests the five dollars in such a way that this money is used to produce another pair of shoes; and suppose that in the process the money gets into the hands of consumers. As a result, then, of this particular saving of five dollars, consumers receive enough to buy either the first pair of shoes or the second, but not both. There is an 'overproduction' of one pair of shoes. Ridiculously simple as this illustration may seem, it shows the essential difference between money spent and money invested.

The eventual result in this case may well be that one pair of shoes is not made which otherwise would have been made, so that the country, far from gaining by this kind of saving, has in effect lost one pair of shoes. The thrifty individual, it is true, has saved five dollars, and is very likely better off for his thrift. What are savings for an individual, however, are not necessarily savings for society. Everyone who saves money at times when his abstinence helps to curtail production and throw men out of work saves at the expense of other people. For the individual, a penny saved is a penny earned; but for society a penny saved is sometimes a penny lost.

This, then, is the Dilemma of Thrift: Both producers and consumers *must*

save; but at present they cannot save without to some extent frustrating the social object of saving.

VI

We have seen, in broad outlines, how it happens that, as production is now financed and savings are now made, it is impossible for prosperity to last long; impossible, therefore, to make those large gains in per-capita production, decade after decade, without which large gains in real wages, large gains in standards of living, are impossible. As a matter of fact, every forward movement of business culminates in what is called 'overproduction,' but what, in view of the chief cause of the trouble, should be called 'underconsumption.' On account of a deficient flow of money to consumers, caused in part by corporate savings, and on account of the fact that consumers cannot spend even as much as they receive, industry cannot long continue to sell its increased output without a fall in the price-level.

Well, then, why not have a fall in the price-level? Consumers would have no objection to that! Why can we not constantly expand output by means of improved processes, reduced wastes, and lower unit costs, and sell the total product on a constantly falling price-level? Theoretically that is possible. With steadily falling prices, industry could sell an ever-increasing volume of goods, if under these conditions industry could produce the additional goods. Industry as a whole, however, could not produce the goods; for if there is any fact concerning which our statistical evidence fully supports our reasoning it is the fact that falling prices discourage production. If there is any influence that is sure to force business men to curtail output, it is falling prices and the ever-present uncertainty as to how long they will continue to fall and how far they will fall. As a rule, producers have no choice. In the real world, with some conspicuous exceptions, profits fall with falling prices; and with them falls the only motive that is powerful enough to induce men to expand production — indeed, the only practical means of doing so.

Clearly, then, the deficiencies in consumer buying caused by savings are certain to bring about a fall in prices and a depression in business, unless these deficiencies are offset in some way.

VII

At present there is no way in which these deficiencies are permanently offset. They are not offset by government financing, because ordinarily Governments do not pay to the people, in wages, pensions, bonuses, and the like, any more money than they take from the people, directly or indirectly, in taxes. Nor do consumers make up the shortage by spending their savings. For even if they did reduce their total savings — which in the aggregate they never do — they would thereby no more than offset the deficiencies caused by the savings themselves.

Many people seem to think that the way out of this dilemma is foreign trade. Any one nation can, in fact, offset the lack of buying power of its own people by sending its surplus goods abroad to people who cannot pay for them at all, or who are not allowed to pay for them fully with goods. That is to some extent what the United States is doing to-day. This device, however, can make the situation in any one country better only by making it worse in others. Here, again, we need nothing but primary-school arithmetic to show that the practice among nations of dumping their so-called surplus goods on each other cannot decrease

by one single dollar the total world-deficiency of purchasing power.

The greatest economic need, therefore, though by no means the only need, is a flow of money to consumers which, after providing for individual savings, would always be approximately equal to the flow of finished goods. With such incomes, consumers could save and still buy all that was actually produced. The certainty that they could do so would be sufficient to induce both employers and employees to increase the output, year after year, for the very good reason that higher real wages and higher real profits would depend mainly on increased output. If, to the highly efficient system which now provides money for production, we could add an equally efficient system for providing money for consumption, we could make rapid and sustained progress toward realizing the potential output of industry; rapid progress, therefore, toward higher standards of living.

In fact, adequate, sustained consumer-demand would do more than any other means now within human control toward increasing wealth, abolishing poverty, maintaining employment, solving labor problems, increasing good will among men generally, and maintaining the peace of the world. No means of preventing war holds out such large, immediate possibilities as this. Whatever mingling of causes may have brought about the World War, that war was in large part a struggle for outside markets among highly organized industrial nations which had found no means of giving their own ill-nourished, ill-clad, ill-housed people enough money to buy what they themselves had succeeded in producing. It is, therefore, difficult to exaggerate the importance of finding a means of sustaining purchasing power. The next world war, if it does come, may well be the last war — at least the last war in which the present great nations will have any interest, for it may well destroy civilization itself.

VIII

This brief statement of the case, we are well aware, leaves many pertinent questions unanswered. Are actual statistics consistent with the theory? Have we not exaggerated the importance of adequate consumer-demand? Does not the whole argument apply just as forcibly to demand for producers' goods? Again, how can we account for the fact that retail trade is fairly well sustained after wholesale trade has slumped? And what about the influence of states of mind on the ups and downs of business? These questions we have discussed at length elsewhere.[2]

There is one question, however, which we may well consider here. To many people our whole argument seems to prove too much. 'How,' they ask, 'has it been possible, if there are really such obstructions in the flow of money, to make the great material progress which we have unquestionably made? How have we disposed of the increased output of goods?'

The first answer is that we have fared as well as we have partly by means which are evils in themselves. Some of the products of industry which could not be sold have been allowed to spoil or become obsolete. Others have gone into large, wasteful increases in inventories. Still others have been wasted in making additions to industrial equipment far beyond the requirements of the markets. Larger still are the products which have been sold, especially in periods of depression,

[2] *Profits*. Number 8 of the Pollak Books, Pollak Foundation for Economic Research, Newton, Massachusetts, 1925.

at prices which entail business losses — losses which are borne in the long run by the whole community.

Another evil that has temporarily offset deficiencies in consumer income is a permanent increase of consumer debts. Through buying on installments, — by whatever euphemisms this method is called, — through thus mortgaging future incomes, wage-earners have acquired far more houses, automobiles, furniture, washing machines, radios, even dresses and tablecloths, than their incomes could command. In the past few years business has felt obliged to resort more and more to this method of making sales. This device, however, cannot be extended indefinitely. Having expanded sales this year by mortgaging consumer incomes one year in advance, industry cannot even sustain sales at that level another year without mortgaging consumer incomes two years in advance; and so on. What the people must have, if prosperity is to last, is the money with which to pay for goods, rather than more and more devices for enabling them to acquire goods for which they do not pay.

All these means of disposing of surplus goods, however, would not have enabled us to do even as well as we have done, had it not been for permanent increases in the volume of money, and for the fact that the past century in the United States has been a period of exploitation of natural resources and development of new productive facilities unparalleled in history, all of which has induced a flow of money to consumers in advance of the flow of consumers' goods. We have no reason to suppose, however, that these means will enable us in the future to fare even as well as we have fared in the past.

The past, moreover, hardly justifies complacence. The recent researches of Paul H. Douglas, soon to be published, show that the gain in real wages in the United States from 1890 to 1919 did not average one half of one per cent a year. For a generation or two we have fallen far short of making the gains in human welfare which should have resulted from our scientific progress.

Still, the problem can be solved. Everything we must do is within our power. We do not need to abolish selfishness, regulate the weather, or remove the sun spots. Drought and floods, it is true, fire and frost, earthquakes and pests, are not entirely controllable; but such acts of God cause far less economic loss than acts of men. Inadequate consumer-demand is not a visitation of Providence.

What we need is more exact knowledge concerning the flow of consumers' goods in relation to the flow of consumers' income, and, on the basis of such knowledge, the wisdom and courage to act. The immediate task before us is to take human nature and the present structure of society very much as they are and, conserving all that is good in both, to modify the structure year after year in various ways so that human beings, with all their imperfections, will be enabled continuously to create better products and more of them, and in the process to receive enough money, in addition to their savings, to buy those products.

The question, what is the best way to achieve that end, — the best way out of the Dilemma of Thrift, — is too large a question to discuss here. Moreover, we can hardly expect people to wrestle with a problem before they are prepared to admit that any such problem exists. They do not bother to look up trains to Buffalo until they decide that they want to go to Buffalo. At present, few business men or bankers or economists believe that there is any such problem of inadequate consumer-income as the one we have here outlined. Most men

believe, on the contrary, that the processes of financing the production of goods automatically yield consumers enough money to buy the goods. They contend that the financial mechanism of society is so nicely adjusted that it will work almost to perfection if left alone. Since they see no essential difference between money invested and money spent, they are satisfied that the invested savings of corporations and individuals can have little to do with the anomalies and shortcomings of the industrial world — that there is no such thing as a Dilemma of Thrift.

Many of these men regard business depressions as the inevitable result of immutable natural law. In economics, as in physics, they say, — being somewhat mistaken in their physics, — every action is and must be followed by an opposite and equal reaction; the farther business moves forward in a period of expansion, the farther back it must slip when the reaction comes. That is, in truth, about what now happens. It does not result, however, from natural law; it results from financial methods deliberately devised by man. The ingenuity of man substituted money for barter, and the admirable Federal Reserve System for a poorer system; and, if necessary, the ingenuity of man can devise the means of enabling people to buy all the finished products they are able and willing to produce. Once the people perceive that the problem exists, there will be no lack of efforts to find a solution. Systems of currency, bank credit, taxation, tariffs, and public works have been contrived by man for his own benefit; and for his benefit he can alter these systems at will. They are no more sacred than flintlock muskets. There is no warrant for comparing the 'laws of business depressions' with the laws of physics; there is no scientific basis for the Economics of Despair.

This, then, is the conclusion of our argument: —

Progress toward greater total production and resultant higher standards of living is retarded because consumer buying does not keep pace with production. Consumer buying lags behind for two reasons: first, because, on account of corporate savings, industry does not disburse to consumers enough money to buy the goods produced, without a fall in the price-level; second, because consumers, under the necessity of saving, cannot spend even as much money as they receive. Partly on account of these savings, there is not an even flow of money from producer to consumer, and from consumer back to producer. Furthermore, the savings of corporations and individuals are not used to purchase the goods already in the markets, but to bring about the production of more goods. The expansion of the volume of money does not fully make up the deficit, for money is expanded mainly to facilitate production, and the product must be sold to consumers for more money than the expansion has provided. Consequently we make progress only while we are filling the shelves with goods which must either remain on the shelves as stock in trade or be sold at a loss, and while we are building more industrial equipment than we can use. Inadequacy of consumer income is, therefore, the main reason, though not the only reason, why we do not long continue to produce the wealth which natural resources, capital facilities, improvements in the arts, and the self-interest of employers and employees would otherwise enable us to produce. Chiefly because of shortage of consumer demand, both capital and labor restrict output, and nations engage in those struggles for outside markets and spheres of commercial influence which are the chief causes of war.

HINDENBURG

BY T. H. THOMAS

I

It was in the natural order of things that Hindenburg should have made his name in the outer Marches of the Prussian frontier, and that throughout the war his eyes should have been turned toward the ancient enemy in the east. For centuries his forbears had wielded their swords in the long struggle between Teuton and Slav, and from Tannenberg onward he was fighting over an ancestral battleground. 'There were many who bore my name,' he writes, 'among the Teutonic knights who went out as Brothers of the Order, or "War Guests," to fight against heathendom and Poland.' The fight is not over yet — although at one time Hindenburg himself seemed to have brought it to a final conclusion by gathering Poland and the Baltic provinces into the German realm after the great *Drang nach Osten* of 1915. More recent generations of these warring ancestors had carried on the old campaign as officers in the Prussian army, and it is quite in line with this family tradition that Reichspräsident von Hindenburg to-day finds the mobilization plans of the German army concentrating upon the Polish frontier.

The family of Beneckendorff, from which Hindenburg descends in the paternal line, had settled before 1300 in western Prussia, and thence, 'following the trend of the times,' as he puts it, had pursued eastward the fortunes of frontier wars and acquired lands in the new Prussia conquered from the Slavs. In 1789, on inheriting the estates of a maternal ancestor, the family added the name of Hindenburg to their own, and by degrees it came to be used in place of the doubled 'von Beneckendorff und Hindenburg,' which remains, nevertheless, the full name to-day.

Paul von Hindenburg, who brought the name into renown, was born in 1847 at Posen, where his father, a lieutenant of infantry, was then stationed with his regiment. His boyhood was passed in various garrison towns, and his own military career began at the age of eleven, in the Cadet Academy at Wahlstatt. Soon afterward his father left the service, to settle down on the family estate at Neumark, in the 'simple, not to say hard, life of a Prussian country gentleman in modest circumstances.' The son could count on neither wealth nor distinguished family position to help him forward, but Bismarck and von Moltke were then preparing a field of abundant opportunity for diligent and ambitious spirits in the Prussian Cadet Corps. The youthful 'war guest' was soon promoted to the school at Berlin, and at the age of seventeen won his commission in a crack Guard regiment, just in time for Bismarck's next move, the Austrian war of 1866. He was wounded at Königgrätz, and decorated for gallantry in action. In 1870 he was in action only at St. Privat, but served through the campaign as battalion adjutant, still in the Third Foot Guards.

After this brisk beginning, Hindenburg set to work at the serious business of his professional career; he stood successfully for the *Kriegsakademie*, and three years later duly received his Staff Officer's certificate. 'Full of confidence and sure of himself,' one of his professors there noted in regard to him, 'he fixes his own goal and chooses his own path in his professional education. He acquires readily a knowledge of whatever he recognizes as useful, and leaves to one side whatever may not fit in with his ideas or might risk occupying his time and energy to no purpose.' In 1877, soon after graduation, he was assigned to the General Staff; and thenceforward for more than twenty years most of his time was passed in Staff appointments, as one of the chosen corps of the army.

His first assignments took him for some years to Stettin and to East Prussia, where he served under Verdy du Vernois, a brilliant officer of wide repute in the army, 'who had,' he tells us, 'a most inspiring influence upon me in many directions.' For one thing, du Vernois was a specialist in matters of the Russian front, and under his guidance Hindenburg gained a first-hand experience in the military problems of the region where he was to make his name later on. These early years, however, were his only period of service in the east; and the familiar statement that he devised the manœuvre of Tannenberg while Commander of this Corps area in peace time is quite in error. In 1885 Hindenburg, now a Major, was transferred to the Great General Staff at Berlin. He was assigned to von Schlieffen's department, but had the good fortune of a wide variety of employment in other branches, and for five years taught tactics at the Kriegsakademie. One of his pupils recalls him as 'a most human personality, with a quiet, distinguished manner — more like a friendly elder comrade than a senior officer, and very tolerant of officers whose views differed from his own.' In 1885 Verdy du Vernois was called in to reorganize the Ministry of War, and summoned to aid him in the task his former subordinate in East Prussia. For some years Hindenburg held an important post in the Department; and after a period in command of an infantry regiment this phase of his general training was completed by three years as Chief of Staff of a Corps. He then received the promotion due an officer who had made good his record in the Staff. In 1900 he was made a division commander, and in 1905 was given command of the Fourth Army Corps, at Magdeburg. Not long afterward — so a high official has revealed to us since the war — his name was included in a list of five generals presented to the Kaiser as qualified to succeed von Schlieffen in the command of the army. The Kaiser took none of them, but chose his own man, the *ersatz* Moltke.

At Magdeburg, Hindenburg gradually drifted out of the current. He did not enjoy the Kaiser's favor; Waldersee and von Schlieffen and the generation he had known at Berlin no longer directed the General Staff; and he saw himself being passed over in appointments to the highest posts of the service. Seeing the writing on the wall, in 1911, at the age of sixty-four, Hindenburg applied for his retirement.

'My military career,' he writes, 'had carried me further than I had ever dared to hope' — and in fact the great Corps commands may fairly be considered as marking a successful peace-time career in the German army. Hindenburg had not become an outstanding figure; he was unknown to the public at large and had not reached the inner circle of those who shaped the course of the army. He was remembered

by his own generation as a solidly dependable officer, but seems to have left no very marked reputation behind him in the service. When he was sent out to East Prussia in August 1914, the senior Staff Officer there had never heard of him.

Yet he had gained a thorough professional training and a wide experience in the vast German military organization, ranging from the specialized duties of the Staff and the bureaucratic machinery of the War Department to the actual command of large units. Incidentally, this plain, blunt soldier had seen a good deal of the world and of court life, not only at Berlin, but at the Grand Ducal courts of Baden, Oldenburg, Brunswick, and others, which had been near neighbors of his various commands. It was a phase of experience not provided by the comprehensive training of the General Staff, — one which Ludendorff never enjoyed, — and the time came when it stood Hindenburg in good stead. All in all, this first career proved a not inadequate preparation for the greater rôle which followed.

By August 1914, nevertheless, Hindenburg was not only retired but forgotten. His offer of his services at the outbreak of the war brought no response; and when the bad news from East Prussia revived the recollection of his name at General Headquarters, he had more or less disappeared from the official files. A summons was dispatched to him on the same day as to Ludendorff, but when the latter reported at von Moltke's headquarters he was told that it was 'not known where General von Hindenburg was to be found or whether he would accept the post.' Hindenburg, needless to say, turned up. Ludendorff found him waiting at the Hanover station when their special train rolled in at 4 A.M., and together the great pair, who had never set eyes on each other before, went forward on their journey to Tannenberg. Within a month Hindenburg was the most famous man in Germany.

II

Thus began the 'happy marriage,' as Hindenburg terms it, of complementary qualities, that singular combination of talent and character which was to dominate the whole power of the Central Empires and on which was to rest the turn of German fortunes in the war. History offers far greater men than either of them, or, for that matter, than both together; but never were two outstanding figures so completely identified in a single rôle. Even in the after event, when their joint rule had led to utter disaster, Hindenburg bears witness to 'the harmony of our military and political convictions,' and to their having been 'one in thought and action.' From that standpoint the fusion is complete, and as regards their responsibility for the course taken it is impossible to draw any practical line of distinction. The accurate course is to follow the practice of English military writers and refer to them as Hindenburg-Ludendorff — a joint personality.

In character and temperament the contrast between the two is obvious enough. Hindenburg is a serenely philosophical person, patient and even-tempered and of a genial, buoyant disposition; deferential in manner; untroubled by pride, and without vanity or egotism. Ludendorff is filled with himself: impulsive, arrogant, and domineering, and kept in a perpetual state of incandescence by his craving for power. Never wholly trusted, never quite carrying conviction, he was the more peremptory and downright in asserting his own positive judgment. In the after event he concedes nothing to

experience, but digs in on his old positions with a sort of blind, tragic defiance, and turns with redoubled vindictiveness against his opponents — his allies and his own countrymen above all. As a corollary to this boldness and omniscience, we find him, in the extreme point of crisis, hesitant and uncertain as a leader in the field, and collapsing altogether when faced by defeat. The personification of system and method and industry, Ludendorff stood out by quantity rather than by quality; by the amount of work he could do rather than by the fineness of his mind; by force of will rather than by strength of character.

Hindenburg, roughly speaking, is the exact opposite. He has no unpleasant characteristics. Without Ludendorff's versatility, with a less active mind and much more obvious limitations, he yet seems to have been endowed with the more reliable gifts: common sense, for one thing — of which Ludendorff was wholly innocent. The event proved that Hindenburg's judgment was not equal to the occasion, but for all that he has natural intuitions, a certain skepticism and a respect for common experience, which give him an instinctive basis of wisdom. His memoirs show that he can conceive another side to a question, and view things with a certain detachment. Like Ludendorff, he cannot go so far as to give credit to his opponents in the field, and he ascribes their success not to generalship but to extraneous circumstances. But the story of his own failure is set forth without rancor or bitterness. It falls far short of frankness, but has at least a sort of philosophical resignation. He is charitable to his disappointing allies, and refers to his personal antagonists — Falkenhayn and Bethmann-Hollweg, for instance — with the respect due fallen enemies.

Remembering the unflinching serenity with which he struck down these and other figures who stood in his way, and the irresistible stride with which he rose within three years from obscurity to supreme power in the State, it would be rash to affirm Hindenburg unselfish or without personal ambition. But his ambition has always been within the bounds of reason, and above all in this general contrast to Ludendorff he shows a character ever under control; both in his conduct and in the way in which he reveals himself there is always something in reserve. Ludendorff, tortuous as he is, bares himself nakedly, especially when there is something to conceal. Hindenburg always gives the desired impression. Furthermore, he discerns with rare shrewdness the impression to be given. For some years the German people swore by him as an invincible military genius, and to-day, with the same conviction, American bankers and Chambers of Commerce assure themselves of his practical, businesslike ambition of restoring the economic welfare of his country.

The two volumes of *Aus meinem Leben* give, on first reading, an impression of entire candor, of an almost naïve ingenuousness of character. There is a disarming simplicity even in his romantic touches and his observance of long-abandoned rituals of German propaganda. But to read immediately afterward Grant's *Personal Memoirs*, for instance, produces an impression of appalling contrast: the Teutonic confession stands forth as a pitiful quibble. When one checks it up as a military and political narrative, it is seen to be a most artistic work of fiction. In an offhand and artless literary style this experienced author smooths rough edges, rounds off difficult corners, glides imperceptibly away from dangerous ground, and at a pinch

boldly substitutes black for white or white for black, all with the most skillful adroitness and an extraordinary sense of discretion. Even at the end, sitting down to write his story when the game was up and his career — a second time — seemed definitely over, Hindenburg still played the game. Instead of relieving his feelings or striking out in his own defense, he presented the view of things that was useful, judicious, politic. In this lies the real contrast between the two. Ludendorff, although an unsuccessful campaigner, is a military type in the strictest and narrowest and most rigid sense of the word. Hindenburg, a thorough soldier and formed within the experience of his profession, has essentially a political mind, with the objective judgment, the intuitions, and even the instinctive technique of a politician.

III

After this inventory of personal characteristics, we must return to the practical question of Hindenburg's actual rôle. To put it bluntly, the question is, Did Hindenburg count at all, or was he a mere covering phrase under which Ludendorff was the solid reality? Ludendorff himself accepts the latter hypothesis. In his memoirs he narrates their joint labors in the first person singular and presents the Field-Marshal as an august figurehead in the background, acquiescing automatically — a sort of Great Seal, conferring the formal stamp of authority on Ludendorff's decisions.

As regards the conduct of military operations, this may have been pretty much the fact. The office of Chief of Staff formed the corner stone of the German system of military command in all echelons, and the men selected for it were expected to take charge of things and assume the active responsibility. In his first summons to Ludendorff, von Moltke had written: 'I know no other man in whom I have such absolute trust. You may be able to save the situation in the East. . . . So answer this new call, which is the greatest compliment that can be paid any soldier.' Such words leave no doubt as to which chief was relied on to fill the leading rôle; and in taking it Ludendorff only did what was expected of him. Hindenburg clearly understood the status and stood in much the same position as other German Commanding Officers. With due allowance for the personal equation, this relation was the normal rule throughout the army. The peculiarity of this case was that Ludendorff was an exceptional Chief of Staff, and that Hindenburg was able to recognize it and give him a free hand. Chance too played its part: the remoteness of the Eastern command and the course of military events in 1914 combined to stimulate Ludendorff's initiative and desire for authority, to increase his influence with his own Chief, and to give him a reputation in his own name throughout the army.

In the second phase, when the two rose to the Supreme Command, this position was officially recognized. Ludendorff was offered the post of Second Chief of the General Staff, but chose the title of First *Generalquartiermeister* as 'more appropriate.' Under either title the post was a special creation for the particular case: Ludendorff stood nominally under Hindenburg, but actually beside him. 'I was expressly assured that I should have joint responsibility in all decisions and measures that might be taken.' The two were no less closely identified than before, but Ludendorff, in addition to carrying on the immense burden of routine work, now issued orders in his own name and on his own authority.

That he was the one who took decisions was a matter of common knowledge — especially after a weakening illness Hindenburg suffered, in the winter that followed.

On account of the intimate working-relations between them, it is impossible to discern how far the elder may have influenced his more assertive partner, and it is unlikely that any written documents bear record of it. Quite possibly his influence was far greater than is now supposed; and from their taking a common stand it does not follow that Hindenburg had no mind of his own. His memoirs bear witness to an independent judgment and to a clearer and broader grasp of events than Ludendorff's feverish version; and in the future it may appear that he by no means merely sat in the office and waited for things to happen. Be that as it may, we find at present little to indicate that in the conduct of operations Hindenburg ever acted on his own, or put forward plans different from Ludendorff's, or that, whatever his private judgment, he ever failed to support Ludendorff's line of action with the utmost firmness. To all practical intents and purposes it was Ludendorff who filled the rôle of Commander-in-Chief. Hindenburg recognizes this fairly enough: 'I realized that one of my principal tasks was to give free scope to the intellectual powers, the almost superhuman capacity for work, and the untiring resolution of my Chief of Staff, and, if necessary, clear the way for him.'

IV

It may appear, nevertheless, that Hindenburg made the greater and more successful contribution to their common achievement. To 'clear the way' for Ludendorff proved to be a vast and ceaseless undertaking, and in achieving it he provided the basis for their whole position. Bluntly, it was Hindenburg who built up the immense authority which Ludendorff exercised.

Even if Ludendorff constituted the military brains of the two, he did not provide a record of military success to carry them into power. Had their career depended upon this, it would have withered at the start. After the brilliant début at Tannenberg and the Masurian Lakes, fortune did not smile on their arms in the East. Their next operations — Augustowo, the advance on Warsaw, and the second invasion of Poland — left a record of disappointment, while the costly winter battle of Masuria registered the failure of their whole strategical project. After this, Falkenhayn took things into his own hands. He cast their plan aside, chose another general and a plan the direct opposite of their own, and launched Mackensen upon the Russian campaign of 1915, which was on the whole the most successful achievement of German arms in the war. In this Hindenburg-Ludendorff played only a subordinate part — and that in so grumbling and insubordinate a fashion as to thwart Falkenhayn's strategy and allow the Russians to escape disaster. Throughout the campaign they carried on a wrangling altercation with their Commander-in-Chief, which culminated in a defiant, taunting letter from Hindenburg and an appeal to Cæsar. There was a show-down; the Kaiser stood by Falkenhayn, and the latter administered to Hindenburg a reprimand that made him hold his peace for eight months thereafter. Had it been anyone else, there can be little doubt that still more drastic action would have been taken.

But the aureole of Tannenberg was bright enough to obscure these subsequent misadventures. It had descended upon Hindenburg at a time when no other German general had

achieved much glory and when it was high time that at least one conquering hero should come forward. A decisive victory in itself, Tannenberg had also served to obscure the failure at the Marne, and under the circumstances neither the Government nor the public was disposed to be critical. It was just after his brisk retreat from Warsaw that Hindenburg was made Field-Marshal. With the most eager official sanction he was formally deified as the national hero of the war, and a population hungering for an idol was encouraged to worship with quaint rites before his colossal wooden image, standing high above the heads of Berliners. To this first flush of prestige was gradually added a very real and lasting popularity. With his reassuring imperturbable manner and the solid German bulk of his square figure, there was something about Hindenburg which took, some quality which appealed to the popular imagination and made him stand out as a human personality amid the official figures of the military hierarchy. The paternal sobriquet given him in early days by the soldiers of Tannenberg spread abroad, and by the people of all Germany he was confidingly acclaimed as *unser Hindenburg*.

Few leaders would disregard the advantages of such a position, and Hindenburg turned it to prompt effect. His headquarters became a place of pilgrimage for persons of every rank, from the Imperial Chancellor down to newspaper artists, and before long there developed a widespread conviction that the war must be won in the East, and that Hindenburg was the man to win it. This was in fact Hindenburg's own view, and among the converts he gained to it was the Chancellor himself. Falkenhayn held wholly different strategical convictions, and he complained bitterly that 'even people in high leading circles joined in the effort to force his hand.' As a matter of fact, with this popular favor and political support to count on, Hindenburg's headquarters assumed the character of an independent and rival command, and he himself, as early as January 1915, went so far as to propose to the Kaiser that Falkenhayn be dismissed altogether. For the rest of the year his conduct toward his Chief rested on the confident assumption that he could override him.

Hindenburg failed, as we have seen, for the time being, but in his next attempt he succeeded; and his popular prestige in no way suffered in the meantime. His campaigns, even when strategical failures, could show victorious battles, imposing captures of prisoners, and undeniable advances into Russian territory. They stood out in brilliant contrast to the despairing clamor from the Austrian front. The German public knew nothing of the strategical disappointments or of the wrangle with Falkenhayn, and indeed gave Hindenburg most of the credit for Falkenhayn's campaign. In that triumphant advance the leading rôle was naturally enough ascribed to the Commander-in-Chief in the East, whereas Falkenhayn managed things from a distance and did not appear in the communiqué. In the winter of 1915–1916 we find Hindenburg boldly summoning the Imperial Chancellor — in a letter published in the press — to alleviate the hardships of his soldiers' families. This open appeal to public favor over the heads of all his superiors was a significant warning that he had become an independent power within the State, stronger in point of popular confidence than any other authority, military or political.

It was in formal recognition of this fact that six months later Hindenburg was called to the Supreme Command.

This decision, though led up to by military events, was the solution of a political crisis and inspired chiefly by political factors. Falkenhayn, before being relieved, had succeeded in meeting the military crisis. But with the long slaughter at Verdun leading only to the agony of the Somme and the terrifying collapse of the Austrian front, in the eyes of the country the whole conduct of the war appeared a tragic record of failure, of which the blame fell back alike upon the High Command, the Government, and the Dynasty. Over against this drab horizon in the west stood out — *ex oriente lux* — the reassuring figure of the victor of Tannenberg, whom all Germans believed to be an invincible commander. He became the rallying-point of all the elements in opposition, all the voices of criticism and complaint against those in control. 'The nation was convinced that he alone could lead us to victory,' Bethmann-Hollweg records, and adds, frankly enough, that during the summer he warned the Kaiser in the strongest terms of the 'psychological importance' of this state of things. The Rumanian declaration of war then threw the country into a sudden *crise de nerfs*. In their weakness and bewilderment, Kaiser and Chancellor alike turned to the strength Hindenburg offered, exactly as a tottering French Cabinet seeks the support of a new leader and a more secure majority. The public, for its part, welcomed him the more eagerly because he was 'a soldier and not a politician,' and for this same reason the voters of the Republic turned to him again later on.

V

What followed was not so much a change of strategy as a change of Government. At Headquarters, Hindenburg-Ludendorff took over Falkenhayn's staff and the strategical dispositions Falkenhayn bequeathed them; and for the year following they conceived nothing more adventurous than to dig in on the Hindenburg Line and send forth the U-boats to win the war. The real change was that the Supreme Command now ruled the Government, and that Hindenburg, instead of Kaiser or Chancellor, came to hold the supreme political power in the State. So open and avowed had been the political motive in turning to the Field-Marshal that the Chancellor at once put upon him the responsibility for the great issue then facing Germany, announcing to the Reichstag that unrestricted submarine warfare 'would depend on the declaration of the Field-Marshal — that is to say, would start when the Field-Marshal wished it to start.' He could hardly complain that Hindenburg took him at his word and presently asserted his wish over the Chancellor's opposition. Fortified by Hindenburg's presence, the country that had been thrown into a nervous crisis six months before by Rumania entering the field now accepted war with America without a tremor. Bethmann-Hollweg was of course surprised to find he had turned from King Log to King Stork. He had, as Ludendorff says, 'brought the Supreme Command into politics in order to support the Government.' But neither of the two commanders had any intention of accepting such a rôle. Bankrupt politically, the Government had put itself in their hands, and forthwith they took it over. 'The conduct of military operations had been entrusted to me,' Hindenburg explains, 'and for my task I needed all the resources of the Fatherland'; and with the same Olympian simplicity he proceeded to take them — not merely men and things, but power and political authority. With the

Kaiser, Chancellor, and Reichstag sometimes acquiescing, sometimes in impotent opposition, he and Ludendorff gradually took over the whole control of affairs at home and abroad, determining not only the conduct of the war, but the ends for which the war was waged.

In all this Ludendorff was no doubt the inspiring force and the controlling will: no other human being would have conceived gathering to himself such vast responsibilities. But again it was Hindenburg who put the power into Ludendorff's hands, and, what was still more difficult, maintained it there. Ludendorff himself was forever destroying his authority by the way he used it; his peremptory, interfering manner aroused universal resentment, and bound him to what the Crown Prince terms 'an unceasing struggle amid untold antagonisms.' Hated and distrusted in governmental circles as by the working class, long before the end his retirement would have given widespread relief. He held his ground by the threat that the Field-Marshal would stand or fall with him, and in all quarters it was accepted that Hindenburg's resignation would have been a catastrophe.

Hindenburg, on the other hand, was patient, persuasive, conciliatory, and made invariably a good impression. When distinguished personages visited Headquarters, he was, so to speak, the life of the party; and he sent away, soothed and reassured, those who had heard Ludendorff speak out with rasping bluntness. At Berlin he carried his points without, as he puts it, 'getting mixed up in party wrangles or even being appropriated by one of the existing parties,' for with his shrewd political instinct he gathered all parties behind him with serene impartiality. His political influence was all the greater because it was masked by his general prestige and popularity, and on all sides he was given the credit of not mixing in politics. Avoiding constant assertion of himself, he thus became a sort of final reserve in the endless struggle waged against the Government, intervening only when necessary, and then with irresistible effect. In controverting the common view that Hindenburg played merely a decorative part, the Crown Prince observes: 'His composure . . . communicated itself to everyone who came into contact with him, convinced everyone that the fate of the armies was well cared for in that calm, firm hand, watched over by those earnest, yet ever friendly eyes. When he spoke, one was impressed by the fluency of his measured, thoughtful, and deliberate speech. The conviction was confirmed that the speaker was absolute master of the situation and expressed views that might be thoroughly relied on.' He was, in fact, master of the situation, and his views were relied on. Not only the mainstay of the Ludendorff régime, but the corner stone of popular faith and confidence in the war, Hindenburg was a figurehead to the same degree as is Mr. Coolidge in the present Administration.

This taking over control by the Supreme Command is commonly referred to as an unconstitutional act of force, like the coup d'état of some military junta. It was, quite the contrary, a straight political operation. Hindenburg was able to brush aside the Kaiser and override an unwilling Government, not because he had the army in his hand, but because in the last resort the German people were behind him. The impotence of politicians and of the political Government was due to the fact that the Field-Marshal had beaten them at their own game. He could appeal over the heads of the Government to the Reichstag,

and over the Reichstag to the country; and in the end he succeeded in leading the country to reverse its own convictions and follow him.

When the Reichstag, echoing the general despair of 1917, passed its famous resolutions for peace without annexations or indemnities, Hindenburg-Ludendorff calmly dismissed the Chancellor, brought the peace movement to an abrupt halt, vetoed the Government's decision to relinquish Belgium, and proceeded to annex the Baltic States and Poland. With this trophy in their hands, they put squarely before the country the programme they had already forced upon the Government: one more year of battle for the sake of complete victory and an all-German peace, generous indemnities and wholesale annexations of territory both to west and east.

Colonel Buchan has recorded for us the terms of this singular bargain. 'Ludendorff and Hindenburg met the Reichstag in secret session and explained their plan. They promised victory, complete and absolute victory in the field, before the autumn. . . . But a price must be paid for such losses. The Army Chiefs put it at a million German losses; on reconsideration, they increased their estimate to a million and a half.'

Those about to die did not take part in the vote, but the Reichstag gave its blessing. Every party, even the Socialists, accepted this brilliant prospectus. Wilson or Clemenceau never surpassed this feat of Hindenburg's in uniting the country behind him; and the wave of confident exultation that surged through the German people was a final tribute to his prowess as a popular leader. This point settled, Hindenburg and Ludendorff strode forth together to the *Kaiserschlacht* — the battle of battles.

There remained in opposition, it is true, Sir Douglas Haig — and Haig always could hold his own against skillful politicians.

VI

In the eight months' military catastrophe that followed, we find no trace of Hindenburg taking any distinguishable part. He had cleared the way for Ludendorff, once for all, and in this final trial stood loyally beside him. But he could not make Ludendorff greater than he was. Ludendorff failed, and both together were not great enough for this occasion. As defeat gradually rose up before them, Hindenburg alone stood the test of character, justifying fully the instinct which had led Germans to put their trust in the one rather than the other; for in the end *unser Hindenburg* stayed to face the music, while the iron Ludendorff skipped the country.

Only toward the final collapse does Hindenburg emerge in his own person, and in this extreme crisis he reveals not only soundness of character but also his habitual political sense of realities. To the very last Ludendorff brandished the threat that the Field-Marshal would stand or fall beside him, but when the time came the Field-Marshal stood pat; he accepted with businesslike calm the departure of his *alter ego*, and apparently has never seen him since. In the same practical spirit he watched the Kaiser walk the plank a fortnight later. He himself brought to an end the last flutterings of that distracted monarch with the curt message that 'His Majesty must start for Holland without delay.' For one with his convictions it was a strange mission, but, after all, it was only a logical final step. Long before this he himself had stripped the last shreds of authority from 'my all-highest War Lord, Emperor, King, and Master.'

Although the sudden volatilization of the Hohenzollerns and the appearance of a Council of Commissioners of the People in their place upset for Hindenburg the whole scheme of things, he wasted no time in a futile protest against facts. With the eyes of the army turning to him for guidance, he instantly placed himself under the orders of the new Government and stayed at his post, broadcasting an appeal to the troops to stand by him.

No one thought of rejecting him. Of all the pillars of the old régime, Hindenburg alone retained his credit after the fall. The Socialist Chancellor of an insurrectionary Republic grasped at his support no less eagerly than Bethmann-Hollweg and the Kaiser had done two years before. At a time when things were touch-and-go, it made all the difference; and in the eyes not only of his brother officers but of some millions of bewildered countrymen his allegiance to a perilous and rickety status quo gave it the necessary air of legitimacy. Nor was Hindenburg's contribution to the Republic confined to this formal allegiance. When the Kaiser had imagined wild projects of leading the army home to fight the Revolution, the Field-Marshal had refused flatly to make war upon Germans; but when Ebert called for help he sent ten of his best divisions on this same mission. By the *Flammenwerfer* and machine-guns of these Hindenburg-Republicans, in grim street fighting, the German people affirmed their devotion to the democratic régime over which he presides to-day. The Field-Marshal himself was entrusted with the command on the Eastern front, where once more had arisen the greatest threat of danger. Here, on his old front, his war record ended; and for the second time he settled down on the retired list at Hanover.

His third career — on which he has now entered — is less paradoxical than it first appeared to an astonished world. Whatever his sympathies, and for all his protesting affirmations of loyalty to the Hohenzollerns, at the critical moment he did his best to make the new régime a fact, a thing of substance and authority rather than a chaotic project. Royalist as he is, from the standpoint of the Republic Hindenburg can hardly be called a convert of the last hour, or an unfamiliar outsider. In the duties assigned him by the Constitution his hand is pretty thoroughly practised. Consultations with refractory Ministers, negotiations with party leaders and Reichstag committees, Ministerial crises — all these are an old story: he has turned Chancellors out of office himself. President of the Reich, he is formally installed at the head of a State of which he was the ruler de facto during a far more difficult period, and looks out over a political background that must be strangely familiar.

NORTHERN AUSTRALIA: A LOCAL WORLD-PROBLEM

BY EVANS LEWIN

I

It is probable that in no country in the world has there been so great an expenditure of money with so little result as in the vast Northern Territory of Australia. Ever since the first ill-fated attempt in 1849 to found a settlement at Port Essington, where the British Government experienced one of the few really serious setbacks in the history of tropical colonization, there has been a constant endeavor — first on the part of the South Australian Government and then by the Australian Federal Government, into whose hands the Territory passed in 1911, as well as by the Governments of Western Australia and Queensland — to attract settlers to the north of the continent and to develop the enormous areas that lie within the Tropic of Capricorn. Fully one third of Australia is in the tropics, and the problem of the effective development of these territories has hitherto proved insoluble. So far as the Northern Territory is concerned, the reasons are obvious to anyone who understands tropical conditions and the primary economic factors that govern settlement in tropical countries; yet year after year the vast, unpeopled spaces within easy reach of the teeming millions who inhabit the basin of the Pacific remain a standing menace to the safety of Australia itself and a perpetual invitation to any strong predatory Power that may dominate the Far East.

To state the problem involved in this total failure to utilize for the benefit of Australia in particular and humanity in general these uninhabited, but not uninhabitable, wastes, and to suggest the remedy, is comparatively easy; but such primary economic and political factors are involved, factors which are of world-wide interest and significance and not confined to Australia, that it seems probable that only a revolution in Australian national sentiment, brought about by the strong and imperious hand of necessity, will effect any really drastic change in the prevailing conditions.

The northern portion of Australia is administered by three distinct Governments, each tackling its problem on different lines and governing from a capital that — with the exception of Brisbane — is remote from the immediate scene of action. The tropical portions of Western Australia, the land that William Dampier in 1688 so erroneously described as a barren waste, are administered from Perth in the southwest of the continent. The Northern Territory itself is governed from Melbourne, several days' journey by steamship and nearly two thousand miles distant as the crow flies from Port Darwin, the capital of the Territory. The northern portion of Queensland is administered from Brisbane, which lies closer to the immediate sphere of activities; and here the only really effective tropical development has taken place, although this has been achieved at an

economic cost out of all proportion to the results of the experiment. The problem that confronts all Australians, and indirectly the British Empire itself, is concerned mainly with the Northern Territory, which in reality forms the front door of Australia.

In a geographical sense the country to which Port Darwin is the main entrance is far less isolated from the rest of mankind than are the developed southern portions of the continent, where settlement first took place. It is nearer Europe and Asia than are South Australia, Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland, and it possesses all those natural advantages in the way of harbors, navigable rivers, rich and well-watered lands, and markets within easy access of its coasts, that under ordinary circumstances should make a country self-supporting and enable it to advance on the paths of economic success. Strategically Port Darwin is the key of the continent, and for this reason alone the development of its great hinterland should be a primary consideration of the Australian Government. Apart from any consideration of the maritime routes that should naturally converge on this important point, it will undoubtedly attain great importance as a base for the development of aerial navigation.

When Australia was first connected with Asia and Europe by submarine cable, it was Port Darwin which was chosen as the landing-place; and here, nearly fifty years later, arrived the two intrepid brothers, Sir Ross and Sir Keith Smith, whose heroic journey by airplane from Europe is one of the greatest epics of the air, to be followed in less than a year by Messrs. Parer and MacIntosh. Moreover, Port Darwin beckons to the territories around the Pacific; and if the Japanese rider should ever mount successfully the Chinese horse, it is to this point in the unpeopled north of Australia that he will direct his steed. Three days distant from an enormous empty country is the overpeopled island of Java, with nearly thirty-five million inhabitants; and within easy reach lie the two great Asiatic countries that retain their independence in a world in which the white race exercises control over nine tenths of its inhabitants. Any weakening of that control — a not impossible contingency of the near future — would place the Australian problem in the forefront of international questions.

II

The Northern Territory represents a flaw in the genius for colonization of the Anglo-Saxon race. It consists of an immense stretch of country, embracing three belts of practically uninhabited land impinging upon and merging into each other, lying almost wholly within the tropics and nowhere rising to those great elevations which in some cases — such, for example, as the Kenya Colony in British East Africa — render the tropics tolerable for white colonization. It is two and a half times the size of France and four and a half times as large as Great Britain, but in the whole of this expanse there is a white population smaller than that of many an English village. Seventy years of endeavor and at least fourteen years of strenuous effort have resulted in a European population of 2240, many of whom are dependent upon government aid for their sustenance in a land that should offer great possibilities to the pioneer. Even this population shows signs of disappearing altogether. The Administrator in his last report states that it is 'practically stationary, with a slightly downward tendency.' Truly the Commonwealth Government has labored and has brought forth a mouse.

The colored population — other than the aboriginals, who are either cannibals or of the smallest economic value — numbers 1018, and under the settled policy of the Australian Government there is no possibility of increase.

The value of overseas exports totaled in 1924 only £8000, with imports valued at £14,432; while the cost of the administrative staff was £73,753, of the postal service £26,339, interest on loans £101,576, and other expenses £102,445 — a total expenditure of £304,113. This expenditure left a deficiency of £243,702 to be made up by the Federal Government. The annual deficiency has been a feature of the Budget for many years and the total indebtedness of the Territory must now run into several millions. The 'inescapable inferences,' in the words of the Administrator, 'seem to be that the Territory does not yet offer sufficient attractions to draw white people from the States of Australia or from abroad, and that the more thrifty and consequently more industrious portion of the population is either diminishing in number or becoming gradually more impoverished.'

The reasons for this total failure of all efforts to colonize Northern Australia are to be found in the political and economic policy of the Commonwealth Government, and are not inherent in the Territory itself. It would be impossible within the limits of this article to discuss in their various bearings all the factors that have led to this disastrous result; but it may be said that two primary causes have militated against the success of every attempt to solve what, under present conditions, is an insoluble problem — the national policy of a White Australia, from which all colored races are rigidly excluded, and, arising out of this policy, the inability to run any tropical industry in Australia on an economic basis.

In the Northern Territory the human factor is also of great importance and is governed by the political forces that are moulding the destiny of this distressful country. How important this factor really is may be gathered from the numerous reports that have been issued dealing with labor troubles at Port Darwin and in its vicinity — troubles which have stultified all attempts to establish industry upon a satisfactory basis. It is only necessary to quote these official — and therefore extremely reticent — reports to demonstrate how entirely the local administration has been at the mercy of extremist politicians within the small mock capital of Port Darwin. At the end of the year 1918 a so-called 'revolution' occurred in the northern metropolis, which might have done credit to a small Central American republic, but was not calculated to encourage settlement in Northern Australia. A few local patriots ordered the Administrator to leave the Territory, and although he refused, and only afterward left to consult with his ministers in Melbourne, they subsequently, during his absence, secured the withdrawal of the Director, the Judge, and the Government Secretary, and were overawed only on the arrival of an Australian warship. The instigators of this political upheaval belonged to the most powerful organization in the Commonwealth, known as the Australian Workers' Union, the members of which belong mainly to the unskilled classes. It is not surprising, under the circumstances, that the late Administrator, Dr. Gilruth, should have reported that 'it is regrettable that the Territory should have acquired a reputation for chronic industrial unrest, combined with high wages'; or that Mr. Justice Ewing, reporting to the Commonwealth Government on the disturbances, should have stated that 'the Federal authorities had conceived

the idea that products could be grown in the Territory with wages from £3–10–0 to £6 per week, to compete with those that were being grown in Eastern countries with wages at from 6*d.* to 1/6*d.* a day.'

This, in reality, is the crux of the whole question of tropical settlement in Australia; but hitherto the political and economic blindness, willful or otherwise, of the contented and discontented workers in the rest of the Commonwealth has prevented any common-sense settlement of the northern problem — so far away, it seems, yet so directly menacing to their well-being.

The new Administrator, who arrived at Port Darwin on February 13, 1920, found the position somewhat astonishing, not to say dismaying. 'The Service was permeated with the doctrines of extremist unionism, vigorously inculcated by the local union leaders, extremists of the extreme, and enforced by every subtle, tyrannical device their none too scrupulous minds could conceive, until the more or less depressed and bewildered civil servants had arrived at a stage where they seemed to doubt to whom their first allegiance was really due — whether to their country as represented by the Government or to the truculent terrorists who, in the much abused name of unionism, and without much let or hindrance from higher authority, had arrogantly claimed a right of control over them.'

He then continues: 'Socially the Darwin community was a house divided against itself. . . . Production stopped, industry ceased, shipping disappeared, no capital came into the Territory for investment, and unemployment immediately presented an ugly problem to be dealt with.'

This is substantially the position at present.

III

There is probably no part of the British Empire which has been visited so constantly by commissions of inquiry and investigation, or whose resources have so continuously been inquired into. Commission after commission has formulated plans for making tropical colonization on a white basis a success. Although there are vast tracts in the country that have not been explored, yet there are other great areas that have been thoroughly investigated. Nor is there a country about which the opinions of those most competent to judge are more sharply divided. The observer can only strike a mean between the conflicting reports regarding almost illimitable opportunities for development, on the one hand, and gloomy statements that the country is almost valueless, on the other. It seems tolerably certain, however, that in many parts of the country there is great mineral wealth — wealth which was first exploited in the sixties and seventies of the last century in a burst of premature optimism. This is true more particularly in Arnheim Land, a great undeveloped block of country west of the Gulf of Carpentaria, and in the regions in and around that remarkable range of mountains known as the Macdonnell Range, in the centre of the continent, extending four hundred miles west and east, possessing a dry, healthy — though hot — climate, and also containing country eminently suitable for cattle, horses, and sheep. Within the Northern Territory itself there is space for many Coolgardies and Broken Hills.

It is also clear that vast regions are capable of being used for pastoral purposes, — and in Australia pastoral industry has always preceded agriculture, — so the present neglected and

impoverished pastoral enterprise in the north seems capable of almost unlimited growth. In addition, there are great alluvial plains where agriculture can be successfully followed, particularly along the courses of the large rivers, many of which can be navigated for considerable distances and have deep and large natural harbors capable of accommodating ocean-going steamships. It has been demonstrated that cotton, rice, sugar, and other tropical products can be grown successfully in the far north; but here the economic factor is predominant. The cotton industry of Queensland is successful at present because of the high price of cotton in the world's market; the sugar industry in the same country is kept going artificially at the expense of the whole community, and has no chance, therefore, of competing in the markets of the world; but without these conditions similar industries in the Northern Territory, if ever established, would be doomed to early extinction.

There are reported to be considerable timber resources in the coastal districts, while the northern fisheries, which are at present worked by a few of the Chinese and other colored inhabitants of the Territory with hardly any capital and with primitive appliances, present an almost inexhaustible store of wealth, as the market in the East for these products is enormous. Finally, it is stated that there are great areas capable of producing wheat; and when it is remembered what large districts in the Commonwealth, which have been regarded as entirely unsuited to this product, now support flourishing wheat-growing communities, it seems probable that here too the Northern Territory will some day come into its own.

It will be asked, doubtless, what steps first the South Australian Government and afterward the Commonwealth Government have taken to develop their national heritage, and what is the future policy of development. The steps that have been taken are many, but in no case has success been achieved. Prior to the establishment of the Commonwealth, the South Australian Government built a narrow-gauge line northward toward the interior of Australia — no small achievement for a small State with pressing problems of development nearer at hand. This line was carried as far north as Oodnadatta, a small pastoral settlement, three days' journey by rail from Adelaide, the capital of the State, and there left derelict. The line was intended to be part of a great north-to-south railway across the continent, mainly conceived as a strategic line of defense, but also intended to open up pastoral areas. Failing to reach the Macdonnell Range, it also failed in much of its intended achievement. The failure is due in the main to the procrastination of the Federal Government, one of whose first duties under the terms of federation was to complete this railway. Farther north, a short railway runs southward from Port Darwin, and this is the only line in the Northern Territory proper.

It has been asserted that the Territory can be opened only by the construction of railways and improved means of communication. While this is doubtless true, it is nevertheless evident that railways alone cannot open this great and stagnant country, and although apparently the Commonwealth Government has now decided to complete the north-to-south line it is extremely doubtful whether it will serve any other useful purpose than strengthening the national defenses. The real root of the evil being political and economic, the only hope for development seems to be along the lines embodied in the bill introduced in the

last Parliament by Senator Pearce, Minister for Home and Territories, who advised the appointment of a commission of three capable men to reside in and have entire control of the development of the Territory, thus removing it from the political influences of the past, exerted in Melbourne and Sydney, where the mass of the population has no real conception of the dangers involved in a vast, empty North.

IV

It may be permitted to touch briefly upon one aspect of this problem because the same problem exists on the continent of America — the possibility of an economic settlement in the tropics exclusively by whites. No fiercer controversy has ever raged in Australia than that which centres around the White Australia policy, and the great majority of Australians are unalterably opposed, for racial and economic reasons, to the introduction of Asiatic laborers into any part of the continent, tropical or otherwise. This opposition is based both on the fear of miscegenation and on the fear that the wages of white workers would be adversely affected. But sooner or later the fact must be faced that Australia, although geographically one country, with an Anglo-Saxon population racially purer than that of any other country in the world, — with the exception, possibly, of New Zealand and, of course, the Mother Country itself, — contains regions that do not fall within the sphere of white colonization.

Up to the present, very few prominent Australians have been ready to admit that large parts of the Northern Territory and adjacent districts cannot be settled by Europeans without the aid of Asiatic labor; and politicians least of all have been able to run counter to the national sentiment. Only one responsible statesman, Sir Henry Barwell, then Prime Minister of South Australia, has come out into the open and denounced the results of a too rigid adherence to the White Australia policy. Only now and then a patriotic official dares to throw discretion to the winds and reveal the real state of affairs. Thus Dr. Herbert Basedow, at one time chief medical officer of the Territory, reported that 'any sound developmental policy for the Territory must include two essential items: first, gangs of acclimatized colored laborers, kept under strict government supervision; and secondly, ready communication by rail with subtropic or temperate climes. In other words, there is no reason why white men should not live in the Territory as well as they do in other tropical countries, provided the necessary comforts be given them by introducing cheap attendance, such as can be supplied only by colored men, and providing an opportunity for them to regain periodically their physical strength by traveling to more favorable climes without the loss of too much time and money.' The opinions of such men as Sir Henry Barwell and Dr. Basedow are, however, anathema to the average Australian politician.

It has been stated with emphasis that many parts of tropical Australia are eminently suitable for European settlement, yet the fact remains that neither Australians themselves nor European immigrants are anxious to establish themselves permanently in those regions. Medical opinion still differs on the possibility of raising healthy families in the tropics and keeping them permanently resident there; but even granting this possibility, the economic factor then intervenes, and it becomes apparent to the merest novice that the problem of laboring in the tropics and of cultivating the products peculiar to those

regions is economically insoluble except at the expense of the whole community — an expense which, in the case of these enormous regions, would be an impossible burden for the Australian people to bear.

The statement that white men can and do work in the tropics and can reside for long periods in tropical Australia without hurt to themselves and their families contains sufficient truth to be misleading to those who are unaware of the actual conditions. It is possible to reside there under the best conditions and where the whole drudgery of the housework does not fall upon the woman of the household; but where all must work hard to get a bare living out of the soil, where no outside labor is available, where the amenities of a well-organized household in the tropics cannot be observed, it is evident that the brunt of the experiment will fall upon the woman and through her upon the children, with the inevitable result that the race must deteriorate.

The present Administrator of the Territory, Mr. F. C. Urquhart, whose opinion must necessarily have considerable weight, in discussing this problem has stated: 'As to white labor, writing after a long experience in the most northern parts of Queensland, I feel sure that south of the fifteenth parallel [that is, well within the tropics] there is no question to debate, and that white men who are willing to do so may work without detriment from the climatic conditions. North of that line, up to the north coast, conditions are more severe, but there is nothing to show that they are dangerous to men of good constitution and of temperate habits. It is largely a matter of rational working-hours, temperance, and hygiene, *with occasional spells in cooler regions for recuperative purposes.* [The italics are my own.] When, however, we consider the case of white women in the northern portion of the Territory, more especially in the coastal regions under existing conditions, I fear the verdict must be less favorable, though improved housing, better dietary, and railway facilities for cheap and speedy access to more temperate climates might go far to lessen the disabilities they are now under. Children, it is agreed, do very well up to the age of eight or nine years, when a change of climate seems to be in most cases desirable.'

It may well be asked, however, how the manual worker with a family is likely to be able, under the economic conditions that must always pertain to the Northern Territory, unless there is an abundance of cheap labor, to make periodic visits — which to be beneficial must be of considerable duration — to the more temperate portions of the continent.

V

It will be thought, doubtless, that some apology is necessary for calling attention to what may well appear to be an obscure problem in an obscure corner of the British Empire. It is probable that many who read this article may consider the Northern Territory of Australia to be too insignificant — though not in size — to merit much attention. Yet, as I have endeavored to show, this is in reality a world problem of the first importance. It involves, in the first place, the moral question as to how far the white races are entitled to hold vast tracts of country which they are unable to utilize or develop without the aid of their Asiatic neighbors, when near by are millions of fellow creatures who are clamoring for land and the 'right to live.' The greatest pressure of population upon this globe centres

around the Pacific, and, of all the regions dominated by Europeans, Australia occupies, with respect to the colored races, the most dangerous and most exposed position.

Its position is at present safeguarded by the moral influences and armed strength of the British Empire as a whole; but it is possible to conceive the time when other parts of the Empire, such as India, not to mention foreign Asiatic countries, may question the justice of the Australian Monroe Doctrine and seek to press their opinion in the councils of the Empire. Can Great Britain afford to disregard any definite and imperious demand made by her Asiatic subjects for admission to unoccupied lands, and in that case can she afford to support Australia in her policy of isolation?

This question cannot be answered, but it must occur to every thinker, and not least to those in America, who, but for their consistent policy of settlement, would be exposed to-day to the same dangers that threaten the Australian Commonwealth. The five and a half millions of Australians are surrounded, except in the south and east, by over one thousand millions of yellow, brown, and black men, from whom they are divided by a racial chasm of their own making. The purity of the Anglo-Saxon race in the Southern Hemisphere may possibly be involved in this problem, though this is doubted by many authorities; but undoubtedly there is involved the great moral question that is at present occupying the minds of many thinkers in Asia — the question of the right to own land without effective occupation. Upon the solution of this problem depends the entire future of the British race in the Southern Hemisphere.

THE DECLINE OF CRIME IN BRITAIN

BY COLIN R. COOTE

The sentence which burst like a bombshell on the social system of eighteenth-century Europe was that with which Rousseau began his *Contrat Social*. 'Man is born free, but everywhere he is in chains.' This was the beginning of a change in the outlook of civilized man, which has developed with a slow but increasing intensity throughout the succeeding one hundred and fifty years. From a recognition of the fact that it was morally wrong and economically wasteful to chain men with the bonds of tyrannical social conditions came the corollary that it is useless to shut them up in prison as long as there is any chance of reforming them. Thence came humaner laws, and the humaner administration of those laws. This created the difficult problem of striking the golden mean between the crime of creating crime and the crime of creating criminals.

To-day, generally speaking, prison is regarded as a deterrent, not as the instrument of vindictiveness, and public opinion undoubtedly acclaims this definition as correct. The whole of the effort of the modern State is directed toward, on the one hand, changing the social conditions in or of which crime is bred. The political history of Britain

for the past seventy years is one of competition among the political parties, whatever they might call themselves, as to which could most speedily carry into effect a programme of reform on which, in statement though not in method, all were agreed. On the other hand the effort has been to succor, rather than to punish, all who can pretend, with any semblance of probability, that their lapse into crime has been due to social conditions as yet imperfectly reformed.

You do not, however, end crime by recognizing that more often than not it is not the criminal's own fault if he breaks the law. You cannot destroy the conditions which create crime with the same facility as the scientists destroyed the breeding-grounds of the Anopheles mosquito. In point of fact, in an old country like Britain, which tumbled haphazard into industrialism, and increased its population in a hundred years by 500 per cent, it has required an enormous, and only very partially successful, effort to diminish the conditions in which crime is bred. Only recently has any coördinated attempt been made to deal, in these overcrowded islands, with such problems as slums, housing-shortage, public health, and, generally, the multifarious difficulties created by an industrial civilization founded upon a necessarily precarious prosperity.

It is supposed that, with the exception of certain popular characters invented by still more popular writers of fiction, the criminal is a person driven to misdemeanor by the miserable conditions in which masses of men and women are forced to live. The theory that crime is a disease is based upon the fact that the diseases recognized in the pharmacopœia are indubitably fostered by such dreadful living-conditions. It is therefore to the point to consider, in some detail, the changes in social conditions which have been created by four and a half years' orgy of spending between 1914 and 1918, all the more because those conditions are imperfectly realized by those who have had the good fortune to escape suffering from them. We in Britain, encompassed by the difficulties of 1925, are perhaps too apt to look back upon 1914 as upon a Golden Age, too ready to forget the industrial and political tension which was one of the factors upon which the German war party counted for a victory undisturbed by British interference. And yet it is true that since 1914 our difficulties have enormously increased, and the fact is proved by the most cursory comparison of the standard and conditions of life then and now.

We have a Budget balancing at £800,000,000, as compared with one balancing at £200,000,000; and of the former figure £350,000,000 is swallowed by debt services alone. This huge sum has to be found before Britain can begin to think of spending a penny on social services. With regard to housing, though the State has made a tremendous effort, translated into the cold figures of a £600,000,000 capital liability, there is a shortage of 800,000 houses. It is only this year that the corner has been turned and a beginning made upon overtaking the arrears. For many years to come there will be quarters in our big cities foul beyond imagination.

Our industrial situation is too well known to need elaboration. It is not so black as it is often painted, because 90 per cent of our population are employed, and there are actually 200,000 more persons in work than in 1914. Moreover, the unemployment figures for that year are unknown, because, there being at that time no comprehensive scheme of unemployment insurance, reliable figures are not available.

But it is estimated that even in that year there were 600,000 unemployed. Still, to-day's figure of 1,250,000 represents a formidable surplus to present industrial requirements. Lastly, it is pertinent to compare the standard of wages and the cost of living for the two periods. Upon the first it is extremely difficult to be accurate, because the truth has been hidden beneath a mass of partisan propaganda, brought forward in the course of industrial disputes, and because to-day nominal wage-rates are subject to all sorts of variations, and differ enormously as between different trades. Broadly speaking, and making full allowance for the lower purchasing power of sterling, in the sheltered industries — that is, industries not subject to foreign competition, such as the building trade and the railways — wages are higher by between 20 and 40 per cent. In all other industries, however, they are nominally back to about the 1914 standard (again measured in real values), and in certain cases even lower. A large percentage of miners, for example, owing to depression in the coal industry, can find work for only three or four days in the week. I must again disarm impending critics by repeating that it is possible to make only the most general statements about wage-rates, particularly in the unsheltered industries. The cost of living it is possible to ascertain more definitely, because figures have been kept, though not based upon the same elaborate calculations as in the United States, since the Armistice. They show an index figure of 126, as compared to 1914, in 1919–20, and thereafter a steady decline to round about 70, at which it has remained throughout the present year. There are signs that this reduction of price levels is now being considerably accelerated, as retail prices are forced to approximate more closely to wholesale prices. The statements made above in regard to wages take into account this rise in prices over the 1914 level, though the rise in food prices only is not quite so great as the general index figure. Generally speaking, the standard of living is disappointing to those who thought, and were often told by persons capable of knowing better, that a nation can win a great war without paying for it in any way.

This does not mean, as extremist politicians pretend, that the policy of reform of social conditions has failed: but merely that it has been temporarily robbed of its full fruits by the war, and indeed has not yet had sufficient time to prove or disprove its value. A mass of new social legislation has been scribbled on the Statute Book, but has not had time to imprint itself upon the hearts of men.

It would therefore be anticipated that, under all the distress and temptations implied in these figures, the population of Britain would have lapsed the more readily into offenses against the law. Indeed, among those best qualified to judge, the absorption of 5,000,000 soldiers, habituated during a nightmare of five years to an existence wherein human life and considerations of humanity were held cheap, and wherein the ability of the individual to provide for his own comfort by fair means or foul was the chief criterion of his value, was expected to be attended by a general lowering of ethical standards. And yet, the very reverse is the case. In England and Wales the peak year since 1881 was 1905, when 197,941 persons were committed to prison; the lowest 1919, when the corresponding figure fell to 26,050. Since that date there was a gradual rise to 47,371 in 1923, but again a decline last year to 46,135. Broadly speaking, the number of persons sent

to prison per 100,000 of the population was 500 before the war and 120 to-day. The figures for Scotland demonstrate almost the same phenomena.

It is interesting to note in respect of what particular crimes this gratifying decline is the most striking. The total figures do not reveal the whole astonishing story, for the drop has been greatest in petty crimes, which might be expected to originate in poverty or lack of self-control. For example, convictions for drunkenness have fallen from 51,851 in 1913–14 to 11,425 in 1923–24, and those for prostitution from 7952 to 1209. It is really only the major crimes in respect of which the decline has been less marked. Convictions for burglary numbered 1734 as against 1960; for murder, manslaughter, and wounding, 445 as against 474.

It is not, however, justifiable to congratulate the British people on any higher standard of morality until they can show whether these flattering statistics are really due to their better behavior; and it must at once be admitted that there are circumstances, quite apart from the law-abiding character of the people, which must have helped considerably to empty British prisons.

The Children's Act passed in 1908 has resulted in practically no person under sixteen years of age being sent to prison. The First Offender's Act, as its name implies, gives everybody a chance to redeem a first slip. The development of Borstal institutions means that young persons between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one seldom have to endure the taint of jaildom, and the new system of placing every possible accused adult on probation helps to reserve prisons almost entirely for habitual criminals. It is also only fair to add that Britain has instituted a kind of indirect prohibition, in that she has restricted the hours of the sale of liquor and vastly increased its price by means of heavy taxation. Nevertheless, there is nothing to prevent a person getting drunk if he or she wishes, and it is undoubtedly creditable that in normal times — that is, except during the holidays in our great cities — it is very difficult to find a case of drunkenness. There remains the class of crime occasioned mainly by poverty, wherein, given the existing industrial conditions, a great increase might have been expected. The most facile explanation of the fact that here too there has been an astonishing decline in convictions is the existence of the 'dole' — that is, the weekly payment which the British Government makes by way of unemployment benefit to those out of work. But this is far too easy, and it is in fact contradicted by a close analysis of the figures.

In the first place, the dole is not sufficient to raise a man from the most abject poverty, and very many have to supplement it by applying for Poor Law relief. Secondly, it is estimated that between 150,000 and 200,000 persons are unable to qualify for it at all; and, thirdly, the greatest decrease in crime took place before it was instituted for anybody except ex-service men — namely, between the year 1916 and the year 1919. Therefore, while the dole has undoubtedly served to calm the people and help them to face a very grave national crisis, its effect upon crime has been comparatively negligible. There is a general assent to the proposition that it has not prevented the demoralization which results from years of fruitless search for work. The Governor of the Polmont (Borstal) Institution reports the sad effect upon those admitted of 'prolonged unemployment.' 'They have developed,' he says, 'a slouching way of walking, and a very listless attitude to things in general.' But demoralization has not on the

whole degenerated into more than this pathetic 'listlessness.' There is a great increase of 'cadging' in the streets upon any excuse. This is extremely sad, but it is not crime; and the nation has reason to be proud of its record in face of the assault of enforced poverty.

It is distinctly probable that the absence of crimes attributable to poverty is in its turn due to the gradual disappearance of ignorance. For, in addition to the reforms mentioned above (which cost nothing), and in spite of the enormous dead-weight charge upon the British Budget, there has been a gratifying increase of expenditure upon social services of a more imaginative and useful nature than the dole. The rates of war pensions are the most generous in Europe. Upon education the sum, unprecedented for Britain, of £85,000,000 is this year being spent; and to this must be added the sums devoted to education in the broader sense, for purposes ranging from maternity welfare to the new Pensions scheme for old age, widowhood, and so forth, passed into law this year. In the prisons themselves it is an essential part of the humaner methods now adopted to hold evening classes, which include lectures, concerts, and even debates. It is perhaps not to be expected that such things should influence the habitual criminal, but to the rest they must afford proof that the convict is not the victim of a tyrannical oligarchy, but the offender against one of the few necessary rules imposed upon the members of a free democracy. The following figures, though they prove the insensibility of the habitual, prove also the sensibility of the occasional, offender. In the year 1923–24, the latest for which statistics are available, 62 per cent of the men and 83 per cent of the women committed to prison had been previously convicted.

The conclusion of the whole matter is best stated in the words of the Prison Commissioners themselves as printed in their latest report. 'Among the adult population, although it is unsafe to draw definite conclusions, there is reason to think that the mental and moral disorganization produced in many people by the war is now passing away. Unforeseen events may falsify any forecast, especially in prison matters, but present circumstances, and the history of the past few years, give us reason to hope that prison population will show a steady, if slow, decline.' Since their report was written this forecast has been, in fact, justified by events.

Suppose Louis XVI had been able to sell off the Bastille because he could find no one to put in it, there might have been no French Revolution. Certainly tenantless prisons are a sign of a nation at peace within itself. And every day in Britain the prisons are emptying, and empty prisons are refilling with free men. In 1914 there were 62, housing a convict population of 167,000. To-day there are only 37, with a population of 58,000. Two months ago they auctioned the furniture and equipment of Newcastle Jail. Three months ago the last prisoner walked out of Ipswich. To-day Reading, where and of which Wilde wrote his terrible *Ballad*, is up for sale. Gone long ago are the ghastly scenes in the debtors' prison at Newgate, which the pen of Dickens transcribed to sear the consciences of his countrymen. Going to-day are all the scenes and signs of shame which Society creates for those who offend it. And some day, perhaps, in some dusty museum, the casual visitor will come across a coarse suit of stuff marked with the Broad Arrow, and wonder when so repellent a fashion could have been in vogue among the dandies of a bygone age.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL MEMORIES

North and South and East and West,
From Texas State to Maine,
We do our best with our weekly test
And write our answers plain.
Oh, it's dip pens all!
We hear the call
Our destinies to rule.
Wherever we are, Hurrah! Hurrah
For Correspondence School!
— Correspondence School Song

It can hardly escape the general observation of advertisement-lovers that educational opportunity is being enlarged and varied by an adaptation of the ancient Socratic, or catechetical, method to the postal facilities of the present century; and that, whereas formerly the student had to leave home and seek education, education, so to speak, is now leaving home and seeking the student. Many of us, to be sure, merely look at the pictures and skim carelessly over the text, wondering in an idle way whether anybody ever really does go to correspondence school, and forgetting that advertisements are not written and printed solely for entertainment. Thus unwittingly we pass the portals of an invisible institution, with a real faculty busily correcting in colored inks the examination papers of a host of students, each earnestly trying to develop great, but hitherto unsuspected, powers of feeling, observation, concentration, and thought. This invisibility makes advertising necessary. Other institutions of learning, older, gregarious, and visible in many objective ways, are indirectly and inexpensively advertised by these very characteristics. In the one case, as is common knowledge, the matriculant is customarily sent by parent or guardian; in the other, as we could not know without advertising, he sends himself. 'Why,' he has asked himself frankly, 'do others, less intelligent than I, succeed where I have failed?' Harvard or Yale would hardly deign to answer this anxious question — but Correspondence School does answer it: The others have learned how to USE their minds. Nor are they really 'less intelligent than I,' for we are all of equal intelligence *if we only knew it*, and these embarrassing and discouraging differences exist only because we don't. Different men, to be sure, will use a mind differently, — this one will make himself a great dramatist, that one a great scientist, another a great plumber, and another a great chiropractor, — but the splendid tradition of Correspondence School is that one mind, as such, is just as good as another. If, however, a man wishes to learn how to USE a mind he must WORK.

When I went to Correspondence School myself I was in doubt whether I had any mind at all. I had started to write an essay for the *Atlantic*, but the beginning was unpropitious; as Mr. Roget would have said, it was dull, prosaic, prosing, unentertaining, unlively, flat, pointless, stolid, stupid, plodding, humdrum, Bœotian, witless, reasonless, imbecile, weak, soft, sappy, feeble-minded, half-witted, shallow-pated, beetle-headed, driveling, puerile, and fatuous. It got nowhere, and it drooled as it went. I am an advertisement-lover, and had often enjoyed the pictures and text of the correspondence-school advertisements — and, after all,

there might be something in this notion of learning how to USE your mind! It would do no harm to send for the free booklet. 'Very few people,' said the booklet, 'really know themselves. They imagine they are this or that, and blunder through life the victims of their own ignorance. . . . The call is for the quick, leaping brain that is able to create ideas, to find fresh points of view, to make decisions as logical as they are swift, and to manufacture opportunities instead of waiting for them.' If my brain was like that it seemed reasonable to believe that I could get forward with my *Atlantic* essay; and it appeared also that the price of tuition had been temporarily reduced. Presently I received my number, my first lesson-book, and the first list of questions by the professor himself. 'You are unique,' said the lesson-book. 'In the world of business, in the world of science, in the world of art, in the world of thought, in the world of pleasure, every day and on every hand' — yea, even in the office of the *Atlantic* — 'one great cry of need goes forth, the cry for originality. If only you would hear it aright, it is the cry of the world for YOU. . . . Because you alone can fill this need the world will pay you, and pay you generously' — note that, *Atlantic Monthly* — 'to do so.' That, however, was for the future. The thing to do now was to shut the door, muffle the telephone, and study the lesson-book; to make my time-table of academic work — 'On Tuesday you may be out all evening at a social function, but if it causes you to travel by train or subway, your time-table will contain a note to that effect and the necessary book will be put into your pocket' — and begin the prescribed exercises for the development of my latent powers of observation and sense-perception. (It would have been unsportsmanlike to have even peeked at the professor's questions before studying the lesson-book and beginning the exercises.)

It was 10.37 by my time-table when I went out on the back porch and did Exercise II. 'Take up a position inside the house or outside — anywhere, indeed, that sense appeals are possible — and write down what you see, hear, or otherwise experience. *Specimen of Report.* You would write something like this: "I heard a train whistle, a motor car 'honked' in the distance. Saw a swallow fly past the window. Heard a strange sound several times, but could not identify it. Smelt frying bacon, and wondered on what food the pigs had been fed. Counted the shades of green in the foliage. There were five." ' And as I went to sleep that night I wondered if the time would ever come when I too, if I smelt frying bacon, would feel also a quick, intelligent wonder as to what the pigs had been fed on.

But it is, after the first excitement, a lonely way of going to school. I now and then wondered why our Alma Mater did not provide us with some modest insignia — a button, pin, hat-band, arm-band, or even a common necktie in some official Correspondence School colors — whereby we might know each other. There is much to be said for some such mark of identification. As things now are, Nos. 47642, 47670, 48100, and 48196, for example, might live on the same street, and yet be no better acquainted than No. 47760, who lives in Maine, and No. 48101, who lives in Texas. Friendships cannot ripen under such circumstances. A modest button, perhaps decorated with the features of Socrates, need add little or nothing to the cost of tuition; it would open the way for a heartier and more attractive undergraduate life, permit the organization of fraternities, athletic teams, glee clubs, and other student interests that make formal

advertising unnecessary for the older and gregarious institutions, and encourage the getting together of alumni in the same neighborhoods. I should have liked at least to have a photograph of my professor. As the course progresses, however, and the imagination of the student develops, he can *imagine* his professor and classmates, and in this exercise he will be greatly helped by his improving memory for the advertisements and the free booklet. At the foot of the class, I used to think, was the young man who had been unable to concentrate on his clerical duties — Mr. Scatterbrain, as Bunyan would have called him; and perhaps you have seen his picture. He *looked* stupid. He tipped back his chair, and eased his feet on a convenient drawer of his desk. What went on in his undisciplined mind was printed in the smoke of his cigarette. 'Must be near lunch time,' he thought. 'Wish I had $500 — HATE BOSS — Florida — Girl with a red hat — Why don't I get a raise?' Then one day he heard, like me, that the only trouble with him was that he did n't know how to USE his mind, and now he is with us.

But he must work, WORK! Oh, it will not be easy for Mr. Scatterbrain — nothing like so easy, I fear, as he fancied it would be when he joined the class. No more of that amorous mental dalliance with red-hatted females! 'The power to create a vast business, or to solve a profound problem in mathematics, or to discover a great law like gravitation is said to be the offspring of thought, but every success in thinking has two accompaniments: the inward urge and hard work.' More than once it will be necessary for him to grit the teeth of his mind and recall what Lesson No. 1 revealed to him and me and all of us about our unsuspected Selves.

And who shall say that those unsuspected Selves, in some way that we are incapable even of suspecting, do not meet and mingle and go arm-in-arm about our campus, which is as large as the continent? I like to think so. Good fellows all, male and female, we were a varied lot of undergraduates, — accountants, actresses, army officers (as I take a few at random from the occupational list of students in the free booklet), dietitians, diplomats, funeral directors, hatters, shoemakers, social workers, tree surgeons, valets, wireless operators, woolsorters, and writers, — all so busy, apart and yet together, with our professor's question: '(*a*) Do you arrive at conclusions quickly? (*b*) Confidently? (*c*) Correctly? (*d*) If not, what do you believe to be the hindrance?' I wonder how Mr. Scatterbrain is answering it. Probably (*a*) Yes. (*b*) Yes. (*c*) Yes. (*d*) Girl with a red hat.

Mens sana in corpore sano. Every morning, apart and yet together, we do our physical exercises (*a*) in bed and (*b*) out of bed. Every morning we practise relaxation, and become for the moment like so many drooping plants, each in a separate garden bedroom. All together we exhale our breath and our ideas of worry, anxiety, fear, hurry, ill-nature, resentment, ugliness, effort, striving, and doubt. All together we fill our memories and imaginations with sweet and restful things — 'for instance,' says the lesson-book, 'the delicious moment that comes after relief from toothache.' All together we inhale, and as the fresh air flows into us we know that in the future our health, our sanity, our poise, our power, will depend not only on food but also on repose. And then perchance we go out to practise our exercise for Will and Effort: 'From among the people whom you find boring or irritating, choose the greatest offender of all, and accept the first opportunity of conversing with him (or her). Display a genial and

accommodating attitude throughout.' This I found to be a particularly stiff exercise.

East and West and South and North,
From Maine to Texas State,
We all stand forth by our mental worth,
Each one a potentate.
Oh, in ways diffuse
Our minds we use
Our destinies to rule.
Wherever we are, Hurrah! Hurrah
For Correspondence School!

A MONEY-LENDING

No sound had betrayed her coming. Her bare feet had moved silently across the marble floor. First I was aware of a faint scent of betel nut. Then I felt her slim brown hand laid gently on my arm, and I turned to find her sitting on the floor beside me.

She was immaculately clean and neat. A new red-and-tan sarong, bought with her first month's *gadji* since she came to serve as bedroom *baboe* in our house, was fastened, in the fashion of all the Malay women, snugly about her waist, and reached to her slender ankles. Above it she wore a jacket of pale-blue lawn, fastened down the front by three large elaborate brooches of carved gold. The transparent jacket disclosed an underbodice, clean and white, and abundantly decorated with lace. Her sleek black hair was drawn back smoothly from her brow and gathered into a pretty knot behind — a mysterious knot, the secret of which I cannot probe, for, no matter how heavy the mass, the Malay woman requires no pin to support it.

Baboe often slipped in like this and sat for a few minutes on the floor at my feet, for purposes purely social; but on this occasion she appeared to have something of importance on her mind. It was the first of the month. She had been paid the night before. But so, she may have surmised, had the *toewan* — the gentleman, head of the house.

'*Njonja*,' she began, her voice soft and rather shy. Then she stopped, with one of her frequent giggles.

'*Apa Baboe maoe?*' I inquired, to help her out.

'*Baboe minta Njonja toeloong Baboe* (Baboe begs the Njonja to help her),' she answered.

'*Begimana* (How)?' I asked her.

There followed a torrent of Malayan words, only a few of which I understood. I was able to discern, however, that she needed money in order to have restored to her an article of value which she had temporarily lost.

So it was a loan she desired. Lending money is a great weakness with me — a weakness I have been many times exhorted to overcome. I ruminated on past experiences in lending money to servants. There was Mollie, the affable Negress who once assisted me in Alabama. It was ten dollars that Mollie needed, and she needed it for a laudable purpose: to go on a visit to her little boy, whom she had in a moment of generosity — or perhaps economy — given to her sister. I had children myself. Of course I advanced Mollie the money to go for a glimpse of her baby. She disappeared down the road with a gallant backward wave, my ten dollars in the mitten of the hand that waved. I never saw her again. To be sure the toewan — not a toewan then, but merely 'the boss' — drove out to Mollie's house, when he was next in Birmingham, to inquire into the case of the ten dollars. Mollie, with her feet on the mantel and smoking a large black cigar, could do nothing for him.

'I ain't got dat ten dollahs no mo',' she told him, willing to repay but obviously disqualified. 'No, I ain't got it no mo', Mistah Jenkins. I done spent dat ten dollahs.'

And here was Baboe requesting, not

ten dollars, but fifty-five *rupias*, which come to the respectable sum of twenty-two dollars.

I was aghast. I felt for words to express myself. Baboe, seeing my lingual difficulty, slipped quietly to my room and returned with my English-Malay dictionary.

'Fifty-five rupias!' I exclaimed. 'Why, that is almost three months' gadji.'

She admitted my statement, and assured me she would work for me for three months with no gadji at all if I would step into the breach for her this time.

'But how would you live?'

'*Baboe laki-laki kasi Baboe* (Baboe's husband will provide for her).'

Baboe's laki-laki happens to be my houseboy, and I did not wish to occasion domestic difficulties.

'What does your husband say to this plan?' I asked her.

'He says nothing. He can say nothing,' she told me.

I questioned her further as to the object she was desiring. It appeared to be an article of personal adornment — and American, too. She laughed, entertained that she should think me all the readier to restore her possession because I shared its homeland.

Where was it, I wished to know; and it evolved that it was in the *gadi roemah*. I turned over the pages of my dictionary and discovered that the gadi roemah was a government pawnshop. When this light broke on me, Baboe was enchanted. She seemed to have faith that if I once understood the situation I would come to her rescue — which turned out to be the case.

'Are n't you willing to wait?' I asked her. 'Wait and save your gadji and redeem your ornament yourself?'

Again she laid her hand on my arm and answered naïvely, 'Baboe is willing to wait, but the gadi roemah is not willing to wait. If Baboe does not pay at once she will lose her — ' But even then I was not able to determine just what it was that she would lose, beyond the fact that, like me, it was American.

And in the end I went to the safe and got the fifty-five guilders. The little Baboe is so faithful in her service, so loyal in her devotion, so cheerful in a house frequently left echoingly empty by the journeys of the toewan into the jungles of Sumatra! Of course it is bad discipline to advance three months' wages, and I cautioned Baboe not to talk it over with the other servants. She dropped her voice to secret pitch and swore not to mention it. She promised to work for me faithfully and well. Wherever I went, there would she follow. Even when I returned to America, she would go with me there: '*Pigi* America *sama Njonja!*' And again and again she repeated her thanks: '*Trima kasi, trima kasi, Njonja.*'

And to-night she wore her redeemed ornament suspended from a chain about her neck. I was dazzled by it. How long, how very long had it been since I had looked upon its like! A slender rim of gold had been clamped about its edge to bear the ring which held it to her chain. Heavy and splendid it lay in my hand, its mellow gold eagle bearing proudly the emblems of liberty, this medal most desired by the women of a subdued race — a shining twenty-dollar gold piece of the United States of America.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Over against our indulgent, thoughtless days of the radio, movies, and the automobile set the admirable picture by **Lucien Price,** reminiscent of a village whence the gods are come down to us in the likeness of men. Mr. Price's manuscript was longish, and in reply to our comment on the fact we were rewarded with a letter from the author some of which we should like to quote: —

> And now that I have done my best to meet your necessities of publication, let me tell you my side of it.
>
> You can see that this is no casual piece of work. My heart and soul are in it, for it seemed to me that I was making my parents live again and bringing a wider fruition to their work. No pains were too great to lavish on these pages, and I spared none. What enabled me to write it at all was that the year before my mother's death I had the happy inspiration to ask her to write out chapters of her own, my father's, and the family history. She went at it with huge gusto, and was one whole winter busy with it — the chapters arriving every week or two, to the immense delight of us both; and now, of course, these papers are inexpressibly sacred to me. The article is put together largely from them. You can see that when I have compressed nearly a hundred years of family and village history and given it a bearing on our national life, compression can almost go no further and becomes to me something very much like pain. I realize, of course, that I must not expect anyone else to feel the way I do about these pages; and yet I wonder, when I am giving my very best and my dearest, if an extra five minutes is too much to ask of the reader?

If as an offshoot of this paper a single green thing blooms in the desert, Mr. Price is answered. ¶It is something to contribute fresh arguments to a discussion which, according to Biblical chronologers, began in 4004 B.C., but the two professors whom we pair do the trick. Head of the Department of Architecture at McGill University, **Ramsay Traquair,** in his leisure, revels in a more dangerous sport than bear-baiting. **James H. Leuba,** Professor of Psychology at Bryn Mawr, paradoxically presents a reasoned theory of the mental inferiority of women. ¶Iowa born and raised, **James Norman Hall** is a veteran of 'Kitchener's mob,' an ace of the Lafayette Escadrille, and a writer of promise and performance. Driven by that endurable wound, restlessness, he sailed to the South Seas, and there, with but brief excursions, he has remained for six years. On a recent visit home Captain Hall had pause to consider his experiment in expatriation. 'Every time I come away (from Tahiti),' he writes us, 'the elastic tension in my tether seems to grow stronger and I am snapped back again almost before I know it.'

* * *

George Herbert Palmer, Professor Emeritus of Philosophy, has been for two generations a famous teacher at Harvard University, where he was one of the stars in that firmament of philosophy which numbered William James, Royce, and Santayana. ¶In reading the essay of **Sarah N. Cleghorn,** a favorite *Atlantic* contributor, one should be reminded that there is as much malice as Alice in the immortal Wonderland. **Emily James Putnam,** wife of the distinguished publisher, George H. Putnam, is a prose writer of whom American readers have had many occasions to be proud. Her present story, the first of a charming series, was written last summer in Central Africa. How curious that at the same time in America another ingenious author wrote once more the story of Helen! Lest the implications from Herodotus prove too modern for our classicist, we are careful to quote literatim the translated text.

> The priests, in answer to my inquiries on the subject of Helen, informed me of the following particulars. When Alexander had carried off Helen from Sparta, he took ship and sailed homeward. On his way across the Ægean a gale arose, which drove him from his course and took him down to the sea of Egypt; hence, as the wind did not abate, he was carried on to the coast, when

he went ashore, landing at the Salt Pans in that mouth of the Nile which is now called the Canopic. At this place there stood upon the shore a temple, which still exists, dedicated to Herakles. If a slave runs away from his master, and taking sanctuary at this shrine gives himself up to the god and receives certain sacred marks upon his person, whosoever his master may be, he cannot lay hand on him. This law still remained unchanged to my time. Hearing, therefore, of the custom of the place, the attendants of Alexander deserted him and fled to the temple, where they sat as suppliants. While there, wishing to damage their master, they accused him to the Egyptians, narrating all the circumstances of the rape of Helen and the wrong done to Menelaus. These charges they brought, not only before the priests, but also before the warden of that mouth of the river, whose name was Thonis.

As soon as he received the intelligence, Thonis sent a message to Proteus, who was at Memphis, to this effect: 'A stranger is arrived from Greece; he is by race a Teucrian and had done a wicked deed in the country from which he is come. Having beguiled the wife of the man whose guest he was, he carried her away with him, and much treasure also. Compelled by stress of weather, he has now put in here. Are we to let him depart as he came, or shall we seize what he has brought?'

Proteus replied: 'Seize the man, be he who he may, that has dealt thus wickedly with his friend, and bring him before me, that I may hear what he will say for himself.'

Thonis, on receiving these orders, arrested Alexander and stopped the departure of his ships; then, taking with him Alexander, Helen, the treasures, and also the fugitive slaves, he went up to Memphis. When all were arrived, Proteus asked Alexander who he was and whence he had come. Alexander replied by giving his descent, the name of his country, and a true account of his late voyage. Then Proteus questioned him as to how he got possession of Helen. In his reply Alexander became confused and diverged from the truth, whereon the slaves interposed, confuted his statements, and told the whole story of the crime.

Finally Proteus delivered judgment as follows: 'Did I not regard it as a matter of the utmost consequence that no stranger driven to my country by adverse winds should ever be put to death, I would certainly have avenged the Greek by slaying thee. . . . I suffer thee to depart; but the woman and the treasures I shall not permit to be carried away. Here they must stay till the Greek stranger comes in person and takes them back with him. For thyself and thy companions, I command thee to begone from my land within the space of three days.'

Such is the account given by the Egyptian priests, and I am myself inclined to regard as true all that they say of Helen, from the following considerations: If Helen had been at Troy, the inhabitants would, I think, have given her up to the Greeks, whether Alexander consented to it or no. For surely neither Priam nor his family could have been so infatuated as to endanger their own persons, their children, and their city, merely that Alexander might possess Helen. The fact was that they had no Helen to deliver, and so they told the Greeks; but the Greeks would not believe what they said — divine providence, as I think, so willing that by their utter destruction it might be made evident to all men that when great wrongs are done the gods will surely visit them with great punishments.

HERODOTUS, Book II, chapters 113–115, 120

From Chicago **Marjorie Lane** sends us her first contribution to any magazine. Replying to our encouragement she declared: —

If ever, after seventy, I should attain to the dignity of an autobiography, I should devote a chapter to First Things in my life; and there would be the ecstatic moments of my first journey in the air, my first vision of the *filets bleus* at Concarneau, and my first letter of acceptance from an Editor.

* * *

Kuno Francke is Professor Emeritus and honorary curator of the Germanic Museum at Harvard University. ¶A Bostonian, **Caroline Howard Gilman** in 1819 married and went to live in Charleston, S. C. For threescore years, and despite the fact that during the Civil War she had children in either camp, she proved herself a loyal and unflinching defender of the city of her adoption. ¶Among the souvenirs which **Vernon Kellogg** brought back from the South Seas was this satiric memory. **Alan Burroughs** is an executive of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. **R. Clyde Ford,** who loves a good story as he loves his Stevenson, followed his master's footsteps through the Cévennes. ¶Author of several volumes of verse and instructor of English at Harvard University, **Robert Hillyer** is the proud owner of a woods, a meadow, and a pond at Pomfret, Connecticut. **William T. Foster** and **Waddill Catchings** are the joint authors of *Profits*, a volume in the Pollak Foundation series. A prize of five thousand dollars is offered for the best

adverse criticism of this book submitted to the Pollak Foundation, Newton 58, Massachusetts, before January 1, 1927. The paper on 'The Dilemma of Thrift' in this issue presents in a condensed but lucid version the argument for the criticism of which the prize is offered. Mr. Foster was formerly President of Reed College; Mr. Catchings is an active business man connected with a number of important enterprises.

* * *

Since the war **T. H. Thomas** has exchanged his majority in the American G. H. Q. at Chaumont for a quiet home at Windsor, Vermont, without impairing his interest and accuracy in foreign affairs. **Evans Lewin** is a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society and Librarian of the Royal Colonial Institute of London. ¶Of a family whose name has long been associated with Imperial affairs, **Colin R. Coote** was for several years a Member of Parliament.

* * *

'Modestine's Shoes,' Mr. Ford's sprightly reminiscence of R. L. Stevenson in this issue, must add emphasis to this letter. Both the tomb and the pilgrims' way must be protected for future readers.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CAL.

EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEAR SIR: —

Dr. Charles H. Gilbert, Professor of Zoölogy at Stanford University, is now in the South Seas, and he writes me from Apia, Samoa, that the trail up Mount Vaea to Stevenson's tomb on the summit is neglected, being 'wholly blocked for considerable distances with down timber, and the immediate surroundings of the tomb looking forlornly unkempt. The island of Upolu is now under mandate to New Zealand, and will probably cost them a pretty penny to administer it. I fear little can be hoped from that source, and wonder whether a fund could not be raised by subscription sufficient to keep decently in order the last resting-place of a man who has enriched the lives of all who read the English tongue.'

Very truly yours,

DAVID STARR JORDAN

* * *

The *Boston Globe* remarked the other day that if you believe a professor writing in a literary magazine can't start something you had better listen to the story of Professor Ripley and his *Atlantic* paper, 'From Main Street to Wall Street.' Well, it is a story worth listening to. Within a week following the publication of the January *Atlantic*, the great papers of the country had taken it up, and an avalanche of letters poured into this office. Within a month the Board of Governors of the New York Stock Exchange had taken actual steps to remedy the situation, and the President had summoned Professor Ripley to the White House. According to the papers, the President commended the article to the attention of every American.

Many well-known promoters and managers raised their voices on the other side, but the accumulating tendency to divorce industrial control from financial responsibility, as shown by Professor Ripley, has touched public sensibility, and at this writing everything points to immediate change in a dangerous practice.

* * *

Dr. Dublin's paper on Birth Control touched a twitching nerve. Here is an effective letter that calls for a dissemination of knowledge which it is as yet impossible to broadcast.

ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

My pen is feeble, but my convictions are strong on the subject of Birth Control, so I must perforce take up the former as a weapon in behalf of the latter.

Mr. Louis I. Dublin, who wrote 'The Fallacious Propaganda for Birth Control' in the February *Atlantic*, can sweep me down like a blade of grass before a lawn-mower when it comes to statistics, but I know from the experience of four years' living and working in the shadow of the teeming tenements of New York's East Side, as a visiting nurse and social-service worker, what a boon intelligently given knowledge of birth control could be to so many exhausted mothers, old women of thirty and thirty-five years. One such I have vividly in mind. Could Filomena, the oldest of the family, speak you might hear this explanation from her lips: —

'Yes, our baby died. He was so sick. He breathed fast and got all blue and died. My mother cried like anything and prayed to Saint Rita and the Holy Virgin. Then they dressed him in a new white dress, with candles all about, and pictures of the saints. I wonder why the baby came if he must die so soon and make my mother sick and sad. When Tony came, my

mother she sings sometimes and takes us to the park. But soon Luigi came, then little Joe, and now last month the baby. My mother cough so much. She goes a long time to the clinic doctor and he tells her to spit in a paper to burn up. I think she has too much clothes to wash. Always the tub full. That makes her cough, and we never go to the park any more. The clinic nurse said a funny thing to the doctor one day my mother had been there. She said the baby should never have come. I wonder why. Are not all babies sent from God?'

Yours very truly,
H. Perlee Bouton

* * *

When to 'say when.'

Church of the Annunciation
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Atlantic, —

I have just read, with deep interest, the two articles in the February issue — 'Prohibition without Propaganda' and 'The Question of Personal Liberty.'

I have long had a plan that I feel would cover the situation as nearly to perfection as is possible in this age. The Volstead Act should be interpreted according to what is intoxicating to each individual. This would mean that we would go back to pre-Eighteenth Amendment drinks — hard, medium, and soft. But the point would be here: just as in 'the good old days' the saloon-keeper must have a license to sell, under this plan the drinker would also be compelled to have a license to drink. Also, hard drinks could only be sold by the bottle and could not be consumed on the premises. The drinker would take out a license each year — at a cost; the license would be a small card upon which the picture of the person holding the license would appear, similar to railroad passes. No dealer could sell a drink of wine or beer, or a bottle of hard drink, unless the person presented his license. If a person were arrested for intoxication, his license would be stamped; three such arrests would mean the loss of his license; the loss of the license for three years in succession would bar him from obtaining another drinking-license for another three years. Of course licenses would be misused, etc., etc., etc. But the point is, each person would have the privilege in this 'free country' of proving to himself and to the world just what was an intoxicating liquor to him.

Of course the plan is rough, but it could be made workable, I believe. No one would have his liberty restrained until his liberty interfered with that of another.

Yours truly,
(Reverend) Carl I. Shoemaker

Like water through a sieve.

Nassau, B. I., *January* 29

Dear Atlantic, —

Feeling that at last the United States would be able to enforce the Prohibition law, great was the shock, upon reaching Nassau, to find half the town huge warehouses full of whiskey, 'waiting to go to the United States,' and spoken of in the most matter-of-fact way. The owner of a small launch said, 'I have been running rum into Charleston Harbor, but my engine is not as fast as it was, so now I turn to pleasure parties.' The steamer for Jamaica was twenty-four hours late sailing, as they had 15,000 cases to unload. The previous trip they had 25,000 cases. Another steamer anchored near, unloading the same amount. With liquor cheap and to be bought anywhere, there is no drunkenness in Nassau. But what of Prohibition for the United States?

E. P. L.

* * *

The doubts raised by 'The Modernist's Quest for God' have stirred many replies. This Unitarian minister makes an interesting distinction between earned and inherited religion in a letter we are unfortunately obliged to abridge.

Concord, N. H.

Dear Atlantic, —

The writer of 'The Modernist's Quest for God' in the February *Atlantic*, and doubtless 'thousands like' him, are confused and baffled by the tendency in religious thought and practice popularly called 'Modernism.' He has made the interesting discovery that 'more than it (Modernism) realizes, it is living on its inherited capital — the stored-up memories and affections that gather about a traditional faith and the art and poetry of Christianity.' This statement is doubtless true; but is it not also quite as true of the more conventional forms of Christianity? In the world of spiritual values as in the world of material values it is an extraordinarily difficult thing to cut loose from and to live independently of inherited capital. It is not a serious criticism of Modernism nor is it a serious criticism of Fundamentalism to declare that it is living on its inherited capital of spiritual and moral values. It is to be taken for granted.

Religion, with its literature, its traditions, its symbolism, its meetinghouses and cathedrals, its saints and martyrs, has given us a priceless 'inherited capital.' Some of it is of doubtful value. Some of it is treasure-trove, rich in the wisdom of the ages. But this capital, thus inherited, is not personal but social in character. As a citizen of the United States I have inherited

vast social wealth. I live in the richest nation in the world, so I am told. That assures me many advantages in life — provided I meet the demands upon which such advantages may be enjoyed. My coal bill, my grocery bill, my subscription to the *Atlantic*, I cannot pay for by drawing a check on this vast inherited capital. I must have gained a title to capital which I may call my own in order to pay these personal obligations of life. Until I have earned that capital I cannot enter into the heritage of the vast social capital in the midst of which I live. Likewise I cannot draw a check on the inherited capital of Christianity for the purpose of meeting my own personal needs of faith and conduct. I must earn for myself by my own efforts some spiritual capital that becomes my own. Only upon this capital may I draw a check in time of need. My account of spiritual faith and wisdom may be very modest and humble, but it is the only account that I have earned a right to draw a check on. But, having earned that modest account by my own travail and pain, the doorway of understanding, the 'inherited capital' of Christianity, has been opened.

In this New World we must build our shelters and our cathedrals of faith in life's values. The rugged people that developed a civilization among these New England hills did not wait for some great soul to tell them that they were laying the foundations for a great republic. They built their log cabins, made their clearings, blazed trails through the forests, and earned by hard labor the title to their homesteads.

In the world of religion we are building our houses of faith in a new intellectual environment. We need not the triumphal utterance of the great leader so much as we need the well-earned title to faith and wisdom gained by men and women who naturally and spontaneously like the life of pioneer dangers and hardships. We cannot depend entirely upon our 'inherited capital.' We cannot live entirely independent of it. We are bound in our generation, as all generations before us have been bound, to create our own spiritual capital, suited to our time and our problems.

(Reverend) Earl Davis

* * *

Riding one's hobby to business.

Noroton, Conn.

Dear Atlantic, —

I have talked with several business men concerning 'My Secret Sin,' which appeared in the Contributors' Club of your January number. We are so completely unanimous that this letter really represents a community report, although I write individually.

It is true that the American business man is not too deeply versed in the æsthetic, and that he does not habitually wear upon his sleeve his love of beauty. It is also true that any man's hobby is likely to be a subject for good-natured jest among his associates, but there is hardly a trace of truth in the thought that a business man loses any standing among his associates by loving beauty, and by announcing the fact to the whole world.

I have been an office worker, salesman, sales-manager, and finally the head of a successful business. My hobbies are trees, and art scrapbooks, although I bow to few in fondness for flowers and for clouds. I have never made any secret of these outside interests. I have never seen any business group or business situation in which they could not be displayed without awkwardness or detriment. In fact, discussion of hobbies frequently creates an atmosphere in which it is very easy to do business. I recall one House Conference in which everybody was giving talks that might have appeared in *Success*, or *System*, and when my turn came I read a forty-minute paper on Ruskin's *Modern Painters*. I believe everybody in the concern thought the better of me afterward. I recall that the president asked me to take his wife and daughter through the Metropolitan Museum. (No, I did not marry the daughter; I had five children already.)

Like the Secret Sinner, I know where arbutus grows. It happens to be over one hundred miles away, and it happens to call for a tramp of four miles from a country railroad station. I go there each year, accompanied by one or two business acquaintances. We do not hide our arbutus in a newspaper. We display it on our desks. This was as true when I was an office worker as it is to-day.

I have as my week-end guest the president of a big concern. His hobby is birds, and he is the author of two bird-books. A man is usually at his best in discussing the things that he loves. He tells me that many an employee has first come to his attention as a man of promise through the discussion of the very topics which the Secret Sinner so carefully avoids. Let him take courage and *be himself*.

Yours sincerely,

W. W. Drew

KALAMAZOO TO YOU

BY ERNEST C. AULD

An institution of learning, founded in 1833, created in the sublime spirit of service, dedicated to fellowship in learning, continued in the making of pathfinders, with attendant self-discovery, initiative, and individuality, has alumni in Turkey, India, China, France, Great Britain, Mesopotamia, the West Indies, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Japan, Canada, and in nearly every state of our country.

Kalamazoo College, limited to four hundred in the student body, adheres to the known concept of its founder, Rev. Thomas W. Merrill, a graduate of Colby College, who journeyed on horseback a dozen years before the coming of the railroad and worked several years to raise the necessary funds to obtain a charter, in 1833, in the territory of Michigan, which read: "An Act of the Legislature Council of Michigan, 1833, to promote the knowledge of all those branches of education usually taught in academies and collegiate institutions." Varying the name, the college was granted a charter under the name of the Kalamazoo College by the state legislature of Michigan in 1855, and was the first coeducational institution of the country. Among the presidents was John Milton Gregory, LL.D., who was called from Kalamazoo College to become the first president of the University of Illinois.

Once you view the college campus of over twenty-five acres, you feel the inspiration that produces memories unpurchasable in the student mind. A mile from the heart of Kalamazoo, these acres seem far removed — almost cloistered. A Christian spirit is evident; in talks with nearly every member of the faculty, the dean of women, and many of the students, the writer discovered real and practical expressions of the spirit of the Great Teacher.

The college is maintained largely by the generosity of the Baptist denomination, which founded it, yet there is no discrimination. All faiths are represented in the student body — the Jewish, the Roman Catholic, and all Protestant denominations. A careful record of daily chapel service disclosed in four years only one student who asked to be excused from attendance. This little college has sent out seventy-five per cent of its pathfinders as teachers, preachers, and missionaries. Here is a normal group of real college young men and women, all animated with the idea of finding the real path to service.

College expenses are within reason. Every student can find an opportunity to meet expenses in part by some sort of effort in Kalamazoo. The faculty includes graduates from the leading universities of every quarter of the United States. Nothing can swerve these earnest men and women from their purpose of keeping the watch-fires of individuality in the forefront.

The actual operation of instruction is the most striking feature of this college. The classes are just large enough to be formal. There is a moral in the very morale, convincing to the outer view. There is enough formality to ensure discipline, and enough congeniality to make for ease in conveying instruction — student and professor actually seemed to blend in the different classes that came under observation.

Before the end of the first year of residence, each student, after consultation with the president, must

choose some member of the faculty as his adviser. Just the nub of what President Hoben said: "Our idea is the restoration of the old English conception of a college: namely, a faculty of known excellence living in fellowship with a small student body; to maintain a strict limit in point of number so that personal acquaintance is guaranteed; and to select for faculty positions only those persons who care to live with youth in the fellowship of learning. In conformity with this ideal, I make it a point to interview at length every student entering the college, for the purpose of ascertaining his calibre, degree of promise, and particularly his moral purpose. If one can succeed in the development of young people of promise to the point where they choose the good and spiritual things of life, rather than the inferior and superficial, I shall regard that as meeting the demands of a liberal education."

Surely everyone will say that Rev. Thomas W. Merrill, in founding Kalamazoo College, builded right.

* * * *

The wondrous strides in the fabrication and output in tonnage of paper in the United States have caused the admiration and envy of the entire world.

The precise time of paper-making in the western world is unknown. In the eighth century the Arabs began making paper. This knowledge went to Spain. Paper was soon after made in France, Germany, and later in England. From England in 1690 came the paper-makers who established a paper-mill in this country. To-day, Kalamazoo is recognized as the leading centre in paper-making. Its output is about two million pounds of paper daily.

One of the model paper-mills in the Kalamazoo valley, now in operation making Rexford Enamel and X-ray enamel papers, is the last achievement of a pioneer in paper-making who has left an unprecedented record of actual progress in this craft.

The Rex Paper Company of Kalamazoo is really a monument to a son of Pennsylvania who learned paper-making in Holyoke, Massachusetts.

The founder, John F. King, was not only associated with paper-making here but throughout the land. The Rex Paper Company is just east of Kalamazoo, in a twenty-five acre tract of which more than half is in buildings, embellished with beds of growing plants and flowers. It makes daily twenty-five tons of coated papers, generates its own power, and filters its own water.

The spiritual side of the manufacturing business in Kalamazoo is well exemplified in the Rex Paper Company. Talks with forty per cent of the workers of this mill show that a sense of loyalty exists among men and management, and almost of reverence for the founder. The company aims to pay a little more per hour in wages than is current.

The founder was born in Pennsylvania and found himself in a paper-mill in Holyoke, Massachusetts, at the age of twelve. He came west and was a machine tender. One of the oldest paper-makers in this valley said: "John F. King was a practical chemist and he acquired and understood a knowledge of paper-making that at times seemed intuitive. Never interested in money-making, he spent his time in inventing machinery, improving and improvising a galaxy of by far the most useful forces in this craft." He was looked upon as an outstanding paper-maker of the nation. His idea of better paper, of superlative enamel, with its added rag base, is winning now in competition between hemispheres. His inventions, his known building-up of many of the bigger mills now in operation, placed him as a leader among men in his line,

and he is so regarded in the United States. His last effort is a model of efficiency and he has left an organization not only loyal but unexcelled in its particular field of paper-making. From general manager to beater you will find no superiors.

The history of Michigan by George N. Fuller shows that John F. King was pioneer and leader of the paper-industry of the Kalamazoo valley. Machine tender, superintendent, organizer, he made one of the largest mills in Kalamazoo and also created the King Paper Company. In 1915 he organized and became president of the Rex Paper Company. He was an authority in all details of paper-making.

The consensus of opinion in this region is that John F. King aided in making Kalamazoo valley the big factor in paper-making in the country.

The known advancement made by the Rex Paper Company since the departure of its founder, John F. King, shows that the present president, his own son, Merrill B. King, and his organization have carried on.

* * * *

Out in Parchment the community spirit has eclipsed the old-fashioned policy of selfishness, and while the individual still works out his own salvation he is ready to and does help others. You get a full realization of this in the Sunday School connected with the Community House at Parchment. Two hundred and twenty-five pupils of nearly all creeds are taught to realize not only the love of their Spiritual Father but the love of country as well. They reverence God and they salute the flag, knowing the reasons why they do so. Their creed is loyalty — to God, country, and self.

In the fall of 1909, Jacob Kindleberger reached Kalamazoo and started the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company, just outside the confines of Kalamazoo. Five or seven workers began with the idea to render service to manufacturers and users of food-products that required protection.

In the mile and a half of buildings now there are eight hundred employees, working capacity. The invested capital is $7,000,000. All workers are American citizens by birth or declaration.

The company insures the lives of all employees hired before they have reached the age of sixty, and contributes one third of the money paid out by the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Employees Welfare Association against loss of time from sickness, etc.

A manufacturer having a problem in regard to the wrapping of his goods is invited to send his material to the research laboratory of the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company, and actual effort is made to wrap and protect the food-product economically, and to recommend the best wrapping-facilities.

The Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company made and sold paper for use in the habitable globe last year. Food-preserving papers, genuine Vegetable Parchment, pure wax papers, bond and ledger papers, Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment bond (water marked), Glendale bond and writing, Flivver bond, white and buff Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment ledger, waxed parchment, and shelf household papers, ice blankets, etc.

You learn why the business has gone on with such strides as to startle and mystify paper-makers. One man tells you he has been with the company from the start. He said: "This man Jacob Kindleberger, the president, knows how to make paper. He is a worker. When he first started here I saw him digging a ditch, stripped to the waist. He has a sense of loyalty and the men seem to know it and get it and grip the

idea. I have had lots of outside offers. I work here because I feel at home. My job is good as long as I take care of it. No man loses his job because of age."

Another man said: "I never saved a dollar until the president asked me, 'How many days' work have you put by since you have been here?'"

Interviewing men and women for a day and a half showed that cleanliness, loyalty, ability, and work were in the minds of all. As one old man put it, "This man Kindleberger never said, 'Go on,' but 'Come on, let's do it.'"

Jacob Kindleberger is the president and founder of the now seven-million-dollar plant, created in sixteen years. If you ask him his idea of his employees, his answer is: "We are one people: if those who work for the company succeed the company succeeds; if the company succeeds the workers succeed. Everyone is in the open here, and we feel that the spirit of service and fair dealing are not just words, but actualities out at Parchment."

* * * *

Industry has made greater progress in the past twenty-five years than in the previous five hundred years, and from this forward movement has come service to mankind. Uncounted millions living in every part of the globe where gas is to be found are using hot water from a big service station that has been years in the making.

Cleanliness can be next to godliness since hot water is cheap. Tables show that cold water service in cities costs from $22 to $300 per person. The cost of heating water, after deducting the cost of the Humphrey heater, is the actual cost of the gas used.

H. S. Humphrey, the designer and inventor of Humphrey Gas Water Heaters, and president of the company, started to manufacture them forty years ago.

In going through the Humphrey Company buildings in Kalamazoo, Michigan, your guide tells you: "We make the most complete line of gas water-heaters in the world." He introduces you to one of the men, and, as the guide steps aside, the man says: "Humphrey is one of us. He worked on the bench when we were just a few. He was then interested in what we did and how we got along. The men will all tell you that we all own our homes and feel certain that, as long as we can work, there is work here for us. If a man is in trouble or distress and Humphrey knows it, he will help him out. The fear of getting old, of not having a job, does not exist in this factory."

The shorthand notes taken from over eighty of the employed force show that a distinct fellowship of service is expressed in this concern.

Humphrey service comes in many types and sizes. For example, Humphrey Automatic Gas Water Heater, Type A, gives a limitless, instantaneous, economical hot-water supply. It has a thermal control. The operation is entirely automatic. Water is heated only as it flows through the coils. Opening any hot-water faucet starts the flow of water through the heater, and automatically turns on the gas. Closing the faucet stops the water, the gas, and the expense.

Frank A. Lemke, secretary, treasurer, and general manager, stressed the point that these Humphrey Automatic Hot Water Service Heaters are used in all kinds of places and in all climes.

H. S. Humphrey, the president, said: "In rendering a service to humanity, we are not unmindful of the men who have worked and aided in this endeavor. We take a personal interest in each and every one of them. They have shown high purpose in their usefulness, and we appreciate them."

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MAY, 1926

ON A CERTAIN CONDESCENSION IN AMERICANS

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

FIFTY-SEVEN years ago Mr. James Russell Lowell published in the *Atlantic Monthly* an urbanely caustic essay, 'On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners.' Despite discursiveness (it was a leisurely age), this *Apologia pro patria sua* is a model of good temper, good taste, and good feeling. Its author regretted England's dislike for our accent, France's distaste for our food, and Germany's contempt for our music; but he did not suffer himself to be cast down. With a modesty past all praise, he even admitted, what no good American will admit to-day, that popular government 'is no better than any other form except as the virtue and wisdom of the people make it so'; and that self-made men 'may not be divinely commissioned to fabricate the higher qualities of opinion on all possible topics of human interest.' Nevertheless he found both purpose and principle in the young nation, hammered into shape by four years of civil war. 'One might be worse off than even in America,' mused this son of Massachusetts; and we are instantly reminded of William James's softly breathed assurance: 'A Yankee is also, in the last analysis, one of God's creatures.'

Fifty-seven years are but a small fragment of time. Not long enough surely for the civilizations of Europe to decay, and the civilization of the United States to reach a pinnacle of splendor. Yet the condescension which Mr. Lowell deprecated, and which was based upon superiority of culture, seems like respectful flattery compared to the condescension which Americans now daily display, and which is based upon superiority of wealth. There has been no startling decline of European institutions, no magnificent upbuilding of our own; only a flow of gold from the treasuries of London, Paris, and Rome into the treasury of Washington. Germany's atavistic belief in the economic value of war, fruit of the evil seed sown in 1870, has been realized in a fashion which Germans least expected. England is impoverished in money and men. The casualties in the British army were over three million; the killed numbered six hundred and fifty-eight thousand. France is impoverished in money, men, and resources. A conscientious destruction of everything that might prove profitable if spared marked the progress of the invading Teutons. But the tide of wealth did not flow to Berlin. It leaped the sea,

and filled the coffers of the nation that had provided the sinews of war, and that had turned the tide of victory.

Under these circumstances, the deep exhaustion of countries that have been struggling for life as a drowning man struggles for breath is hardly a matter of surprise. Cause and effect are too closely linked to need elucidation. When an American newspaper syndicate tells us that 'Dr. Frank Crane Explains Europe,' we wonder how he comes to know more than the rest of us about it, until we find he does n't. 'There is only one thing the matter with Europe,' says 'the man with a million friends,' 'one root trouble from which all its difficulties spring. And the matter with Europe is that it has not yet learned to work and to love work. Europeans still idealize idleness. . . . What is happening now is that the people who are coming into power under the influence of democracy are getting tired of this sort of thing.'

My only excuse for quoting these words is that they were written by an American adult, syndicated by American adults, and read by American adults, and that they may therefore be taken as representing one layer of the American adult mind. Now it is all very well for an ironical scientist, like Dr. Joseph Collins, to intimate that there is no such thing as an American adult mind, and that the great body of the people think like children until they reach senility and cease thinking at all. The fact remains that nobody but a moron has any right to think like a child after he has ceased to be one. He goes on doing it because it is an easy, pleasant, and vastly self-sufficient thing for him to do. But the value of our thinking is the test of our civilization. If we apprehend the exact nature of our offering to the great depositories of human thought, we know where we stand in the orderly progress of the ages.

There does not seem to be much doubt on this score in the mind (I must continue to use the word) of the average American. The *Atlantic Monthly* published, in February 1924, a paper by Mr. Langdon Mitchell on 'The American Malady.' The writer quoted a few lines from an editorial in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, August 1923. 'There is only one first-class civilization in the world to-day. It is right here in the United States and the Dominion of Canada. Europe's is hardly second-class, and Asia's is about fourth- to sixth-class.' I verified this quotation, finding it a little difficult to credit, and borrowed it for a lecture I was giving in New York. My audience took it at its face value, and cheerfully, I might say enthusiastically, applauded the sentiment. It was evident that to them it was a modest statement of an incontrovertible fact, and they registered their cordial agreement. They seemed — so far as I could apprehend them — to believe that we were, like the Jews, a chosen people, that our mission was the 'uplift' of the human race, and that it behooved those who were to be uplifted to recognize their inferior altitude.

Is this an unusual frame of mind among educated Americans? Is it confined to Main Street, or to those who cater with shameless solicitude to our national self-esteem? Where can we find a better spokesman for the race than Mr. Walter Hines Page, a man to whom was given a hard and heart-rending job, who did it superlatively well (even the animadversions of his critics are based upon the success of his activities), and who died in the doing of it, worn out, body and soul and mind, as if he had been shot to pieces in the trenches. Yet this able and representative American thought and said that Latin civilization was a negligible asset to the world. He could see little good in people who did not speak English,

and no good at all in people who did not speak English or French. 'Except the British and the French,' he wrote to his son, Arthur Page, in December 1917, 'there 's no nation in Europe worth a tinker's damn when you come to the real scratch. The whole continent is rotten, or tyrannical, or yellow dog. I would n't give Long Island or Moore County for the whole of continental Europe.'

It was a curious estimate of values. Long Island is a charming place, and very rich. Moore County is, I doubt not, one of the most beautiful tracts in a supremely beautiful state. Nevertheless, there are those who would think them dearly bought at the price of Rome. No one can truly say that Switzerland, Denmark, and Holland are rotten, or tyrannical, or yellow dog. Indeed Mr. Page admitted that the Danes were a free people, and that Switzerland was a true republic, but too small to count — a typically American point of view. To interpret life in terms of size and numbers rather than in terms of intellect, beauty, and goodness is natural for a patriot who has more than three million square miles of country, and over a hundred million countrymen. As Walt Whitman lustily sang: —

> 'I dote on myself — there is that lot of me, and all so luscious.'

That Mr. Page clearly foresaw the wealth and strength that would accrue to the United States from the World War proves the keenness of his vision. In 1914 he wrote to President Wilson: 'From an economic point of view, we *are* the world; and from a political point of view also.' That he was sure this wealth and strength were well placed proves the staunchness of his civic pride. 'In all the humanities, we are a thousand years ahead of any people here,' was his summing-up in a letter to Mr. Frank Doubleday, 1916. Even our reluctance to credit Prussia with militarism showed the immaculate innocence of our hearts. 'There could be no better measure of the moral advance that the United States has made over Europe than the incredulity of our people.' Finally, in a burst of enthusiasm, or sentiment, or perhaps homesickness, comes a magnificent affirmation and elucidation of our august preëminence: 'God has yet made nothing or nobody equal to the American people; and I don't think He ever will or can.' Which is a trifle fettering to omnipotence.

Mr. Page's Americanism being what it was, I cannot help thinking that his countrymen might have more readily forgiven his admiration for the admittedly inferior qualities of Great Britain. His regard for England was not wholly unlike the regard of the English for the United States in Mr. Lowell's day: a friendly feeling made friendlier by a definite and delightful consciousness of superiority. Ten months before the war, he wrote to President Wilson: 'The future of the world belongs to us. . . . Now what are we going to do with this leadership when it falls into our hands? And how can we use the English for the highest uses of democracy?'

The last sentence is a faultless expression of national condescension. It would have given Mr. Lowell as much entertainment as did the comments of his British acquaintances. I know nothing to put by its side, because it is so kindly meant. Our lordliness is, as a rule, a trifle more severe, tinged with reproof rather than sweetened with patronage. When the Locarno Conference progressed to its satisfactory conclusion without our help or hindrance, a leading American newspaper seized the opportunity (which was not a good opportunity) to assert our domination over Europe, and to

remind her of the finality of our verdicts. If our President urged 'international agreements,' his words must be received outside the United States as 'a warning that this government, as represented by Mr. Coolidge, will accept no excuse for war anywhere.'

But why, in heaven's name, should any European nation offer an excuse to Mr. Coolidge for anything it feels disposed to do? If it belongs to the League of Nations, and undertakes, however lamely, to go to war on its own account, excuses are in order, but not to Washington. Even in the World Court we share our rights and responsibilities with other Governments, and accept or reject excuses in accordance with the will of the majority.

II

The Locarno Treaty has, in fact, given us food for thought. It does not in any way impair our safety or our interests. We are as big and as strong and as rich as we were before. But it does show us that something can be accomplished without our controlling influence. Our help is needed in the reconstruction of battered Europe; but, while we can withhold it at pleasure, giving it does not warrant too sharp a tone of authority. A little boy, who has since grown into a distinguished man of letters, once stepped with deliberation into a pond and stood there, to the detriment of his health and of his shoes. An indignant aunt summoned him to dry land. The little boy, being well out of reach, remained water-logged and defiant. The aunt, indisposed to pursuit, said sternly: 'Do you know what I do when youngsters refuse to obey me? I whip them.' The little boy, aware of moral as well as of physical immunity, replied with decision: 'You don't vip other people's children, I pwesume.' And neither, when it comes to the point, does the United States.

It is natural, though regrettable, that inferior nations, crowded together in Europe, which they have somehow contrived to make glorious and beautiful ('Thank God,' cried Henry James, 'for a world which holds so rich an England, so rare an Italy!'), should resent our presenting ourselves to them as an example. They have troubles and traditions of their own, inheritances great and grievous which reach back to

> . . . old, unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles long ago.

They cannot wipe the slate clean, and begin afresh after a new and improved model. We keep on telling them (I quote now from recent American utterances) that our 'accumulated heritage of spiritual blessings' is theirs to command; that our idealism 'has made itself felt as a great contributory force to the advancement of mankind,' and that 'the Stars and Stripes are a harbinger of a new and happier day for the lesser nations of the world.' We explain to them that we demand payment of their debts in order to maintain 'the principle of the integrity of international obligations'; and that our connection with a World Court is in the nature of a public notice 'that the enormous influences of our country are to be cast on the side of the enlightened processes of civilization.' 'Lord, gie us a guid conceit o' ourselves' is about the only prayer which the American has no need to utter.

If Europeans pay insufficient regard to our carefully catalogued virtues, Americans are far too deeply impressed by them. It is as demoralizing for a nation to feel itself an ethical exhibit as it is demoralizing for a young woman to win a beauty prize — by virtue of her nakedness — in an Atlantic City contest. The insult offered to our country by calling such a prize-winner 'Miss America' is not greater than the

insult offered to our country by calling every expansive wave of self-esteem 'Americanism.' If our civilization be 'infinitely the best so far developed in the ages,' we have all the less need to say so. If we are giving to the world 'supreme grandeur in service,' we can afford to be modest in calling attention to the fact. If we are, by virtue of precept and example, 'working great changes in the spirit of international morality,' it would be more self-respecting to give other nations a chance to express their unprodded appreciation and gratitude.

America has invested her religion as well as her morality in sound income-paying securities. She has adopted the unassailable position of a nation blessed because it deserves to be blessed; and her sons, whatever other theologies they may affect or disregard, subscribe unreservedly to this national creed. Scholars, men of letters, and the clergy lend it their seasonable support. Professor Thomas Nixon Carver of Harvard, who has written a clear, forceful, and eminently readable book on *The Present Economic Revolution*, seems to have no shadow of doubt that our good fortune is due to our good behavior. 'Prosperity is coming to us,' he says, 'precisely because our ideals are not materialistic. It is coming to us because we are pursuing the exalted ideal of equality under liberty, as it must of necessity come to any nation that pursues that ideal whole-heartedly and enthusiastically. . . . All these things are being added to us precisely because we are seeking the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, as they are always added, and must of logical necessity always be added, unto any nation that seeks those ideals of justice which are the very essence of the Kingdom of God.'

I wonder if righteousness can be linked so securely to the elements of success; and if food and raiment — all that is promised in the Gospel — can be magnified into the colossal fortunes of America. The American may not be materialistic; but he has certainly hallowed commercialism, and made of it both a romantic and a moral adventure. He sings its saga at banquets, and he relates its conquests to his sons in magazines and in much-read books. There is great satisfaction in doing this, and we are told it is well done. If something be lacking in such a philosophy, that something is not missed. It is easy to count up the value of the proprieties in a watchful world; but exceedingly hard to put the spiritual life on a paying basis. The Old Testament consistently taught that goodness and piety were rewarded with material well-being; but Christianity has committed itself to no such untenable proposition. 'He that findeth his life shall lose it' sounds inconceivably remote from the contemplation of well-merited affluence.

III

A point of difference between the condescension of foreigners in 1869 and the condescension of Americans in 1926 is that the magniloquence which amused and ruffled Mr. Lowell was mainly spoken (he was in a position to hear it both at home and abroad), and the magniloquence which to-day ruffles without amusing sensitive foreigners and Americans is, as I have shown by liberal quotations, printed for all the reading world to see. An editorial in *Current Opinion* modestly suggests that 'Europeans might learn a good deal if they would come over here, study the history of America since the war, and try to imitate our example. . . . We may be crass and uncultured; but at least we have been good sports, and have been honest enough, farsighted enough, and sagacious enough to render

the United States the soundest and healthiest nation in the world to-day.'

A 'good sport' recognizes handicaps. He knows and he admits that poverty is not the equivalent of wealth, that dead men are not equal to live men, that ruined towns are less habitable than sound ones. A 'good sport' may honestly believe that the one hope for mankind is 'the Americanization of the world'; but he does not coarsely call on Europe to 'clean up and pay up'; he does not write with comprehensive ignorance: 'Europeans will have to abandon their national vanities, and get together, before they can expect to get together with us'; he does not second the Congressman from Ohio who informed the American Chamber of Commerce in London that 'right now the United States wants to see Europe do some housecleaning without delay.' He may even venture a doubt when the Honorable David F. Houston, writing ably and reasonably in *Harper's Magazine*, June 1924, affirms our superior spotlessness. 'The United States,' says Mr. Houston, 'is in a position of leadership in all the fundamental idealistic, moral, and spiritual forces which make a nation great, and constitute a worthy civilization. It seeks as its highest aim to have a clean national household from cellar to attic.'

Seeks it, yes. All civilized countries seek political integrity, and justice in the administration of law. Sufficiency, security, and freedom are not the exclusive ideals of the United States. We may be as good as we are great, but our distaste for sincere and searching criticism blurs our national vision. A blustering, filibustering, narrow-minded Senate is not a source of legitimate pride. To lead the world in crime should be a source of legitimate humiliation. President Coolidge called the attention of the State Governors last January to the fact that twenty-four thousand persons had met their deaths by highway fatalities within twelve months. He said it was too many for one country in one year, and he was right. Yet twenty-four thousand deaths by accidents — some of which were unavoidable — are less appalling than eleven thousand deaths by violence in the same length of time. The combined numbers are worth the consideration of peace-loving Americans who write eloquently about the sacredness of life.

The crime waves in every State of the Union have now reached a stage of permanent inundation; and the ever-increasing youthfulness of criminals (the American Bar Association has called our attention to this point) promises more complete submersion in the future. It is gratifying to know that twenty-five million American children go to school every day; but some of them appear to spare time from their studies for the more exciting pursuits of robbery, housebreaking, and pathetically premature attempts at banditry, to say nothing of such higher flights as firing their schools and murdering their grandmothers. The *Ladies' Home Journal* has recently told us that 'everywhere in Europe the ambitious youngsters of the new generation are learning English, and studying American geography and political history. They want to get the spirit of what American Democracy really is.' We can but hope that these innocent offspring of effete civilizations will not extend their studies to American newspapers. If they do, they may give their backward countries an unexpected lesson in progress. In 1923, Scotland, with a population of five millions, had only eleven murders, while Massachusetts, with a population of four millions, could boast of one hundred and seven. It almost seems as if we could do a little housecleaning of our own.

The superiority complex is, however,

as impervious to fact as to feeling. It denies the practical, it denies the intellectual, and it denies the spiritual. The Sorbonne and the Institut Pasteur make no more appeal to it than does the girl Jeanne d'Arc, or the defenders of Verdun. France as the inspiration of the artist, the stimulus of the thinker, the home of those who seek to breathe the keen air of human intelligence, is lost in the France that cannot stabilize the franc, or keep the peace in Syria. She is, in our eyes, a nation reprehensible because she demands the security which two oceans guarantee to us, and contemptible because she has failed to readjust herself after such calamities as we have never known.

What the American likes and respects is what he is happy enough to possess: efficiency, moral uniformity, and a fairly good brand of standardized thought. Conventions are the life and soul of the country, and there is nothing like a convention (except perhaps a political campaign) for making us think well of ourselves. The importunate virtues of small communities are nourished by oratory, and by uplift-mongers on platforms, and in the editorial columns of widely circulated periodicals. Uplifting has become a vocation, and its practitioners enjoy the esteem and gratitude of the public. There is a poignantly funny description in one of William James's letters of a lady, the wife of a Methodist minister, whom he met at Chautauqua, who told him she had his portrait hanging in her bedroom, and underneath these words: 'I want to bring balm to human lives.' 'Supposed,' said the horrified — and modest — philosopher, 'to be a quotation from *me*.'

Americanism has been defined as 'the more or less perfect expression of the common belief that American ideals realize themselves in American society.' This belief is wholly disassociated from the austere creed of the patriot. It was not patriotism which made foreigners in Mr. Lowell's day so sure that they were conferring a favor on the United States by visiting our shores. It is not patriotism which makes Americans to-day so sure that they are conferring a benefit on Europe by advice and admonition, by bidding her study our methods and imitate our example. There is an intellectual humility which is another name for understanding. It enables us to measure the depths of tragedies which have brought us no personal pain, and the height of supremacies which have failed to arouse our ambitions. It is the key to history, and the open-sesame to the hearts of men. It may even come as close to deciphering the mysterious ways of God as the complete assurance that we are His deservedly favorite children.

It takes a great deal to make an enjoyable world. It takes all we have to give to make a world morally worthy of man. Efficiency is an asset; but, without a well-balanced emotional life, it gets us no further than the door of human happiness. Peace and wealth are serviceable possessions; but only intense personalities can create art and letters. Good-will, which Santayana says is the great American virtue, shines like a lamp; but even good-will must be intelligently directed if it is to light up the dark places of the earth; and the dark places of the earth are not confined to other continents than ours. The desire to taste the pleasure of contrast — which is a cruel delight — has disposed us to ignore those things which may be conceived as lowering us to our neighbor's level. 'In judging others,' says the wise and singularly ironic à Kempis, 'a man usually toileth in vain. For the most part he is mistaken, and he easily sinneth. But in judging and scrutinizing himself he always laboureth with profit.'

THE CHALLENGE

THE BUDDHA AND THE CHRIST

BY L. ADAMS BECK

In common with other readers, I have been deeply interested in the articles on personal religious experience which have appeared in this magazine, touching and often beautiful as they are in their expressions of faith, hope, and resignation to the inexplicable pains and injustices of the surrounding world. They depict the struggles of difficult adjustment to life, spiritual and external, as it is conceived in the Western world, pathetically and, as it seems to one accustomed to the sterner, more august verities of high Oriental thought, ineffectually, and in any case through methods which can only have a personal application. Here and there in the West the individual soul thus lulls itself with its own dear-bought anodynes, its own appropriation of what best enables it to fight its battle with the contradictions of life and experience. These cannot escape its eyes, and can only be met with the cry: 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' It is as though, in a general *sauve qui peut*, each were to snatch up what he can of his goods and recite his own experiences in view of another possible accident.

The Orient has, as it believes, sought for and found a larger confidence — a Law applicable, not here and there, but to all humanity, and more, to all that has being; and since where it is followed it appears to bring peace and certitude, not only individually, but nationally, it may be worth a little consideration.

I

In the West the science of the soul has never been studied. Our religion was taken over from a small Oriental nation in its decadence. With the nations of Europe it was an exotic; it had not sprung from the soil of our own deep experience, from our fears and hopes and agonies. Its roots could not strike strongly, and its blossoms required a hothouse protection from the cold blasts of daily and natural experience. It was not and could not be more than the theoretical creed of the average man of the European family; it aroused his interest very faintly save through his fears, and through his understanding scarcely at all; and, in consequence, the drama of the spiritual adventure, which is really the highest and most enthralling romance in the world, was abandoned to the priests, while the laity concentrated on the struggle for material prizes and the pursuit of scientific knowledge as its corollary.

The priests, themselves men of the same eager, acquisitive race, in their turn concentrated on temporal and social power; and the great process of the evolution of the soul went on its silent way, unheeded, as unknown in the Western world as that of the evolution of the body, which is its shadow and symbol. Here and there wisdom

cried in the streets, but none regarded her; if there was discovery, it was individual and not the recognition of a cosmic law.

In the Orient, where all the stars of the faiths have risen, the highest thought long since attained the perception — to its infinite content — that there is no sentimentality in the scheme of the universe; that Law is universal in the things of the spirit as in those of the body and of the world our very fallible senses reveal to us; that man is playing the Great Game, of which every move can be known to him; and that there is no place either for resignation or for servile humility beneath the will of a despot who can be angered or placated. There is room only for recognition and effort.

Here and there, sporadically and under direct or indirect Indian influence, the Western mind has gained glimpses of this perception, though not in its Oriental clarity. It is of course magnificently hinted in Plato's World of Ideas and in the teachings of other Greek philosophers. The Neo-Platonists, especially Plotinus, caught more than revealing glimpses, and among moderns in Europe there have been those who have seen as through a glass darkly. Now at last, it appears, largely through scientific research in seemingly unallied quarters, the West is struggling free of her primitive belief in the supernatural and accidental, and stretching out her hands for some supporting assurance of Law in the drowning ocean of materialism into which her neglect of the study of soul-evolution has plunged her. 'Seemingly unallied' — for, if the one Law rules, all is one, and every gate leads to the citadel.

But what other than materialism and denial could be the result of the abandonment of the primitive and savage fears forced on Europe by adoption of the beliefs of a primitive people?

The Jehovah of the Jews is a variant of the Allah of the Mohammedans. He is an Oriental sovereign, swift to punish transgression, jealous of the fealty of his subjects, intolerant of allegiance to other forms of faith, however inevitable. And, like all despots, he is amenable occasionally and surprisingly to supplication by a favored few, in response to which he sets aside his own law by according forgiveness (whatever that difficult word may mean!) and oblivion for crimes to be eternally punished in others. It must be candidly owned that the Councils of the Church improved on the Jewish teachings by predicating an immortal ruin, of which it is difficult to find traces in the Old Testament; but it is obvious that the doctrine of physical fear conceived by their unholy alliance was one which could never survive the searchlight of knowledge. We were presented with anomalies to which, for the sake of things which were really valuable, we had to close our eyes; we had to give up the riddle and cry devoutly: 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him,' with the more difficult rider, 'Though he hurl countless millions to eternal perdition, yet will I hail him as a God of love and justice.'

From every point of view Christendom thus presented us with a Deity who sits above Law and continually interferes with and breaks it, to the advantage or disadvantage of his subjects.

Such were the conceptions of Israel, a people whom we do not naturally love, from whom we took them over, tempered by the dogmas of so-called Christianity. In this phrase I do not refer to the teachings of Christ himself, which have more or less fallen into desuetude, if indeed they were ever truly comprehended. Wherever a Word Authentic appears, all bounds of time and nationality are transcended and truth shines in her white radiance. But

the interpretation of the Word is a very different matter, and, owing to a singular succession of historic events which cannot be analyzed here, the Christian doctors turned the mind of the Church to legalism, theology, and authority, and in those byways the weightier matters of the Law were forgotten.

II

Days of greater freedom have now dawned, but have brought with them the inevitable reaction from cramping beliefs, the materialistic anarchy inseparable from the rejection of a primitive scheme of things — a scheme which has so far blinded the Western mind that it beholds a more orderly conception of spiritual Law but as trees walking, and finds it the line of least resistance to take the broad and flowery way to the Cities of Pleasure, trusting to luck for its reckoning with any moral policing that may exist behind the veil.

Ages ago India, brooding over these matters, perceived that there can be no such thing as supernatural religion. There are indeed events which appear supernatural to our ignorance, but they are merely supernormal, the manifestation of Law on a higher plane than average human experience can comprehend. India perceived that there is no dualism possible in the world; that good and evil are only names and (in truth) differing stages of evolution in the world of ideas. She teaches that every event which happens either within or without a man is the inevitable result of seed sown by his own thought and actions in the linked history of his soul-evolution; that any doctrine of the forgiveness of sins is contravention of the whole majesty of the Law by which the universe moves, and that a man, as well for his own sake as for that of all the world, must remain in the prison of his own selfhood, defaced though it may be, until he has paid the uttermost farthing, in more ways than are to be expressed in words, not only for himself, but for the effect of his dereliction upon the sum of things; that sorrow and resignation to sorrow are signs of soul-anæmia and disease, and that those who comprehend and conform with the Law are traveling onward and upward to realization of the truth that Law is no external force, but in and of themselves, unconquerably delivering them from the disease of sorrow, and in due course of soul-evolution uniting them with the divine source of all things.

Oriental thought teaches that no one life on earth — to use a phrase comprehensible but only indicative — is a sufficient span for the evolution of the soul and for working out the vast sum of each man's deeds and their consequences. 'Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect' is an injunction which the Orient takes literally, where the careless West, shrugging its shoulders at the impossible, passes by. Perfect? Yes; but at the end of what vast experiences, battles, struggles, defeats, and achievements! Not in twenty, sixty, or a hundred years of a soul-life, still grappling with the primitive beast within, is that victory won.

> The Lord let the house of a beast to the soul of a man.
> And the man said: 'Am I your debtor?'
> And the Lord: 'Not yet; but make it as clean as you can,
> And then I will let you a better.'

It must indeed be admitted that we see many varying stages of evolution in the soul-habitations of the world about us!

Not in the Orient does a man charge the Law with cruelty. It is held that Law is inevitably on the side of those who recognize even its existence; that Law can neither cheat, betray, nor

forgive; that it is the One Unchanging, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, of whom science is the slave, and whom each discovery of the mind of man can but throne more immutably on the toiling ages.

Therefore the logic of the Orient has seen as necessary the return of man to the area of experience, not necessarily as in the parables of the birth stories of India, which so strangely anticipate the discoveries of the evolution of the body as of the soul, but in some form of ideas impossible to be stated in human categories. The beliefs of the ignorant, whether in East or West, as to the actual conditions of this return may be set aside; but if the truth of that Law be denied I have never heard from either priest or prophet any explanation of the mysteries or the apparent injustices of life. Seen by its light, they are set at once in luminous clarity. That the earliest Christianity was itself imbued with belief in this fundamental Law there can be no doubt, though it was soon overlaid with the easier, less individually responsible, and more primitive teaching of interference by angry or placated Deity, and of the general supernatural order of things, which commends itself to more primitive man and places his interests in the hands of intercessors and priests. It is much simpler as well as more comforting to believe that intercession can obliterate a life's transgressions affecting millions of men or events, and a moment's penitence fix an eternal destiny. So the Western churches set aside the great stream of philosophy and shut their eyes to its implications.

III

There is another and scarcely less terrible manner whereby they have isolated themselves from spiritual experience — their domineering arrogance.

> The heathen in his blindness
> Bows down to wood and stone.

And again: —

> Shall we, whose souls are lighted
> With wisdom from on high,
> Shall we to men benighted
> The lamp of life deny?

This from us, whose whole daily life is little touched by the Christian precepts we profess, to nations whose life is certainly permeated by such light as they have, except where our commercialism has destroyed or laid in abeyance the ideals they inherit in every spiritual fibre!

I am very far from saying that spiritual perfection will be found in the Orient, but I assert that spiritual things have been near and dear to these peoples as they have not been to us. And the fruit is seen in many ways, perhaps more than any other in their attitude toward death and the unseen future. The frightful conception of death in our own ages of faith they have escaped; it overclouds all our conceptions still. The strangely primitive form of our beliefs in contrast with the higher Indian thought should be galling indeed to our superiorities, where death is concerned.

'I cannot see,' wrote a Chinese gentleman not long since, 'that your society is based on religion at all. Christianity was the life-and-death struggle of a grandiose ideal against the facts of the material and moral universe, and in that struggle the ideal was worsted. From the dust of battle the Western world emerged as it had entered, secular, avowedly worldly, frankly curious, but with a passionate zeal for mastery of all the forces of nature. You have abandoned your society frankly to economic and material force. "By their fruits ye shall know them," said your Prophet; and to your fruits I am content to appeal. Irony of ironies! It is the nations taught by Christ who have

come to us to teach us by sword and fire that Right in this world is powerless unless it be supported by Might. Oh, do not doubt that we shall learn the lesson! In the name of Christ you have called us to arms.'

And to much else. To progress that leads to the death of many pieties and hopes, to a loss of beauty for which we have nothing to offer in exchange. To one brought up in European thought, it is surely the strangest experience to live amid an Oriental people that actually believes its faith and shapes life by it — except, indeed, where Occidental contact has robbed it of its heritage. Such a spectacle is worth musing over in the books of Fielding Hall and others, and the more so because it is receding under the influence of our faithless materialism.

Progress! It is a double-edged weapon, one of frightful danger to the nation that wields it, unless it is safeguarded by qualities that are very far from being inherent in what is generally known by its name. For, to what is it progressing? It appears to develop the lower appetites with certitude. It leads us straight to the Cities of Pleasure instead of to that Spiritual City which has laid its foundation stone in every living man, that he may build his own palace. To the Cities of Pleasure the world had turned before the war, and that great event, far from arresting its course, appears to have hastened it. If this is to be so in the future, and made easier by 'progress' and the absence of military danger, then every civilization we can build up must be doomed in its essence, and we shall learn that the question, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' has a political and scientific bearing not to be evaded.

If the Law is rightly understood, if the interest of the spiritual adventure is grasped, it will be found the most fascinating pursuit in all the world. To comprehend, to watch it at work, is to unite all the interests of science and romance. Those who have understood bear witness to this in all the faiths. The pursuit of wealth, position, power, is ridiculously meaningless and dull beside it.

> As men do children at their games behold,
> And smile to see them, though remote and cold,
> Smile at the recollected joys, and then
> Depart and mix in the affairs of men —

so is it with those who know.

The spiritual prizes have been presented to us as dull, other-worldly, and phantasmal, when they are here and now and always — a quest of which we should all be knights-errant if only we understood.

If we sum up what the average Westerner feels about religion, it is that it is a collection of precepts about things you must believe and things you must not do, which unfortunately are mostly the things you very much want to do and see little reason against, except for social prohibition. If you are unable to believe the necessary things, you are in parlous plight, for if they have not been supernaturally revealed the binding force of the moral precepts based on them is very unlikely to grip you naturally. I hope this is a candid way of stating a very frequent position. The average man feels religion to be a thing which, if it concerns life at all, concerns chiefly the abnormal side of it — illness, bereavement, calamity, the things most of us would shuffle out of if we could. He scarcely feels that it is Life itself, Law by which we live. Surely the function of unimpeded religion is to make us understand that Life is Law, that Law is part of us, instinctive, delightful when understood, just as the law of bodily health is sheer joy to those who have obeyed it and seen the noble response to even a little understanding and obedience.

And have not the Western churches split on the rock of statements? I have made some study of the Bibles of the great faiths. They are grounded on the same effort, aimed at rather than expressed: the union of the will of man with that of the Divine. The distinctions, perhaps small at first, crystallize into dogma, statement about what cannot be stated, positions which must be untenable to men of other races and times. And then the trouble begins.

Creeds are the prisons of faith and the symbols of battle. Who can really believe that absolute Truth is embodied in any? Or that it has said its last word? Or that the churches have rightly deciphered its first word? 'For Heaven's sake,' said Charles Buller, 'do not destroy the Established Church. It is the only thing which stands between us and Christianity.' Ponder that saying, and the yet bitterer one of Swift: 'Nor do I think it wholly groundless, nor my fears altogether imaginary, that the abolishing of Christianity might bring the Church into some danger.'

If the churches had been a real power in the West, — say, like the universal permeation of the Confucian ideal in China, — how little could the modern attack on their authority have counted! The harm was there before the scientific attack, and not as its result. The traitor was in the garrison, and men as a whole resented the rise of a cent on the loaf far more than being robbed of what they had been told was their eternal hope. They felt that the religion represented by the churches was not vital to them, and the hue and cry fell comparatively flat. The things which really concern us we do instinctively, because it would make us desperately uncomfortable if we did not do them, and no scientific pronouncement against these things would affect us in the least. But interfere with them — attack them, and see what happens!

IV

The Oriental point of view, chiefly as represented in the Upanishads and the teaching of the Buddha, sets forth that Law is as inherent in the soul as in the body, and the evolutionary life of the soul as instinctive and simple, when realized. It asserts that without certain perfectly natural spiritual processes spiritual disease results; and that this disease does not mean vaguely unpleasant penalties to be encountered in a dubious future life, but a certainly maimed and troubled existence in this, and the inevitable reaping of the sown harvest until the last trace of disease and its consequences to others is worked out — one may say, *bred* out in the long processes of evolution. And that no intercessor, human or divine, can stand between a man and his own sowing and reaping.

It proclaims that religion is not a series of teachings and experiments about life, but life itself; for religion is merely the statement, in spiritual matters, of the Law that guides the migration of the bird and the path of the planet. Also, that man, being a part and manifestation of this Law, cannot be at ease while he is breaking it by living at a lower level of evolution than his upward progress warrants.

It is a magnificent proof of the reality of Plato's World of Ideas that man is compelled by his nature to adapt himself to a Law quite outside the range of all his senses can teach him. Saint Augustine said very truly what all the Founders have taught: 'Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our heart is restless until it rests in Thee.' This applies to the devotee in his cell — where it is possible to be extremely worldly — as well as to the flourishing stockbroker. And the practical knowledge of this is all that really matters for the evolution of the soul. So great

is the collective power of truth; whereas dogma — which comes later — is the greatest separative force we know.

So are the simplicity of the Law and the evolution of the soul obscured by theology. The wonderful vibration and flow of life are reduced to formulas; and, because it is not possible that life should be thus bound in fetters, it escapes from them and goes off on its own adventures, since it finds these far more interesting than formulas which in no way express its relation to the universe.

But these piracies are not its natural state. That state is to live by the Law of spiritual evolution, which demands no more from any man than his best, however poor a best it may be, and assures him that that best will with experience and effort develop in other stages into the absolute Best. He must realize that Law of evolution in himself as instinctively as the good citizen obeys the law of the land, never giving it a thought, in one sense, yet invariably obedient and constituent — a thing to be as little evaded or questioned as the process of breathing in a healthy body.

V

To possess a national ethical standard, to be taught as a matter of course, would be a step gained. It has been our misfortune that the ethical standard was tangled up with — indeed, regarded as inseparable from — theology, and denial of or indifference to the latter involved disregard of the former. In other words, the eternal and universal was given the foundation of the local and transitory. Such a standard as Confucius gave China, which has preserved her through the ages and may yet set her in a foremost place, unless it is sapped in her by contact with our spiritual anarchy, was denied to us. Doctrine, on the highest authority in Christendom, follows practical morality, and we may safely leave theology to find its own level if we adopt that humble and comprehensible beginning; for the ethical standard, when it is based on soul-science, leads to vision, and morality and vision blended are true religion.

We may find that to train children in these common pieties, and in the manners which follow their practice, is of more consequence to themselves and the State than all the ill-taught and ill-digested information heaped upon them now; and that the ideal of work, which is certainly a part of the Law of soul-evolution, is a better ideal than that of abundant leisure for amusement. It is possible that even the ideal of what really constitutes amusement may be shifted, to our infinite advantage, nationally and individually.

Physicians are beginning to comprehend the law of the body and to set aside their trust in panaceas. Science is unraveling the constituents of personality, on the very lines of the Buddha's teaching more than two millenniums ago. It may be that science, the youngest of the angels, now pluming her wings for flight from the materialisms, may, joining hands with the great Oriental teachings of soul-lore, lead us to knowledge of Law Universal, in terms not to be predicted at the present moment.

These are only scattered thoughts. I beg they may not be taken polemically. I write on New Year's Day, in a sunshine which promises spring. May it herald the freeing of vision from the ice of theology! The churches have built excluding walls to preserve their purity of faith, not remembering the story of the Wise Men of Gotham who thought to preserve eternal summer by building a wall about the cuckoo, and were surprised to find the bird dead in the winter snows.

OUR CONVICT SLAVES

BY CARL CHRISTIAN JENSEN

I

It is still dark. But the buzzing of the night is disturbed by the bloodhounds howling in their kennels. The saddle horses begin to stamp and snort in the corral. Already the pigs squeal for the leavings of the breakfast table.

The convicts stir in their bunks. Side by side they lie in long rows, four layers high, upon mattresses soaked with sweat and with the sultry mist of the Gulf. Between the two wings of the camp the picket boss peers through the bars at a trusty, who with a lantern in his hand climbs from shelf to shelf on the rickety steel structure in the centre, yelling at and poking the sleeping men.

Stiff, aching, fatigued from the previous day's work and from the long trips back and forth between the camp and the cotton-field, the convicts finally stand in stuporous silence, waiting to be let into the adjoining dining-room: Negroes, Mexicans, and whites; young boys of eighteen, strong, mature men, feeble seniles; half-wits, psychopaths, normals — one hundred or more of them rubbing elbows in each sleeping-hall.

The picket boss hands a key between the bars to the turnkey, who is locked in the dining-room. The latter unlocks a heavy padlock on the door of the sleeping-hall, returns the key to the picket boss outside, and opens the door. One by one the men file past him and drop down on seats at a table that is covered with bread, molasses, beans, potatoes, and coffee, prepared outside in the awkwardly placed cookhouse.

The seven haunting hours ahead, before the convicts will be able again to sit down, whet their appetite. Food there is in abundance; but it is coarse and unsavory and often poorly prepared. The men devour their breakfast with gobbling glut, yet not with the relish of hungry creatures. Hurriedly they swill their coffee. Dawn is approaching. At five they must be on their way. They stretch themselves sluggishly like dumb beasts, suck their teeth, lick their lips, and belch. Then they become aware of the picket boss outside the bars. They scowl at him and cringe at sight of his two six-shooters that gleam in the dim lamplight.

In the prison yard fifteen mounted guards face the picket, ready to receive their charges, prepared for a long day's vigil, each with a shotgun resting on his thigh, the barrel in the air, a six-shooter on his hip, a poncho folded across the horse's loins, a coiled lasso and a leather braided quirt hanging on the saddle hook.

In the dusky dawn the horses prance and fret, rearing on their hind legs, getting tangled in the reins and stirrups, and stirring the dust under the heavy dew.

The picket boss unlocks the dining-room door and opens it wide enough for a man to squeeze through sidewise. One by one the convicts scramble

out into the picket and leap down the steps into the prison yard.

The voice of the picket boss penetrates the noises of pawing hoofs and shuffling feet.

'Number one plough-squad! One — two — three . . . twelve — thirteen,' he counts, as they pass him.

'Two missing,' yells the guard of this particular squad.

'Who?'

The picket boss closes the door on the rest of the convicts until the discrepancy is accounted for.

A voice answers hesitatingly from the waiting plough-squad: 'Black Jack and Little Louse.' They all have nicknames. The picket boss calls out the two names, and from somewhere within the crowded dining-room the two belated members of number one plough-squad force themselves to the door and pass out.

'Fourteen — fifteen.'

'Right,' replies the guard. And off the fifteen men run as fast as their legs are able to carry them, to fetch the plough mules in the corral, while their guard comes galloping behind, holding the shotgun in his right hand and the reins in his left.

Despite many halts, the checking is done as quickly as sheep are counted in a corral. Each squad with its guard, starting off, shakes the ground like a faint earthquake. The five plough-squads are on their way, each man crouching sleepily — never straddling — on the back of a mule.

'Number one hoe-squad!' The picket boss unlocks the door of the second dining-room.

Again some of the convicts are missing, this time Tin Pan, Dirty Yellow, and Snowball, whom the captain calls 'the best little nigger in camp.' The three are found finally among the waiting prisoners. They say that they are sick. Dirty Yellow is malingering again. Poor fellow — I know what is the matter with him! He has twenty licks coming on his bare back tonight. He is always in trouble. Tin Pan is given 'salts.' Both are chased along into the cotton-field with the rest of number one hoe-squad. Snowball is allowed a day's rest in his bunk. He is a bright boy still in his teens, a hard worker, in fact too hard a worker, with a beaming ebon face, affectionate as a French poodle. He is here for 'ninety-nine years.'

Once I asked him how he happened to be here. And he replied: —

'My best friend aks me for a match, and I done hab no matches on me, so he goes mad and shoots me three times. I runs and he don't hit me at all. So I gets mad and turns around and shoots him once only. And I done hit him right here,' pointing a regretful finger at the middle of his forehead.

'Snowball! You mean to tell me that your best friend shot at you three times because you did n't happen to have a match on you?' I asked, dubiously.

'No, sah. It was the way I say, "I don't hab no match," dat gets him so mad.'

The five hoe-squads are all accounted for and are marched out to the fields, each with a guard riding behind, and each man with a long-handled hoe on his shoulder.

'Pull-do-squad!' yells the picket boss.

Cripples of all ages limp out of the dining-room and descend the steps into the prison yard, where they begin their work around the farm grounds.

All the trusties are counted. At night they are locked up in the sleeping-hall with the rest: turnkeys, house-tenders, dining-room trusties, cooks, the captain's servants, the hospital steward, bookkeeper, dog man, water

boy, poultry man, dairy man, hog man, broncho-breaker, laundry trusty, blacksmith, carpenter, saddlemaker, and mailman.

Just as the upper edge of the sun appears over the distant swamps, the bookkeeper writes down on a blackboard the daily inventory:—

203 male prisoners
54 saddle horses
160 mules
36 bloodhounds
200 head of cattle
80 hogs
105 pigs
500 chickens
8 bulls
1 stallion
3500 acres cultivated cotton-land

But at noon there are only 202 male prisoners. The convicts returning for dinner have found Snowball dead in his bunk.

II

It is evening. The convicts are returning to camp. White dust-clouds dry up the sweat on their brows like blotting-sand on wet ink. As they pass the captain's bungalow the Negroes tip their caps; the whites do not. They reach the prison yard. The plough-squads ride their mules into the corral. The hoe-squads drop their hoes along the fence. One by one they all pass through the picket into the dining-room and from there into the sleeping-hall. For the fourth time that day they are counted.

'Two hundred and two!'

'Right!'

Along the walls of each sleeping-hall the house-tenders are lighting the kerosene lanterns. The convicts rush to the drinking-faucet, to the shower, and to the bathing-pool beside their bunks. There they snort and splash like wild bronchos at a water hole.

The captain enters the picket, solemnly, quietly, frowning. He holds something in his hand that instantly throws a tomblike hush over the two prison wings. The Negro convicts cluster together, paralyzed with fear, drooping their heads, rolling their eyes at the black whip dangling from his right hand. It is a leather strap, two feet long, two and one-half inches wide, three-eighths of an inch thick, fastened to a heavy wooden handle long enough to be held by two large hands. At the tip of the strap the leather is worn rough and shredded. The whip is well seasoned.

Five guards enter the picket to hold Dirty Yellow down flat, by his head, arms, and legs. . . . To spare the reader, allow me to skip this picture.

Four kinds of penalty are inflicted upon the prison offender, and many of the present convicts have paid the full penalty in each kind. The type called 'the chains' is the most brutal of the four, though the convicts unanimously prefer it to the flogging. Physically it is certainly the most harmful. The offender's wrists are interlocked by one end of a chain, and he is hoisted into the air until his toes barely touch the ground. There he hangs for three, six, sometimes twelve hours. One convict told me that he had hung in the chains from sunrise to sunrise.

The chains and the dark cell — a milder form of punishment — have both been abandoned recently, the first for humanitarian reasons, the latter because it was found that the convicts prefer to starve and thirst in the damp cellar rather than work in the cotton-field.

'The mule' is a contrivance erected in front of the picket inside the sleeping-hall, and is similar in principle to the 'wooden horse' that was popular in Northern Europe during the period of Pietism. It consists of a narrow plank,

— or sometimes of a smooth pole, — supported at each end by long wooden legs that straddle outward in the manner of the forelegs of a grazing giraffe. For six and often twelve hours the offender rides the 'mule,' with his arms crossed, facing the picket.

The bookkeeper shows me Dirty Yellow's record card. Its back is covered with nine years' prison offenses and with their respective penalties. I read at random: —

1915 Whipping: 20 lashes for attempting to set fire to the building.
1916 Escaped in cotton-field and caught in the swamps six hours later.
1917 Whipping: 10 lashes for fighting. Mule: 6 hours for disorderly conduct. Chains: 3 hours for destroying State property.
1918 Chains: 12 hours for refusing to go to work. Whipping: 10 lashes for stabbing a convict. Shot down by guard when attempting to escape.
1920 Chains: 6 hours for stealing sugar cane.
1921 Mule: 12 hours for raising disturbance. Chains: 6 hours for laziness.
1922 Attempted escape and caught ten minutes later.
1924 Chopping off one of his own toes with a spade.

'He's crazy as hell. That's what's the matter with Dirty Yellow,' remarks the bookkeeper. 'A whipping don't do him much good. Once he grabbed a rattlesnake in the cotton-field and threw it at his guard. He's crazy, that's all. He'll even eat rain-worms when he is hungry.'

Of course he is crazy.

'Most of the time we deserve it, but sometimes we don't,' is the answer many of the Negroes give. 'When they whip us, the skin just busts.' The convicts turn ashen gray when they talk about whipping.

A white boy from one of the New England States, serving five years down here for taking a joy ride in an automobile not his own, during a youthful spree, puts it this way: —

'Have you ever been badly sunburned at the beach — I mean so badly that you just groan when your shirt touches the skin? Well, suppose I hit my flat palm with all my might on your sunburned shoulder. The first lick of the whip is something like that; the next is worse; the third is still worse; and so on through to the twentieth lick. The skin does n't burst; it is only torn loose from the flesh, and a mess of blood blisters tear at it for days afterward, especially under the sun in the cotton-field. The captain spreads the licks all over the back from the shoulders to the knee joints. It might be better to get all the licks on one spot, for then the whip would rip up the nerve roots, and then you would n't feel much pain by and by.'

'Tell me why they whipped you, Buddy.'

Grimly the boy smiles at me. 'I ruined a young cotton-plant with my hoe in the field; the weeds were too near it. And I'm not much of a farm hand. I'm from up North, you know. Never hoed a cotton-field before.'

The bookkeeper shows me the boy's record card. On the back I read: 'July 3, 1924. Whipping: 20 lashes for impudence and for destroying State property.'

III

Where sixty years ago the richest slave-plantations spread their cotton verdure along the lowlands of the Gulf, to-day, by fair means or foul, after one generation of almost total decay, seventeen huge penitentiary farms — and farther north six more — eke out a precarious existence.

Some of the camps are beautified by groves of trees, drooping with luscious figs, others with palm lanes and tulip beds; but most of them are as barren as

the sands of Sahara. The buildings are old whitewashed wooden structures, erected on cypress poles. Even the captain's bungalow is leaky and neglected. A muddy high-water mark from the last flood still defaces the rooms of one building, five feet above the floor level. Around the barnlike prison building the guards' quarters, the small office-building, and the cookhouse form a large semicircular yard. Farther off the barns loom up, with the corrals and dog kennels, the cotton gin, the sorghum mill, and various shacks and shanties. Farthest away, the captain's residence stands aloof.

The Southern simplicity of life prior to the Civil War reigns once more in these remote and almost forgotten lowlands. To-day the swamps are deeper and wider; the underbrush, the cactus, and the Spanish moss that fringe the swamps are more impenetrable. The alligators, the rattlesnakes, the copperheads, the mosquitoes, and the malaria are more plentiful. The floods, that menace of the free-flowing rivulets of the cleared highlands farther north, are more frequent. Yet the simplicity is here, a benevolent or tyrannical despotism, as the case may be: vast, sun-baked cotton-fields; the single crop; free labor; masters, guards, bloodhounds, whips.

Again the century-old cypress log is hauled over the bog by oxen, their necks pulling at ropes and rawhide, and, turtle-fashion, their bodies crawling and falling to the darky's whip and curse. Again over the distant slave-trail the mule teams are pulling wagon trains of men from the last railroad stop — human beings strung together in grim clusters by a steel chain padlocked to their necks.

Here the saddle horse is still the standard of speed and convenience. In the swamps the Negro squatter, the Mexican peon, and the half-breed Indian ride their nags and bronchos. Through miles of cotton-fields saddle horses carry the masters, on swift inspection trips — strong, proud men, with Mexican hats, square-toed Spanish high boots, with quirt, lasso, cartridge-belt, and six-shooter. And here the guards sit in the saddle the day long, each hugging a double-barreled shotgun, their eyes sweeping continuously along the hoe-squads that silently, in straight formation, attack the weeds and the boll weevil.

Decayed and inaccessible as these parts became after the fall of slavery, to-day the new order is patching up the damages. Bridges span the smaller rivers that border the present cotton-fields. How else should the bloodhounds and the man-hunters get across and pick up the trail of the fleeing convict? But on the wilder and more recently redeemed land the rivers are broad and swift. They overflow, with almost mathematical precision, to a height which not infrequently, even miles inland, traps a hundred men and as many floating treasure-chests within the huge sleeping-halls of each camp. There, of course, a bridge is out of the question; and instead, across the wild, picturesque river, a primitive raft, moored to a cable that spans the stream, floats back and forth, ingeniously pushed across by the flow of the current that strikes the diagonally moored hull. This raft is manned by a trusted 'lifer' and by his raccoon and armadillo pets. Through the sweltering days of summer and through the damp Gulf mists of winter, the old lifer has given many a poor soul his last ferry-ride.

But even a higher degree of ingenuity in the serious problem of transportation has been realized. Toward some of the southernmost prison lands — all of which, during a flood, become the bottom of a vast, turbulent sea that unites

with the Gulf of Mexico proper — a narrow-gauge railroad-spur winds inland over a stretch of swamp that is covered with shoals of dead fish during the dry season. A tiny hand-car — four wheels, with a plank to straddle, propelled at times by a sputtering engine, at other times by human hand-power, — connects this rejuvenated social system with the outside world.

At the very edge of these fertile swamps oil is oozing out of the mud. Fertile, I say; for, unbelievable as it may sound, I have seen telephone poles, barkless and stripped of roots and branches, erected through the marshes and cotton-fields to connect two prison farms, sprout and send forth twigs and foliage.

To-day the oil industry is closing in on the prison farms. Within earshot of two hundred prisoners in one of the camps a dozen pumps and drills hum day and night. In sight of the convicts a geyser suddenly gushes forth a stream of fluid gold. Unexpectedly an oil drill may strike a mine of natural gas; then for weeks a roaring column of smoke three hundred feet high will blow straight toward heaven, spreading a gray cloud-screen, like a sunshade sent by Providence, over the toilers in the cotton-field.

Almost overnight a modern oil industry is growing fabulously wealthy in sight of these isolated camps where I have seen a ten-foot alligator crawl out of the sewer creek and snatch a pig for breakfast — camps so backward that the problem of washing the convicts' coarse canvas clothing is solved by boiling it over bonfires on the banks of the creek, and beating it with a cudgel on a cypress stump, while water, dirt, and buttons swirl around the laundry trusty.

The oil fever has even crept into the prison camps. The cripples found in every camp, — those men who have survived the buckshot of a guard's shotgun when they tried to escape, — these and others incapacitated by old age are at times detailed to drill for oil, a play as fascinating as poker. And Mother Earth has offered the various prison camps some of her queerest gifts: a luxurious, ever-flowing stream of scalding hot water, and a cool, equally rich stream of genuine sea water, both utilized in the sleeping-hall for the showers and bathing-pool; drinking-water of various qualities, some saturated with nauseating sulphur salts, some with salubrious iron-rust, some almost hot, some only lukewarm. As yet, no natural ice-water has been found in any of the camps, though I have been told that not many miles away an oil drill recently struck a subterranean spring with water that is too cold, when it reaches the surface, for immediate drinking-purposes.

And with all this natural wealth the difficulty of transportation is gradually decreasing. Here and there the automobile finds its way to the prison camp. I have even seen a small mail or passenger car running on rails and driven by steam or gasoline.

IV

Stimulating and pathetic is the comparison of the slave with the convict. For there are resemblances and contrasts, found not in the pigmentation only.

The twenty-three camps are not all alike. With over thirty-eight hundred convicts tilling one hundred and forty square miles — ninety thousand acres — of land, the various types of men inevitably do differentiate each camp. Generally speaking, the camps are divided into three groups according to the racial majority of their population — Negroes, Mexicans, and whites. These three groups are segregated, though it

is common to find several white convicts in each of the Negro camps, and vice versa. There are almost eighteen hundred Negro convicts, four hundred Mexicans, and seventeen hundred whites. And of the whites more than ninety-eight per cent are native-born Americans.

The Negro is an ideal servant, an ideal slave, an ideal convict. Some of the stronger ones thrive under the régime of whip and bloodhounds. How they fear both! A short sentence may even fatten them up a bit.

When on Sundays one hundred Negroes crouch together on the floor in the sleeping-hall and sing, 'I love to be in prison 'cause I found Jesus here,' young boys, white-haired Uncle Toms, and all the grades between, competing with another group of one hundred Negroes in the sleeping-hall across the picket, I actually envy them their present and previous bondage.

When in the dusk of dawn or in the hot sun of noon those same darkies run out of the prison yard like a herd of stampeded cattle, straining their legs and arms to the utmost for fear of being trampled down by the galloping guards, the earth shaking, the dust rising in thick clouds, the dogs barking wildly, I often wonder whether even an abolitionist could paint a more vivid picture of the old slave-plantation.

But it is during the days of cotton-picking, when the fields, the roads, and the camps are teeming with feverish activity every hour out of the twenty-four, and the Negro convicts, far superior as cotton-pickers to their Mexican and white brothers, are borrowed from camp to camp, that I behold the abolitionists' real picture of slave life, and incidentally Noah's curse: 'A servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren.'

The darky is, however, also blessed with the innocence of childhood. Seldom does he pule and fret like his chocolate-colored mulatto brethren. Not one half of several hundred heavily sentenced Negroes could tell me when their term expired, and only a few more than half were able to tell me how many years they had been imprisoned. What are a few paltry years more or less to children?

The Mexicans are a sensitive, high-strung group, a seething horde when they are aroused, who suffer inconceivable tortures in their narrow, unhealthy quarters, used as they are to roaming in the open spaces. Often in the dead of night, and at the slightest provocation, they explode in an outburst of frenzy that grows into violent riot, squelched only by the charge of a six-shooter. Even when they sit gently and peacefully in the sleeping-hall, whittling exquisite crucifixes out of peach stones or crocheting beaded handbags for their sweethearts across the Rio Grande, their nostrils dilate and their eyes flare at the sound of the footsteps of the watch in the picket. Neither whip nor hounds bend their proud spirit. But years of hard labor in the cotton-field have broken the older men, who sit on the floor among the rest, staring into space, rocking their crumbling bodies.

The guards fear the Mexican convicts. The captain more than once, to my knowledge, has risked his life attempting to quell their emotions with the whip. And their ingenuity in making successful escapes will demoralize an entire camp for a week.

The emotional outbursts of the Negro and the Mexican camps do not occur on the eight or nine prison farms tilled by whites. Racially these seventeen hundred white convicts form an unusually homogeneous group of Anglo-Saxon Americans. Half of them are natives of the State. Eighty-two per

cent were born south of Mason and Dixon's line. Only eleven per cent claim foreign-born parents. Over fifty per cent claim American-born grandparents. They are the sons or grandsons of frontiersmen in a State fertile and vast, still sparsely settled, a State that before the Civil War flew no less than five different flags during the century; and where, in spite of modern cities and rich, scientifically developed natural resources, the horse and the gun to-day are as common as in the early days of Buffalo Bill.

But though the whites are less demonstrative than the Negro and the Mexican convicts, a bitter hatred surcharges their soul. They suffer more from a whipping than their tissue-torn skin indicates — mental agonies, spiritual losses. And those of the white convicts on the old slave-plantations who survive their prison term reënter society infuriated, and thirsting for revenge.

The prison guards are often inferior mentally to the white men whom they drive through the cotton-fields. And though none of these guards to-day are as cruel as Legree in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* they are as inhuman as an average small man can be who is given authoritative power over a group of defenseless human beings in an irritating semitropical climate. His caprice is law. His complaint against a convict means a flogging.

It is the guards that the white convict resents the most. For the greatest degradation possible for the Southerner is to be driven to the cotton-fields like the slaves of his forefathers. There is no sadder sight in these United States of America than that of two hundred young white prisoners dragging themselves off to the cotton-field, with armed guards riding at a safe distance behind. It is like coming across one's own son, helpless and in distress in a strange country, and not being able to aid him.

More discrimination is shown in the small camp of the women convicts. There the white inmates, thirty-five in number, are treated as humanely as the women convicts in the more modern prisons of the North — perhaps more so. During the day they work in the sewing-rooms, making the canvas clothing that is worn by the male convicts. Only the Negresses march to the fields, hoe on shoulder, a guard behind each squad. Even the flogging has lately been abandoned, though an old captain of one of the Negro camps remarked to me: 'I've burned the back of many a nigger girl in my day. They're perverts and degenerates. The whip cures that.' And he quoted the Bible to clinch his dogmatizing.

Probably some of them are degenerates; but is it any wonder? Sixty-five Negresses of all ages are huddled together in one room in a dilapidated, ill-smelling wooden building, with a number of babies crawling and crying on the floor. In this crowded room there is a constant chatter. Often at night there are fights from jealousy, perhaps because two Negresses on their way home from the field both wanted to carry the hoe for a tired mulatto flapper, or because one Negress steals an innocent kiss from the lips of a rival's girl friend.

Not infrequently do they have a fracas in the field, hacking one another with their hoes, and even threatening the guards for interfering in their family affairs.

The children here are no respecters of persons. The captain's lovely daughter plays in the prison yard with the Negro babies. They cry when she is called to lunch, and she cries when they are locked up at night with their mothers. Ardently she hurries through her meal to get back to her playmates.

V

Our abolitionist friends told us years ago that slavery was wrong because the slave, a human being, had been deprived of his free will. Hence, slavery was abolished. Our scientific friends of this mechanistic era tell us that punishment is wrong because the offender never was endowed with a free will, and therefore cannot justly be held responsible for his evil doings. Is it possible that our scientists are right, and that these convicts are largely irresponsible? I am trying in this sketch to be descriptive rather than interpretative. But though I am able to offer some direct testimony, pro and con, on that question, I shrink from being both witness and judge.

Most of the material in my notebook I find unprintable; and much of it is too poignant for the sensitive reader. Yet, to convey a picture of the real convict one must get under his skin, since his pigmentation labels him only racially.

Even the more orthodox defenders of free will to-day admit that man's responsibility varies, not only with his own mental and physical strength, but also, to a large extent, with the nature and might of the external forces that are aiding or harming him in his struggle to keep himself alive — individually and racially. Therefore, as evidence for determining the degree of responsibility of an offender, at least three factors seem to be necessary: the external situation leading up to the offense, the mental status of the offender, and the physical status of the offender. Regarding the convicts here, I should like to present to the reader briefs of these three factors.

Their health is probably as accurate a measure of their physical strength as it is possible to convey. According to the unprejudiced testimony of sixty-five prominent medical men of the State who, under the able direction of the past president of the State Medical Association, recently examined 3800 men and women prisoners in these camps, 891 convicts were found to suffer from syphilis, 122 from tuberculosis, 421 from diseases and severe defects of the eyes, — 112 from disease enough to cause blindness unless properly treated, — 365 from gastro-intestinal diseases, 10 from intestinal ulcer, 27 from appendicitis, 1477 from diseases of the nose and throat, and 2847 from diseases and defects of the mouth, teeth, and gums. And these are not all the figures.

Such appalling physical weakness could not have originated entirely in the camps, though no doubt it has been aggravated here, perhaps not so much from medical neglect as from the severe toil of the convict in the cotton-field. As yet the prison camp is no health resort, but some attempts, at least, have been made to preserve the convict's life — better attempts even than under the old régime, when a slave was worth a little fortune and therefore was given medical aid almost as readily as his master.

Many of the prison officials are humane. I have seen a captain with his guards and trusties try to save the life of a dying saddle-horse, and for hours ease its suffering, even to the extent of fanning the mosquitoes away from its feverish nostrils. And I have seen a dying white convict in a hospital bed receive almost equally good care, though perhaps a little less sympathy. If not infrequently a sun-struck convict be dragged out of the cotton-field dead, it is not due to medical neglect so much as to a weak body, breaking down in a severe environment. For behind every picket a convict doles out medicine to those who are too ill to walk into the cotton-fields. Often a

country doctor makes a hasty emergency call at the camps. To-day the statute even provides that a medical man be present during the flogging of a convict.

Another staff of experts has recently investigated the mental status of 3500 of these same convicts. The psychiatrist reports that five per cent are demented or have deteriorated mentally. Besides these, he found that one fourth of all the convicts examined were so unstable emotionally or so warped in their personality that they had lost the ability to adapt themselves to any socialized system. The psychologists report that ten per cent are feeble-minded. Another twelve per cent are endowed with an intelligence-level bordering on that of the feeble-minded.

The psychiatric workers, tabulating the literacy and the industrial efficiency of these convicts, found that twenty per cent of the 3500 convicts were illiterate; that another twenty per cent had attended school one, two, or three years. Twenty per cent of the whites were unable or barely able to read and write. Double the number of Negroes belong in the same category. Another twenty per cent of the whites have had full or partial high-school training. Almost an equal number of whites — the identical ones, in fact — are skilled workers. As a general rule, these convicts endowed with average or higher intelligence are found in the group handicapped on the emotional side.

All in all, the mental weakness, as determined by these percentages of demented and psychopathic, deteriorated and feeble-minded convicts, is not equaled anywhere save in our State hospitals.

A column of statistics cannot reproduce a perspective of human life and its weakness; still, perhaps these ugly statistical witnesses may aid the reader in passing judgment on the frail human clay in these prison camps.

VI

In presenting the third factor for determining the convict's responsibility, — the external situation leading up to his offense, — my material is of such variety that it hardly lends itself to statistical classification or to a brief that would cover the general cases, and still less to any logical literary form.

Suppose, therefore, I submit an abbreviated catalogue of answers from some of the 3500 convicts, of whom I asked the questions, 'What did you do?' and 'Why did you do it?' Most of the answers may convey to the reader, as they did to the writer, vivid pictures that lend themselves readily to interpretation.

The convicts answer the questions frankly. Very few insist that they are innocent, though fewer still admit that they deserve their punishment. Here I find boys who in their early youth were sent to the reformatory for delinquency and later to the county jails for thefts; who were arrested a dozen times for drinking, gambling, vagrancy, fighting, speeding, and disturbance of the peace. Some of them are even serving their second sentence in the prison. They have wandered about a great deal and have never been regularly employed. They are the type that later, when graduated, join the army of professionals, nine tenths of whom are always at liberty at any one time.

The professional criminal, the hero of the younger convict, is perhaps the most interesting individual here. But since his type has been studied extensively by criminologists in Italy, Germany, and England, and since he is in a minority on these prison farms,

I shall pass him over briefly. He is generally a strong, mature man, who likes to brag about his outlaw skill.

I held up a gambling-den and raked in the stakes, and shot a man who looked back too soon.

I held up a diner single-handed, and was caught with the booty soon after I jumped off the train.

I killed a man and got ninety-nine years, but got pardoned. Then I forged some checks and got pardoned again. This time I got four years. And now we have a poor Governor. He pardons nobody.

There is another class of professional, greater in number as convicts, but weak and unskilled in their profession, who always regret their crooked deeds as soon as they are caught.

I've served three terms here and fourteen in the county jails. At nine I began in the reformatory. I am now twenty-five, and I have been at liberty only one year.

I was five times in the pen for stealing. But now I'm going to quit the game, because I am fifty, and because I have had bad luck since 1905.

By far the greatest number of professionals I find among the bootleggers; and most of these I am loath to call criminals — shaggy old rent-farmers, caught with a rusty still in the woods, pale bell-hops from the city hotels, and a few prosperous importers.

First time I was in trouble I killed a fellow in a fight and got freed, because I had a lawyer. Second time, a man found a quart of whiskey under my coat; and I got three years.

I sold thirty-five drinks to my friends. And I gets thirty-five years, a year for each drink, because the district attorney promised to free me if I told him the names of all my friends.

The majority of the prison population consists of casual or occasional offenders, scores of young lads who tried to forge a small check, clerks who erred, more responsible business men who speculated carelessly, a few bigamists, and a great number of petty thieves.

I tried to cash a ten-dollar check.

I broke into a store and stole myself eight suits of clothes and three pairs of shoes that all fitted me. And I got four years.

A big nigger told the judge I 'highwayed' him and stole three cents from him. I only asked him to tell me the road to town. And I got five years.

The first time, I busted a door and stole myself a girl and ran away and married her. I paid $14.85 fine for the damages done. The second time, I stole a little hog and ate him. And I got five years for that.

My first wife died; my second wife refused to divorce me; and my third wife is worth the two years I spend here for bigamy.

From the time of Moses the law has fallen heavily upon the sex-offender.

I kissed a rich American girl, señor. Fifteen years must I pay for that kiss.

A thin, epileptic wreck of a Negro, with three scarlet letters, C–U–T, branded deep into his cheeks and forehead, tells me: 'I did n't do it. I did n't do it.' And he shakes his head wearily.

The answers of seven hundred murderers who replied to my questions were almost all answers like that of Snowball: an irritating situation, a fight, a rented gun, a murder. *Ira furor brevis est.*

I bought a dog from a boy. And his brother loved that dog, so he shoots it

because I own it; and he shoots me too. I shot him down.

A man stole my eleven dollars. I fought him with my gun to get back my money.

A bad nigger said I owed him two bits, which I did n't. The next morning was Sunday, and I took my shotgun with me to church to defend myself. We had a fight outside the church.

During the fight, often the wrong person gets killed. And occasionally no fight takes place at all.

I was arguing with my wife's father about a fence, and we began to shoot each other. Then my wife ran between us; and she ran right into one of the bullets.

I shot at my wife's sweetheart, and a bullet hit my wife's head because she shielded him.

I killed my sister in 1909 by fooling with a gun. I asked the Governor to pardon me when he was here last. 'I've been here fifteen years,' I told him. But he answered me like this: 'And your sister that you shot has been dead fifteen years.'

The situation, however, is often graver than that of Snowball.

My friend was kissing my wife; and he says to me: 'Friendship and love are two different things.' So I shot him.

I got 116 years for fighting with my wife, her mother, and my sweetheart. I shot them all three dead.

No one can prove that the rented gun, found in the hip pocket of every free man in the State, from the feeble-minded Negro drunkard to the senator, is the prime cause of these accidental crimes of anger. Nor is it possible to prove that a Sullivan Law would save one third of the Negroes and not a few of the whites from these prison farms. However, if the convicts are telling the truth, — and I believe most of them are, for I have checked their answers with the official prison records, — then the gun, 'rented for ninety-nine years' from the hardware stores in the State, plays an important rôle in almost all the murder cases. There are a few exceptions, but only a few, where the knife plays the rôle.

That nigger loved my sweetheart too. We had a little scrimmage. I cut him in the head, once only. And he died in ten minutes.

There are other exceptions, a few cases where environmental factors might be excluded as the primary cause. The law of chance would hardly give any man more than one kill in his lifetime, even in a State where guns are as popular as food and clothes. When a convict repeats a murder it may, therefore, not be improper first to look for the primary cause in his mental and physical make-up.

I got fifty years for killing a man. I got fifty years more for killing another man. I got five years more for killing a third man. And I got eleven years the fourth time for felonious assault. I got pardoned three times, but not this time, and I did n't even kill him.

The premeditated murder, which we are accustomed to think the most horrible of all crimes, is rare indeed. The offender committing a crime of this type is generally during the act moved by an abnormal emotional tide which for a time floods the avenues of his intellect; or either his intellect or his emotions may be deteriorated.

I could n't get along with my wife, so I decided to kill her. We went into the cotton-field, where I shot her. I went right back and gave myself up.

I soaked my husband's sweetheart in gasoline and stuck fire to her.

Among convicts charged with the crime of murder or manslaughter, a

few persistently claim that they are innocent. Some of those are bitter; others pose as martyrs; some are agitated like trapped animals. They usually shed tears when they tell their story.

I knowed nothing about the murder. A man was robbed and killed. And the next morning the sheriff grabbed me and nearly hung me up. I swear to Almighty God I never saw the man. I knowed nothing about it until the sheriff came. And here I am for life.

Such are the songs of these children in captivity.

If the scientist is correct in his assumption that the great majority of offenders are irresponsible, then punishment is fundamentally wrong. And it is but a matter of time when all the State prisons in the Union will be converted into clinics or clearing-houses for the socially maladjusted individuals. In fact it seems as if this conversion is already on the way.

But granting that the scientist offers too scanty proof for his assumption, and the reader accepts the more orthodox view, 'degrees of responsibility,' even then the punitive methods of our prison farms are doomed. The severest indictment flung at slavery by the imaginative abolitionist declares that it is a sin against God and man, whether it be legalized or not, to deprive a human being of his liberty and utilize him for mercenary purposes as a beast of burden. And no modern State can afford to condone prison conditions which fall under this indictment.

THE SANCTITY OF LAW

BY F. LYMAN WINDOLPH

A GREAT Chief Justice of Massachusetts once said, 'Obedience to law is liberty,' and intended thereby, as I understand his words, to express the nature of liberty in terms of law. At the present time, much is being spoken and written in the United States about the menace of a growing disrespect for the sanctity of law, and much is likewise being spoken and written about the menace of a growing disrespect for the sanctity of liberty. If, therefore, there is such a connection between liberty and law as to warrant the definition of one in terms of the other, we ought to ask ourselves what this connection is. Or, to put the question less generally, if liberty is indeed obedience to law, we ought to ask ourselves what law is and whence comes that sanctity which it is said to possess.

I

The story of Robinson Crusoe may be regarded, for political purposes, as a parable in two parts. The first part is concerned with Crusoe alone upon his island. The poet has made him say that he was monarch of all he surveyed and that his right there was none to dispute; but his monarchy consisted of an uninhabited wilderness, and if there was none to dispute his right there was likewise none to assert it or to whom it

might be asserted. Such a right is, in effect, no right at all.

In the second part of the story, Crusoe and Friday lived together on the island. The coming of Friday converted a solitude into a sovereign State, and Crusoe, like Louis XIV, was the State. Instead of shooting Friday, as he might have done, Crusoe told him that he might keep his life so long as he behaved himself in a specified way. What happened was not the proposal of a contract, but the publication of a constitution. The assent of Friday did not matter in the least. Because Crusoe had a gun, he had absolute power, — that is to say, sovereignty, — and a constitution is the declaration of a self-limited sovereignty. If Crusoe had afterward revoked the constitution and had shot Friday, the result would have been a sin, but not a crime. On the other hand, if Friday had attempted to kill Crusoe, the result would have been treason if he had failed and revolution if he had succeeded. A revolution is either an actual shifting of sovereignty or a practical demonstration that the power theretofore believed to be sovereign is not really so.

Now the situation of Crusoe and Friday is, in miniature, that which has always existed and must always exist in every sovereign State, and it suggests the inevitable answer to the question as to what law is. Law is the voice of sovereignty, and the essence of sovereignty is power. In the field of politics there are no 'unalienable rights,' because in the last analysis the power which grants a right can necessarily take it away. I do not think for a moment that the framers of the Declaration of Independence meant to assert the contrary. To suppose that they did so is to misread the very words of the declaration which they signed. When men take up arms, protesting that they do so to defend rights with which they have been 'endowed by their Creator,' they are not talking politics. Such men stand exactly where Friday would have stood if he had attacked Crusoe with a club, — exactly where history shows that the framers of the Declaration of Independence actually did stand, — that is, on the brink of revolution. Revolutions may be spoken of as political phenomena only in the way in which miracles may be spoken of as natural phenomena. They are outside of politics, just as miracles are outside of nature, and they are to be justified or condemned in the light of history and on moral rather than political grounds.

Nor is the essential quality of sovereignty different in a democracy from what it is in any other form of State. We are accustomed to speak of a system of checks and balances as one of the characteristics of our American form of democracy. The powers of Congress are limited by those of the President, and the powers of both Congress and the President are defined by the Supreme Court. In addition, various rights and immunities are expressly guaranteed, in whole or in part, by the Constitution of the United States. But a system of checks and balances and a bill of rights are no more than effective limitations upon the organs of government. Since the days of the Medes and the Persians, no people has been so foolish as to suppose that there can be, in logic or in fact, a law or a constitution which cannot be amended. If a constitutional provision set up the Supreme Court, a constitutional provision can strike it down; and if Congress is prohibited by the Constitution from making any law respecting an establishment of religion, the authority which declared that prohibition yesterday can revoke it tomorrow. There is somewhere in every sovereign State absolute, unlimited, and

illimitable power, and from the decrees of this power the citizen of a democracy, as well as the subject of a monarchy or aristocracy, has, of necessity, no lawful protection and can take no lawful appeal.

And yet there is, as all men are aware, some vital and tremendous difference — reflected and expressed in a sort of fundamental optimism, whether well or ill founded — which distinguishes a democracy from a monarchy or an aristocracy more widely than either of these political forms is to be distinguished from the other. This difference is not to be found in the quality of sovereignty in a democracy, but rather in the source of it. For if, in a monarchy or an aristocracy, one man or a few men have sovereign power and the people are subject to them, in a democracy sovereign and subjects are, by definition, the same. The people are conceived as making those very laws which they are bound to obey. 'The people,' said John Marshall, in Cohens *vs.* Virginia, 'made the Constitution and the people can unmake it. It is the creature of their own will and lives only by their will. But this supreme and irresistible power to make or unmake resides only in the whole body of the people, not in any subdivision of them.'

Just here, expressed in the classic language of a great democrat and a great conservative, we come face to face with the nature of that sort of law to which obedience is liberty. There is no intrinsic sanctity in the decree of a monarch or the vote of a majority. In either case, the law laid down is merely good or bad according to the facts. But the law of a people is a holy law because it finds its authority and verification in the hearts of those who are called upon to obey it. *When men obey such a law they are free men, because they command themselves.*

II

But for some reason it is just now the fashion to speak of law made by 'the whole body of the people' as if it existed only in Utopian dreams. If this is so, it is high time that we Americans set about revising some of our traditional forms of expression. There is no reason why the preamble to the Constitution of the United States should be in the first person plural if the people of the United States cannot come to a conclusion about the fundamentals of their general welfare or 'ordain and establish' a constitution; or why our writs should run in the name and by the authority of the people of the United States if the name has no correspondence with any actual authority. There is no meaning in our references to 'the representatives of the people of the United States in Congress assembled' if the office of Congress is no other than to enact those statutes which a triumphant majority of electors will compel the minority to obey. In short, it is merely nonsense to talk about the popular will if the people do not have a will, or about public opinion if the public cannot form an opinion.

But, as a matter of fact, common law — if I may use that phrase, not in its technical sense, but to mean that sort of law which is made by 'the whole body of the people' — has no relation to the dreams of the makers of Utopias. For better or worse, it is one of the most real and practical things under the sun, — as real and practical as that common sense of which it is the legislative product, — and all the major sanctions of our penal code are founded upon it.

Most people, for example, do not kill their neighbors or burn their neighbors' houses or steal their neighbors' goods, and, in consequence, we are all agreed

that murder, arson, and robbery ought to be punished as crimes. Almost no one disputes these conclusions, least of all the very small percentage of persons who do, in fact, commit murder or arson or robbery. Even in the midst of the vile sort of sentimentality which sometimes surrounds a sensational murder trial, no special pleader is heard to argue, even by implication, that murderers ought to go unpunished. He only argues that, for some reason or other, his client is not really to be regarded as a murderer at all. In effect, this argument means that most persons in like situation with the defendant would have done exactly what he did. In the usual case, the argument is a bad one because it is not true — most persons in like situation with the defendant would not have done what he did. The technical objection to defenses based upon the so-called 'unwritten law' is that it is not written, but in the majority of cases the real objection is that it is not law.

What is even more important than the fact that most people do not commit crimes is the further fact that most people do not wish to commit them. The deepest of all the differences between the average good citizen and the average criminal is not a difference in will-power or self-control, but rather in the line of conduct which each is instinctively moved to follow. Where there is little will to obey, there is little obedience among either good citizens or criminals, and anyone doubting this may, I think, profitably ask himself how many laws he has actually been tempted to break and what the result of his temptation was. There is a statute in my own state which forbids the operation of an automobile, under any circumstances, at a rate of speed greater than thirty miles per hour. This statute sets up a purely *a priori* standard of safety, which is at variance with that determined by current practice and judgment, and the consequence is that most owners of automobiles, who have habitually driven at speeds in excess of thirty miles per hour and believe that they have done so with entire safety to themselves and others, pay no attention to the statute. On the other hand, the great prohibitions of the penal code are founded upon a consensus of opinion and conduct just short of unanimity. If a man steals my purse he is said to be a robber — that is to say, a criminal. But if he sees no reason why he should not steal it he is said to be a kleptomaniac — that is to say, a madman.

But the effective obligation of law made by the whole body of the people is not limited to those subjects on which its terms have been incorporated and expressed in some formal statute or decree. No such statute, for example, enjoins the payment of what are sometimes called 'debts of honor' — or, less euphemistically, gambling-debts. Indeed, the whole of our legislative and judicial logic is against their collection. If I seek to recover a thousand dollars on a note, the statutes will place at my disposal the courts with their writs and the sheriff with his bailiffs. I can seize and sell my debtor's tangible property and I can attach debts due him by others, including, in some states, his wages and earnings. As a last resort, I can go into the courts of the United States and procure the appointment of a trustee in bankruptcy to take charge of his estate. But if I seek to recover a thousand dollars on a bet the statutes will not help me at all. And yet, year in and year out, the most carefully managed corporation, which investigates and reinvestigates every customer to whom it extends credit, cannot, with all the machinery of the courts within its reach, collect so large

a proportion of its debts as any gambler can collect without lifting a finger.

I am not arguing for or against the morality of gambling or of paying gambling-debts, any more than I was arguing, a moment ago, as to the wisdom or safety of driving automobiles at any particular speed. I am only concluding the last of three observations of fact, which may be restated as follows. In the first place, when the requirements of a statute are the same as those of common opinion, as in the case of high crimes and misdemeanors, the statute is almost universally obeyed. In the second place, when the requirements of a statute are greater than those of common opinion, as in the case of the operation of automobiles, the statute is disobeyed by nearly all those who are without the will to obey it. In the third place, when the requirements of a statute are less than those of common opinion, as in the case of gambling-debts, the latter is, nevertheless, almost universally obeyed, and it would seem — perhaps perversely — a little the more willingly because all the implications of the statute are the other way.

III

But those who assert that disrespect for law is one of the greatest of the ills from which our body politic is suffering do not always, or indeed often, refer to things done or omitted in violation of laws founded upon a general judgment and experience. On the contrary, they profess, without distinction or reservation, a belief in the principles of obedience to law and of law enforcement, and their expression of these principles ranges all the way from the recent declaration of a public lecturer that 'all lawbreakers are traitors' to the characterization as a 'dangerous doctrine' of any suggestion that a man may break the law and remain a good citizen. All such statements depend upon a proposition in morals that seems to me to be untrue — namely, that every law ought to be obeyed; and upon a proposition in politics that likewise seems to me to be untrue, at least in a democracy — namely, that every statute, when duly adopted, necessarily becomes a real law and can be enforced as such.

The proposition that, as a matter of morals, every law ought to be obeyed will not bear historical examination for a moment. So far as treason is concerned, it would, of course, be easy to answer that the ordinary lawbreaker is not a traitor in the legal sense of that word. But nearly all the great heroes in English and American history, from the barons at Runnymede to George Washington, were revolutionists and traitors in very truth, and we reckon them the better men on that account, because posterity has concluded that they were ethically justified in revolution. Indeed, all our traditions affirm that laws ought to be subjected to a sort of moral referendum, and that, if a law is bad enough, forcible resistance and, if need be, treason are the parts of the hero and the patriot.

That good men sometimes break the law is, therefore, much less a doctrine than a fact. On the whole, it has been one of the characteristic and hopeful facts in the annals of Anglo-Saxon civilization on two continents and for more than a thousand years. Moreover, whether as doctrine or fact, it is in every way less dangerous than its opposite. The record of nations convinced that duty requires a blind obedience to every law and willing to act accordingly is a record of domestic tyranny or of foreign aggression, or of both. It is the record of every one of the Mohammedan States, of Sparta, and, in part at least, of Germany in the

years that ended with the close of the Great War. The world might perhaps spare its lawgivers like Justinian, but it can never spare its lawbreakers like John Brown. And so in the field of morals no casuist can say more than that men ought to obey those laws whose commands are righteous and disobey those laws whose commands are evil.

But in the field of politics no philosopher can say more than that men must obey the voice of sovereignty or rebel against it, and that every rebellion must certainly fail and be crushed or succeed as a revolution. Now, if we ask ourselves where sovereign power is to be found in the United States, we must answer, in the whole body of the people; and if we ask ourselves further wherein the American people is said to be without respect for law, we must answer, for the most part in the violation of precisely those statutes which do not represent the popular will and which sometimes do not even represent the will of a popular majority. But if sovereign power resides in the whole body of the people of the United States, it must follow, as a matter of politics, that those statutes which do not represent the popular will are not really laws, and that their adoption means nothing except that the machinery of representation has temporarily failed to function properly and has belied the will which it was called into being to express. It must also follow that such statutes cannot be enforced, because, if they could be enforced, the result would be *imperium in imperio*, — the 'supreme and irresistible power' of sovereignty existing at the same time in the whole body of the people and also in a 'subdivision of them,' — which is a political absurdity. This is, indeed, perfectly obvious on principle, but, upon a little consideration, it points the way to the truth about the source and the significance of much legislation that is inexpressive of the popular will.

For the truth is that there are high-minded and influential men and women in the United States who have no confidence in democracy, and who seek to substitute for it an oligarchy founded upon wisdom, although they do not make use of that phrase. They honestly believe, for example, that if it were scientifically demonstrated that, by standing on our heads for one hour each day, we could become the parents of children who would grow to be seven feet tall and to a proportionally increased mental stature, and who would live for a hundred and fifty years, that fact alone would justify the enactment of a statute requiring all citizens to stand on their heads for one hour each day. I am not attempting to discredit a respectable theory by a foolish illustration. I am only concerned to set down in plain words what that theory means in terms of politics. If a statute in the suggested form were adopted in the United States and could actually be enforced, those unregenerate citizens who unwillingly stood on their heads for the required hour each day would certainly be obedient, and in due time they might become the ancestors of a race of supermen. But two conclusions are beyond the reach of controversy — they would not be free, and they would not be living in a democracy.

And so, things being as they are, nothing remains except to make the inevitable personal application. In this connection, as in every other, it is the essence of the adventure of life that one must act at one's peril. If I am incapable of making any distinction between my own goods and my neighbor's it is certain that I shall end my life in a madhouse or a jail, no matter what ultimate judgment posterity may

pass upon our theory of property. As Voltaire said long ago, 'He who does not have the spirit of his own age has the sum of all misfortunes.' But if I am so fortunate as to share with my fellow citizens their fundamental convictions about good and bad behavior I must, for the rest, proceed as well as I can, guided by that common sense of which a sense of humor is a not inconsiderable part, and which sometimes suggests a judicious mixture of the cardinal and connected virtues of prudence and fortitude.

There is no sanctity and, as I see it, very little sense in a statute forbidding the operation of an automobile at more than thirty miles an hour, and yet, if I owned an automobile, there are a number of considerations which might induce me not to violate the statute. I might be willing to coöperate with any effort, even an ill-founded one, intended to promote safety of travel; or I might prefer to subject myself to a small personal inconvenience rather than add anything to the steadily growing discredit of all the products of formal legislation; or, finally, I might think it foolish to run the risk of being fined in respect to a matter which is of little consequence one way or the other. But if I had a child, and a constitutional amendment were to be passed forbidding anyone to assert the truth of the theory of evolution, I should break that amendment because I should think it morally wrong not to teach my child what seems to me to be true. I ought to have the courage to break it at all costs, and in spite of every sort of penalty. But the fact is that I should probably not be called upon to suffer any penalty, because no such statute could possibly be enforced in the United States except where people did not believe in evolution and where its enforcement would, therefore, be a matter of no moment, just as the Fifteenth Amendment cannot be enforced except in that part of the country where its enforcement is a matter of no moment.

This is so, not because any right can be beyond the reach of the sovereign power, but because the sovereign power in the United States is the people's will, and where the people have no will to command they can, of necessity, have no will to obey. Neither, in such case, can there be sanctity in any amendment or statute, however regularly adopted, nor any liberty in obedience.

And for myself I am content to have it so. The foolishness of the people is sometimes wiser than the wisdom of the few. Even if this were not so, I would rather be taught by wise men than be ruled by them. This is another way of saying that liberty is worth the price of a little foolishness.

HIPPOCLIDES DOES N'T CARE

BY EMILY JAMES PUTNAM

I

THERE comes a moment to any climber when the height he has attained translates itself into the distance he may have to fall. Clisthenes, King of Sicyon, experienced this moment as his span of four white mares sprang past the boundary post and made him winner of the chariot race at Olympia, under the eyes of all Greece.

The chariot race at Olympia was a rich man's event, since none but kings and millionaires could breed or buy the necessary horses. Winning it therefore carried a social connotation over and above the distinction that might be achieved by any young whippersnapper whose good body, steady mind, and persistent painful training should enable him to crown his sweating forehead with a wreath of olive leaves. This, at any rate, was the way that Clisthenes looked at it.

Although Clisthenes was the fourth of his line to reign in Sicyon, he was conscious that he was still regarded as a newcomer. The conquered Dorians of his realm outnumbered his Achæans by three to one, and they were ill folk to hold down. To meet open rebellion and secret plot was in every day's work for Clisthenes. His little kingdom was surrounded by powerful Dorian states that resented the subjection of their brothers, and made him uncomfortable by every means known to diplomacy, from the apparently harmless organization of All-Dorian religious festivals to actual threats of intervention.

And Clisthenes had no son. It remained incredible to him that he of all men had been able to beget no offspring but one slender girl. He had bored the oracles with applications and smothered them with gifts; he had consulted doctors, osteopaths, faith healers, and occultists. He had tried a variety of diets and of wives. But he had no son.

In his peculiar position this misfortune hit him hard. Though he was far from being an imaginative man, his great desire and need had projected itself into a shadowy ideal son who was his confidant, his collaborator, and the extension of his ego, who would survive him and rid him of the feeling that death ends all.

He had come to Olympia with a practical plan in his mind for acquiring the next best thing to a son of his own. Of course the charm of the ideal son of his body was that he would have been a second Clisthenes. In spite of a reasonable amount of experience and a shrewd observation of other men's sons, he held the naïve conviction that his own son would have thought and willed as his father thought and willed — would have been, in fact, simply a second organism directed by the emotions and purposes of Clisthenes. This convenient state of things he could not hope to achieve by his plan, but a considerable amount of help and ease must accrue to him, he reasoned, if he should wed his daughter to the most

promising young man that Greece at that day had to offer.

His primary requirement was ability and his second was serious ambition. Of course there were minor ones: the young man must be healthy and presentable in appearance and manners, and if he brought a little money and a little family prestige, that would do no harm. But the essential was that he should have the brain to assimilate Clisthenes' idea and the character ruthlessly to push toward its accomplishment.

The winning of the chariot race, therefore, — which to many of the spectators doubtless seemed an end in itself so satisfying that the victor might hold his life justified without further effort, — was to Clisthenes merely the foothold from which he was to make the last spring of his slippery climb. While he was still the hero of the hour, he made the famous announcement that was carried to all the homes of Greece as one of the most interesting items of the news of the games. Far and wide the criers shouted his proclamation: —

'Whoever among the Greeks deems himself worthy to become the son-in-law of Clisthenes, let him come sixty days hence — or, if he will, sooner — to Sicyon; for within a year's time, counting from the end of the sixty days, Clisthenes will decide on the man to whom he shall contract his daughter.'

During the closing hours of the meeting at Olympia, this proclamation was discussed by the young men to the overshadowing of all other themes. The defeated contestants in the various events had even more trouble than usual to secure listeners to their explanations of why they had not won, and the victors had not the usual train of admirers and the envious to hang upon their words in the hope of learning the secret of success. In knots and in couples, the flower of the youth of Greece analyzed and commented on the proposal of Clisthenes.

In a rough-and-ready way the position and the character of Clisthenes were well understood by people in general. Of the various dynasties of autocratic kings that had sprung up here and there in the last hundred years, this which he represented had as fair a reputation as any for decency of procedure. The bloody cruelty which marked some of them had never been employed at Sicyon. But the justice of the claim to rule was as questionable as elsewhere, and its very clemency smacked of weakness; at the worst it was timidity, at the best it was a bourgeois scruple. Even in the flush of his victory there was felt to be something absurd about Clisthenes; he was an outsider. Still, he was a reigning monarch, a rich man and an able one. The offer was very tempting to many a younger son and many an obscure young man from the less-regarded parts of Hellas. And then Clisthenes let it be known that he had made ready a foot-course and a wrestling-ground, so that the affair would be a prolonged sporting-event with all expenses paid. Many young men asked nothing better, and they signed up at once.

But the most distinguished youths hung back, not certain whether it was one of those things that are done. This kept Clisthenes in cruel suspense. If his offer attracted only the second-rate, he resolved to find a pretext for withdrawing. It was not until the hour of departure was at hand that the matter was settled, when it became known that Hippoclides of Athens had sent in his name as a competitor. Now Hippoclides was considered to be the wealthiest and handsomest young man in Athens. These qualifications were not at the top of Clisthenes' scale, but they weighed heavily with his

contemporaries. Whatever Hippoclides did became the fashion, and every unmarried Greek of any pretensions hastened to enroll himself as a candidate for the post of son-in-law to Clisthenes.

A second young Athenian, Megacles, of a rich and noble family, an intimate and admirer of Hippoclides, gave in his name because his friend did, but he had misgivings. As they journeyed home together, he said to Hippoclides, 'If one should come out ahead in this free-for-all, would one have to accept the prize?'

'It would take a good deal of moral courage not to,' answered Hippoclides, laughing.

'I wish I could see the girl first,' said Megacles.

II

When the sixty days had expired and all the candidates were assembled, they found that Clisthenes had organized a highly agreeable form of existence for them. Means were at hand for every kind of sport; periodic contests were held to stimulate competition, and the young men fought jealously for places in the methodically kept lists. The details of these tournaments Clisthenes left to the suitors themselves. They appointed their own handicapping committees, their own umpires, and their own judges. This gave them a pleasant sense of freedom, while it enabled Clisthenes to judge them in various lights. Their impression was that his eye was fixed on the score; in reality he was observing the play of character as it appeared in their arrangements, the temper with which victory and defeat were met, and most of all the inevitable effect of natural power of leadership in bringing certain youths to the front and making their ideas prevail.

Every day a sumptuous banquet was spread, at which Clisthenes himself was present, and here he noted narrowly the reactions of his guests to the pleasures of the table and their aptitude for social intercourse. Sometimes a man who had done well at throwing the discus or at the high jump in the morning lost more than he had gained by bragging about it at night, while a good loser rose above him in Clisthenes' private list. Their general intelligence the king tested by starting topics dealing with history or with the administration of states or with the productive arts; and he did not rely solely on table talk in this investigation, for he knew that many a man of ability is shy of speech in company, so he singled them out one by one for casual friendly chat with a coloring of the accidental, so that his interlocutor might be at ease.

Before many months were over, he had, after repeated revisions and corrections, reduced the list of possibilities to six. Of these two came from Italy, and, though their native towns were not far apart, their training, antecedents, and views of life were as different as well could be. Smindyrides from Sybaris was a typical product of his city, which was at that time at the very height of its prosperity. In the art of delicate living he surpassed all the other young men; but part of his programme was the physical exertion that keeps the body fit and gives the benefit of contrast to the softer joys. And he had a hard vein of selfishness, which led him almost unconsciously to secure the choicest morsel at table and the most favorable station in the hunting-field. Clisthenes judged him a strong man who would always get what he wanted.

The other Italian was Damasus from Siris, a studious youth and given to philosophy. He also cultivated manly sports, in order that his body might support the fatigues of the mind, but he was abstemious and an enemy

of pleasure and self-indulgence. Clisthenes was pleased with his precocious self-control, and found by conversing with him that he had studied with special interest the science of government and was familiar with the constitution of every state in Hellas.

From the Peloponnesus there were two possibilities. Laphanes of Pæus in Arcadia was as normal a young man as one could wish to see. He was frank of speech, afraid of no man, a good winner and a good loser, trusted by his mates, and sought for oftener than any other as umpire or as judge. His father was that Euphorion who once entertained the Dioscuri unaware, and thereafter kept open house for all on the chance of again receiving gods as guests.

The other Peloponnesian was a source of embarrassment and perplexity to Clisthenes, for he was none other than Leocedes, son of Pheidon, King of the Argives, and he therefore represented the most powerful and inveterate of the enemies of the King. Pheidon was an able man — it was he who established a uniform system of weights and measures throughout the Peloponnesus; and he was a violent, proud man — it was he who drove out the Elean directors of the games and himself presided over the contests at Olympia. He was the protagonist of Dorians everywhere and was notoriously of the opinion that the Dorians of Sicyon should rise and expel the alien dynasty. Why had this man sent his son as a suitor for Clisthenes' daughter? The obvious answer was that he saw the chance of an easy way to place a Dorian on the throne. But Clisthenes was not by habit necessarily satisfied with the obvious. As he studied Leocedes he seemed to find in the son his father's insolent temper. It was possible the young man had come on his own account, to seek independence from a too dictatorial parent. If he could be won to Clisthenes' views, a heavy blow would be dealt his proud father. He therefore was kept under observation.

But by far the most attractive of the suitors were the two young men from Athens. They had much in common — good looks, good breeding, and good education; they could both recite Homer by the hour; but this accomplishment did not greatly appeal to Clisthenes, who had put an end to the contests of the bards in Sicyon because they sang the poems of Homer and these had too much to say of the supremacy of Argos. And they both had an indefinable and inoffensive air of superiority, which seemed to rest on no conviction of personal merit, but on the opinion that Athens was the leading city of Greece. They never said this. They listened with perfect courtesy to the praises of other states. Leocedes was somewhat given to vocal patriotism, and the young Athenians always agreed gravely that the Argives were great fighting men. But Clisthenes sometimes caught a covert glance of amusement exchanged, which gave him a comforting sense that they looked down upon the Dorians, as upon all the rest of mankind.

Megacles was a son of that Alcmæon who made his fortune by visiting Crœsus, King of Lydia, whose rivers bring down gold in their sands. Crœsus entertained him royally, and as a parting gift bade him repair to the treasury and help himself to as much gold as he could carry away. Alcmæon accepted the gift and took measures accordingly. He clothed himself in a loose tunic, which he made to bag greatly at the waist, and he put on his feet the widest boots he could anywhere find. Thus clad, he followed his guides into the treasure-house. Here he fell to upon a heap of gold dust, and in the first place packed as much as he could

inside his boots, after which he filled the breast of his tunic quite full of gold, and then, sprinkling some among his hair and taking some likewise in his mouth, he came forth, scarcely able to drag his legs along and looking like anything rather than a man. On seeing him, Crœsus burst out laughing, and not only let him have all that he had taken, but gave him presents beside of fully equal worth. Thus this house became one of great wealth. Alcmæon was able to keep race-horses and had won a prize at Olympia.

Megacles was by no means ashamed of the grotesque origin of his father's wealth. In the chaff with which the young men freely amused themselves at each other's expense, no jest turned up more frequently than the exploit of Alcmæon, and Clisthenes, who was himself somewhat peppery and unduly jealous of his personal dignity, admired the good nature and the power of ready self-defense shown by the young Athenian.

In spite, however, of these good qualities, Clisthenes was inclined to think that Hippoclides was the more intelligent man of the two. At the end of six months he was sure that one or the other of the Athenians would be his choice. The Sybarite fairly frightened him with his cold and calculating voluptuarism. Damasus tired him with his bookishness and his constant prate about the Ideal State. The two Peloponnesians were tied up with political questions that would at best mean trouble. Clisthenes therefore fixed his attention particularly on Megacles and Hippoclides, and planned a test of their relative ability in practical statesmanship.

Up to this time the friends had enjoyed their stay in Sicyon, but they had hardly taken the contest with complete seriousness. Neither was sure that he cared to win, and they were beginning to be somewhat bored when something happened that changed the whole complexion of the affair.

III

If Clisthenes had been asked how this dynastic plan of his affected his daughter, he would probably have said that her happiness was his prime motive. He was under the impression that he loved her dearly and that he was doing his duty by her more thoughtfully and elaborately than was the habit of fathers of daughters. To be sure, he had not consulted her; that was not from lack of affection, but on the principle that a parent of course knows best. He had judged it wise that she should not know what was going on until he had made his selection and was prepared to present her to her future husband. He was also of the opinion that she would be as well out of the house while it was full of strange young men. He furnished his guests with plenty of ladies' society in the way of flute-girls and the like, who imposed less constraint than his daughter's presence would have done, and he felt that she, they, and he were all gainers by the arrangement.

He would have liked to place her for the time in the protection of some woman of his own rank, but he had no acquaintance of that sort. He was therefore obliged to fall back on humble but faithful friends, a shepherd and his wife, who dwelt in a secluded glen in the mountains. A little house was built for the Princess hard by theirs. It was furnished with every comfort. Two of her maids attended her and slept with her, and men at arms relieved each other at the door.

Clisthenes, who was so ready to assume that his hypothetical son would have inherited his qualities, had ignored the possibility that his daughter also

might have done so. It would have seemed to him biologically impossible that his qualities should be housed in a female organism. Agarista had uniformly made herself agreeable to him, and he naturally inferred that his wish was her law. He saw with pride that she was fair, graceful, gentle of speech and manner; and that was literally all that he knew about her.

Agarista was at this time sixteen years old. She had arrived at a woman's discretion, but she still used the ruthless observation and logic of the child. If Clisthenes knew her only as a surface, she knew him through and through. Not only was she aware of the main lines of his project, but her servitors had furnished her with a close description of each of the suitors, and kept her informed of the result of each day's contest and of the events of the banquet hall. She had, in fact, a wealth of information that exceeded Clisthenes' own. She knew, for instance, that Smindyrides put on a fresh garment every day, that Damasus had a complicated system of thick and thin according to the weather; that the Athenians changed three times a day if they felt like it; while the Peloponnesians waited till they were fairly compelled by public opinion.

All this was interesting to the girl; it was as though a new book of Homer were recited to her day by day. But it stirred no emotional excitement in her cool young heart. She was far from sure that she meant to marry at all. She certainly had no intention of being bound by her father's choice. She had a vague idea of running away when the crisis became imminent and perhaps finding her way to the country of the Amazons, or disguising herself as a young man and creating a place for herself in some unspecified part of Hellas. For the truth is that Agarista had an interest of her own in life that would have driven her father to fury if he had known of it.

If Clisthenes amused himself with projecting an imaginary son, Agarista was greatly occupied with an imaginary brother; and as these two young men must necessarily have been the same person, that person would have been the vehicle of contending purposes.

For Agarista wished that Sicyon might be restored to the Dorians.

From her first conscious memory, she had been ashamed of the relation of her family to the people. The devotion which immediately surrounded her could not hide the dislike and suspicion that lurked outside. Indeed, that very devotion, by the precautions that it took and the explanations that it gave, betrayed its apprehensions. Very early she learned that her people were newcomers in the place, maintained there only by her father's strong hand and wished away by three fourths of the citizens. Knowing that her father had no male heir, she had assumed that his dynasty would end with him. Now that his device for perpetuating it was clear to her, she longed for a brother. He would certainly have felt as she did, and after their father's death he would have won glory through all liberty-loving Greece by his renunciation of the succession. Vividly she imagined the scene: the slender figure clad in mourning, standing on the temple steps; the angry, almost murderous crowd below; the gesture with which he besought silence; the stupefaction with which his words were heard; the roar of surprise and joy and praise. He and she would go forth hand in hand, carrying nothing with them. The details of her dream happened to contradict at every point those of her father's dream, but the determination to have her own way was her father's own.

In giving his young guests the freedom of the country, the King had

called their attention to a flock of sheep grazing far up on a mountain-side and asked them to avoid in their hunting and even in their walks the ravine devoted to these animals. They were rare and costly stock from which he was breeding, and it was undesirable that they should be startled. In this glen Agarista was bestowed and, as she was commanded not to leave it, Clisthenes felt that he had dealt adequately with the chance of a meeting between her and the suitors.

The superficiality of this view would have been demonstrated to him if he had accompanied the Athenian friends one afternoon as they strolled in a beech wood bordering the forbidden slope. They were agreeing that their stay at Sicyon was becoming dull and wondering whether they could find a decent pretext for going home, when they heard a cry for help from the glen.

Forgetful of the taboo, they broke through the trees with drawn daggers and saw, as they ran down the hill-side, that a small wolf had leaped on a shepherd, whose spear was lying out of reach on the grass. As they put on speed, they saw a young girl dart from the trees opposite them, catch up the spear, and attack the animal. Faster than ever ran the youths to the rescue, but without looking at them the girl heard them coming and shouted to them to keep off. Balancing between gallantry and the etiquette of the chase, they saw her neatly finish the animal and turn a laughing tomboy face to the shepherd. Then they ventured to speak, though from a decent distance, and offer their congratulations.

The girl turned to look at them, and stiffened at once into a young lady.

'Madam,' said Hippoclides, 'we are trespassers. Our excuse is the cry for help.'

The girl bowed courteously and said nothing, but waited for them to withdraw.

Megacles could not quite stand this. 'Madam,' said he, 'my name is Megacles. My friend is Hippoclides. We are both from Athens and know no one in this land outside the King's house. If you are a mortal and not Artemis herself, may we not know the name of so brave and skillful a huntress?'

The girl hesitated a moment and looked from one to the other. They were a comely pair.

'I am Agarista, daughter of Clisthenes,' she said at last.

'Princess,' cried Hippoclides, 'forgive us, but do not forget us!'

'Princess,' cried Megacles, 'your bag to-day is more than one poor wolf!'

And then, because the girl had nothing further to say and because they knew they had no business there, the Athenians saluted with respect and made an orderly retreat.

They walked thoughtfully home.

IV

During the next days all the contestants noticed a change of mood in the Athenians. Whereas they had not hitherto put forth full strength in the games, they now played with quiet intensity; and whereas they had hitherto yielded points to each other as against the field, each now became the most dangerous and determined adversary of the other. Their example was contagious; all the suitors increased their efforts, and the good nature which had hitherto presided at the contests gave place to the spirit of strict justice.

This tightening-up of the competition was agreeable to Clisthenes and determined him to take the Athenians into his confidence and offer them a practical problem. According to their relative success in dealing with it, he would make his choice between them.

Not all at once, but in a series of talks, sometimes with the two together and sometimes with each alone, he explained to them the difficulties of his position in Sicyon. It was fatiguing to rule from day to day by *force majeure*. He had tried by various means to alter the state of mind of his Dorian subjects. At first he had studied to humor them, had given their foremost men posts about his person and opportunities for making money. This had produced no effect on the Dorians, but had created a certain amount of jealousy among his own people. Then he had tried severity: increased taxation, increased military service, severe punishment for overt acts of disaffection. This method had been worse than unproductive — it had nearly led to the uprising he was striving to avoid. Next he had attempted to make them ridiculous. By ukase he abrogated the old Dorian tribe-names, which were the same in Sicyon as among the Argives. Giving to his own tribe the name of the Rulers, he called the other three the Pigs, the Asses, and the Hogs; but the men of Sicyon accepted the crude pleasantry, and it seemed to give more offense to their tribesmen in Argos than to them.

The malcontent of his subjects seemed to Clisthenes to centre about the tradition and cult of the hero Adrastus, who was a legendary king of Argos. It was difficult to find fault with what could be represented as a purely religious matter, but everyone in Sicyon knew that there was as much politics as religion in the worship of Adrastus. So much did Clisthenes object to the growing fervor of the Adrastus cult that he considered abolishing it with a high hand; but he had deemed it safe to consult the oracle of Delphi before committing himself. He had therefore made the pilgrimage and asked the oracle whether he might expel Adrastus from Sicyon. The pythoness had given him this disconcerting answer: 'Adrastus is the king of the men of Sicyon; you are only a robber.'

It was this response that he laid before Megacles and Hippoclides, and they discussed it in every aspect.

'The oracle was squared,' said Megacles.

'There is more in it than the mere money,' said Clisthenes ruefully. 'I have sent them enough myself to square the circle. There is an animus.'

'Incidentally,' thought Hippoclides, 'it is the cold truth.'

Whatever the motive behind the oracle, the publicity always given to utterances of the god would be specially unfortunate in this case. Clisthenes regretted his own simplicity in putting himself in such a position. He was loud in his opinion that applications to the oracle should be considered confidential, but that was a side issue. He put it to his young friends that his position had been definitely weakened at home and abroad by the god's hostility, and that, while it was more necessary than ever to suppress the Adrastus movement, it was no longer possible to do so by direct methods.

What could his young friends suggest?

These confidences affected the Athenians differently. To Megacles it seemed that the situation was hopeless and the dynasty of Clisthenes a bubble. It was not worth while to blot out one aspect of a discontent which would at once present another. He felt a secret sympathy for the oppressed subjects of the upstart and a certain repugnance for the upstart; but he was by no means ready to say all this and make Clisthenes his enemy. The problem, therefore, to which he gave thoughtful days was not how to solve the King's perplexity, but how to dodge it.

Hippoclides, on the other hand, was

enormously amused, and, while he thought Clisthenes an old rascal, he nevertheless was by temperament a supporter of the existing order. Moreover, he saw an opportunity to score, and for many days his thoughts were directed solely to finding a practicable means for getting rid of Adrastus.

Although the friends had hitherto been in the habit of discussing together all their experiences in Sicyon, on this topic they were silent. In fact there was no confidential talk between them after the day they saw Agarista.

Megacles was the first to make his report to Clisthenes, and he did so with a sinking heart, for he feared it would cost him the favor of the King.

'Clisthenes,' he said, 'I am a practical man, of positive views. I cannot deal with imponderables. If your dynasty is to survive in Sicyon, I believe it will do so in spite of Adrastus. The only method that seems to me to promise success is to recommend yourself to the people by just and kindly rule. Let them worship whom they will, but do you lower the taxes.'

This speech was not so displeasing to the King as the young man supposed, for Clisthenes had moods in which he told himself the same thing. Moreover, Megacles' manly and honest bearing as he spoke, his evident misgiving and the courage that overcame it, made an agreeable impression. He reflected that if he should finally fail in Sicyon, and should have to run for his life, this straightforward and courageous youth with the great resources he represented would be a harbor of refuge. He therefore answered Megacles kindly and still reserved the second place for him in his mind.

As to the first place, there was no doubt that it belonged to Hippoclides. Clisthenes could see thought working in that young man; he could see that the problem was congenial to Hippoclides on its merits. He was taking it humorously, for indeed it had its absurd side, and yet he was taking it seriously. This attitude jumped with Clisthenes' own temper, and he was impatient to have Hippoclides' plan take shape.

One day a messenger from Thebes arrived in Sicyon, addressed to Hippoclides. After talking with this man in private, Hippoclides begged audience of the King.

'Clisthenes,' he said, 'we must get rid of Adrastus, and we cannot put him out by force. The alternative is to make him withdraw of his own accord. I therefore make the following suggestion. The hero Melanippus was Adrastus' greatest enemy. At the defense of Thebes he killed Adrastus' brother and his son-in-law. At the same time he is just as good a Dorian as Adrastus. Let us put the two again to single combat. I have friends in Thebes to whom I sent inquiries and I have just received a reply. For a suitable consideration the Thebans will send you Melanippus, bag and baggage. We will give him the shrine and precinct of Adrastus, with all the festivals and sacrifices thereto appertaining. Then let him take care of his own.'

The King was charmed with the ingenuity of this suggestion, and he and Hippoclides had their heads constantly together, planning the details. But there was misgiving in Clisthenes' mind. It was evident that to Hippoclides the whole thing was a joke. He often shouted with laughter at the supernatural aspects of the dilemma, dramatizing the emotions of the heroes on finding themselves again confronted, and speculating on the trouble of mind caused to the devout by their rival claims. This disturbed Clisthenes, for, although he was quite ready to manipulate the grim shades for his own ends, he believed vaguely in the continued

existence and power of both and would have wished to treat them with respect.

And could it be that Hippoclides was really frivolous?

However, the bargain was made with Thebes; and finally the sacred relics of Melanippus, a complete skeleton clad in ancient armor, arrived in Sicyon, were greeted by an imposing escort, among whom Hippoclides wore as straight a face as any, and were installed in Adrastus' shrine with the reversion of Adrastus' rites.

For a day or two it seemed as though the transition from one hero to the other had been made without protest. Then one night the faithful worshipers of Adrastus introduced into the precinct now sacred to Melanippus a small shrine bearing Adrastus' name.

Next day an offering was made to Melanippus. As the priest raised it on high amid the silence of the crowd, a fearful sound was heard — the sword of Melanippus was rattling in its scabbard. The shrine of Adrastus was hastily removed, and the rattling ceased.

'I back the Blessed Melanippus,' murmured Hippoclides to Clisthenes. 'We have seen the last of the Blessed Adrastus.'

Clisthenes was sincerely shocked. While admiring the fertile invention of his brilliant young colleague, he sighed at the impossibility of perfect attainment of one's wish. If only he could make a selective combination of the two young men, and set the blade of Hippoclides' wits in the handle of Megacles' simple and solid character!

V

In the meantime Megacles had become unhappy. It was clear to him that Hippoclides was to be the lucky man. He abused himself for overscrupulousness. He was distressed by the idea that Agarista would think he had let slip his chance in mere indifference. As the day of decision drew near, he made up his mind to see Agarista at all costs, to tell her — what could he tell her? That he disliked her father and was inclined to think the Dorians should be encouraged? No, it would n't be necessary to go into that; he would merely tell her that he was unlucky, stupid, unequal in every way to Hippoclides, but that he was nevertheless, and would always be, her faithful knight.

Agarista had of course been informed of the intrigue against Adrastus and of Hippoclides' responsibility for it. It shamed her that her father had been brought to the use of such claptrap and for so unworthy a cause. It seemed to her that the day of her flight was near at hand. She made ready her boy's dress and weapons, and put her jewels into a packet that could easily be carried.

Megacles turned to the art of bribery. It was unnecessary, because Agarista's servants all wanted to see more romance in the affair. They were, therefore, more than ready to induce the Princess to walk near her side of the boundary of her retreat at a time when Megacles was haunting the other side. And thus on a chilly autumnal afternoon the two faced each other, apparently by accident, among the rocks under the beeches, with about five yards of no man's land between them.

Agarista, recognizing the young man, saluted him civilly and was about to pass on.

'Princess,' cried Megacles, 'I am a stranger in this land. I come as a suppliant asking a boon.'

'What can I do for you?' asked she, thinking to herself, 'I too am a stranger in this land.'

'In a few days, Princess, the year of probation will have expired, and your

father will give you to Hippoclides. He deserves you. He will keep Sicyon safe for you and your line. The gods forbid that your life should ever be troubled. But, if need should arise, the boon I beg is that you will remember you have a devoted friend who would give all that he has to your service.'

Megacles flattered himself that he had addressed the young girl in terms suitable to her innocence. Neither her father nor Hippoclides could take exception to them. He did not realize that his spoken words made but a secondary impression on Agarista's attention. What thrilled her was the consciousness that she was receiving her first declaration of love from a highly prepossessing young man, whose eyes were full of pain, of supplication, and of controlled desire.

Agarista was well brought up, but she was human. She wanted to hear more of this.

'Megacles,' said she, 'you have been one of the suitors for my hand?'

'Oh, yes,' cried Megacles.

'But you have not really tried to win it?'

'Princess, I have done my best.'

'You have not helped my father in his difficulties with his people?'

Megacles turned pale. It suddenly struck him that loyalty to Hippoclides obliged him to tell the truth.

'No, Princess,' he said sadly; 'that I could not do.'

Agarista's own heart gave a sudden leap. 'Why?' she asked eagerly.

'If it had fallen to me to win you,' cried Megacles desperately, 'I should have carried you home with me to Athens, and we should have left your father to amuse himself with the preposterous affairs of this unlucky little state. Now you know the whole truth,' said he miserably. 'Even for love of you I could not bring myself to plot against these poor devils. For heaven's sake let them have the heroes and the tribe-names and the ruler that they want! If you and your father too would come to Athens with me, I could give you power and wealth that would make you forget you had ever bothered about Sicyon.'

As he finished, Megacles hung his head. It was a relief to have spoken out, but he had burned his ships.

Agarista did not speak at once, and when she did speak her voice was as gentle as ever.

'I am not offended, Megacles,' she said. 'I will remember all that you have said, and I thank you for your courtesy. Farewell.' And she left him.

Next day she said to her waiting maid, 'If one young man could cross my path so opportunely, I suppose another could.'

'Oh, madam,' cried the girl in alarm, 'it was pure chance!'

'Nonsense,' said the Princess. 'Have Hippoclides there to-morrow.'

It therefore came to pass that on the day before the decision, when Hippoclides' heart was beating high with the certainty of triumph and with the exquisite prospect of marriage with a wife he loved, a mysterious message reached him, bidding him walk in the beech wood just before sunset.

The chilly afternoon could not cool Hippoclides as he patrolled the appointed spot. He was no cockscomb, and it did not occur to him that the Princess had fallen in love with him at first sight. He believed that all his work with her was yet to do and he was eager to begin. Very likely her father had told her he was to be her husband, and she naturally wanted to look him over. His heart was so full of true love that he was at no pains to prepare speeches. He waited for her in a rosy dream, and when he saw her coming he forgot the boundary line and ran to meet her.

She stopped him with an upraised hand, but he was near enough to see that she was pale and that her breath was labored.

Hippoclides sank on one knee. 'Princess,' he said, 'let me speak first. It may be that to-morrow the gods and your father intend to make you mine. Whatever happens, you must know to-day that I am yours. We hardly know each other, but you are speaking to a man who loves you.'

'Hippoclides,' said Agarista, 'is it true that it is by your advice my father has stripped the people's hero of his honors?'

'Yes, Princess,' said Hippoclides, smiling.

'With what object?'

'To annoy the Argives,' said Hippoclides. 'I hate all Dorians on principle and the Argives most. They are true to type in keeping your people unsettled.'

'But my people, as you call them, are Dorians. Do you hate them?'

'Princess,' said Hippoclides, 'am I here to talk about Dorians? I wish them no harm, but they must be taught their place.'

Agarista paused a moment. 'Let us talk about ourselves, Hippoclides.'

'With all my heart,' cried he.

'Forgive what I am going to say. I am a friendless girl. You say you wish me well. I take you at your word when I tell you what I have told no one else I do not wish to marry you.'

'But why?'

'I love someone else.'

'Not Megacles?'

'Yes.'

'Does he know it?'

'No.'

'Good heavens, what do you want me to do? Your father is going to marry us to-morrow.'

'You must refuse.'

'Never!'

'Do you love me?'

'Better than life!'

'If you love me unselfishly, you will wish for my happiness.'

'But I don't love you unselfishly! I want you for myself. Wait till you have a lover who loves you unselfishly, and see how you like it.'

'It cannot mean much to you; you have seen me only once.'

'As often as you have seen Megacles.'

'If I am married to you,' said Agarista sweetly, 'I shall kill myself.'

Hippoclides walked to and fro in perplexity. 'What is the matter with me?' he asked at last.

'The matter is with me,' said Agarista. 'I want to marry another man. If you withdraw, my father will give me to the other man to-morrow. I ask you, as a gentleman, to make an excuse to my father and go home.'

'But that is impossible!' cried Hippoclides. 'What an insult to him and to you!'

'It would be impossible to most men,' said Agarista, 'but you are so clever!'

And with these words she withdrew.

VI

The announcement of the decision was preceded by a banquet which Clisthenes had determined to make a great affair. He killed a hundred oxen, and invited the whole people of Sicyon in addition to the suitors. It was well understood among these that the choice would fall on one of the Athenians; suspense, therefore, was over for the rest, and they were prepared to enjoy with an easy mind the prolonged and arduous hospitality of Clisthenes. But the Athenians were visibly feeling the strain. They had been in the habit of walking to the dining-hall together, and they did so now. Talk stopped as they entered, and they were stared at as the spectacle of the day. As if they

were a novelty, men noted how tall they were and how well-favored. Each carried, on a gold wire bound round his head, the golden grasshopper which all Athenians wore to show that they alone of the Greeks were not immigrants, but the actual sons of Attic soil. Both were pale and a trifle self-conscious, but whereas Megacles' nerves showed themselves in an increased dignity of bearing, Hippoclides' white face carried a grimace.

'He 's been drinking,' more than one man whispered to his neighbor.

The banquet dragged to an end and was followed by the usual exhibition of music and oratory. Wine flowed freely and Hippoclides became noticeably noisy. Clisthenes watched him uneasily.

Suddenly the company was dumbfounded by hearing Hippoclides shout to the flute-player to strike up a dancing-tune. The man did so, and Hippoclides rose and danced alone. His friends tried to quiet him, but he threw them off.

'Bring a table,' he yelled to the servants; and when it was brought he leaped upon it and, singing drunkenly the while, went through some Laconian dances and then those of his own land. Clisthenes half rose and laid his hand upon his sword. His face was scarlet.

Suddenly, with a whoop, Hippoclides whirled over and stood upon his head, making his legs execute the dance-steps as before. It was so droll that the company shouted applause; but Clisthenes could bear no more. He shouted down the shouters, crying: 'You young fool, you have danced away your marriage!'

'Hippoclides does n't care,' cried Hippoclides, and continued to dance. And this is the origin of the proverb used throughout Greece.

Then Clisthenes commanded silence, and thus addressed the company: —

'Suitors of my daughter, well pleased am I with you all; and right willingly, if it were possible, would I content you all. But as that is out of my power, seeing that I have but one daughter, I will present to each of you whom I must needs dismiss a talent of silver for the honor that you have done me, and for your long absence from your homes. But my daughter Agarista I betroth to Megacles, to be his wife according to the usage and wont of Athens.'

Megacles, almost overwhelmed by the turn events had taken, struggled to his feet and stammered his thanks.

At a signal from the King, the Princess was led in, veiled, attended by a band of maidens. She took her stand submissively before her father.

'My child,' said the King, 'I told you this morning that you were to be married to-night to a young Athenian named Hippoclides.'

'Yes, father,' said Agarista.

'I was in error,' said the King with some embarrassment. 'His name is Megacles.'

'Yes, father,' said Agarista.

'My good, obedient girl!' cried the King with emotion. 'Be as dutiful to your husband as you have been to me.'

'Yes, father,' said Agarista.

Megacles took his wife to Athens to introduce her to his family, and they never came back. Their eldest son was Clisthenes of Athens, who invented democracy, and their great-grandchild was Pericles, who invented Fascismo.

Clisthenes of Sicyon was the last of his line, and at his death the Dorians resumed control of the state.

DEATH

BY ALICE BROWN

If it be sleep, then God defend our sleep:
For we have yielded Him our young desires,
Our passion of sweet madness to o'erleap
This round of earth, outracing starry fires,
Our ardors straining toward dim aureoles
That seemed His signals on the midnight way
Where His true hosts of home-returning souls
Gleamed in the welcome of a rising day.
Our altar fires are out that once did burn
As the red sun. To earth we yield us up.
From her low door we came, and we return
Sure only of a bed, nor bite nor sup.
Now let Him who blows out our candle light
Defend our dreams from perils of the night.

BEE NO. 599

BY CHARLOTTE BURGHES

I FEAR that I shall arouse antagonism by my suggestion that the modern entomologist may be regarded as far more dangerous to the peace of society than the inventor of a new poison-gas. For, although the new weapons of warfare may be destined to destroy thousands of human beings, the new methods and views now entering into entomological research will ultimately have a stranger effect on human destiny.

Such men as Wheeler of America and von Frisch of Germany have not only a tale of wonders to tell, but a moral to draw or to suggest, which must in due course influence philosophers, sociologists, and the people. They are giving us grounds — very practical grounds — on which we may talk of insect psychology, and when we study their works we cannot help noticing the remarkably close similarity between this psychology and our own. We shall also notice great differences, but the mere fact that one can now seriously compare the mind of a human being to the mind of a bee is a direct challenge to compare the relative organizations built up by those minds — not necessarily to the entire advantage of the former.

When a priest or a politician endeavors, sometime in the future, to convince a critical audience that the existing order among men is the best possible, he may be challenged by a heckler with the question: 'Wot abaht the 'ive?' And if he has any acquaintance with the facts I am about to bring forward, his complacency may be somewhat shaken.

I

The greatest mystery of the hive — the problem of how, if at all, the bees communicate with one another — has been solved at last. The discovery is probably the most romantic story of entomology. Its solution is the achievement of a German, Professor Karl von Frisch, and the story of his experiments and researches, told in various scientific publications in his own language and not yet translated into English, will arouse the most intense discussion throughout the world.

It was proved by Herr von Frisch and other workers and observers that a given bee will as a rule frequent one, and only one, kind of flower. Again and again she will return to the blooms of a certain species, ignoring the efforts of all others to attract her. What is the cause of this singular devotion?

His first efforts to find the explanation led him to investigate the insect's color-vision. Everyone knows, of course, that plants, with certain exceptions, must rely on the help of these visitors — and in some cases of honey-sucking birds — to do their fertilizing for them. The floral laborer is worthy of his hire, and his wages are nectar. But how does the plant advertise its store of honey? Again, we know that it commonly employs two methods of communication with the insect world: scent and color. Those plants

that rely on wind and water for the continuance of their race nearly all have small, insignificant, scentless blossoms. They will not contribute to the joys of a garden, for they do not specialize in what the Germans call *Lockmittel*, means of attraction.

Von Frisch placed sheets of paper, which were divided into various shades of gray, under a glass plate on a garden table. Among the many gray squares was one of blue or of yellow or of red. If a tiny watch-glass containing sugar and water was placed on one of the squares, the bees would presently find their way to it. If the square was a blue or a yellow one, it was discovered with ease, and the bees rapidly learned to make their way to it without mistake. If it was scarlet or a certain shade of green, the experiment nearly always failed. By means of these experiments, carried on during many years and with several variations, he was at last able to construct a table of the bees' color-vision. It was then revealed that they see the world around them in much the same manner as a color-blind human being. Bright red — and particularly scarlet — is simply black to them, and orange appears as dark yellow. They are definitely attracted by a pure yellow, such as that of the buttercup, but incontestably their favorite color is blue.

The beekeeper who surrounds his hive with a blue garden will have an abundance of honey. Forget-me-nots, delphiniums, lupines, irises, and larkspur should fill his borders. He may also plant all the lovely 'bluey' reds that shade into crimson and purple, of which there are countless varieties among sweet peas and roses. Not only have the bees an eye for blue, but the color can be firmly impressed on their memory, so that if their hive is painted with it, it will be an infallible landmark for them. It appears that they can also distinguish certain of the ultra-violet colors to which the human eye does not react.

In addition to the simple one-color blooms there are also those whose tints change as they fade, or others, of which the pansy is a good example, which bear stripes, bars, or spots of one shade on petals of another. The changing blooms furnish an excellent lesson in the mistakes that can be made when men seek to apply certain of their own experiences to beings of a different family. One variety of pea (*Lathyrus vernus*), for instance, changes the color of its blossoms from crimson to blue. To us this change is strikingly evident as we contemplate the fresh and the fading flowers; but von Frisch rightly points out that, as the bees react to crimson only on account of its admixture with blue, they will barely notice the contrast which we consider so marked.

A pretty hypothesis has been put forward to account for the existence of flowers in which bright lines or spots stand out against a dark background, or vice versa. One of the best examples of this is the wild pansy, with its golden rays on blue petals. It has been suggested that these paint their faces in order to use them as signposts, so that the visitors may find the way as quickly as possible to the store of honey secreted within. Evidence in favor of this theory is found in the fact that these painted faces all bloom in the daytime. Such adornment would, of course, be quite useless to those which open by night.

In spite of the many interesting new facts about the bees furnished by these color-vision experiments, von Frisch was dissatisfied with their results. They left still unsolved the chief questions to which he was seeking the answer.

He began to attack his problems

from another angle, and to investigate the bee's responsiveness to smell. He soon found that in them this sense is quite as intense as in human beings, and that the memory for odors is one of their chief characteristics. They can recognize a scent at just about the same degree of dilution as a human being, and the perfumes of certain plants to which the human nose is insensitive are quite accessible to them. Herr von Frisch soon proved experimentally that the bee's smell-organs are located in its antennæ, for if these were cut off it could still distinguish flowers by their colors, but not by their scents. The flower perfume appears to be partly a device for attracting the insect, but more especially one which provides the bee with a means of discrimination between the blossoms of various species.

The bee's knowledge of smell also plays an enormously important rôle in the hive. It is, in fact, the principal means of communication between the inmates.

II

Herr von Frisch began his new experiments by putting pieces of paper smeared with honey on garden tables. It was sometimes necessary to wait for hours, even days, before a bee discovered the new store of food; but when one had done so only a few minutes passed before numbers of others, increasing steadily, and all from the same hive, arrived to lap up the supply.

How had they been told the news of the discovery of the treasure? How were they able so unerringly to find their way to it?

In order to answer these questions, the investigator constructed a special observation hive. The combs were covered with protective sheets of glass, and apparently the inhabitants soon became accustomed to the light. Now, as the hive contained between thirty thousand and fifty thousand inmates, it was necessary to find some way to distinguish a few of them from the others. Herr von Frisch invented a technique which may be of even greater importance than its first results. He constructed an experimental hive with glass sides, through which a colony of bees could be observed and controlled. More essential still, he found a means of identifying individual bees by marking them with spots of indelible color, arranged according to a code. He succeeded in marking 599 of them with five different unfadable colors, and he became so expert in his observations that he could, so he tells us, recognize his marked bees even when they were in flight, and pick them out in an instant from among a dense crowd of their sisters.

One may here interpolate a fragment of apian psychology which might depress poets and schoolmasters, but for which the children will certainly be grateful to the German professor. He has definitely contradicted the ancient legend of the Busy Bee. As each worker has her own particular floral clients and will have intercourse with no others, she is not called upon to labor continuously, any more than we are. When, temporarily, she enjoys a period of rest and reflection, she repairs to her own particular nook on the comb, — the equivalent, one may suppose, of our favorite room or club, — where she sits among her equals, drowsing away with as little regard for time as the laziest hobo. It is delightful to learn that in this respect the bees are extremely human, and vary individually in their choice of work or leisure.

Among all groups of honey- or pollen-collectors a definite scouting-system is in practice. If the supply at a given source becomes scarce, those who

frequent it will gradually become fewer, but from time to time one of them will return to see whether it shows signs of increase. This, again, is a matter of personal choice. There are no specially appointed scouts, as the termites have their special soldiers; each individual seeks according to her own keenness, and whereas some will go back no more than once, others will return two or three times, and search with eager determination.

The observer followed the subsequent actions of one marked bee who had filled her little crop with as much honey or sugar-water from a newly discovered store as it could hold. As soon as this is replete, she flies straight back to the hive, and first of all distributes the food to other internal workers who meet her near the entrance and, after sipping a certain amount themselves, carry it to places where it is most wanted. The honey-gatherer never, apparently, performs this task herself. She does something far more remarkable. She begins to dance.

If the reader has ever seen or heard of the old Cornish 'flower dance,' he will be able to visualize more easily the extraordinary behavior of the bee. In the Cornish dance people join hands, forming a chain that whirls through the streets, in and out of the houses, apparently aimlessly, for as long as they can keep it up. Some will drop out, and others will fall in, as the procession goes on. Our bee now begins a similar performance on the combs. In a state of intense excitement she starts moving round in a circle with quick, tripping little steps. After a few seconds she abruptly turns in the opposite direction and repeats her movements. She may carry out this dance from three to twenty times in the same place, her energy being, apparently, proportionate to the importance of her discovery. She then stops as suddenly as she began, rushes back to the hive door, and flies as fast as her wings will carry her to the feeding-place.

But in the meantime her conduct has created a tremendous stir. She has begun her performance in the middle of a dense crowd of her fellows, bumping into them in the course of her gyrations. They turn their heads toward her to see what is happening, and as soon as their attention is attracted certain of them also evince signs of intense excitement, some creeping or hopping toward her from a distance of several centimetres. They endeavor to hold their feelers against her abdomen, and, as one joins the other, the first bee, like the first dancer in 'Follow-my-leader,' gathers a tail of others behind her. It is extremely comical to watch their endeavors to follow her every movement, which cause the tail to turn and undulate in the direction of the première ballerina. From time to time one will drop out of the throng, dash to the hive door, and fly off. Another will take a little time to think, will preen and polish her dress a bit, before she too sets out.

It has been found that bees which have also been marked to show that they belong to the group of the discoverer are, as a rule, among the first to take her hint, and they will detach themselves from the chain before she has finished her performance, while 'new' bees, those who have been temporarily resting or have had a meagre harvest in their own pasturage, will take a little longer to make up their minds. From time to time another bee who has found the feeding-place will return in haste and follow the example of the first explorer, starting dancing-chains of her own.

What precisely has happened? How has the dance conveyed to those who took part in it the location of the new

store? And how do they manage to find it so swiftly, going off, as they often do, in the middle of the performance? They do not attempt to follow the original dancer when she departs again, nor do they lie in wait for her at the hive door, but precede her to the new honey-market. Does she manage to convey to them by a secret sign the direction of the food and its distance from the hive?

In order to ascertain what had happened, Herr von Frisch placed at a distance of fifteen yards to the west of the hive a watch-glass full of honey, on which his marked bees had been fed. He put others at greater or lesser distances in all directions. Every glass in the neighborhood was flown to by new bees within the very shortest time of the feeding, return, and dancing of the marked ones. If the bees had not been fed, no dance occurred, and the provisions remained undiscovered for hours or even for days. Distance had no effect on the experiment. In one case a store was deposited in a meadow a full kilometre from the hive, with hills and woods lying in between. After a wait of four hours, the bees found that one too. As soon as they had begun to sip the honey, they were taken up with a little forceps specially made for the purpose, were marked with color, and their progress home was signaled by a specially placed chain of observers.

Now after the dance had taken place the new explorers, as we have seen, set out to seek the treasure. First of all they searched everywhere in the close vicinity of their home, and as they found nothing there they gradually extended the distance of their flight until they had covered the whole area as far as the meadow, where they were rewarded for their perseverance.

In the next experiment the watch-glasses were replaced by real flowers — cyclamen blossoms, filled with a few drops of sugar and water. The result was identical, but it had an interesting sequel. When the cyclamen flowers were provided minus the food-store, they were still visited, and if they were placed next to blooms of phlox that also contained no honey or other feeding-material the phlox blossoms were ignored, while the cyclamen flowers were searched again and again with patient obstinacy. If the experiment was reversed, the bees would visit the phlox and ignore the cyclamen. Clear evidence was thus obtained that they could discriminate between the scents of various flowers, and that by means of the dance they could tell each other which kind of blossom to look for, by disseminating in their violent movements some of its scent, which clung to them and which was first taken in and then remembered by those with whom they came in close contact. If a new store of nectar was thus 'said' to be found in a cyclamen cup, all cyclamens, but only cyclamens, would be visited, until the coveted blooms containing it were reached.

Artificial flowers, sprayed with a drop of an ethereal oil like that of peppermint, could draw them also. After having satisfactorily visited one of these, they would show the greatest interest in anything in the vicinity of the hive which smelled of peppermint.

The fact that bees will search all flowers of a given species in this manner has great biological advantage for the plants. Von Frisch points out that if the original discoverer took her companions with her, straight to the source of her plentiful meal, large numbers of bees would cluster round a small group of blooms, while those in the immediate or more distant neighborhood would be neglected, although they might be of the same kind. Perhaps they might never be fertilized, in consequence, and

the bees would be thrown back on a restricted and speedily exhausted stock of honey; whereas the existing arrangement makes it certain that when a flower of a new species is discovered by the bee others of the same family will be eagerly sought for, and so their fertilization and perpetuation will be assured.

Careful observation revealed a new problem. The numbers of collecting bees appeared always to be in reasonable proportion to the amount of food available. It seemed as if, in this matter also, an understanding could be reached among them. In order to ascertain what took place in this connection, a new trial was made. A poor honey-harvest was imitated by substituting for the watch-glass shells some blotting paper moistened with sugar-water. In due course the bees came and fed on this, but they had hard work to fill their little crops, and when they returned to the hive they did not dance. In consequence, no newcomers arrived to sample the blotting-paper meal. The same held good when artificial flowers which had been provided with only small stores of food were substituted for an adequate supply.

Two places, equidistant from the hive but in opposite directions, were chosen for the next venture. At one the marked bees found an abundance of honey; at the other only a small amount was given. No artificial scent of any kind was provided in order to attract visitors; nevertheless the bees that found the rich store danced as usual, while their less fortunate sisters did not. As a result, ten times as many new seekers accumulated where the honey flowed generously as visited the spot where it was hard to obtain. Careful investigation at last led the observer to understand how the bees signaled their discovery of the plentiful, though odorless, stock. The well-fed bees, as they flew or sipped, pushed out a small organ of their own, which serves them as a miniature scent-factory and is located in a pocket of skin containing glands at the end of the abdomen. By means of this they can produce a strong, fruity scent, which is discernible by the human nose, and which was found to have an enormously enhanced power of attraction for other bees, even at a great distance. It was this smell which drew new fliers over a considerable area to the abundant honey-harvest, even when the cup or flower containing it was scentless.

The pollen-gathering bees belong to a group of workers entirely distinct from those that collect honey, but they also have their dance, which is so distinct from the 'honey-trot' that a trained observer can discriminate between the two immediately. Its special characteristic is a kind of tail-wagging movement of the dancer, by means of which she rubs her little pollen-baskets on the faces of the interested onlookers, and particularly on their outstretched feelers. The pollen of each flower has its peculiar smell, often quite a different perfume from that of its petals, and it is this pollen scent which, when spread by means of the bee's movements, carries the news to her comrades that the flower is waiting to be fertilized.

Two groups of pollen bees were marked, one of which comprised wild-rose visitors, while the other was addicted to Canterbury bells. Some flowers of these two species were deprived of their pollen, so that after a while they were searched by isolated gatherers only. The anthers of the Canterbury bells were then taken out and replaced by pollen-covered anthers of roses, which were fastened inside the flower by tiny needles.

In due course a bee visits a Canterbury bell and flies back to the hive with a rich harvest of *rose* pollen. And now a curious thing happens. Dance as she will, she is quite unable to attract the attention of her own former companions. She is no longer one of them. But if she feels any disappointment at this unusual result it is soon mitigated by the delight shown by the rose-pollen collectors. These crowd around her, and soon fly off to confirm the news she brings. Now it is their turn to be perplexed. For naturally they fly to the roses, and finding no pollen, or only minute traces there, — it has been carefully removed in anticipation of some such behavior on their part, — they spend a long time patiently seeking it in vain. But as such practical jokes are at present the prerogative of human beings alone, they do not attempt to frustrate the trick by searching among the Canterbury bells.

This technique, by which bees may be marked and observed as individuals, has led to astounding results, and more will follow. It has enabled Rösch, a pupil of von Frisch's, to observe the life of individual bees from their emergence from the pupa cell until their death. He has now a community in which every single bee is marked and traceable.

Some people may find it difficult to think of a bee as an individual. In order to make it easier, I am going to substitute for the identification number used by Rösch in his experiments a name borrowed from Mr. Rudyard Kipling. For Kipling — who, one presumes, has little use for human communists — has written the finest account of bee communism in English fiction, a short story entitled 'The Mother Hive.' His heroine was called Melissa — a charming and appropriate name, which I propose to adopt here.

III

Melissa is destined to be a sterile female, exactly like every other hive-bee except the queen and the drones, who have specialized in the sexual duties toward the community. It is not to be supposed that we need feel sorry for her on that account. She may be keen on her career or she may not, — there are more kinds of bee than the eternally busy one, — but she will have plenty of variety in her life. She will certainly not be so bored as a queen, doomed to go from cell to cell on her eternal egg-laying round. She will have many jobs to perform, which may sometimes overlap, and she will have at least one exquisite thrill which ought to make every worker's life worth living.

As soon as she has left the cell in which she has become a complete bee, she will have a good wash. She will take plenty of time for cleansing her whole body with her legs. She begins with her head and eyes, in order to rid them of the pupa skin which may still be sticking to them; then she will rub her feelers and wings and make some experimental fluttering movements with the latter. She may get hungry during the process, and if so she begs food from older bees, who will supply her with it. And so to work.

Melissa now begins to visit empty brood-cells in the nurseries, slipping in and out of some for a few minutes, ignoring some, and remaining in others for several minutes. If such cells are marked and watched after they have been visited by one or more young bees, one can invariably see, sometimes within an hour, that they have been visited by the queen, who has deposited an egg in each.

The peculiar behavior of the egg-laying queen, as well as of the cleaners, with regard to the empty brood-cells,

shows clearly that those which have been cleaned are distinguished by them from the others. During her walk through the nest the queen often comes to empty cells from which the young have crept, but which have not yet been cleaned. She puts her head in, appears to notice that they have not been prepared, and goes on. Soon a young cleaner arrives, who also sticks her head into the cell, and immediately creeps into it; others may do the same. If, after this, the queen returns that way, she pops her head in again, is satisfied that the cell is ready, and deposits an egg in it. It is not yet certain how the queen or the cleaner can distinguish between a cleaned and a 'dirty' cell. Owing to the darkness of the hive, optical impressions cannot guide them; probably the sense of smell does so.

Melissa can find no more cells to clean, or else she wants a rest, so she finds a comfortable place on the nursery comb and sits down — perhaps for hours. But this does not mean that she is just 'lazing about.' Experiments in lowering the temperature of the hive have shown that if it falls below a certain point crowds of bees that had been crawling around, apparently aimlessly, now cluster in a dense circle over the nurseries, in order to keep them warm. Melissa is not at this stage ready to perform any other job, but even her inactivity is useful.

From her third day onward her behavior alters. She now constantly visits the honey- and pollen-stores. She finds a full cell, remains there awhile, sucking, and then returns to the nurseries, beginning a search similar to her quest for a cell to be cleaned. But her objective is now a different one. She is now looking for a cell containing a larva. She pours over it some of the honey-pollen mixture she has imbibed. She has become a nurse. Again she does not work like a slave, but like a citizen. Sometimes she will feed for a little while, and then, as if she considered her duty done for the time being, she may sit about, cleaning herself or just doing nothing. Then she suddenly begins work again.

Melissa does not feed larvæ indiscriminately. She will hunt around for a long time as if looking for a particular kind of cell. She is, in fact, looking for such as contain larvæ in the final stages of development. Now it is known that the food of bee-larvæ does not consist merely of honey and pollen. It has three ingredients: these two and a special component called 'jelly.' Up to the fourth day of their lives the larvæ receive this jelly from the older nurses, bees aged from six to thirteen days. Afterward they are additionally fed by young nurses such as Melissa, who supplement their diet with honey and pollen fetched from the store. This raises a peculiarly fascinating point, but it appears almost certain that the nurses of both groups are able to tell the difference in the ages of their charges. How they do so is not yet known.

After a short spell of such duty, curious things begin to happen to Melissa. She starts exploring the hive. Presumably she finds it exhausting, for she will sit down anywhere at any time for a rest. Whereas previously she would run away as if frightened when an excited old bee coming in with honey pushed her way into the middle of the comb and began an information dance, Melissa now finds herself quite interested in the strange event. She even ventures once or twice to take honey from the old girl. Exploring ever farther, she arrives near the door-hole. There is a constant crowding in here, a continual rushing out. Suddenly Melissa is caught up with an outgoing gang; infected by some strange new

enthusiasm, she is off with them. In a moment she has left the warm, familiar darkness behind, and is on the wing!

Melissa flies! I will venture beyond the strict accuracy of ascertainable fact and dare the surmise that she is happy, and that only in recent times has it been made possible for human beings to know just how happy she may be. We too spend most of our time in youth in dark, warm places; we too may one day rush to a jumping-off place; we too can wing our way into the air, into the blue sky and the golden sunshine. Throwing all caution to the winds, I suggest that it must be even more wonderful for Melissa than for us. And those who are so fond of asserting the superiority of the human over the insect race need not retort with reminders about honey-gathering and duty. Nothing of the kind! Melissa is flying for fun and for fun only.

It is worth insisting on this point.

> It must be made clear [says Rösch] that the purpose of these early flights is not the getting of food, as has always been superficially stated in the literature. I have often offered drops of sugar water to bees who were beginning their first flight; they either sipped it casually or in most cases flew away from it. It is, on the contrary, often to be observed that on their return to the hive these creatures are fed by their fellows. In fact, this flight is to be considered purely directional. The young bee, immediately after leaving the hive, turns her head toward it, and, keeping in that direction, she flies in small circles around the place whence she departed. She is learning to understand her environment; she is storing memory pictures, which will afterward guide her. That the young bee does learn on her first flight I have proved by taking away from the combs marked bees which had just returned, and letting them loose at a short distance from the hive. They all found their way home, whereas a bee which had never yet been out was unable to do so on being liberated.

After this delirious excursion, which may be repeated again on a warm, sunny day, Melissa goes back to sober indoor duty. If the community is in a state of growth and has more young to look after than usual, she will continue her nursing for a while. But the first contact with the outside world has given her what for us would be described as new ideas. At any rate, she can now take over duties for which excursions and the ability to recognize her home on returning are indispensable.

At this time, which Rösch calls the second period in the hive, in order to emphasize the fact that Melissa does not become a field-worker immediately after her first flight, she does various jobs all more or less connected, such as taking the food from laden field-sisters, storing it, packing down pollen, removing rubbish and corpses, helping the young to break their cell-lids, and, finally, sentry-duty. If she were given to human sentiments and human ways of expressing them, Melissa could hardly 'grouse' on the ground of monotony.

One or two points in connection with these pursuits may be referred to briefly, though sentry-duty merits more attention. In order to find out just how the honey was distributed, Rösch made an ingenious experiment. He fed the field-bees of an observed community with red-colored sugar-water at a definitely chosen spot, and after they had carried back the first drops of it he found the same red color in several honey-cells. It was also seen that several intermediary bees, who had taken it from the gleaners to the store, showed a similar red coloring of the skin between the abdominal segments.

Another experiment. The bees who bring in pollen do not give any of it to their companions. They take it straight to the appropriate comb, look around

until they find a suitable cell, enter it, and stroke the two little 'drawers' of pollen, as they are called, off their legs. After taking a little honey, they immediately leave the hive again. But there is still work to be done there. The two lumps of pollen that lie in the cell must be smoothed down. On September 23, 1924, Rösch observed Melissa doing this. After she had left the cell, he artfully removed the glass, took the smooth pollen out, divided it in two, and laid the bits back in the same cell. Soon Saccharissa, who had been sitting near by, went into the cell in her turn, and pressed the divided lumps down tidily again.

When Melissa goes on sentry-duty, we find the first real test of her enthusiasm for the hive. His remarks on this subject are among the most valuable made by Rösch. As his account of his observations cannot be bettered, I will simply translate it here: —

It has already been ascertained that honey bees have a regular sentry-system. I noticed that various workers always remained in or near the door-hole. In the morning, when the first fliers start out, they are already there, and in the evening or in cool weather they are always near by.

They behave in an interesting way. With their feelers and half-opened wings they control every incoming bee, run excitedly to each one as soon as she comes to rest on the board, and do not permit her to enter until they have explored her thoroughly with their antennæ. They seek to attain even those hovering slightly above, with a 'snapping' movement toward them, standing on the back legs and waving the front legs and feelers after them.

If an unwelcome guest or a robber arrives on the board, a whole crowd of sentries immediately throw themselves on him, hold him tight with their mandibles, pull him about, and try to sting him. The battle does not always go in favor of the defenders, but such fights take place constantly. The sentries also react immediately in the case of small stones, dead bees, or foreign bodies thrown on the board, all of which are carefully examined.

It was always thought that there was a special caste in the hive charged with sentry-duty. But, as is shown by watching marked bees carefully, this is not so. They do not remain long at the door-hole. This is the last task undertaken by each worker, according to age, before going on field-duty.

It is discharged with varying enthusiasm. I observed some bees that remained on sentry-go for one to three days, taking only short periods for feeding and directional excursions, immediately dashing to the spot when there was sign of a fight, with so much enthusiasm that they nearly rammed one another, while many others were much less keen fighters, remaining farther inside the hive, and often going back to 'store-work.' Bees at the preceding and following age-stages do not take part in defense or fighting, but go their ways quietly, even though a battle may be raging on the board.

And now Melissa enters on the last stage of her career, the gathering of honey or pollen. What makes her go out for the first time to the flowers? How does she decide to specialize in getting either honey or pollen? For no bee ever collects both. We don't yet know. But undoubtedly, when she first goes out, Melissa, having initiative, does not follow more experienced hunters. She seems to prefer free-lancing, and endeavors to discover a new source of food. Not only does this make her a valuable asset to the hive, but as new young bees are constantly streaming from the home it makes it pretty certain that no newly opened flowers in the vicinity will be overlooked.

We are approaching the end. For Melissa's whole life, with all its responsibilities, thrills, adventures, and dangers, will last in the summer only from four to six weeks. Veterans of eight weeks have been known, but are rare.

If she has the luck to be born at the right moment, she may hibernate with the queen and live as many months, but it will be a dim sort of life compared to that of the summer bee.

Our friend the moralist, who could never miss an opportunity such as this, has been at hand to suggest that Melissa actually works herself to death.

> Certainly [concludes Rösch] an observer, peering into the crawling, wriggling crowd in the hive, might think that feverish activity reigned there. It is by no means certain, however, that this is the case, and it can definitely be said that the industry of the bee varies according to the individual. There are many bees that are actually lazy, whom one may see sitting or running about aimlessly for hours. Among the great mass this is not noticeable in unmarked bees. But I can well understand the surprise of a casual onlooker who, after watching some of my marked bees for a long while, could not notice any activity, and remarked that it was always the individuals one did not watch who were busy.

IV

So we may leave Melissa to an honorable end — since we have chosen a model bee as our subject — without being convinced that all of her sisters will have equally deserved it, any more than all of us do. But the nonscientific student may perhaps point out that there is no evidence that Melissa believes in immortality, or that she may not have a religion which tells her to do her duty in this world without counting on the next to make up for lost time. According to Dr. Broad, Professor Taylor asserts that 'if we and all the human race will eventually die certain acts which it would be our duty to do on the opposite alternative will not be duties. And certain other acts which it would be wrong to do if we were immortal would be harmless and reasonable enough if the lives of ourselves and our fellows are limited to the threescore years and ten which we spend in this mortal body. The reasonable course of life on the latter alternative would be that which is sketched for us in Horace's *Odes*. Since this mode of life would not be wrong if we were mortal, we may conclude that we are not mortal.'

The evidence does not incline us to think that Melissa leads a Horatian life of pleasure. Her usefulness to her community is greater than that of many human beings to theirs, and on these grounds it may be urged that Melissa has a much greater claim to immortality than they have. She has no religion in Saint Teresa's sense, but some people — myself among them — may prefer the organization of the hive to that of the convent.

There are other alternatives, no doubt. But I claim that the fact that we are compelled to regard them from an angle of vision which must include the hive is proof of my earlier statement — that humanity has perhaps much to hope for and much to fear from the investigations of the entomologist.

WHAT IS A RELIGIOUS MAN?

BY JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our heart is restless until it rests in Thee.
— Saint Augustine

Shoemaker Hankin spent his breath in proving that God does n't exist, and his life in proving that He does. — *Mad Shepherds*, L. P. Jacks

One has many thoughts in the midst of the ugly debates in the churches, in which good men bandy bitter words and brand each other as enemies of the faith. Often they recall the saying of Penn, that men who fight about religion have no religion to fight about; but that is going too far. By the very fact that religion is so decisive, and touches life so deeply, men who take it seriously will quickly flame into passion. For the same reason we must watch our words and submit our lips to a wise care, lest we injure what is holy to all.

I

After all, what is a religious man? It all depends, of course, on what we mean by religion, and here our thought is vague. Inevitably so, because every great thing opens out upon the Infinite and asks for unfenced frontiers. A definition is a wall we build around a reality in order to bring it within reach, and a wall has its limits; it shuts out more than it shuts in. A man may fence in a field, but never the winds that blow across it, nor the sunlight that falls upon it, without which his field would be of little worth. No more can we fence in religion with a definition; it eludes our words and escapes.

Clearly a line must be drawn between religion and theology. One is the truth of life in its warmth and radiance, its joy and pathos; the other is a system of reasonings and conjectures, symbols and traditions, by which man seeks to justify, clarify, and interpret the faith by which he lives. Religion is poetry; theology is prose. It is the difference between a flower garden and a book of botany, a manual of astronomy and a sky full of stars. As one does not have to know the facts of botany in order to enjoy a bed of violets, so one need not be an adept in the mysteries of dogma in order to live the religious life. Men lived by the grace of religion ages before theology was born, or ever logic had learned its letters. Our theories of religion may be, must be, imperfect, and ought to be as revisable as are all the ideas of the human mind; but the wonder of the reality remains, a challenge and a consolation.

Our theology should be new in every generation, as the mind of man broadens with the processes of the suns. In point of fact it has been so. Each age shows us a changing Church that professes to remain unchanged, and denounces those who change it. Ever the truth abides and grows, — abides because it grows, — and it is seen by each age in a new light, in a new setting,

against a new background. The pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers warned his flock, at parting from them, not to come to a period in religion, but to expect further light to break forth. Still further light is breaking forth in our time: new ideas of the world and its laws, new visions of the spiritual order and its ideals, are at the door — if we have eyes to see and a heart for high adventure.

In the same way temples, altars, creeds, feasts, fasts, and solemn ritual words are not religion. They are efforts to realize and express the unseen element of thought and yearning which lies at the root of it; attempts to utter in symbol, or to invoke by sacrament, the mystery and the meaning of life. Religion is no abstract thing; it is life itself — 'the life of God in the soul of man,' as Scrougall said three centuries gone by. It is the living truth by which we live, the art by which we learn how to live — how to be, how to do, how to do without, how, as Dante said, to make our lives eternal.

The spiritual quality in humanity, by whatever name it may be described, is a part of our endowment, at once the fountain of our faith and the consecration of our life. It is the Eternal Mysticism, to express which some write rituals, others devise dogmas, and others sing anthems. Elusive, yet ineluctable, it takes myriad shapes, adding a radiance and a pathos to all the old, sweet, sad, happy human things: love and birth, joy and woe, pity and pain and death, the quest of truth and the love of beauty, the day of drudgery and the hour of divine surprise, the laughter and the liturgy of life. It is the grace and finer spirit of noble art, great music, and lofty literature, no less than of the piety of the race from the crude rites of early man to the life of Jesus.

Every man shares, in some degree, in the great mysticism of the race. By the very fact of his humanity, each man has a capacity for religion, as he has a need of it, whether he knows it or not; just as he is potentially a poet, though he may not be aware of it. One doubts the fact of an entirely irreligious person; but if he exists he is by so much less than human. In some men the spark is dim or dormant, but it is there, along with much else. As radium is found only in uranium, and then only a few grains of it in tons of alien matter, so 'the light which lighteth every man' may burn darkly; but it does not go out. Older than all creeds, deeper than all doubts, it is the account which life gives of itself when it is healthy and free. As deep as life itself, as various as the need and nature of man, it adds a lustre to his days and years, a ray of white light hidden in his clay.

So the religious man is of many sorts, according to type, temper, and stage of growth, and we ought to be able to know him in any garb. Rough, hard men have a shy, latent need of the Divine, but do not know how to say so. Women of the world, who seem to live only for fashion, are weary and ill at ease in the midst of frivolity, and a laugh often stifles a cry of the soul. Many who are reckoned as skeptics, and deem themselves such, long for a truth that makes all other truth true. In some, religion is a tradition, in others a superstition, in others a grim sense of duty, in others only a wisp of wistfulnesses. There are those who are unaware of its existence in their lives, and even deny that they possess it, thinking it means plate-passing and long prayers. Yet they 'live by a faith the lips deny, God knoweth why.' Whatever its form, it is deep, tender, holy, a temper of mind, a tone of heart, a haunting rhythm in the life of man.

Since religion is a Divine Life, it can no more be shut up in a creed or a rite than spring can be shut up in a garden; it takes all the shapes that truth and love and duty take. The greatest of all teachers did not use the word 'religion' at all, but always the word 'life' instead, saying that He had come that men might have life more abundantly. With Jesus religion does not consist in a few acts of worship and alms, much less in a set of dogmas; it is not one thing, but the spirit in which we do everything, if it be only to give a cup of cold water. Many kinds of life must be lived, and no one kind has a right to be called religious, to the exclusion of others. Every task is sacred, the humblest no less than the highest, which makes for growth and service; and all things are holy which draw men into fellowship and promote justice and beauty in the earth. So far from limiting life, religion sanctifies it, sets it free, shakes the poison out of all its wild flowers, and reveals the eternal values in the arts and acts of each day.

II

It may be said that, in the view here set forth, if religion is everything, it ceases to be anything. Or else if all thoughts, all feelings, all acts are, or may be, religious, it embraces what is included under morality, and we are using more words than we need. Of course, for purposes of analysis we may isolate one aspect of life, separating religion from morality, but in actual experience they blend, they intermingle, they are interwoven. Life is one, personality is one. Indeed, my point is that religion, as the Latin word for it implies, is the unifying spirit of all life. One thought runs through it, whether defined by Cicero to 'rethink' or by Augustine to 'rebind': the idea of a tie by which things are held together, a thread on which things are strung; a power of cohesion and coherence.

More and more religion is regarded, not as a separate faculty or interest or instinct, but rather as a unity of interests — the organizing spirit among the values of life. A picturesque example may be found in the life of Anton Chekhov, the Russian novelist, to whose art we owe so much. Something happened in him, whether real or imaginary, to cut the tie which gives unity and continuity to life, scattering ideas and events like beads in disarray when the thread is broken. It was an appalling experience, as he describes it, leaving him a sad, weary, bewildered man, wondering 'whether life, of which we know nothing, is worth the tormenting reflections with which our Russian minds wear themselves out.' In one of his letters he writes: —

'In all the thoughts, feelings, and ideas which I form about anything, there is wanting the something universal which would bind all these together into one whole. Each feeling and thought lives detached in me; and in all my opinions and in all the little pictures which my imagination paints not even the most cunning analyst will discover what is called the general idea, or the God of the living man. If this is not there, then nothing is there.'

No wonder he is utterly alone, like a tiny island in a vast sea. Each man stands by himself; fraternity is impossible. Things are not related; they happen haphazard. Facts pile up pell-mell, without sequence or significance. He knows what Lange called 'the comfortless conglomerate of finite events.' He sees clearly; he etches vividly; he can fix a fleeting impression in a flashing phrase. But life has no plan, no purpose, no meaning; it is just a jumble. Ideas are deceptive; ideals, as in the

Black Monk, are a mirage; work is unmeaning monotony; each day is an idle tale ending in ennui, futility, and the fatigue of despair. So dismal does life become when the mystic tie is cut. What a fate to be marooned on a desert island in a world where there is truth to seek, love to win, evil to fight, and beauty passes with the sun on her wings!

Such a man is sick; something has hit him and he goes lame. Yet his experience, if it be only imagined, does show us that the basis of life and the secret of sanity is a sense, vague or vivid, of the 'something universal' which unites things into a whole. As Bruno said, God is the principle of connection in things, and things are connected by the Meaning to which all their partial meanings contribute. Nature and events, as Goethe held, are the language of God, silent and incessant, of which we may read here a word and there a stanza. They are facts, but they are also symbols, and have meaning beyond the facts. That is to say, everything is somehow the voice of God, if we have ears to hear and hearts to understand. To find meaning in the world is to begin to live in it and to love it, and where love is, there God is.

By a religious man we mean one who is aware, dimly or clearly, that his life is one with a vast Kindred-Life, in whose near-neighborliness and far-friendliness he and all men are united to fulfill their duty and destiny. It does not matter by what name, if any, he speaks of 'the Nameless one of an hundred names'; he knows that he is neither an alien nor an exotic in the world, but a soul at home, albeit seeking a country. There is much in nature to appall, much in history to dismay, but by a wise sanity he trusts a hidden gentleness behind the hardness of life, a meaning in its mystery, a purpose in its pitiful broken beauty. If to-day the universe is vast beyond his dreams, he still rejoices with Emily Dickinson when she sang of the hospitality 'of our old neighbor, God.'

As has been said, it ought to be the joy of a religious man to recognize the precious thing called religion, in what guise soever it may hide. In whatever degree of development or form of manifestation, it is a voice out of the heart of life, an undertone of melody by which we have hope that a medley of sound will yet become a great world-song. Our theories of it, about which we debate so hotly, may be of much or little worth; but the reality itself is of vital import in the life we live together and the life we live alone. Surely it is an error to draw hard and fast lines in a matter so intimate and inward, least of all to mar the comity of man, when, as Wesley saw, all partake, in some degree, of the common sacrament of the spiritual life in which each finds strength for to-day and hope for the morrow.

Often enough the man we call an atheist, and who regards himself so, is a deeply religious man, though he might deny it vehemently: he only rejects our idea of God, which may be equally far from the truth. By the same sign, a reverent agnostic may be more truly spiritual in his thought than an eloquent cleric. Many a man goes to church, as the thing to do, and repeats the creed in every iota, while God is not even real enough to him to be doubted. His mind is absorbed in Steel Common or the score of the game. The oft-quoted lines of Tennyson are true; there is more faith in honest doubt than in a casual conformity to a conventional creed. At least, a man who has only a stoic resignation to an inner decency is no less religious than a pietist who talks of God as if He were a man in the next room.

One thinks of Peter Cartwright, who in a political campaign denounced Lincoln as an infidel. The two men stand before us fully revealed, one a fiery evangelist dealing damnation round the land, the other a grave, kindly man, honestly unable to accept the crude theology of his day, whose faith in his early years, so far as it was explicit, took the form of a moral fatalism in which miracle and prayer had no place. Yet surely, if ever of anyone, we may say that the soul of religion was in Lincoln, — 'a kind of poetry,' his wife put it, — despite his doubts and a melancholy which made the sky as gray as a tired face. In later life, under the burden of woe unspeakable, he was driven to his knees because, as he said, he had nowhere else to go. It is a part of the surprise and grandeur of his life that, with his early skepticism and his growing cosmic piety, he should be accounted one of the most Christlike men of his age.

Such facts suggest the need of a clearer eye for the realities of religion, and less worship of mere words; more insight, more understanding, more toleration. The life of the spirit is holy whatever shape it may take, alike in the hushed awe of the agnostic and in the lives of the saints, in new cults of groping souls and in old and lovely liturgies. Only it may be rather thin betimes, and one needs to be on guard against unrealities of all sorts, especially in our day of 'lost allegiances,' so to name it, when we are in danger of a new kind of cant, not in the Church, but outside among a host of folk who tell us that love is God, and work is worship, and the green fields are a temple, as indeed they are; though lip service is no better out of doors than in. As someone has said, a lot of paper money is being circulated in the form of fine phrases with little bullion behind it.

One may have a deal of sympathy with men in their feeling in respect of the Church and its dogma, in view of the angry agitations of the hour; but the feeling may go too far. Tolstoi told Gorki that many fail of faith from shyness. More fail for lack of loyalty, effort, discipline, by which we keep spiritually fit, putting habit on the side of the inner life. The neglect of social worship is the more amazing in our day, remembering its appalling spiritual loneliness. It may be said that if men want God they will find Him, now as always; but to ignore the law of fellowship by which we learn together what none may know alone is to make the quest harder. It is not wise to forget those forms and symbols and old and sweet customs in which are enshrined the wisdom and faith of the past, and lose thereby the mystic continuity of inheritance in the deepest things of life.

III

Still the wonder remains how so many sincere people do keep religion and everyday life in separate compartments. The explanation, no doubt, lies in the way in which they have been brought up to think in regard to such matters. Much of what is called religion, as usually interpreted, conveys nothing real or helpful to the average man; it contains little to link on to life as he knows it. Its outlook is remote, its imagery alien. Its ideas and insights need to be restated in the terms of our time, in plain everyday speech, so that men can understand it, lay hold of it, and attempt to live up to it. No idea of religion is worth anything that does not have a vital effect on character, in which the eternal values are revealed and attested.

Much of our teaching has gone awry chiefly in the stress it has laid on belief rather than on life. According to Jesus,

with whom our best instincts agree, our religion does not consist in what we believe, but in what we see, what we do, what we are. One does not forget that life is profoundly influenced by belief, as belief, in turn, is clarified and confirmed by life — matter itself for an essay. Yet a man may believe all the creeds and have little moral worth or spiritual loveliness; he may believe in the resurrection of the body and be dead of soul. As Carlyle said, the religion of a man is not the creed he professes; not that necessarily, often not that at all, since men of all degrees of worth and worthlessness sign all kinds of creeds. His religion is his life, what he acts upon and knows of the meaning of life and his duty in it.

In the meantime, we want finally to get rid of the idea that a bad man who believes a creed is more religious than a good man who does not. As Jesus put it, the sheep and the goats are not believers and unbelievers, but the unselfish and the selfish; those who serve God better than they know, and those who profess but do not. Religion is not safety; it is service. It is not a plan by which we escape Hell and get into Heaven, but a life of fellowship and ministrant good-will, uniting us with the stream of goodness that was in the world before we came, and will still be flowing when we are gone. As a rule the best men are not those who are most sure of their salvation, or think most about it. They are those who, while aware of their own failings and limitations, do not indulge in morbid reflections on their own spiritual state, but put their power into a life of love guided by truth. Many a man who has only a hazy idea of what it means to love God is really doing it all the time, in the most real way, by helping his fellows along the road.

If such words seem to be trite, they are none the less true, truer by far than many a dogma; and it is by such things that we learn that religion is not a thing apart from life, but life itself at its best — a tie uniting us with 'the Love that moves the sun and all the stars,' with our fellows in fraternal righteousness, and with ourselves in an inner unity and order. It is one with our capacity for joy and wonder, our feeling of mystery surrounding our lives, our sense of duty and pity and pain, our latent kinship with all creation; the subtle but invincible sense of solidarity that knits together the loneliness of innumerable hearts, — a fellowship in dreams, in joy, in tragedy, in aspiration, in fear, in faith, in hope, — binding the dead to the living and the living to those yet unborn.

SYRUP

(In Praise of Cooking)

BY FRANCES LESTER WARNER

'Boil until the syrup spins a thread three inches long,' says the cookbook. Syrup will spin a thread longer than that if you wait — not a sticky-looking stringy thread such as it spins at first, but one of fairy cobweb fineness, spanning the whole distance from your upheld spoon to the boiling kettle, and floating delicately outward, blown about a little in the warm air. The witch who made the clear-candy windows of the sugarplum house in the fairy tale could doubtless have caused syrup to spin a thread that you might measure by the ell.

The cookbooks and the cooking processes are full of this unexpected witchery of form and phrase. 'Take,' suddenly demands another rule, 'three fourths of a cup of sea moss.' Sea moss, of late the free rider of the surf, now to be measured by the cupful, for blancmange! All sorts of exquisite and literary-sounding things the most prosaic cookbook bids you 'take': perhaps a bay leaf, or a gherkin, an allspice berry, pearl barley, chicory, aspic, kumquats, a spray of thyme, a stick of cinnamon, two or three anchovies, a blade of mace, Canton ginger, truffles — the cookbook is quite next door to *Alice in Wonderland* or 'The Eve of St. Agnes' to read.

Some day I intend to make a list of all such literary groceries and buy samples of them all, and then go skipping about in all the cookbooks, day by day, cooking everything that I come to, undeterred by lack of any unlikely ingredient, such as tarragon, angelica, or a peppercorn.

The thread-spinning done by syrup — indeed, the whole savory jargon of cookbook diction — will always typify for me the delicate charm of concocting pleasant foods. Whether experimenting with a lordly foreign dish or mixing up the simple stand-by of every day, the born cook finds an abiding satisfaction in the perfect climax, that eager moment when the magic ingredients, blended with heat, time, attention, intuition, and a light hand, have emerged at length, a finished, delicious thing to eat. Especially is it a satisfaction when every item of a menu group comes to that point on schedule, texture delicate, color right, flavor to gratify Oscar the Chef, all precisely timed. That moment, like the *stretto* in the fugue, is thrilling, but not placid.

'A good cook,' observed an eminent Frenchman, 'is not necessarily a good woman with an even temper. Some allowance should be made for the artistic temperament.' *Oui!* Thrice *oui* to that! As the most conceited cook on earth, I speak. Invade not our precincts when the steak is being taken off the broiler, when the mashed potatoes are fluffed to a marvel, when the mushrooms are plump and excellently browned with butter in their sauté-pan and the salad is curled and crisp on ice.

If summoned expressly, you may come, but not to chat.

'If anything makes me crazy,' exclaimed a gentle kitchenetteer of my acquaintance, 'it is to have two men come out and lean up against the wall and talk to me when I'm just ready to serve a meal.'

'I *know!*' said I with fervor. 'That's one thing I simply cannot bear. It drives me wild.'

'But,' remonstrated my friend's husband, looking at me in pleading protest with his kind gray eyes, more than the average eyes considerate and courteous in their glance, 'it's always so interesting to talk to a woman when she's wild.'

If you feel that way about it, then is your time.

A scientist once spoke in my hearing of the 'moment of momentum' and the 'moment of inertia.' He should not have let fall those choice words in my presence if he did not want me to take them and twist their meaning to suit my turn. To me — though I know better — the moment of momentum means the moment just before placing the viands on the board; and the moment of inertia is a certain moment nearly an hour later, when Theodore Haviland and Josiah Wedgwood and Wear-Ever aluminum imperatively call.

We will not speak of the moment of inertia; not even in a whisper will we speak of that. There are, as Mr. Guppy used to say, chords in the human heart. But of the moment of momentum we will speak. To all novitiates in the art of cooking, I have many times described that nervous moment thus: It is like — I have told them — the opening moment in the Wild West Show, most dear to the heart of Buffalo Bill. Those who have seen Colonel Cody entering in the lead of his cowboys will remember that momentum: Buffalo Bill, white hair flying, riding gallantly, followed at full tilt by his whole show — cowboys, bronchos, mustangs, Indians, calliope, and pony express. Sweeping around the ring, the Colonel would toss crystal balls high into the tent-top and shoot them to flinders in the air, his great horse all the while galloping at full speed. This was Buffalo Bill's peak of pride, this precisely punctual entrance of his hurly-burly show. Unscrupulous sharpers knew his weakness for beginning exactly on the dot; they knew that if they could buttonhole the Colonel two minutes before opening-time he would sign anything, buy anything, deed away anything — *anything* to get rid of the interruption to his mood. His lawyer had to station a bodyguard just before the show.

That is the way a brisk cook feels when her viands are ready to file in. And if her audience suddenly deserts her at this point, and flees to post a letter or wash its hands, she is full wroth. The audience can never understand this. 'To what end wroth?' inquire her clients. 'We know the supper is delicious. If things cool a bit, it will be our own fault, will it not? Why does she care?' But she cares — she cares. With special zeal she has brought her forces together, perfectly conditioned and coördinated, at a sort of culinary crossroads. And she likes her family to remain present at that rendezvous. Thus, also, with regard to guests.

'Henri!' cried an old French general to his chef when distinguished guests were late. (I translate freely.) 'Henri! The first courses are routed, demolished, a stampede, a debacle! Do what you can to rally the entrées!' Whether in France or in the Yukon, where food cools or burns still more quickly, the prudent visitor does well to appear at the moment set.

To act as cook and hostess for guests,

both at the same time, is the final test of the versatility of the soul. Think from how much a real cook — using the word as the English butler speaks it, 'cooook' — is excused. Cook need only say to the butler, 'The wittles is up.' Then she may imperturbably watch the fowl, or the 'weal-and-hammer pie' for the servants' kitchen, while the grand folk sit affably abovestairs at their soup. But it takes a pretty knack to assemble the ambrosia and the nectar of an evening meal and then come in, emulating the spirit of the Elephant's Child, 'a little warm, but not at all excited,' lead the guests to the dining-room, and preside, stirring the conversation now gently, now briskly, with a skillful spoon, and spicing it to taste. Yet many a modern home-maker is attaining to this prestidigitating skill, in view of the size of the endowment fund required to sustain a plain cook and a maid.

This may be rather trying to the high-bred hostess, gently reared, and she may be tempted to bundle the whole matter off to a dinner at the club; but if she conquers her circumstances adroitly the effort is worth her while. If she is resourceful, she finds with joy that hers is an art which is never misunderstood. She need not wait for posterity to acclaim her gifts after she is dead. Her laurels are contemporary. Her kinsmen salute her. Her celebrity is here and now. Especially is this true if her family is pleasingly voluble and explicit in its speech.

We who cook read with distress that Benjamin Franklin's father never allowed any member of his family to comment on any article of food at any meal. We cannot help wondering about the quality of the cooking of Mother Franklin; or, assuming her an artist, whether she liked this stringent rule. For cooks eternally do thrive on praise. If nobody commended our wares, our craft would be an empty ritual. Our best masterpieces vanish so quickly that no sign save cherished compliments remains to cheer us on. Besides, M. X. Marcel Boulestin, that epicure, says this: 'Do not be afraid to talk about food. Food which is worth eating is worth discussing. And there is the occult power of words, which somehow will develop its qualities.'

The occult power of words! Words of judicious praise do make us vain, but they also make us better cooks. We batten on renown, especially among our dearest kin. You need not flatter us promiscuously — on our goblet of orange juice in crushed ice, for instance, equally with our coffee-making. But there are specialties for each of us on which we are pleased to have our praises sung.

For instance: A certain charming mother of grown sons is famous for her 'filled cookies,' a toothsome confection which few can make so well. The cookie looks like anybody's cookie on the outside, but it is all heavenly with a dreamlike *confiture* when you arrive within. The maker of them was visiting, one vacation, at the summer place of her eldest son, a banker of considerable prestige. For this son's small boys she decided to make some of her old-time filled cookies; and she did so, and set them away for a surprise in the spacious cookie-jar. As it happened, the banker and two of his cronies, a lawyer and a clergyman, were going fishing before sunrise the next morning, and convened at the banker's house to put their traps into his car. And those three responsible citizens stole those famous cookies — stole them all. How could mere children, they reasoned, appreciate the filling of those celestial tarts? They would only swallow them without contemplation, plying sand-shovels with the other hand. And so the fishermen took them for their

lunch. Only ponder it: a lawyer, a clergyman, and a banker; the first knew the law, the second knew the Gospels, and the third one knew the combination of that safe — and so made off with those filled cookies under cover of the gray concealing dawn. But the gentle cook promptly made another batch for the younger set, and accepted the bold theft as a fitting tribute to her fame.

My own grandmother is famous for her buns. Not ordinary buns, — those breadlike, squat affairs with a burned currant or two on top, — but super-buns — light, light, tall, tall, raised to a feathery maximum. They are snowy inside, with tops of fragrant biscuit-colored brown and four large raisins to them, one on top, one near the bottom, and two others enticingly dispersed between. These raisins are not little modern ready-to-wear raisins, but great cluster-raisins, each one seeded accurately by hand. Whenever my grandmother had been making buns, she would telephone to our house, in our young days, and say this only: 'Ask Geoffrey if he loves his grandmother.' This was code for buns. And Geoffrey would thereupon whiz out of the drive and up the street on his bicycle right away. Our father did not chance to know about this code, and one time answered the telephone when our grandmother called up.

'Of course Geoffrey loves his grandmother!' exclaimed my father. 'I don't need to ask.'

'Well, ask him anyway,' she persisted. 'He 'll know what it means.'

'I shan't ask him any such foolish question,' protested our father. 'What does it mean?'

'Endicott!' firmly remarked our father's mother-in-law. 'Never mind what it means. You ask Geoffrey if he loves his grandmother, and tell me what he says.'

Later, our father, still fulminating, asked the question. 'Oh!' yodeled Geoffrey. '*Buns!*'

It is pretty well mixed up with love, this cooking-craft. The world pokes fun at men for their susceptibility and for the homely pathway to their hearts, but the situation comes rather near to elemental things. Observes Dr. Johnson, 'A man seldom thinks of anything more earnestly than of his dinner.' This is to me the most lovable picture of the great lexicographer that we have — just before dinner, thinking earnestly. It is to that state of mind we simply love to cater — not altogether to curry favor, but to meet the appreciative, appropriate mood. I think few cooks would cook *in vacuo;* not one cook in a hundred will bother to cook much for herself when she is alone. Few cooks are even gourmets; when a rule says 'Season to taste,' they season to the known tastes of their client, not especially to their own. That is why we must call cooking a craft, not accurately an art. An art one would pursue without the least hope of an audience, would one not? I am not sure. I only know that the able cook is vastly stimulated by all rumors of her fame.

And that fame of ours is solid, unshakable through our lifetimes. It just escapes dying with us. Through oral tradition in a tribe, the repute of it lives on for a little while at least, a pleasant memory, somewhat wistfully considered, like the gentle fame of a minor poet. I have now some rules for clam chowder and for the choice accessories of a proper clambake for which my great-great-grandmother out of Rhode Island was justly famed.

Indeed, if you go back far enough, you find 'receets' — I am so glad Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich says 'receipts' — that have a romantic glamour. Go to the cookery books of early England,

and learn how to make a Pulpatoon of Pigeons, and how to Pot a Swan, and what should be the 'faire ingredients' of Flummery Caudle, King William's Posset, pickled Broom-Buds, Orange-flower Water, and a conserve of Rosemary and Sage.

Or, if you want real antiquity, look up the rules of ancient Chinese cooks. One may there learn how to make Hard Immortal Food, Soft Immortal Food, and Food of the God of Law Horn. Hard Immortal Food contains, among many other things, 'east melons.' Learn to make a dish containing twenty pairs of duck-feet, with bamboo shoots, mushrooms, and water chestnuts. Investigate the possibilities of lotus nuts, shark fins, lily-root pudding, fungus, bean sticks, winkle chop suey, and why shon pigeon.

If you prefer things Early American, then seek out the famous Salem cook-book, *The Compleat Cook's Guide*, wherein one finds choice rules from 1683: Orangado Pye, Pottage, and Hedg Hogg Pudding, 'temper'd well in a pewter diſh.' One cannot resist pirating part of the rule: 'To make a Chicken Pye.'

> After you have Truſt your chickens, then raiſe your Cruſt of the beſt Paſte, lay them in a Coffin cloſe together with their bodies full of butter, then lay upon and underneath them, Currans, great Raiſins, Pruans, Cinnamon, Sugar, whole Mace and Sugar, whole Mace and Salt. Then cover all with good ſtore of butter and ſo bake it. Then pour into it white-wine, roſe-water, ſugar, cinnamon, and vinegar mixt together, with Yolks of two or three Eggs, beaten amongſt it, and ſo ſerve it.

That is the Amen and the Selah to all good rules for cookery: 'And ſo ſerve.' We might emblazon it upon our coat of arms, along with a mixing-spoon couchant, a rolling-pin rampant, and an egg-whisk passant on an apron checkie; and underneath all the motto: 'ſo ſerve.'

It has its ancient literature and its traditions and its fitting ceremonies, our good craft; and, rightfully considered, it awakes a thoughtful mood.

I do not mean by this that cooking calls for a heavy intellectual turn; look at the darky mammies down South, measuring molasses by so many 'glups.' Everyone who ever poured molasses from a jug will know what constitutes a glup. No, cookery may not always be dependent on colossal brains; but it does call forth certain reactions that do the vivacious mentality no harm. I am not sure just how to put the reactions into words — a pure essence of gloating, for one thing, perhaps. You come out well with an angel cake, and you stand and worship its lovely macaroon-like crust — not crust either; what shall you name its finish? Exterior angel-flake? Anyhow, you gloat. You also invent sometimes, and circumvent, and train your talents all upon some delicate manœuvre of the craft. You are instigated, wide awake. The mere act of baking properly quickens the circulation and greatly restores the mood. You cannot cook well and remain lackadaisical for long at the same time. The mere contact with refractory substance awakes a kind of healthy vigor: what the old-time Scotchmen called 'sconce.'

There you stand, all your faculties at a focus, your glance intent, your judgment in demand. It behooves you to pay attention and to keep the fire right, using your implement like a magician's wand. You are absorbed, vigilant, watching for the peak of the process, the pitch of perfection, the very single instant of felicity, Very Moment of Very Moment, when the omelet is precisely ripe for folding or the oyster stew exactly right for pouring, or when syrup is just about to spin a thread!

WHAT'S IN A PICTURE?

BY WALTER F. ISAACS

I

THERE remain a good many artists and critics who have not given up the conviction that a picture should express something of the aspect of nature. They do so under certain limited modern criticism which would lead them to the strange conclusion that looking like nature has nothing at all to do with the qualities of a good picture and that the painting of the future will be abstract. Prophecies in art are unreliable, but, with a kind of photographic realism at one end of the scale and abstract self-expression at the other, it is folly to suppose that the best painting will not lie somewhere between the two extremes. Efforts at self-expression without reference to nature have not been productive, and, since none of the most important of the modern extremists seems to be going in that direction, it is difficult to explain why there are so many journalists using space in proving the futility of it.

Most of us who have painted have gone through periods of questioning as to whether the definition of a picture presupposes the representation of nature — involving, of course, good composition — or whether it presupposes merely the rendering of forms, regardless of whether we find them in nature or just invent them. Such questions in the minds both of artists and of laymen are the result mainly of inaccuracy in the identification of ends and means. One says that Sargent had skill but had nothing to say, and that Rembrandt had both skill and something to say. Another tells us that such a radical as Picasso deals only with the means, the mechanics, of painting and that he never arrives at expressing anything. What then is it to have something to say in painting? Is it to represent familiar objects, to make beautiful designs, or just to express one's self regardless of either? Inasmuch as the most successful of the modernists use natural forms in one way or another, and inasmuch as an overpowering drift toward representation has prevailed since the time of Giotto in painting, and earlier in Gothic sculpture, it is difficult to resist the doctrine that the soundest basis for painting is to be found in the expression of some phase of the visible characteristics of nature.

The American painter and teacher, William Morris Hunt, told his pupils that any striving for self-expression without observation of nature was like rowing with only one oar. This seems to have been sound advice, but as a comprehensive digest of the painter's philosophy it should refer to three elements. The character of a work of art is determined, not alone by nature and the artist's preference, but also by another factor which intervenes in the form of the technical equipment. These are the three principal influences that shape the ends of art. The expression of nature and the artist's

emotion will be effective only in proportion as he shows an intelligent consideration of the material means at his disposal. The artist who sets out to record his observations of nature soon discovers that only certain elements in his visible surroundings are within the range of his power of expression, and he further finds that certain of these elements are of much more æsthetic value than others. He must then determine the most effective use of his materials in order to express the best in what he sees before him and at the same time to allow the greatest amount of freedom for self-expression. He must know what is adapted to paint and canvas and what is essential. It is just here that a great deal of lost motion has occurred in American painting all along the line, from the Hudson River school, in their striving for the grandiose, down through impressionism to ultramodernism.

Inness made progress by developing a more accurate expression of certain limited phases of nature, and that has been true of the majority, if not all, of the most important painters. Inness in his earlier days was much concerned with the description of large panoramas, but as he matured he inclined toward the treatment of simpler subjects and the expression of finer qualities. This parallels closely the development of Renoir; Corot's work too became less panoramic as he grew older. Simplification in seeing and in technique are paramount issues. The artist, his medium, and his visible environment are all factors in the creative activity. The tendency in the best contemporary painting is not so much toward an abstract art as toward a more intelligent adjustment of these three prime influences; and this tendency gains strength through the fact that this is the manner in which the great traditions are carried on.

II

Upon setting out to represent the appearance of things, the painter soon discovers that the aspect of nature is a complex affair. What does nature really look like? Complications appear at every angle. It becomes evident, for example, that perspective is a compromise and holds good only under certain conditions, — our system being different from that used by Oriental artists, — and that other means of representation, such as light and shade, seem to be natural only when we are used to the convention. To an Oriental a shadow as rendered by our most facile painter is but a dark smudge where there would otherwise be clearly defined form. Manet saw light in terms of flat expanses, while Monet saw it in terms of the colored shadow, but they both saw accurately. Yes, and they both saw falsely in terms of Hokusai; for he expressed concepts of objects and not fleeting impressions of the moment. What seems to be true to one group seems to be false to another. There is little that is absolute in the appearance of nature. The problem of naturalism has, however, played a large part in Occidental painting, and in the past century there has been an amazing variety in the methods used in treating the aspect of nature.

The evolution of representation in painting since the middle of the nineteenth century has been a progression in the direction of closer observation — observation not merely of the length and breadth of objects, but of their exact position in space and of their relation to light. The many varieties of style that have resulted testify to the many possible ways of seeing nature. Each great method that has been called true has been true only in a limited sense. We may see nature as an impressionist sees it if we think as

impressionists. Blue shadows on snow are clearly visible when our attention is on color, but they seem to disappear when we contemplate the material of the snow. What we see depends very much on how we focus our attention.

The kind of close observation that has æsthetic significance is of a specialized character. It is not just a question of having the keen vision that one would expect of the expert hunter or a railway engineer, but of being sensitive to certain interrelationships of forms in space. To illustrate this, suppose three artists to be painting in the interior of a forest. They are not equal in ability, and their results will vary accordingly. The first and least proficient draws the forms of the tree trunks accurately, and by use of perspective informs the observer that certain trees are farther in the distance than others. The casual observer is inclined to be satisfied with this, as a representation of nature, inasmuch as it gives certain information in a rather clear manner, as might be done by an ordinary snapshot. Suppose that the second artist not only describes the shapes and colors of the objects, and by the variation in sizes suggests that some forms are in the distance and others in the foreground, but is able to give in addition to this something of the real effect of the depth of space — that clearer relief which is revealed by a stereoscope. The observer would, upon seeing this work, decide that the first picture did not really look like nature.

But there is a third artist. He observes the same motive. He is the most sensitive of all. He does not see more details, or see the shapes any more accurately than the other two, but in observing, as the second painter did, that some trees stand behind others in relief, he notes that they are at fixed distances from each other, and he memorizes carefully the very sensation that he experiences in the eye muscles as his vision passes in and out among the tree trunks. All of this he faithfully transcribes on his canvas, so that the one who observes his picture is not only informed of certain facts, but is made to experience the sensation of looking into a forest. The third man 'gets the effect' more successfully. It is probable that he has described less accurately the details of the forms; he may even have distorted them intentionally in order to gain the desired result. This result is not a description of facts, but an expression of quality. The first artist transferred knowledge to the observer; the second one expressed feelings in a vague manner; while the third expressed definite feelings in an exact manner.

Many artists fail to realize, just as Messonier did, that simplification is necessary to any accuracy of expression (expression being distinguished from description). In like manner many people have missed the point in Cézanne's work because they did not know that much of his distortion was due to simplification that followed after close observation. Modern painting has developed in the direction of the subjective interpretation of nature. It is a progression from the point of view of rendering the known facts to that of recording the perceptions, and finally to that of expressing the feelings. Discussions of postimpressionism on this basis are more to the point than when on the basis of representation versus abstraction, for, with the single exception of Kandinsky and some others who aim at expressionism, postimpressionists are much concerned with the emotions that spring from the perceptions. Clive Bell's insistence that representation is gradually being discarded is unfortunate, inasmuch as artists will never be able to go very

far in the creation of forms without observation of nature. To be sure, the value of forms is in the æsthetic emotions that they arouse and not in the fact that they recall familiar objects, but that does not rule out representation, unless by representation we mean mere photographic description. Truth may not be the chief end in painting, but it has in the past been a valuable adjunct. Beauty has often been reached through truth.

Our perceptions, upon analysis, take on endless variations. It has been pointed out by able writers, such as Roger Fry, that our habits of seeing have been developed for purposes that lie quite outside the field of art. We are trained to see the differing features of objects, the labels which facilitate identification for practical purposes. We look for those features which enable the scientist to make classifications, and which tell us whether the man in the street is friend or stranger, and whether an approaching automobile is of one style or another.

All of this leaves out a large part of the function of the artist's vision. It does not take into account the many factors of visibility that are common to all objects. The practical man has not the time to contemplate any characteristics except the distinguishing ones. For example, he takes it for granted that objects exist in three-dimensional space, so there is no reason why he should observe that phase of his surroundings with any particular care. His threshold for observation is advanced several points. But if we are to have any understanding of the problem of painting, we must recognize the importance of a more complete kind of observation. The vision of the artist must include those many other phenomena associated with the perception of solid form in space. Two forms may differ in certain respects but be alike in other features common to all objects existing in the same plane and in the same kind of light. A circular plinth and a square plinth are different in the character of their shape but might be alike in the plane that they occupy in space and in the light that they reflect. Each might arouse in the observer the experience caused by the sight of a receding plane. In painting, the individuality, or character, of an object is no more important than the fact of its existence as a three-dimensional form in open space and in light. The fact that an apple is a three-dimensional form lying on a horizontal plane before a vertical background at a certain distance is to be considered before the particular form of the apple. 'First strive for a possible head,' said William M. Chase to his pupils in portraiture, 'and then the particular character.' Not only was this good advice to his students, but it points to an angle of approach in the criticism of art that is significant. Sargent ranks below Franz Hals, not because he seized upon the characteristics of his sitter less skillfully, but because he observed the head existing before its background and did not perceive so accurately as the old master would have done the exact relation between the ovoid and the vertical plane. The importance of character in painting is not to be minimized, but if it is the flower of art it must be rooted in the supporting structure of three-dimensional space.

To make this more apparent, let us try to imagine what feelings would be experienced if one were to receive the gift of sight after years of blindness. Certainly there would result a freshness of vision that is difficult for us to imagine. Should we be concerned at once with whether eyebrows were high or low, lips curved upward or downward, or whether the maple leaf had five points or nine? Should we not

stand in awe before the astonishing phenomenon of space expanding before our eyes? Eyes that had no habits; eyes that had not been dulled by having seen space for half a lifetime; eyes that had not been trained to forget what space looks like — what should we see with such freshened vision? To a native of the Congo who has never seen white men, all white men look alike because he is so much concerned with the strange whiteness that he overlooks the differences; while, conversely, the white man sees only the differences in his own group. What then does a white man look like? What does he look like to another white man? What to a Bushman? What do you suppose he looks like to his horse or his dog?

A little study of the relative character of the appearance of our surroundings soon leads us to recognize the fact that there may be many different ways of representing nature, all being true. Which of these many truths shall be expressed, since they cannot all be rendered — at any rate in one work of art? The artist is limited by his technique and must select essentials. Scientists are alert to the relative values of truth, and it is no less important that artists should be so. A picture can be only one man's interpretation of some selected phase of the aspect of nature, and upon the quality of his judgment in this selection depends very largely his rank as an artist.

It is obvious that under given conditions certain kinds of exactness are more important than others; in landscape, for example, the expression of the great planes of earth and sky as compared with certain small details that might occur in the scene. Shall the artist be true to essentials or to incidentals? Much of the work of the best radical moderns, such as Picasso and Matisse, is often a truthful expression of the larger interpretation of the aspect of nature. One truth they express is the effect of receding forms — that is to say, the depth or relief of nature; light is another; and form with definite contours is one, and that is something of importance. Even Rembrandt in all his greatness does not give us clearly defined forms. Much of the form is lost in the misty black background. But that is Rembrandt's method. If you would accept him, you must accept the devices which he uses. You must get so used to them that you forget that they are devices. Picasso has a different set of methods, and, as they are different, so are his truths different. He expresses a different phase of nature. It is not that we would rank Picasso as high as Rembrandt, but rather that it is neither accurate nor very important to say that the one is true to nature and the other is not. Naturally a good deal of the misunderstanding between layman and artist is due to the fact that they require different kinds of realism. The casual observer in the museum who asks why painters do not represent nature as it appears often does not realize that the expression of some elements of nature is not technically possible and that some others have little æsthetic value.

The problem of truth to nature, then, may be approached from many different angles, and the artist does well if he finds expression for some limited phase of the aspect of space and light. His tasks are difficult. While he seeks one quality, another slips away. Although he seems to progress, nature flees on ahead and leaves him bewildered.

III

Thus far, I have referred to the problem of analyzing the perceptions. Other phases of the artist's problem are to be noted, for the perceptions

make up only one of the three influences that shape the ends of art. The artist's materials inject a strong influence into the whole procedure and must be taken into account, for artistic effect is impossible if the materials are inappropriately used. Not the least influence on the artist is the character of the space within which he forms his picture. It is generally rectangular, — although in mural painting there are many variations, — pictures being made rectangular for convenience and for appropriateness in hanging. The adjustment of the motive to this space is of the greatest importance.

For a typical case of overlooking this principle, consider an instance of this kind. A lover of pictures — a man whom we may call Brown — visits the studio of an artist — let us say Smith — and upon looking at his work is somewhat disappointed and speaks in this manner: 'Smith, there is something about your work that is not like nature. Those real hills that I see from your window here seem to roll back with a freedom and ease that refreshes the eye. Nature has a spirit of abandon, of flexibility, of continuousness, that one rarely sees in paintings. In your pictures those hills look as if they were in strait-jackets. You seem to have matched the colors well, and your contours seem to be accurate, but where is the essence of open space? Forms in your pictures seem to exist with effort.'

Now Smith, if he is given to reflection, might well answer: 'Yes, now I see it all clearly! I have forgotten to reckon with the limitations of my means. Nature framed in rectangles is not nature as it unrolls in reality, in infinite spaces. Those spaces in nature transcend all our rectangles. The richness of the scene that I have attempted to paint has been turned to insipid dryness, and those tones that I matched so carefully are not the same tones at all, now that they are squeezed into this little rectangle. Yes, you are right. It is the aid of composition that I have missed. But I will tell you where I have seen the things that you speak of. I have seen them in the paintings of Masaccio, and of Michelangelo, and I have seen them in the work of Cézanne. They are to be found in the history of art, both old and modern.'

The dialogue need not be continued to make clear the importance of composition in spaces. The difficulties involved are apparent when one considers that our normal field of vision is approximately circular and has undefined edges, and that a picture is rectangular with very emphatic edges. Even if one believed that the art quality depended solely on representing nature, as few do to-day, the need for skillful compositional adjustment could hardly be overemphasized. In addition to this, there are one or two other phases to the problem of the use of materials that must be mentioned. A second characteristic of the artist's canvas is that it is flat, whereas nature is deep. The mural decorations by Puvis de Chavannes in the Boston Public Library exemplify the use of a flat effect in decoration. In pictures also the same principle applies, but in a different manner. A technical distinction is often made between pictorial and decorative art. In pictures some expression of the depth, or relief, of nature is expected, while in decoration it may be entirely absent. But even in pictures some of the flat quality may well be expressed. The complex emotion that comes from the contemplation of the flat canvas, which mysteriously carries with it an expression of the third dimension, is a large element in the pleasure that is to be gained from pictures. In Occidental art it is not

a well-developed feature. It is so little understood that it has not been given much thought by most artists: moreover, it is so subtle that few find any solution for the problem, even if they do consider it, for it is more than the flatness of decorative art; it must be pictorial and express the appearance of space and light. Manet made a conscious effort to achieve flat painting, and he had a dislike for the modeling in strong relief of his contemporary, Courbet. Flat painting was more completely realized in Cézanne's later work and is probably best understood to-day by Matisse. The finest examples of flat painting in the history of art, I believe, are the Chinese paintings of the early periods from about the tenth to the fourteenth centuries. Nothing in the realm of art more keenly penetrates the mysteries of space than those irresistible creations, which are at the same time so flat and so deep.

Thus the physical form of the picture and certain mechanical limitations constitute the second of the three great influences on art.

IV

There remains to be taken into account the third factor, or the artist's self-expression. It is not exclusive of the other two factors, for they have their significance in terms of it, but the problem is considered here in a subjective light. Modern æstheticians have made much progress in the direction of analyzing the artist's feelings. Probably the æsthetic attitude is identified more closely to-day than ever before. Contemplation has been pretty well defined. The definition in general seems to be something like Münsterberg's idea of close acquaintance with an object, rather than an understanding of it. Such definitions correspond very well to the practising painter's experiences. Few people, except painters themselves, have ever fastened their attention on visible form with enough concentration to enable them to attain the æsthetic attitude. They look at an object, but they do not look long enough and with enough variety of emphasis to gather anything but a superficial idea of its appearance. Agassiz required his pupils in science to look at the specimen, to look long, and to look again; but that, as observation, was entirely different from æsthetic contemplation. It called for another kind of emphasis.

Just what is the nature of the æsthetic attitude? I referred to the possibilities in observing an apple lying on a horizontal plane. Imagine this apple, please. It is a large, red apple. Its widest dimension is near the top, and it tapers toward a narrower base on which it rests with its full weight. (We are sensing its very existence.) It is thick as well as wide. If we ran a hatpin through it, as Hogarth might have suggested, the pin would pass through a good deal of material before it broke the peel on the opposite side. (We are conscious of its internal matter.) If we ran the pin through near the top, where the bulge is, more of the pin would be covered than if we ran it through at a lower point. The pin could be passed through the apple at an infinite number of angles. As we look at it, we may allow our eyes to circle the perimeter, observing the kind of tracing made. (We are surveying it with a different emphasis.) We might still see it differently. We might first observe the top, where the stem is, and then allow our vision to sweep downward on both sides at once, as if we passed both hands respectively down the right and left sides of it. It would then suggest one's own shoulders, or the sides of a Greek vase. There are other ways in which we could look

at it. We might look at the centre, where it projects, and think of its thickness, or our eyes might begin at the point of support and travel upward and outward, around its swelling form. All of this, of course, is a process of exhausting the possibilities in the observation of visible form.

But in the process of this contemplation my eye is attracted to the vertical side of a box, just beyond, where I see the words 'New York.' Ah, yes! I am aroused with a start. The apple will probably be sold on the market. My mind jumps to New York, to San Francisco, to apple orchards in Wenatchee, to dollars and cents — and the æsthetic attitude is gone. The two attitudes do not mix. If you face in the direction of contemplation, your back is toward the attitude of the practical response. When you begin one activity you must stop the other, unless one is subconscious.

To be conscious of the results of such observations as are described above, one could hardly do better than observe the rendering of an apple in some of Cézanne's still-life paintings, particularly if it is compared with the work of a mediocre artist treating a similar subject. Among the painters of earlier periods Chardin, Corot, Vermeer, and countless others among the masters could be studied to advantage in this connection. The æsthetic feeling in its pure form finds expression in the paintings of the one who can well be called America's greatest landscape painter, the late Albert P. Ryder. The casual visitor to the Metropolitan Museum may pass them by unnoticed, for they are not conspicuous, but those little pictures would count heavily in a summary of the Museum's treasures.

To analyze the works of the best painters requires very subtle discriminations. Quick judgments are hazardous. It is futile to search for qualities which the artist had no intention of expressing. It is a false basis of approach that often causes errors — errors both of praise and of condemnation — in the judgment of art. With a right point of view must go great sensitiveness, without which many paintings are unjustly condemned and others are praised for fine qualities which they do not possess.

V

The actual nature of the æsthetic feeling is, of course, not easily described. Current discussions in the field of æsthetics, however, have been very much to the point in defining terms, and the emphasis that has been laid on the physical senses reveals the fundamental nature of the æsthetic attitude.

It is with the elemental sensations that we find the vocabulary of this language which is intended to transfer the finer emotions of life. This, however, is not the same thing as saying that the art experience exists on the low plane of animal life, but rather that any elaboration of a superstructure must inevitably rest on a foundation of the physical sensibilities. However lofty and spiritual our pictorial aim may be, we cannot attain it by going around or starting above this sensuous element, but we must go through it, carry it along with us, and in some mysterious manner weave it into the fabric of the elevated philosophy which we hope to formulate. Certainly there has been too much theorizing on the social value of and the spiritual message in painting, without an adequate knowledge of the ways and means of pictorial expression and the possibilities and limitations of such expression. The enjoyment of a work of art and the æsthetic contemplation of a natural object require

a concentration that prevents any practical response. The observer, becoming absorbed in the object of his contemplation, seems to feel his own identity flowing outward toward the object. The thing observed is thus cut off from its surroundings, and stands in complete isolation — except where it is a part of an organized group, and then the group is cut off.

Such concentration is what arouses the æsthetic experience, and the success of the artist depends upon his ability to give a good report of his æsthetic feelings. The ability to shake off at times the tendency to make a practical response to forms is essential in the appreciation of art. It is the first step in learning to see from the artist's point of view.

Much more toleration for the artist would result if the layman had a greater understanding of these three conditioning influences on creative work. The many-sidedness of the problem of the perceptions, the given conditions in the materials, and the inherent right of the artists to some choice in the matter must be granted to ensure common ground for artist and public. Ability to appreciate presupposes ability to get used to the artist's devices, especially new devices, and ultimately ability to be undisturbed by devices at all — to see through to essentials. If we can do this, we shall be able to know what is best in any form of art, whether it be sixteenth-century painting or post-impressionism, and we shall be able to identify those works which have the devices and nothing else. With this in mind, we shall know that such an expression as 'truth to nature' is meaningless if unqualified, and that at best it is only one side of the art-triangle. Knowing something of the artist's means of expression will lead us to avoid looking in pictures for that which belongs to sculpture; in decoration for those things which come within the province of pictures; or in any form of art for that which is extraneous. The painter, as he faces this threefold problem, must realize, just as the layman must realize, that the importance of a picture depends not so much upon how many truths it expresses as upon the æsthetic value of the particular quality expressed.

The beginning of the artist's philosophy is in eclecticism. He must analyze his perceptions and select those things which are desirable and possible. The beginning of the appreciator's philosophy is in practising the æsthetic attitude. The reagent for either is the inquiring mind, which does not wait passively to be stimulated by whatever form of art happens to be convenient, but seeks out the excellent. Psychologically, the outstanding characteristic of modern art is its challenge to the passive mind; and the same may be said of the art of any period, if one refers to those qualities which have made it endure.

CHANGELINGS AT OUR HEARTHSIDE

BY WALTER SAMUEL SWISHER

In the old days there was a definite technique for getting rid of the changeling. In this third decade of the twentieth century, with all of our psychologies and pseudopsychologies, our varied and variegated educational 'methods,' our lectures on 'personality,' — with Sigmund Freud looming in the offing, — we seem to have lost that ancient art. Whether for good or for ill I am not prepared to say. I can, indeed, conceive of a modernized version of an ancient tale in which the changeling, with his elfin smile and his witching ways, so endears himself to the goody who fosters him that she will not let him go! This is heresy, and no properly reared child would tolerate such trifling with fairy lore.

As a matter of fact, we face a serious dilemma in our education. We have suffered a sea change, and the results of this metamorphosis, while they may not be rich, are, in the minds of many observers, at least strange.

It is evident that the methods and aims of education are not what they formerly were — 'formerly' referring to the nineteenth century. In those halcyon days education was a fairly well-defined process. It might be surveyed from two points of view — that of the teacher and that of the taught. Every student knows that these points of view were not the same. From the teacher's point of view, it meant imparting knowledge, giving the student a body of fact, a fund of information on a given subject, literary or scientific. Methods of imparting knowledge differed, but a favorite was what may be termed the 'main-force' method. The teacher was there and the knowledge was there. If the student refused to take his medicine, he must be made to take it. It is not a pleasant analogy, but have you ever seen a veterinary give a reluctant horse medicine? The student naturally resented the main-force method. According to his native independence of character, his resentment varied in degree all the way from watchful waiting, through armed neutrality, to active resistance. He was not docile. The reason is not far to seek. He was young, and the young, unless they are victims of an abnormal upbringing, are not by nature docile. He could not see that the body of knowledge which he was supposed to absorb bore the remotest relation to himself and his life interests. The student resented what he considered the professor's assumption of superiority, his supercilious tone, his contempt for the intelligence of what he called the 'student body.' What upstanding young man would willingly consent to being even a comely member of a 'student body'? Let there be no mistake: I am here speaking of the main-force method and its exponents — not of professors in general. Even in those bygone times there was no more a genus professor than there was a genus student. In the main, I believe, the stricture holds.

In my student days 'Why?' was a forbidden question. The teacher

spoke ex cathedra. The weight of his authority, the strength of his reputation in his chosen field, were supposed to be sufficient to carry his dicta. His lecture might well have begun with the formula: 'By virtue of the authority vested in me by this Board of Trustees'; or 'By this School Committee, I now announce so and so to be the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth.' And now he is in full swing, turning off rounded periods in mellifluous tones, reading glibly from lecture notes dog-eared and yellowed with age — one suspects that he could give these lectures verbatim without notes, so often have they been ground out before so many generations of students. But suddenly there is an interruption. Someone in the rear of the lecture room has raised a meek small voice, though in the ears of the questioner it sounds like thunder, and asked the question, 'Why?' The lecture is interrupted; fifty pairs of student eyes are turned on the questioner. The professor, like an errant star, is thrown with violence from his orbit — the orbit round which he has safely coursed for thirty years. The universe totters on its foundations. Someone — a freshman, of course: no one else would have the temerity — has dared to ask Professor X the question, 'Why?'

In those days to ask why was to blaspheme, to show disrespect for the equator. The student was supposed to receive docilely and gratefully the pabulum which the professor provided. Examinations might even mean turning back to the professor almost word for word the information which he had imparted to the student. This is not an exaggerated statement. A student of my acquaintance gained an entirely undeserved reputation for brilliance because he had an admirable — from the point of view of getting high marks — method of briefing his lecture notes and memorizing the brief. This memorized brief was the basis of his answers to examination questions given by the professor in whose department he was majoring.

I have a shrewd suspicion that the professor resented the question 'Why?' because he could not always answer it, or because it threw him off his orbit. Let the passage of the years bring me tolerance — it may have been because an answer to the question would have constituted too great a digression from the lecture, and that in the enlightenment of lectures to come would be found the answer to the student's questioning. Or it may be that only fuller life and wider experience could answer this 'why.' Many of the 'whys' for which I sought in vain for answer from my professors have been answered by life itself. For though man must be persistent, he must be patient.

Nevertheless, all change comes round and all progress is possible because someone with irritating persistence asks the question, 'Why?' There is enough inertia in the world to make it remain forever in statu quo were there not forever some heretic arising to question old traditions, old sanctions, old conformity. From the evolutionist's point of view, content with the status quo is fatal, conformity to existing standards is disastrous. Fortunately there are enough questioners in every generation to shake us from our complacence with their 'whys.'

Somehow the older educational methods in our colleges, built upon English and Continental ideals, — education for 'gentlemen,' — no longer satisfied. We may have been too utilitarian in our ideals, for we are a generation of workers and we tend to make accomplishment the criterion of success. However this may be, we

did question these older methods and ideals, weighed them, and found them wanting. Wherein did they fail? We had neglected the human element. Buried in curricula, obsessed with the glories of the past, we forgot that we must do more than impart knowledge: we must educate human beings. We turned to a study of the beings whom we were educating. Shades of Fröbel and Pestalozzi! The path was clear, but our blind eyes had missed it!

And now education is 'developing' or 'unfolding personality.' It is 'releasing energy,' attaining 'self-realization.' The learning-process was first through 'apperception,' then it was by 'assimilation,' and finally by the 'project method.' Young ladies speak glibly, though somewhat ignorantly, of 'introverts' and 'extraverts,' of 'repression' and 'self-expression' — Freud and Jung loom in the offing. Shades of the prison-house no longer enclose the growing boy. He goes to an out-of-door school where the Dalton method is in vogue. His summer is spent at a boys' camp under the supervision of counselors who are students from college and university and are themselves feeling their way to freedom, self-expression, self-realization.

There are student federations for world peace, international relations, and the like, which hold meetings and discuss serious social and economic questions. Far from being discouraged by older and 'wiser' people, these are actually fostered and encouraged! It is a part of the new freedom, and the new gospel teaches that it is better to hold wrong opinions and form wrong judgments — to be corrected later in the light of further experience — than never to decide at all. Former generations learned by the 'trial and error' method; why should not this generation?

The market is flooded with books and pamphlets on developing personality, filled with a pseudopsychology designed to catch the half-educated — a pseudopsychology that is pernicious in so far as it assures the reader that 'affirmation' will bring him health, wealth, and happiness, whereas the veriest tyro who studies life at first hand has begun to learn the lesson that things of value must be earned with the heart's blood.

Under this inexorable pressure of the present upon the past, this merciless scrutiny and questioning of old things, there is a transmutation of values. Whereas the old education emphasized preservation of old values, the handing-on of old traditions, the storing of precious old jewels in precious old caskets, — in a word, conformity, — the new education emphasizes independence of mind, self-sufficiency, self-expression, self-realization — that is, nonconformity.

Now for the dilemma of modern education. The unconscious aim of the older education — Freud and Jung loom nearer — was to make of the members of the coming generation replicas of members of the generation just passing, as nearly exact as possible. That was not the avowed aim of education; it was implicit in the method. Men and women like to be comfortable. To be comfortable — to our shame be it said! — most of us have to live with people of opinions, standards, and conventions like our own. We have wanted our children to be like us — better than we, improved models, but still of like substance. The dilemma of modern education is that, while theoretically we recognize the rights of individual judgment, modern education is turning out a generation of nonconformists who are different from us, and we don't like it! We find changelings at our hearthside! We are almost tempted to fill an eggshell with water and boil

it on the electric toaster to see if they will not laugh, and then, when they have laughed their elfin laughter, to see whether an elf-wife will not appear to bear them away and restore to us our own. We do not know our own children! We question whence they came, where they are now, and whither they are going. We are filled with foreboding, because they are not like us. We have hatched ducklings, and, in spite of our indignant, flurried cluckings, they have taken to the water. That is the dilemma of modern education: it has not produced what we expected, and we do not see how our world can be stable unless old things are handed on down the ages.

The new generation does not agree with us in dress, opinion, social standards, or conduct. These sons and daughters dare to disagree and to find their own paths to life. They do not actually bite the hand that feeds them, but they nibble at it, tweak a finger perhaps, all the time purring gently! They will purr, but they will not conform.

The young people of my generation rebelled at times against their elders. The young people of to-day do not trouble to rebel: they quietly go their own way. Perhaps it is this trait that nonpluses us more than any other; rebellion we might comprehend, having once rebelled ourselves, and meet it with the severely repressive measures which we believe it merits. But to go quietly on their own way, not even troubling to rebel! We are like musty old tomes in a dark corner of some forgotten library. No one troubles to read us — we are shelved.

That is what irritates us beyond endurance and makes us break forth on platform and in print, inveighing against the younger generation, their dress, their opinions, their conduct (Freud and Jung are now close at hand) — we are *ignored!* Our indignation is a 'compensation formation,' a 'defense reaction' because the control of affairs is slipping from our hands.

This dilemma suggests a larger question. Does civilization depend for its preservation upon continuity, upon the survival of old values, upon 'constants,' upon traditions handed from father to son? Or does it depend rather upon some heretic's, some nonconformist's, wresting it violently from old moorings where the current is sluggish and barnacles are beginning to encrust its hull? Must we be caught up out of our inertia, borne violently away from lotus-lands where soft breezes play, faint perfumes abound, and quiet pools mirror the dreams of old and half-forgotten things? Must every age do violence to the age that is passing? These are serious questions. Scientists tell us that a world where volcanic action has ceased is a dead world, that were it not for earthquakes the sea would in time eat away the land. Must the world be moved forward by volcanoes and earthquakes to be moved at all?

Three broad thinkers in three countries write despairingly of our civilization, which they believe to be on the decline. They are William McDougall in America, Flinders Petrie in England, and Oswald Spengler in Germany. Petrie and Spengler, from consideration of the past and of certain racial, social, and economic questions, hold that every civilization describes a curve, a kind of parabola: a sharp upward curve covered by a few centuries, a long level without progress or retrogression, and a sharp decline covering but a few centuries. They believe that we are now entering upon the decline of our civilization. What will save it? They are pessimistic. They hold that it cannot be saved.

Two questions occur to me. One is: Are we developing the individual at the expense of the social order? Some biologists, among them Julian Huxley, hold that individuality is developed late, phylogenetically late, in the rise of human culture. It depends, as Sherrington phrases it, upon 'integrations upon progressively higher and higher levels,' levels impossible to the primitive mind. Lévy-Bruhl speaks of a 'primitive collective mentality' — the tribesman cannot think or act apart from his tribe. He is bound up with it, part and parcel of it.

There is nothing of the tribesman about our young people. They can think and act apart from the tribe in a way that makes us elderly, primitive tribesmen open our eyes. If Huxley, Sherrington, and Lévy-Bruhl are right, and individuality is attained late in the history of human culture, does not such individuality mark the most highly civilized man, and are we not then on the right road with our modern methods of education, which are designed to create, foster, and develop the individual? This, however, is not the second question which occurs to me.

The second question is: Do we want to preserve our present civilization at all costs? Is it worth saving? Has it brought man peace, contentment, satisfaction of his legitimate needs and desires? I speak of man in the mass, not of a few favored individuals. Nowhere is there evinced greater social solidarity, a greater uniformity of opinion, more of the group spirit, than among ants. Recently I saw an army of large red ants emerge from their hill, attack and carry off an army of black ants. Some they killed, some they kept as slaves. What of the black ants? Is our civilization worth saving if we could save it?

Finally, — and this question does not seem very pressing at the present moment because to most of us the event appears so remote, — what will happen to us when our civilization does finally collapse? The catastrophe will not be spectacular and cataclysmic — not like the collapse of a city in a few seconds when an earthquake shakes it to its foundations. It will be a slow disintegration — as in the case of Babylonia, Egypt, Greece, and Rome. I should like to live a few hundred or a thousand years hence to see it; but then, perhaps I should not recognize this collapse when I did see it.

What happened to the people of Babylonia, of Egypt, of Greece, and of Rome? The people were not destroyed; they were merged in other races. I hope when we are merged in some other race it will be a race superior to ours.

A FRIEND OF THE GREAT LE FEVRE

BY KENNETH PHILLIPS BRITTON

It was during our senior year that Dr. Peterson came to Williams to head the department of Archæology. We had just become seniors and were taking Life and Letters — both visualized with enormous capitals — very seriously, and so, of course, we attended all the faculty teas to which we were invited. 'Getting acquainted with the faculty' was one of the many cultural duties which our new gravity required. There was so much to be gained by an intimate knowledge of those great minds who functioned for a small salary as our teachers. And, astounding though it was to us when we first discovered it, their wives were charming, and even, at times, intelligent. We cultivated them and danced with them at the faculty dances, and they gave us tea, and their husbands gave us better marks.

So it was not surprising that, when the president gave a reception for Dr. and Mrs. Peterson, we were all of us — Mal and Chick and Ed and Fritz, Jack and Spike and Peter and I — among the first to go down the line.

Mrs. Peterson met with our instant approval. She was a wisp of a thing, fragile, with smoky graying hair and rather prominent blue eyes. She was not young; in fact we marveled that one so old — she was over fifty — could still be attractive. Her hand clung to ours just a second longer than did the capable hands of the other faculty wives, creating a pleasant impression of helplessness. She smiled a trifle wanly as if to say, 'You will be nice to me, won't you? I have so little in common with these poor secluded ladies with whom I have been thrown. I have been accustomed to debonair and sophisticated men — like you.'

Yes, it was a remarkable smile and said all that. We were entranced at once. Never before had a smile suggested that we were debonair and sophisticated. She appreciated us, and we appreciated her. We carried her innumerable cups of tea after the receiving line broke up, and lavished her with attention and small talk. We formed a conspicuous and admiring group about her as she sat, lost in a billowing chair in the president's library, flattering and being flattered. And the wives of other professors came and saw that we were conquered, and wondered who would dance with them and planned larger and more expensive teas.

The college dramatic association was at the time rehearsing for its winter trip. *Lady Windermere's Fan* was to be presented, and Wilde was a favorite topic of conversation among the few of us who attempted to establish a high æsthetic standard for the rest of the college to follow. (The rest of the college, of course, did not follow, but we had the exquisite privilege of feeling their intellectual superiors.) One of us, I think it was Spike, — he was always a trifle tactless, — asked Mrs. Peterson if she had read the play. She ignored the gauche suggestion that she might not have read it and pretended not to see the withering glances

we flashed upon him. Smiling reminiscently, she remarked, 'Oscar never really liked that play. He told me once that it was only a literary ash-bin, filled with the sweepings from his desk.'

'Did you know Oscar Wilde?' we asked with one accord.

'Oh, yes. Very well indeed. I lived in London during the last of those delightful naughty nineties. Of course, he was old then. But so charming. So kind-hearted.'

She sighed faintly, and we sat a moment in silence, respecting her memories. Then we asked her rather timidly if she knew many of the other bright figures of that period.

She knew them all. She and Aubrey used to have tea together in a queer little place in Soho, and Aubrey would sketch upon the napkins rough ideas for the next issue of the *Yellow Book*. And Henley had once said something dreadful to her. Perhaps, when she knew us better, she would tell us what it was. But not now; there was no use urging.

We never learned what it was that Henley said, for our friendship with Mrs. Peterson was not very prolonged. But it was an intense friendship, really a worship, while it lasted. We all agreed that there was no one like Mrs. Peterson. Her store of anecdotes was inexhaustible. Whistler and Beerbohm, Manet, Monet, and Renoir, the shy Gauguin and the bristling Shaw, were all close friends of hers, and she delighted us with tales upon tales of those golden days when brilliancy was a social requirement and morality merely a topic of conversation.

We gathered in her little living-room every afternoon at the end of our four-o'clock classes, and she told us the inside story of little Soames. She it was who had told it to Max so that he might include it in his *Seven Men*. She was sorry that he had changed the story, had veered slightly from the exact truth, but naturally he was forced to tone it down a little. We had never thought that such a man as Soames had existed, but she assured us that he had and that she had known him well. She told us startling things about Maurice Le Fevre — Maurice, our hero, the greatest influence upon modern letters, the author of that dog-eared *Men and Women* which held the position of honor on Peter's shelves. And she confided to us that she used to buy Whistler's neckties for him. Plain colors they were. No stripes. No checks. Just soft pastel shades in China silk. Once she had included among her purchases a vivid orange scarf, but he had refused to wear it. She still had it somewhere, and, running impetuously from the room, she brought it to us, a wide bright stripe of silk, and we handled it reverently and worshiped Mrs. Peterson. *She* bought Whistler's ties for him. *She* let us look at the tie which that great man had refused to wear. *She* was a friend of Maurice Le Fevre.

We sat late that night — and many other nights — in Chick's room, praising Mrs. Peterson. At last we were living and learning. Our experience was vicarious, but what of that! Were we not knowing the great men of the past as intimately as anyone of our age could ever know them? We blessed Mrs. Peterson, for she had made us superior to the barbarians around us — poor benighted barbarians who had never handled the necktie which Whistler refused to wear and did not know the inside story of little Soames. We even boasted a little in a dignified way and patronized the juniors and sophomores. And everywhere we talked of Mrs. Peterson. When we could not escape the invitations of Mrs. Jenckins and Professor White's wife, we bored them with our praises

of their rival. We invited members of the faculty to Sunday dinner and repeated Mrs. Peterson's anecdotes. We snubbed our fraternity brothers, because they refused to appreciate the wonderful opportunity of knowing Le Fevre and Manet and Shaw third-hand. And we took our idol to every concert and lecture, game and dance, that broke into the glorious monotony of our college existence. For three months hardly a day passed that we did not sit at Mrs. Peterson's feet and absorb her fascinating knowledge.

It was Spike, I think, who first threw doubt into our minds. We had taken the lady to tea one afternoon and had listened avidly to her description of Anatole France's family life. She had known the great ironist well — had visited his home time and time again. She and old Madame France had been the closest of companions for many beautiful months at the old lady's villa outside Nice. And she recounted witty Gallic tales of the great man's childhood, tales which his mother had told her with that delicate ironical expression which her son had inherited.

That evening Peter and Mal and I climbed the ancient stairs of West College and threw ourselves, with our customary lack of ceremony, upon Spike's chairs and divans. The fire was bright and the room, as always, comfortable and attractive. But we sensed at once an unpleasant atmosphere, emanating, it seemed, from our host's brooding face. He sat curled up in an armchair by the fireplace, staring moodily at the flames. One arm hung limply over the side of the chair, his hand barely grasping a fat red book. Every line of his body expressed a tragic depression, a disillusionment. We were startled, so startled, in fact, that we were silent.

At last one of us spoke.

'What are you reading, Spike?'

The tragic figure moved and replied huskily, 'Biographical dictionary.'

His tone, rather than his statement, threw us somehow upon the defensive. We felt instinctively that some idea or ideal was to be attacked, but we had no inkling of the direction from which the blow was to come. So we sat uncomfortably still and waited for the thrust.

It came. But it did not register immediately.

'Anatole France's real name was Thibault.'

Even then we did not see the naked feet of clay which Spike was so ruthlessly disclosing.

'Well,' said Peter.

'Well,' said Spike. 'His mother's name could n't have been Madame France, could it?'

Blank consternation filled the room. We were aghast. Of course it could n't. It must have been Madame Thibault. Mothers did n't adopt the pseudonyms of their sons, no matter how famous they were. Mrs. Peterson must have made a mistake. But what a mistake! Not to know the name of an old friend. It was impossible that she could have misled us deliberately, could have lied to us. For, had she lied about France, we should be forced to conclude that she had lied about some or all of the others whom she claimed for her friends. She might not have known Le Fevre. She might not have purchased Whistler's ties. But that was unthinkable. Loyally we cast out our doubts, and loyally we sought an explanation. It was Mal who discovered it.

'Probably "Madame France" was the name her friends called her. That's quite possible, you know.'

'Yes,' we all agreed, — all except Spike, the dour iconoclast, — 'yes, that is quite possible.'

A load was lifted from our minds. We had an explanation. Any explanation that was plausible would have done, for we were not ready to throw over our idol. We craved more enlightenment, with its attendant sense of superiority. We earnestly desired to believe, to be able to believe. Without further discussion we accepted Mal's proffered explanation and said good-night to Spike.

But the seeds were sown, and they grew in secret to weeds of an enormous proportion that clogged the receptivity of our minds. They formed a screen through which passed few of her tales. Occasionally a particularly circumstantial memoir penetrated to our belief, but most of the legends fell by the wayside. We kept our doubts close hidden, however, and the lady continued to recite story after story of our heroes. We tried to act credulous and enthusiastic, but it was only when she spoke of Le Fevre that we truly believed. Her acquaintance with that great man rang true. Her memories of him were so intimate, so detailed, as to be absolutely convincing. And when she described a certain hilarious cabride in the Bois de Boulogne, she completely routed — for the time — our unhappy doubts. Other people, even chatty magazine-writers, told similar tales about Le Fevre. So we consoled ourselves by saying, 'Anyway, she's a friend of Le Fevre.' And that, to a group of serious thinkers, seniors, men about to go out into the world and improve it — that almost compensated for any discrepancies which we might discover in Mrs. Peterson's never-ending saga.

Any about-face of opinion, no matter how closely guarded it may be kept, is apt to make itself known to outsiders, and our less cultured fraternity brothers and our quondam faculty hostesses seemed to be aware of the disturbance and doubt which possessed our minds. Our old friends among the faculty wives very nobly bade us return to their hearty, less pretentious hearths and drink their orange pekoe unseasoned by heroic anecdotes. We returned occasionally and tried half-heartedly to praise Mrs. Peterson. I am afraid we were not very successful, for we had all by this time secretly and separately concluded that our historian was a romantic artist, amusing, but weak in veracity. Being seniors, we had no desire to be amused unless we were enlightened at the same time.

At Mrs. Peterson's we maintained our old standard of interest, but that charming lady was beginning to lag in her conversational efforts. She no longer regaled us with the half-shocking misfortunes of Austin Dobson. She ceased to describe the turmoil of Shaw's rooms, and Whistler's neckties faded from pastel glamour to a gray and unmentioned obscurity. From time to time she talked of Wilde and Le Fevre, but her remarks had become generalizations which might have been gleaned from any of a number of lighter magazine articles.

So we made excuses, pleaded examinations and special essays, and left her tea-table before our disappointment should become patent. Our pristine enthusiasm was sullied with doubt, and only a great revelation could restore it.

The revelation came, as revelations do come, in time. It began with Spike, who, with the cruelty of the young and the sincere, rushed into Mrs. Peterson's living-room one evening and announced breathlessly that Maurice Le Fevre, the great Maurice, was to lecture at Williams under the auspices of the Athenic Union. Spike was secretary of the association and had advance information. It was also clear that

Spike did not believe that Mrs. Peterson had ever met Le Fevre.

She took the announcement calmly. Too calmly. The rest of us did believe that she was the close friend of the master that she claimed to be, and we expected her to clap her hands and to plan to entertain him. Instead, she sat very, very still and murmured, 'I wonder if he will remember me after all these years.' And she refused to write him, to meet him at the train, to entertain him.

We were so disappointed that we were cold with anger. We did not believe a single word that she had ever uttered. We left shortly, indignant, thinking of revenge. She had lied to us. She had never been a friend of Le Fevre. Her actions branded her as a malicious, deliberate charlatan. We hoped sincerely that she did n't think that we believed everything she said.

We brought our long-festering doubts into the open and planned our vengeance. We would force her to meet Le Fevre. We would confront her with her own callous lies. And how we should enjoy her suffering! We even went so far as to confess to a few friends outside our charmed circle that we were beginning to have grave doubts of the lady's ability to speak the truth.

The news of Mrs. Peterson's incipient downfall spread quickly. We had been a trifle obnoxious, perhaps, in our superior knowledge of the past masters, and not a few of our acquaintances awaited with undisguised pleasure the toppling of our idol, hoping that we, too, would be injured in the debacle. Everywhere we were greeted with sarcastic chuckles and inquiries as to the health of Mrs. Peterson.

Then came a message that Le Fevre was ill in his New York hotel and had canceled his engagement. We were all a little glad, for, after all, Mrs. Peterson had been an intimate friend for three months and we still had some shreds of decency left in spite of our indignation. We returned to her tea-table and found her in the best of spirits. She talked charmingly of the past, supplying us with a great fund of information concerning the man who was unable to speak to us. She was witty, brilliant — and almost convincing. And she continued to expatiate upon the charm of the man, the beauty of his massive leonine head, and the firmness of his wide thin mouth until a telegram came to Spike, saying that M. Le Fevre was recovered and would arrive in town the next evening to say a few words about the new Briot Plan of Scholarships and to receive for that splendid piece of idealism any donations the college body might feel it could give.

Mrs. Peterson was silent, but firm in her refusal to have a tea for the visiting celebrity. She accepted, however, our invitation to sit in the front row with the officers of the Athenic and to chat with the visitor after the lecture. Poor Mrs. Peterson. She could not refuse; our many references to her past friendship with the man were too frank in their sarcasm to permit her to retire. We were challenging her and she knew it.

Brave Mrs. Peterson. We really expected a message the following day announcing a sudden illness. We should scarcely have blamed her, for we were practically certain that her supposed acquaintance with Le Fevre was entirely fictitious. But she was waiting for us at a quarter past eight in her small reception-hall, looking more fragile and appealing than ever. Her large blue eyes were dark-ringed, and she seemed old and tired. The eight of us were stern and polite; she would receive no quarter from any of us.

As we took our seats in Jesup Hall,

a number of people bowed to us, and Mrs. Peterson remarked quietly that there was quite an audience. Perhaps she knew that a number of those present had come more to see her baited than to listen to the speaker. If she realized the fact, however, she disclosed her knowledge of it by no gesture or word. Sitting upright in her seat, with her hands clasped, she looked neither to the right nor to the left.

The president of the Athenic stepped forward, introduced M. Le Fevre, and asked the ushers to pass the contribution boxes quietly. Then he bowed to someone off-stage and returned to his seat.

Accompanied by a polite applause, the speaker stepped upon the platform. He was a smallish man with stone-gray hair immaculately cut and brushed, and a rather small head. The 'wide thin mouth' which we had admired in Mrs. Peterson's descriptions was short and very loose. We turned automatically toward her and accused her silently. The speaker was in no respect like the image of Le Fevre which we had worshiped. He did n't look a great deal like his photographs, and he resembled not a whit Mrs. Peterson's too graphic picture of him.

The lady was obviously confused and was barely able to answer our relentless questions with a murmured, 'He has changed a great deal.'

Except for that remark she said nothing during the short and rather disappointing speech. When he bowed and stepped to one side at the conclusion of a rambling résumé of the Briot Plan, she drew herself up and smiled at us as if to say, 'Now we shall see.'

The president announced that the offerings of the college had been most gratifying; Le Fevre thanked us briefly and courteously; and the audience began to file out. A few hung behind, and we knew that they were the audience for our private performance, the keen huntsmen who wanted to be in at the death. We rose and approached the great man.

Mrs. Peterson was noticeably flushed, but she betrayed no fear. Indeed, she wore all the gestures of a charming lady about to greet an old, old friend. We were impressed in spite of ourselves, but the agony of self-reproach that was to bear down upon us like a torrent had not yet been unloosed. We were still eager for the crash.

The crash came, but it did not so much as move Mrs. Peterson from her secure pedestal. It was the group of eight revengeful, serious-minded seniors who were overwhelmed. Mrs. Peterson advanced with both hands extended.

'My *dear* Maurice,' she said, 'I do hope you have n't forgotten me — Dolly Lampson. Dolly Peterson now. After all those wonderful days in Paris.'

The great Le Fevre stared at her a moment, a trifle bewildered, it seemed to us. Then his face brightened and, taking her proffered hands, he bent over them.

'Dolly Lampson. Forget you! Ah, nevair-r-r-e! It would not be possible. Those wonderful, wonderful days.'

We heard little of the ensuing conversation, for we were too stunned and too ashamed of ourselves. Also we were busy regaining our self-importance and reinstating Mrs. Peterson in our affections. Gone were the unkind doubts. Forgotten was every cruel thought. She was once again *our* Mrs. Peterson, the friend of the great Le Fevre.

The conversation between our idols was one-sided, because Mrs. Peterson was particularly gay and loquacious. Le Fevre laughed constantly at the memories of old times that she evoked,

and supplemented her remarks with knowing gestures and friendly glances. Unfortunately the triumph was shortened by the approach of the president of the Athenic, who announced wistfully that M. Le Fevre had insisted upon returning on the 10.12 train. He wished that he could be persuaded.

But no! The great man had important business elsewhere. But he turned as he reached for his hat and laid a last sprig of laurel upon Mrs. Peterson's now-cluttered altar.

'Had I but known, my dear Dolly, that *you* were here, I should certainly have planned to stay longer,' and he bent upon the lady the most complete look of admiration we had ever seen.

We walked home on clouds. We almost kissed Mrs. Peterson at the door. We sat late in our rooms rejuvenating our vicarious friendships with Wilde and Shaw and Whistler. And on the following day we hastened to Dr. Peterson's house as soon as the clock struck four.

We must have appeared pompous and haughty as we crossed the campus that afternoon, eight of us and Mrs. Peterson, on the way to the tea-shop. Our noses were back in joint again and completely in the air. But we received a number of glances of genuine admiration as we passed groups of students. We were slightly hilarious, all of us, and as we neared Jesup Hall, that scene of last night's triumph, we broke into undignified laughter at one of Mal's sallies.

A head was thrust from a window and an excited voice called out, 'Spike! Spike! Wait a minute.'

It was one of the minor members of the Athenic and he joined us at once, breathless and nearly in tears. It took some coaxing to find out the trouble, but, when he had regained his breath, the words tumbled out in a confused stream that froze our hearts.

He had been in the Athenic office, he told us, when the chief of police had come in. He had been most unpleasant. Le Fevre's secretary had wired that the master was dangerously ill and had been for weeks. What was the meaning of these ridiculous newspaper reports? The speaker of the evening had been a scoundrel and a pretender. Furthermore, he had disappeared with the voluntary and generous contributions of the student body. The chief of police had said —

We did n't listen to the rest. We turned to where Mrs. Peterson stood, her gray sport-hat pulled a trifle more dashingly than usual over those clear blue eyes. Her hands were thrust more jauntily than was customary in faculty circles into her gray-plaid coat.

'Boys,' she said gayly, 'has n't it been the most glorious, ninety-day, free-for-all rag, as dear old Arthur Christopher Benson used to say!'

She straightened her hat, and her eyes seemed to us unbelievably wicked.

We wondered.

AND WHEN THE PRINCE CAME

BY ROBERT HILLYER

May the castle lie in slumber
For another thousand years,
Beldame fallen by her spindle,
Sentries full-length by their spears.
Sleeping hands no toil shall cumber,
Sleeping hearts no love shall kindle,
Sleeping eyes are void of tears.

May the blue flame in the hallways
Burn like tapers by the dead,
May no clarion of duty
Rouse the old King from his bed,
And the Princess, may she always
Lie in peace, for Sleeping Beauty
Blossoms only to be shed.

In my vision I had bound her
To my fate, a mortal wife
Wakened from a sleep immortal
By the urgent kiss of life.
But I left her as I found her
And above the southern portal
This I lettered with my knife:

'Loves there are that feast in giving;
Slumber still — my love was such;
Bonds that strengthen as they sever,
Lips that pause and will not touch.
Sleep, Beloved, safe from living;
Sleep, Beloved, safe forever
From the one who loved too much.'

SURGERY IN THE WILDERNESS

BY MARY W. GRISCOM

'You may have her. You know you can cure her if you will; anyhow, she is no use to me.'

Thus did the Chinese villager hand over the wife of his bosom to the mission ladies. There were two of them in that jungle station, far from all other Europeans and without any medical training. The poor woman who was of no use to her husband had a terribly infected hand, and the natives had tried all the medicines and the incantations they knew, before seeking the mission. Just as 'Teacher' was struggling to deal wisely with such a problem, a passing coolie left a note saying that an American woman doctor expected to pass through that station and stay overnight. Permission was given for the Chinese woman to lie on the floor of the schoolroom until I came.

Coming meant travel by chair, from six in the morning until nine at night, over mountain ranges of Fukien Province, fording or ferrying a wild river sixteen times, with five men who spoke no English — and I spoke no Chinese. The one man who had worked for Europeans knew that if we stopped I should want hot water; if I gave him rice he was to cook it and return it in the vessel in which he received it; for sanitary reasons I preferred that it should not be handled. We went through tiger country; in fact a tiger had been killed near by but a few days before. Robbers abounded, but I was saved from them by a well-grounded reputation for having no money. When robbers are caught in these mountains, they are tied up by the queues to any safe post until someone happens to be going toward the proper authorities. The trip is then made with the queue tied to that of the guard. The 'road' — by courtesy — was mostly steps cut into the mountain-sides, and when the coolies were tired and wanted a rest they calmly dropped me, trusting that I would thereafter walk a bit.

Finally I arrived and inspected the hand, agreeing that it was *ko li ab adee* (oh, very dreadful); but, since it had been infected for weeks, I decided that to-morrow, after sleep, would answer. The husband could get another wife, since this one could not work; but, should anything go wrong with this one, he would probably feel that I had mishandled her in order to 'make medicine.'

I was traveling without equipment, since heretofore I had worked only with other doctors, in their hospitals, and my dismay was intensified by the utter lack here of all the needed things.

'Oh, we have some instruments,' quoth the teacher cheeringly. 'A nurse once left us some, for just such emergencies.' I was cheered, until I saw them: a large, horn-handled jack-knife (such as a small boy adores, until he finds that it will not cut), a pair of scissors, and an old artery-forceps! Instruments! A large jar of Epsom salt was also produced to gladden my eyes.

I knew the Chinese name for washing-

soda, and sent for some; it was a dirty brown product, but I made a solution, boiled it to sterilize it, and spent hours in cleansing and soaking from the hand the accumulations of weeks of filth and Chinese medicines combined.

If entire confidence on the part of all the onlookers helped, they did their best. The teacher loyally assisted with the Chinese language, and told them what she chose; I knew not what she said.

At last all was (comparatively) clean. I cast aside the horn-handled knife, and with the scissors I amputated the gangrenous fingers and cut away what had to be removed, and then used a strong solution of the Epsom salt to allay the pain, about which the poor worn woman said so little. She was so patient that it hurt me — for it was a similar infection which had crippled me and sent me forth, so to speak, from a big city practice to work in the jungle.

The day off had delayed my coolies more than they liked, so that next morning our procession must move on. Before going on to the next doctor and the next hospital, I carefully instructed the teacher to prevent the woman from going home as long as there was a possibility that Chinese 'medicine' might be applied, and also issued threats to the woman, through the teacher, as to what might happen should she not obey directions. Then I was off for two more days of travel, through more mountains, over more streams, sleeping at a wretched roadside eating-house, on three planks with the bark still on them, and stopping to rest in a pink temple with a bronze cow in charge. Then there were more operations, but with the hospital supply of instruments at my disposal. After that experience, needless to say, I always carried a pocket case of instruments and a bottle of alcohol for disinfecting purposes.

The following year, in these same mountains, I spent ten weeks operating where never surgeon had been known before; operating with the knowledge that, should the patient die, four of us, English and American women, would probably be mobbed for having cut up a Chinese woman to 'make medicine.'

One patient, after a serious abdominal operation, wished to rise, to ascertain whether she was 'in Heaven or on earth,' judging by whether or not she could walk. I persuaded her to stay in bed by assuring her (through an evangelist) that I had done much cutting and, should she move, the next thing I would lop off would be her head. She smiled and kept very quiet, and lived, and we also survived; and her husband's older brother gave me a 'tablet' commemorating my activities. It was pea-green, six feet long, and its chief inscription, in large gold character, was 'Resurrected from the Dead'; then, in smaller character, came the patient's name and a description of her 'large and dangerous stomach,' which had been removed by the two doctors, giving our names. This was presented with great ceremony, to an accompaniment of drumming, trumpeting, and a fearful din of firecrackers and mob noises. Then I received a coop of chickens, a basket of eggs, and a pink-eared rabbit, all honorable gifts in that region; also two dollars for the operation fee, and a pair of lantern earrings, to light me into the path of possibly being born a man in the next incarnation and thus attaining immortality.

In the meantime the hospital helpers were making hay, by exhibiting the tumor and telling the story, at so much per person, on the side of the

hospital farthest from the house. After that, patients were carried in daily from all over the mountains, even from one hundred miles away, to be cured by the 'spirit,' for they thought no mortal skill could safely 'open the stomach.' Some of these I could help, but many were in hopeless condition.

Previous to this, I had received news of my former patient with the infected hand. The mission teacher wrote that the husband came in, bringing the entire village with him and saying that his wife's hand had got well, that she was again of use to him, and that there must be something in that Jesus religion!

THE TRUTH ABOUT ADVERTISING

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

I

A YOUNG man who had just joined the staff of one of the larger advertising agencies sought his boss in some perturbation. 'I wish you would tell me the truth about this advertising business, chief. Is it all bunk?' To which his employer replied, 'There is just as much bunk in advertising as there is in law or medicine, or for that matter in literature and life, but it is never necessary to use bunk to practise advertising successfully.'

That young man's state of mind was the natural result of his reading. He had been recruited from the profession of writing, and he still followed the animadversions of the ultra-intellectual world, which has lately concerned itself with the inconsistencies, the waste, and the smugness of advertising. In short, with the 'bunk.'

The pages of those delightful magazines distinguished by good writing, distinctive typography, small circulations, and no advertising, offer some interesting points of view to the professional advertising man — who unfortunately does not as a rule read them.

Gilbert Chesterton, hearing that 'truth in advertising' is the slogan of those advertising clubs which two years ago invaded England with so much tumult and shouting, goes through a recent copy of *Punch* in the character of Diogenes searching for an honest advertisement, and finds it not. Gilbert Seldes — hoping, no doubt, to list advertising among the lively arts — peruses the *Saturday Evening Post*, and reports the literary style of the advertisements as lacking in a sweet reasonableness. William McFee finds the floor of his post office at Westport littered knee-deep with circulars cast off by disdainful recipients, and deplores the destruction of forests to make the paper for so futile an end. And Joseph Pennell, who is pleased with few things, apparently despises advertising more cordially and with stronger adjectives than he does any other manifestation of our commercial civilization.

Then there are the fiction-makers, with less restriction and more imagination. The younger men, most of them after brief experiences inside advertising organizations, have seized upon the excellent opportunity for satire which modern business affords, and we have Felix Reisenberg's *P. A. L.*, Will Irwin's *Lew Tyler's Wives*, Roger Burlingame's *You Too*, Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*, Christopher Morley's *Ginger Cubes*, Sinclair Lewis's *Babbitt*, Sherwood Anderson's *A Story-teller's Story*, and *Bunk*, *Lottery*, and *Bread and Circuses* by William Woodward, all presenting advertising as a sort of gigantic conspiracy, fostered and maintained by highly paid advertising men, whose interests, like those of the priests of ancient religions, lie in keeping up the great illusion, and who go about their work with their tongues in their cheeks. Sometimes the conspiracy is imagined as directed against the business man, but the popular conception is that the public is the victim, and that manufacturer and advertising agent are working together to put something over. This something may be higher prices for worthless goods, creating unnecessary wants and desires, or exterminating a competitor making a better article at a lower price; but generally just misleading people with bunk about memory courses, hair-restorers, or correspondence schools.

The Federal Trade Commission is even now engaged in prosecuting all advertising agents for conspiracy in restraint of something or other, and not so very long ago a Congressional committee sat in judgment on an advertisement in which display had been obtained by a liberal use of white space. It was gravely determined that, as the advertisement was not big enough to fill its space, the advertiser must be trying to evade his excess-profits tax.

The slogan, 'It pays to advertise,' acquired its currency through use by George M. Cohan as a title for a play. Admitting that advertising pays, whom does it pay?

It pays the professional advertising man beyond doubt. It also pays the manufacturer who uses it to increase his business. But the crucial question is, Does it pay the public? Are the people as a whole better off for advertising? Is it a benefit to mankind? And who pays for the advertising? Is the cost of advertising added to the cost of the goods? Would it be desirable, as writers have suggested, to remove advertising from our commercial fabric, and should we be better off without it?

II

Mr. Stuart Chase has written a book entitled *The Tragedy of Waste*, in which there is a chapter discussing the 'waste of advertising' — not, as one might think, the admitted waste incidental to the present practice of advertising, but the far more sweeping indictment that advertising is itself economic waste. Perhaps we cannot do better, in an inquiry into the question whether advertising is a benefit to mankind, than glance at this chapter, which is written with spirit and documented with figures, for it presents what may be called the complete case against advertising. Here are all the stock arguments. Advertising is the life-blood of quackery, 'pink pills and muscle-builders.' It stimulates desires for super-luxuries. Billboards spoil the scenery. Advertising creates no new dollars. Its purpose is to drive one article out of the market and replace it with another, soap chips against laundry soap. The author quotes Edward Bok's estimate, made in this magazine, of one and a quarter billion dollars

spent annually in advertising, and avers that the desire to evade income taxes is responsible for a large part of it. Among his authorities he quotes that redoubtable patent-medicine man, Ponderevo, in H. G. Wells's *Tono Bungay*, and a humorous skit by Don Herold from *Life*. His remedy is restriction of advertising to something like one tenth its present volume, the administration of that ten per cent to be governed by an impartial scientific body, and he asserts that this would release for productive occupations some 600,000 men now engaged in advertising work.

This arraignment will have no weight with the professional advertising man, or with the manufacturer who has successfully employed advertising to sell his goods. They know that this superficial catalogue of drawbacks and disadvantages does not even so much as recognize what advertising is. But the average man gives it serious consideration. It chimes in with his own experience. He sees what is on the surface, and does not credit to advertising the advantages it provides for him. No one familiar with advertising history would bring up patent medicines at this late date, though, strange to say, they are still one of the stereotyped crimes attributed to it. The fact that proprietary remedies are fighting for their lives, greatly reduced in numbers, with few real advertising mediums open to them, is due to a movement started by Edward Bok, when editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and magnificently backed by every real advertising man. It was no burst of altruism. The advertising profession has the same interest in exterminating false, fraudulent, and misleading advertising that the stock exchange has in barring wildcat stocks, or the medical associations in suppressing quacks, or the bar associations in excluding shysters. Advertising depends on the confidence of the public, and any betrayal of that confidence weakens the effect of honest advertising. Out of such efforts has grown the Vigilance Committee, which has worked so aggressively in bringing to punishment those using advertising to mislead and to defraud that the first award of the Bok medal for distinguished service to advertising was made to this committee.

There is still much of such worthless advertising, — patent medicines, cures of all kinds, physical and mental, memory courses, will-power developers, beauty enhancers, all that 'you too' stuff, — but the advertising man is not to blame, and the amount of it is negligible beside the body of legitimate advertising. Few reputable mediums are open to it. No advertising agent of standing will accept it. And the forces which are slowly closing in and eliminating it are set in motion by advertising men.

The so-called 'billboard' is another unfortunate instance. The author really means painted bulletins, which are the only form of outdoor advertising that disfigures rural highways. The poster board, formerly the billboard, is confined to the cities, where it frequently hides vacant lots at least as unattractive as the poster boards, which can be and are being made into something much better. But let us admit that the poster board, and its more offensive brother, the painted bulletin, are frequently eyesores, blots on the landscape, offensive to sensitive people. Surely a people that tolerates so many hideous structures in its cities cannot make a special case of these particular edifices when there exists a necessity for them as great as for the gas tanks, freight cars, train sheds, workmen's cottages, and other utilitarian and unbeautiful adjuncts to

town and city life. Also the movement to better them is coming from within. The company that now controls most of this outdoor advertising is making it a part of its policy to erect neat and attractive stands, to place them where they will not mar the scenery, and to censor what appears on them. Finally, billboards are a small part of advertising. Eliminate them all and the question before us would remain, as large as ever.

As for that legend which still crops up, as immortal as the snake's tail which does not die until sunset, that the business man spends money for advertising to save it from the tax-collector, it is difficult to disprove because it is impossible to prove. It is mere suspicion. No instances have ever been given. I have never heard of one, and do not know an advertising man who has heard of one. But why should a presumably intelligent manufacturer or retailer prefer to give his money to an advertising agent to buy space with rather than to a tax-collector to buy airplanes with? The money is gone, in either case. The only possible answer is that he gets some advantage from advertising. But if he gets an advantage, if advertising helps him to sell his goods, why is it not a fair supposition that he makes his advertising appropriation to get this advantage rather than to evade taxes? If he built a factory with the money, or bought raw material with it, would he be suspected of so disposing of the money to evade taxes?

This tax situation seems to be what the Greeks called a dilemma—not the modern two-horned dilemma, but a syllogism which ran something like this in the schoolbook I studied:—

Epaminondas the Cretan says: 'All men are liars.' But Epaminondas the Cretan is a man; therefore, a liar; therefore what he says is not true, and all men are not liars.

But in that case Epaminondas spoke the truth, and so forth.

Advertising is useless and worthless. Those who spend money for it have an ulterior motive. That ulterior motive is evading the excess-profits tax. But the advertising thus bought increases sales, and increases profits. Those who use it, instead of reducing excess-profits taxes, increase them. Therefore they could not have invested in advertising for that purpose, so they must have bought it with the intention of making their business bigger, which would necessitate their paying still more excess-profits taxes. About all the comfort the suspicious folks at Washington and elsewhere can get from the situation is that the excess-profits tax does not act as a deterrent from advertising.

But these things are all by the way. They do not affect the real current of our inquiry. To prove that advertising has drawbacks and disadvantages is nothing. It has lots of them. So has making goods. So has selling them. So has business. The question again reverts to this: Does advertising, with all these disadvantages, real and imaginary, its pervasiveness, its vulgarity, its hypocrisy, its exaggeration, its use for unworthy purposes, its admitted wastefulness, its lack of wholly scientific methods, does it serve a useful, necessary purpose? Is it a benefit to all of us, or only to those of us who use it or produce it?

III

In considering the value and necessity of advertising, we must accept the present civilization in which we live. To discuss whether advertising would be necessary in Utopia is futile, though that is the argument of Stuart Chase. But life being what it is, in this country and at this moment, could we have

what we now have, without advertising? Since most people live by making and selling goods, can they go on making and selling goods without advertising?

You see, we are all in the same boat. We cannot divide ourselves into two classes, a large one consisting of ultimate consumers, and a small one exploiting them by advertising. We each live by making and selling something, and the more we make and sell the better we live. We cannot say, 'I will sell my goods to you by advertising, but you cannot sell your goods to me.' It is the right of each to advertise and sell. This interchange of goods constitutes what we call business. When we say business is good, we mean there is a brisk exchange of commodities and money. When it is slack, the interchange has slowed up. There is just as much money in existence, and, except for the fact that production is slowed down in dull times, there are just as many goods in existence, but both are static. The money remains in the pocket, the goods remain on the shelves.

Here are three men: A makes soaps, B soups, and C sealing wax. A needs sealing wax, but does not buy it because business is not good, and he cannot afford it. His source of income is B, the soap-buyer, and B is n't buying any soap. The reason B is n't buying soap just now is that the soup business is not good. No one is buying soup. Does A sit in his shop, longing for sealing wax, and wait for customers? No. He advertises. He tempts B with pictures of soap, with text about soap, to create a desire for soap on the part of B. By this effort, by breaking up the inertia, he starts a movement. For when B buys a cake of soap of A, A has money, which he uses to buy sealing wax of C, and C immediately supplies himself with soup from B. Nor has A's example been lost on B and C. They too make efforts to sell; that is, they advertise their respective soups and sealing wax to each other, and to A, and thus keep up the merry exchange, which spreads to cabbages and kings, and to the other letters of the alphabet. That is, A's natural efforts to sell the soaps by which he makes his living are extended by advertising. All selling is advertising, and all advertising is but an extension of selling. The day A opened his soap shop and tacked his sign over the door he began to advertise. And all advertising is but an extension of the first instinctive effort to sell what one has to sell.

Going on from this primitive picture, we all know, of course, that in these days the maker seldom sells direct to the public. He sells to the retail dealer, who in turn sells to the consumer. We will skip over the jobber, who is merely a cog in the distributing machinery, to simplify our story. Now the retailer is merely a convenience. His store is on Main Street in your town to save you the long journey to the factory where the goods are made. It is of the utmost importance that your particular store should have the goods you want. If it does not, then you suffer the inconvenience of waiting until they are sent for, or of hunting another store which does have them, or of buying a different article in place of the one you want. Your material life consists of a long list of named products, utensils, commodities, foods, wearing-apparel, toilet articles, tools with which you perform the operation of living — feeding your family, keeping house, dressing yourself and your children — playthings and work things. Not all of these articles are vitally necessary. Some of them may have been adopted through the persuasiveness of advertising. But there is an irreducible minimum which you cannot do without, our modern

civilization being what it is. It is manifestly convenient to you that the shops in your town have these things in stock when you want them. The fact that they are there is the result of what is technically known as distribution, and without advertising distribution would be impossible.

Whether it is better for us to live nationally, as regards the goods we consume, or locally, is too large a question to discuss within the scope of this paper. The fact remains that we do live nationally, that by far the greater quantity of goods now made is sold to the country as a whole — or, if not yet nationally sold, that is the goal aimed at. It is this fact that has evolved what is disparagingly called 'big business.' It means that a manufacturer can count on a market comprising the whole United States. More than that, he must count on the whole United States if he is going to manufacture a large enough quantity of goods to reduce the cost to the point where he can compete with other manufacturers of the same goods. We will ignore for a moment the purely competitive side of this. It is true that two products of the same kind compete for the trade of the consumer. If there are five tooth-pastes all equally good, one brand would be sufficient. But that allows nothing for the instinctive individuality of choice, for the spur that competition offers to improvements in quality and reductions in price. If there were only one brand of tooth-paste in existence, it would be necessary to create another, for the benefit of the tooth-paste consumer.

The interest of the consumer and the interest of the manufacturer are here identical. It is to the best interest of the manufacturer to have his goods sold in the retail stores of every town in the country, and it is to the best interest of the consumer to be able to buy those goods in any town in which he happens to be or to live. The only way the manufacturer can obtain that distribution is by being able to assure the local dealer who buys the goods that he will be able to sell them. And the only way to give that assurance is by advertising to that portion of the public which constitutes the customers of that particular dealer's store.

If it is good for us, the public, to have goods made for us, it is good to have them sold to us. And if the printed word is added to extend the word of mouth, that is merely a change of degree rather than kind. I am not here interested in advertising from the point of view of the advertiser, or of the man who makes his living by preparing advertising. Both have their problems, and those problems are a part of my job. But here I am trying to look at it as one of the public, using my technical knowledge to correct the errors into which writers outside of the profession, and some inside, fall when they try to reckon the good or ill that advertising does to all of us.

The fact that there may be too much advertising is incidental, just as the fact that there may be too many motor-cars. If there is overproduction in any line, the economic laws will take care of that. The manufacturer who makes more goods than he can sell will go broke. But overproduction of anything is not proof that production is economically wrong.

Nor is the way that some advertisers use advertising any argument against it. I shrink from many of its phases. But the fact that some advertisers show bad taste, selfishness, stupidity, even the fact that these things apparently profit them, is also a detail. There is even more on the other side — unselfishness, altruism, and far-sightedness. By such a criterion one

could condemn literature, or art, or government.

The question before the house is simply this: Is advertising a benefit to the public as a whole? Is it necessary, to retain the desirable phases of our present system of living? Does it impose an unnecessary burden of cost on the ultimate consumers of goods, becoming thereby an economic waste? Or does it, in short, add to the sum of human happiness?

IV

When I was a boy, — about fifty years ago, more or less, — mother used to buy a bar of Castile soap half a yard long and four inches square and saw it up (she kept an old saw for the purpose) into cakes an inch thick. The cake was as hard as Stonehenge, and the corners sharper than a serpent's tooth. It took weeks of use to wear it down so that it comfortably fitted the hand.

To-day we have a cake of toilet soap — a great many of them, in fact — just the right shape to fit the hand, just as pure as Castile, scented if we like, tinted to match the bathroom decorations if we prefer, reasonable in price; and when we want another cake we go to the nearest grocery or drug store, and there it is.

And not only toilet soap. We have seen the evolution of shaving-creams, safety razors, and tooth-pastes, as well as soap powders, laundry chips, washing-machines, vegetable shortenings, self-rising flours, electric sadirons, vacuum cleaners, hot-water taps, aluminum cooking-utensils, refrigerators, and kitchen cabinets — everything, in short, that constitutes the difference between our mothers' kitchens and our wives'. The amount of sheer drudgery that has been taken out of housekeeping in fifty years can be realized only by comparison, by drawing the illuminating parallel.

An iron, soft-coal cookstove; a reservoir at the back the only source of hot-water supply; the green-painted iron pump in the wooden corner-sink for cold; drinking-water from the pump outside; saleratus instead of baking-powder; hog lard instead of vegetable shortening; butter and milk hung down the well by a string to keep them cool; heavy iron pots and skillets to be lifted, to say nothing of the coal hod; dishes washed by hand; no device to alleviate the frightful labor — no rubber scrapers, scouring-mops, metal-ring dish-rags, wire brushes, drying-racks, or cleansing-powders; baked beans an eighteen-hour job; oatmeal an overnight operation; sugar, salt, dried fruit, pickles, crackers, rice, coffee, pepper, spices, lard, bought in bulk, scooped out of open boxes or barrels or tierces, exposed until sold, and dumped on a sheet of paper laid on the scales; molasses and vinegar drawn from the wood, and between whiles the gallon measure standing around, proving the adage that molasses attracts more flies than vinegar. Food was unclean, there was no sponsor for its quality, and it came to the kitchen almost in a state of nature. The housemother became a miniature manufacturing plant before the food was ready for the family to eat. And the preparation of meals was but a small portion of the housewife's burden. There was cleaning — with no other implements but a rag, a broom, and a turkey wing. Clothes were washed with a rub-rub-rub that wore the zinc from the washboard.

Put such a kitchen beside the one pictured in most advertisements selling kitchen equipment, or those complete ones shown in the housekeeping departments of the women's magazines: 'How to furnish the ideal kitchen.' Or, better still, take a modern housewife —

not the delicatessen and can-opener type, but a real housekeeper, who keeps her house and takes pride in it (there are such even to-day) — and put her in an old-fashioned kitchen like that described above. She could not do in a week what my mother did every day of her toil-bound life. To keep house with what was available half a century ago was an art handed down from generation to generation, which happily has been lost, except among the newly arrived foreign-born.

You say I am contrasting a poor woman's kitchen of fifty years ago with that of a woman of means to-day. Not at all. What my mother contended with was what they all had. If she could have afforded it, she would have hired another woman to struggle with it. It was not a matter of wealth at all. It was a question of facilities available. That was all they had — raw materials, a few crude tools, and 'elbow grease.'

The amelioration that has come about in fifty years is due directly and indirectly to advertising. These things did not come into existence because women demanded them. Women did not know they were possible. They exist because there was a method of distributing them, of teaching possible buyers what a help they would be, of educating the housewife while offering her the means of applying what she learned, and of doing it on a large scale. And the strongest urge to invent desirable labor-saving devices has been this same possibility of distributing them; that is, selling enough of them to make it worth while. Sometimes advertising supplies a demand, but in most cases it creates demand for things that were beyond even the imagination of those who would be most benefited by them. A woman knew the use of a broom, but she could not imagine a vacuum cleaner. Therefore she could not demand one, even though she was aware of that vague unspoken demand that has existed from the beginning for some lightening of the terrible drudgery of keeping a house livable. The vacuum cleaner was introduced by educational advertising. The advertising was done partly by manufacturers anxious to sell vacuum cleaners and partly by electric-light companies anxious to sell current. The spread of electrical housekeeping devices has followed the increase in the number of houses wired for electricity, and that too has been brought about by advertising, by the selfish desire to do more business, to sell more goods. But the result has been a public benefit, an increasing willingness to spend money to lighten the human burden, to cut down the waste of human energy spent in the operation of living.

No vacuum-cleaner factory could do business as a neighborhood proposition. Only a national market would furnish enough business to make the manufacture economically possible. And a national market is possible only through advertising. And that advertising must be educational. It must teach the sound economy of paying more to get the greater benefit. The woman's time and health and strength are worth more than the difference in cost between a broom and a cleaner. But not all of these improvements are in the vacuum-cleaner class. Most of them add nothing to the cost of upkeep. The greater number lower it. They teach the use of something better that costs less.

V

I do not think I am claiming too much in giving to advertising the credit for the great change in housekeeping that we have seen. I have had to observe it very closely for thirty

years, and I have to some extent helped to bring it about. Some may be inclined to think it is due to the women's magazines. It is true that they have directed their editorial energies to the same ends, and with remarkable results. But it should not be forgotten that it is advertising patronage that makes such magazines possible. It is the revenue from the advertisers that pays for the services of domestic economists, physicians, interior decorators, cooks, dressmakers, and other experts who teach women better ways of doing things. More than that, while such departments are conducted with the primary purpose of being helpful to readers, they furnish an excellent background for the advertising. Magazines with constructive departments on the care of babies, cooking, interior decorating, housekeeping, dressmaking, laundry work, and all the other activities which go into home-making, are preparing audiences to listen to manufacturers who sell sanitary nursing bottles, infant wear, prepared foods, salad oils, paints, fabrics, wall papers, electric mangles, and washing-powders. This is no reflection on those departments. It is meant for praise. The editors of such departments are frequently men and women of the highest professional character, and the advertisers who are permitted to use space in such magazines are often subjected to rigid censorship, not only as to the real utility or value of what they sell, but also as to the way they talk about it. Some magazines maintain laboratories for testing utensils and foods for household use offered in their columns.

Behind the successful and intelligently conducted magazine is the advertiser, who buys space and makes the magazine profitable, and so the educational work of home-making magazines should be credited largely to him.

Advertising is not an end. It is a means to an end. So the question is not, Is advertising desirable? but Are those ends desirable, and is advertising too great a price to pay for them? To those who look upon advertising as merely the selfish effort of manufacturers to induce them to buy more goods, it seems that the world could easily do without it. People say to themselves, 'I do not want to be persuaded to buy more goods,' and that should settle it. As far as they are concerned advertising is unnecessary. For the manufacturer who uses it, advertising is a means of selling goods, but its present proportions are due, not to the manufacturer's desire to sell goods, but to the real public need it supplies.

A familiar paradox is the man who tells you with much earnestness that he never reads advertising and does not believe in it. And as he sits there he is dressed from head to foot in advertised goods. His office is equipped and his home is furnished with advertised goods. How did they get there? Because they were the things most accessible, the ones for sale in the stores where he bought, the ones the salesmen showed him, and the ones that most exactly met his needs. It was not necessary for him to read the advertising. The advertising he did not read distributed the goods, brought them within his reach, geographically and financially, and keeps them there for his benefit — better things than he could buy for the same money but for the tremendous savings that quantity production brings about. And most of them would not exist, to say nothing of being distributed, if there had not been advertising.

But advertising adds to the cost of the goods. You still hear that. So does production add to the cost of the goods, and so do traveling salesmen, and retail

stores, and jobbers' percentages. Everything that is done to a manufactured article and all handling of natural products must be added to the price that the customer pays. But nothing is so well established as the simple fact that, the more you make, the less the cost of each. And not only is cost of making lessened, but also cost of selling, including cost of advertising. And the cost of selling can be and is lessened until the advertising costs nothing.

Why does a tailor-made suit cost more than a ready-made? Why do custom-made shoes cost more than the product of the Lynn factories? It is difficult to prove these things by tables of statistics because prices of all things have advanced so in the years since the war. But consider the motor-car. Nearly everyone is interested in this product of advertising. Nearly everyone is aware of the continual improvement in the cars and the steady lowering of price, due to quantity production. Some are as much concerned over the congestion of motor-cars as they are over the congestion of advertising. They feel that there is too much of both. Granted in both cases; but the only alternative is to turn the page back to mediæval times, when each village was self-contained, or forward to one of the many Utopias which promise enough of everything and not too much of anything. The point is that we cannot eat our cake of accessible and convenient apparatus of living and have our cake of freedom from advertising, freight trains, industrial villages, steel and cement construction, riveting hammers, congested highways, and the other annoyances of a prosperous, material, mercantile age. It's a fair question whether or not our modern life is worth while, but that has nothing to do with the question here, which is, If our modern life is worth while, and we want to continue it, is advertising necessary to that end?

It is related that a man was going along a London street, deep with mud, when he spied a straw hat floating on the surface. He poked at it with his stick, and discovered that the hat was on a head. 'My land,' he exclaimed, 'is it as deep as that?' 'It's deeper than you think,' replied the head. 'I'm on a bus.'

We cannot go any deeper into this question. Advertising is a machine for making it easier to live the way we now live. If the way we now live is not desirable, all right; but that's the bus, and not the hat.

VI

Advertising, then, is a means to an end, the end a worthy and desirable one. Not even those who are annoyed by it would surrender what it brings for the sake of being rid of it.

In this respect it resembles the railroad. The railroad is also a means to an end. That end is transportation. No one since Ruskin has seriously maintained that railroads should be abolished because they are noisy, dirty, and ugly. They are noisy, dirty, and ugly; but the necessity of moving passengers, mails, and freight from place to place outweighs the æsthetic drawbacks. Whether a railroad must be noisy, dirty, and ugly is something for the future to decide. Probably not. But neither are the shortcomings of advertising essential to its success. They are due to the present imperfect method of administering it. Advertising reflects the crudeness, vulgarity, and materialism of the age. Some day we shall have ideal advertising, but that will be when our industrial plants and transportation systems have also become ideal.

Objections to advertising based upon

advertising itself, the amount of it, its persistence, congested pages of magazines and newspapers, mail cluttered with circulars, painted bulletins marring attractive scenic spots — all these are incidents of advertising.

We are pleased when a railroad adopts electrification and puts its trains underground, or when it designs and builds a station that is an architectural ornament to the city, or when it traverses a district of scenic beauty, giving the passenger a by-product in his journey. So advertising is aware of the opportunities of making itself more attractive, while not jeopardizing the ends at which it is aimed. Such results may be called the by-product of advertising. In the total they are tremendous and should not be overlooked in a fair appraisal of the real part that advertising is playing in our civilization.

The physical form of advertising has undergone a great improvement, and the improvement continues. It was gradually realized that art had power to move minds, and that the sordid, material ends of advertising were better served in proportion as advertising became more attractive. The physical properties of advertising are composed of picture and text, and both have had for some years careful consideration by minds trained in taste. Sober observers who do not speak loosely, and who have no reason to praise advertising, have repeatedly said that the art of printing owes its recent progress more to advertising than to any other influence.

Each year the Institute of Graphic Arts arranges an exhibition of commercial printing. A rigid censorship is exercised, and a comparatively small number of examples of printed advertising is selected for exhibition. After being shown in the Art Centre in New York, this exhibition is sent on its travels. Two and sometimes three duplicates are made, but the requests from various art-societies, museums, and galleries in the country for the privilege of showing this exhibition are more than can be granted.

These specimens are produced by the earnest desire of the advertiser to give the printed message the most perfect typographical form, that it may be pleasantly received and easily read, and by working along these lines there is produced what typographical experts consider good printing.

Even more remarkable has been the record with art. The commercial artist is extinct. He has disappeared. The men who produce advertising art are the men represented in the art exhibitions. There is no longer any distinction, and no stigma attaches to art used for business. Artists realize that advertising offers them an opportunity as great as any in the world to-day, not merely to be well paid for their work, but also to realize their artistic ambitions, without sacrifice of their standards or their ideals. There is nothing essentially debasing in art applied to a purpose. The great pictorial art of the world, the art of the fifteenth century, was applied art in a strict sense. Those altarpieces, triptychs, murals, depicting the mysteries of religion and the lives of the saints, that adorn the churches of Italy, France, and other Catholic countries, were really applied art. Commissions were given to the artist by the Church or by some wealthy prince. subject to certain restrictions and limitations; but within those limitations the artist found it possible to express himself and produce a work which is preserved, not because of its primary purpose, — that of selling the Church to a populace which could not read, — but because even under those conditions the artist produced great art.

As artists realize the truth of this, and, more important still, the manufacturer learns the secret of buying the best the artist has in him, the result becomes evident in the pages of magazines and newspapers, in books, printed matter, and, to a lesser degree, on the poster boards. If such work is good art, and if it is well reproduced, as much of it now is, advertising becomes a humble picture-gallery for millions who never see the inside of an art museum.

Nor should the effect of this influence on the goods themselves be overlooked. Much of the improvement in the artistic quality of the goods — textiles, rugs, furniture, jewelry, porcelains, glassware, domestic architecture, and interior decoration — is due to the reflex influence of a powerful and influential body of artists working in close proximity to the factory that produces the goods. The advertising artist is asked to design a package, and to 'dress' the goods better. The next step is to get artistic opinion in the designing of the goods themselves. Sometimes the patterns of fabrics are made by the men who produce the advertising of them. Colors selected by a manufacturer of enamels are revised by an artist to supply a palette adapted to the new taste in color. As the motor-car slowly moves toward that ideal and natural form and shape which is to be its ultimate expression, artists, sculptors, and architects are being called into consultation with automotive engineers to make the form express the purpose. The carriage, as we know it, was a slow evolution. In the course of time it acquired a pattern which satisfies us and which we feel is the happy and logical shape of a carriage. But it had a thousand years for its evolution. In less than twenty-five years the automobile has gone a part of the way from an ugly machine to something more nearly approaching good design. And the influence that is bringing this about is the artist who creates the advertising — the necessity for the product to live up to the advertising. Now and then a purely imaginative color-scheme for a motor-car made by the advertising artist is adopted by the factory for the actual car.

The necessity of living up to his advertising lifts the manufacturer to new levels, and so we arrive at another by-product — the effect that advertising is having in raising the standards of business. And this applies not only to the æsthetic appearance of the goods but to business practices and standards. A business which advertises, which puts its name before the public and puts its trade-mark on the goods, has entered into a contract with the public, with its customers. It must live up to that contract. It must make good. It is in honor bound to justify the advertising. It has given a hostage to fortune. It can no longer escape responsibility for its products or goods or service. And this effect is beneficial, and ensures, on an average, better goods and better service. It is responsible, in a way, for the welfare movement. Welfare movement was originally a talking-point. Manufacturers learned that saying their factory or plant or store was a pleasant place to work, and that conditions were healthful and comfortable, was one way to sell goods; and in order to say these things it was necessary to do them, and conditions became better. Other manufacturers emulated the pioneers. Not only did advertising bring this about, to a large extent, but it works to continue it.

A still more remarkable by-product of advertising is coöperation. One charge brought against business is that it is competitive; it aims to displace another man's goods and sell one's own;

one advertiser's gain is another advertiser's loss. All business is competition. Through advertising it has been brought about that manufacturers in one line unite to advertise their common product. For instance, paint is necessary for the upkeep of buildings; there is a national economy in keeping paintable structures painted and thus protecting them from the ravages of the elements and the depreciation of time. Makers of paints and varnishes and other finishes unite in coöperative advertising, unselfish advertising, which does not aim to sell any named product, but merely teaches people the wisdom of painting in their own interest. The result is to make more people paint, which creates a demand for paint, and all paint manufacturers are benefited. The whole industry benefits, but the public benefits as well. Such advertising takes nothing from anyone. It contributes to the general prosperity of the country. It makes the visible physical property of the country more valuable.

Such coöperative efforts are being made by the manufacturers of Portland cement, tile, brick, stone, and lumber; by the growers of fruits, such as oranges, raisins, and nuts; and the public is the gainer. Consider the case of oranges. When the growers of oranges first united to teach people to eat more oranges, the average consumption was thirty-nine per capita per year. Today it is fifty-eight. The producers of oranges have a larger and more stable market for their fruit. The public is benefited by eating more oranges, and no one has gained by taking a market away from someone else. They have gained by making their natural and normal market a better market than it was before, and they have sold the people something that is good for them and taught them habits that are endorsed by dietetic authorities.

But such aspects of advertising are, as I have said, by-products. They offer a pleasant prospect for the future amelioration of the manifestations of advertising to which many justly object. The actual public benefit of advertising is that it creates a rapid interchange of commodities and money, producing what we know as 'good times,' and, by effective distribution, brings within easy access and at easy prices the vast number of articles with which we live and which make life less difficult, smoother, more restful, more efficient, and more worth while.

THE PASSING OF THE GREAT CARDINAL

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

I

THERE are moments when we seem to see not through a glass darkly but face to face; then the beauty and power of life stand forth with the vividness of revelation. Such a moment has just passed.

Not a fashionable quarter of Brussels — one near the Gare du Nord; an unpretentious hospital, a plain room. Ten o'clock in the morning; a tall candle burning amid the clinical bowls on the stand beside the iron bed. Two white-robed sisters kneeling, one holding the oxygen tube; doctors, clergy in black and purple kneeling and standing; the family, the cook and valet, two or three friends — a dozen about the white bed. All prayers, affection, centred on the great gaunt figure lying propped against high pillows; at the throat a scarlet ribbon carrying a small gold cross, a touch of red embroidery, like a badge of courage, relieving the white gown. Eyes softly closed, and on the extraordinary forehead, the noble face, an expression of calm resignation, of smiling serenity so transcendently beautiful that there could be no weeping, only from time to time the prayers for the dying softly chanted. Another dozen priests and friends in the adjoining room, as near the door as possible in order to share in the benediction of that spirit still radiating faith, love, paternal tenderness, from a definite place, but so soon to leave that place — that body.

Indeed, as we wait we are scarcely conscious of the body; the illumination of the face seems almost to descend upon it, as from a spirit already free. We search for a word as the hours pass — ten o'clock, eleven — and find 'apotheosis.' At twelve the sun breaks through the clouds, and, as a bell sounds, the lips whisper 'Angelus.' One, two — the light still suffuses the face. The sister with the oxygen tube and the sister now holding the candle move a little closer to the bed. And at three o'clock, in utter quietness, the light goes out.

The strong, sensitive hand lies still on the coverlid and we pass to kneel beside it. Then out through the corridor where others wait, and with difficulty through the door against which the crowd presses, into the street. In an awed voice a woman says: 'Three o'clock — the hour when the Christ died.'

In one of his pastorals the Cardinal wrote: 'We are in this world to learn how to die.' He had learned. Nor had dying, for him, been the act of a few hours or weeks. Rather a long face-to-face with death. Almost a year before the operation, he felt that he had not much longer to live; the feeling grew to conviction, and conviction, alas, to certainty. But neither presentiment nor certainty could disturb his serenity or trouble his courage; with customary mastery of himself he ordered his days, carrying on, it seemed, even more than his usual activities.

In July he wrote to his sister-in-law: 'It is time to prepare myself for the great voyage.'

That very month we were several times in Malines, yet how little we suspected what was in his mind. With what poignant contrast are the pictures of this week of January 1926 set against those of July 1925 — black against crimson.

In July occurred the festival of Malines's patron Saint, Rombaut, celebrated but once in fifty years. The towers and *pignons* of the Flemish town, Monsignor Mercier's home during these twenty years of his episcopate, were beflagged and garlanded. Belgian holiday crowds packed the streets. We looked down from a balcony above the square, while the Cathedral bell boomed and the carillons showered melody on the procession: banners catching the wind at crossways, staves topped with feathery flower clusters, platforms banked with red roses, carrying silver reliquaries, the Antwerp Madonna in stiff gold brocade, burgomasters and city councilors, children with garlands, aged with banners, purple-clad bishops with their crooks, and, following all, what a figure of old-world grandeur — the Cardinal in scarlet robes, long train upheld; the striking forward-sweeping movement, the impression of radiance as of light from an inner life illumining his face, his hand outstretched in blessing. As he passed, though there seemed no inch of surface on which to do so, the crowd dropped to its knees.

Seventy-four, and already facing a mortal illness; yet he insisted on following in and out the winding streets to the end, a march of almost two hours.

Four days later we were again in Malines in response to an invitation from His Eminence, and were passing through the palace garden to the familiar little reception-room, there to experience once more, and for the last time, his welcome. We found him in particularly happy mood, much pleased with the attitude of the celebrating crowds. And soon — since we always, with him, went back to war days — he was giving us an account of recent progress in reconstruction, telling us in conclusion, with satisfaction, that since the Armistice over one hundred churches of northern Belgium had been rebuilt. As was his habit, too, he talked with my husband of Mr. Hoover. 'Ça, c'est un homme!' he had remarked once to his nephew. And 'That is a man!' sums up the comment of last July. He spoke this time of Mr. Hoover's synthetic mind that sees the goal and moves straight toward it, — the world's great need being this type of mind, — of his American it-can-be-done spirit, which was akin to the Cardinal's own. Keenly interested in the United States, he asked questions about conditions there, especially about the agricultural situation. When talking with him one always had the sense of an interior calm, of adjusted balance expressed in his every word and considered judgment.

And how charming with Jean, fifteen! 'You know, mademoiselle,' his blue eyes twinkling, 'I am seventy-four. Do you not think I could tell you something? . . . And are you,' shaking a finger at her, 'properly learning how to write' — deliciously teasing — 'like your mother? You know it is your mother who has made me popular in America!'

'Yes, she has just written a sixteen-page letter to her grandmother describing the procession.'

'Excellent!' he laughed. 'Now there is but to continue!'

So in precious intimacy the last visit ended. We went out from the little

room with a feeling of happiness and peace.

Once the Cardinal said: 'As everybody, I have enjoyed and I have suffered in my life, but I have never been unhappy. Neither in years of peace, nor of trial, nor of success, have I ceased to keep in the intimate depths of my being repose and silence.' To how many has he given this sense of peace. 'Once a year,' wrote Hilaire Belloc, 'I go to Malines to receive the blessing of the greatest figure in contemporary history. That gives peace and helps me to bear the burden of life.'

It was our last visit to the palace, but not to the Cathedral, for three days later we attended the pontifical Mass, the climax of the Saint Rombaut festival. From the very arches to the base of the gray-stone columns hung scarlet oriflammes and brilliant smaller squares flung out from the sides of the nave. On a gold-draped base rested the rich *châsse* of Saint Rombaut, lighted by golden lamps and nine-branched silver candelabra. Beyond the glory of color, faintly veiled by incense from swinging censers, the altar; and before it the transcendent figure of the Cardinal, robed in scarlet and gold, chanting the Mass, accompanied by the wonder of Palestrina's music as Malines's choir renders it.

The Mass over, the procession moved down the packed nave. As His Eminence approached, one said: 'At least there God made the body to match the spirit.' And then again we saw the august dignity of the prince of the Church tempered by the human tenderness of the father, the friend. In a sense no one was less clerical than he. He turned and smiled in recognition.

And to-day I have come from the empty palace, from the Cathedral hung in black, from Malines in mourning.

II

In August he felt very ill, though no one except those directly in contact with him knew that something was happening. They were now, on knocking at his door, apt not to get the customary quick answer, and found him not so often at his desk as kneeling in prayer. To others he seemed to be working with even more than his customary energy and enthusiasm.

One day in early November he asked his secretary: 'Are you ready? I want to make a trip to places dear to my youth.' As they left the city he pointed to a certain landscape. 'See how beautiful it is! But the way we are going will be still more beautiful.' His family and intimates know how keen was this appreciation of beauty. *Le Beau!* He responded to it to his very finger-tips. Nor is it surprising. His father's ardent ambition had been to become a painter, and before he yielded to family opposition he had won at least a Belgian second prize and had had two pictures accepted by the Paris Salon. He had the sensitiveness and spontaneity of the artist, and these qualities Desiré Joseph inherited. His own room in Malines was cell-like in its simplicity, but in the chapel — nothing was too good for God — he allowed the artist in him expression, himself designing the medallions carved on the altar candlesticks. Who could watch him officiating without being struck by his peculiar sense of harmony? Instinctively his gestures and postures were beautiful. And always, as to-day, he was enthusiastic before a fine landscape.

Arrived at Braine-l'Alleud, a half-hour south of Brussels, he stopped to look at the comfortable house where he was born, the house which his mother, with her brood of seven, had been obliged to leave after the death of her

husband, who had been generous to a fault, but improvident for his own.

When the father married, the Mercier family — of French extraction — wondered why this art-loving boy had chosen, from a neighboring farm, a bride who seemed neither beautiful nor brilliant. But time revealed her unusual qualities. More and more she became known for her strength and goodness, until she was called throughout the region 'La Sainte Madame Barbe.'

Cardinal Mercier's mind was filled with thoughts of her as he revisited the house of his earliest days and the humble one that succeeded. Of those later difficult times he said: 'I consider as grace of God not to have had in my youth abundance, for there I learned to appreciate suffering and to understand it.'

From the family homes he went to the cemetery, where his father and mother and brother are buried. There he remained some time in prayer. The visit to his adored mother's grave moved profoundest depths. At the celebration in Braine of his appointment as bishop, he had turned all thoughts from himself to her. 'It was from my mother, my saintly mother,' he said, 'that first unconsciously, then consciously, I divined, understood, that love is forgetfulness of self and devotion to others.'

He made, too, a pilgrimage to places where two of his sisters, nuns, had taught poor children. They were dear to him, but nearer and more like him was another sister, Madeleine. Intelligent, full of enthusiasm, lovely, until she was twenty she had seemed destined for a life in the world. Then suddenly she joined one of the severest of women's orders, the sisters of Saint Clara. The Cardinal said of her, 'I never knew a person who had so much the love of suffering.'

Near Braine is that happy refuge, L'Hermite, the very modest country house, shared by his brother's family, which for twenty years was a retreat when he wanted especially to think or write or rest. It stands in wide-sweeping open country varied by occasional darkly clustered pine forests or marching rows of elms.

I have visited the chapel and the bare bedroom — bare, though not so completely ascetic as the one at Malines, for here at least the mattress on the iron bed is not straw — and the pleasant study, where some of his father's paintings hang. The windows of both bedroom and study command a fine view of the field of Waterloo, and the Cardinal always enjoyed explaining just what happened there. One can look, too, immediately below, on a rear garden and miniature pine wood where he loved to sit, especially during the last two years, when varicose veins made difficult his favorite walk past the Croquet farm (his mother was a Croquet) to a larger forest.

In the days of the longer walks each of the children of the L'Hermite household — how he loved children, how they loved him! — used to take his coveted turn at going to whistle to the meditator that it was time to end meditations. His nephew, Professor Charles Mercier, as we walked over the road together, described the way in which he always returned, with long swinging stride and head lowered still in thought or prayer, until at a given point he would lift it, straighten his shoulders, begin rubbing his hands together as if to free the body for play, and then let the twinkle in his eye announce that he was now ready to give or to receive an amusing story.

For so many reasons he loved L'Hermite. Here life was reduced to its simplest terms, could be lived largely out of doors. And to what simple terms

he reduced it! His day began at five in prayer and meditation, and ended at ten in prayer. He moved through it untrammeled by possessions, unhindered by indulgence, free to accomplish prodigious tasks for the glory of God. In his will, written in 1908, one of the most beautiful human documents I know, he says: 'I do not leave much. Personally I had no fortune, and the little I have gained in the exercise of my functions, or by my publications, I have always tried to use in good works, for myself living from day to day. The few economies that will be found on my death will cover the arrears in my ménage and the expenses of my funeral; the surplus is to be employed for charity or teaching. I leave to my nephews my part in the country house, L'Hermite. For the rest, they must know that they have to gain their living by work.'

Preparations for the journey to L'Hermite meant chiefly to gather together his manuscripts and joyously to tie a stack of books in a big worn handkerchief. Which of his own multifarious texts on philosophy and religion were written here I do not know, but this was his mind's retreat. Doubtless he had thought there were many years still in which to withdraw to it for contemplation and expression. To set down his thoughts on paper was for him a necessity, writing a habit.

But now he was bidding L'Hermite farewell.

III

He made the pilgrimage in early November. At the beginning of December he decided to have an examination with X-rays, requesting the physicians to tell him the truth. And they did — cancer.

On the eighth, after Mass, he remarked to his secretary: 'In the past every time I said Mass I was offering my life in the abstract, but to-day I offer something very real to God.'

To the doctors, after their report and advice, he said, 'Operate.' December 29 was decided upon, and he turned again to his work.

It was impossible to persuade him to renounce a trip to Paris about the middle of the month to assist in the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Catholic Institute there. The weather was bad, the journey difficult. But education was his vital interest; old and fast ties bound him to the Rector, Monsignor Baudrillart; so he went and spoke at the great mass-meeting in the Trocadéro. There the University and Paris acclaimed him for the last time.

After that he told his grand vicars that he was seriously ill and issued a preparatory statement to the press. Days were filled with prayer and work; every minute counted. He knew how to count them. To his priests he had once written: 'Man is born to work, as the bird to fly, says the Scripture. Have always near by some piece of work, so that as soon as you have a minute you can put your hand on it. You will be surprised at what five minutes total when multiplied several times each year by 365 or 366!'

Nor would he give up participation, nearer Christmas time, in the elaborate celebration of the Silver Wedding Anniversary of King Albert and Queen Elizabeth, his loved sovereigns and dear friends. Next to them he was the principal figure in that intimate national festivity.

On the twenty-eighth he wrote a letter to the Pope in which he said that he could not count on a successful outcome of the operation, but that there were several things, had it been God's will that he live longer, he would have liked especially to continue to work for. He had a vision of the Anglican and

Orthodox Greek and Roman Churches reunited, and during the last four years perhaps his most intense desire and his most absorbing effort were directed toward this goal. The progressive discussions of the idea, carried on with the venerable Lord Halifax of the Anglican Church and the Abbé Portal of the Greek Church and others, are embodied in the now famous *Conversations de Malines*. The fifth *Conversation* had been set for January 24, 1926. Whatever fate the future holds for this noble and farseeing attempt, it will stand in history as a significant illustration of his greatness.

He would have liked, too, to work further for the sanctification of the clergy. To those who know the beautiful pastoral letters and intimate talks with his priests — such an inspired work, for instance, as 'The Inner Life' — the picture of the Cardinal as the Good Shepherd leads all others. In them he appears as the lover of every lamb, longing to bring each safely within the fold of temporal and eternal happiness. He is humble, dependent on the security and felicity of his flock for his own joy; he both leads and follows. Ardently he unfolds to them the mystery of the Holy Trinity, the vision of the infinite reaches of divine love, the possibility of present — to-day *is* eternity — and ever-continuing being in absolute oneness with God. And the ideal of charity. 'Be generous of your temporal as of your spiritual possessions,' remembering that 'always it is too little to give what one has if one is not disposed also to give what one is.' On each page burns the clear flame of love for man and God. Yes, he would have liked to work longer for the sanctification of his clergy; over two thousand there were in his own diocese, and more than two million in his immediate flock, which suggests something of the arduousness of his administrative task. These were activities that he was, 'humanely speaking,' most loath to leave.

Because of his yearning love for them and his patriot's loyalty, he was cut to the quick by the defection of certain groups of his priests in the Flemish-Walloon controversy that has distracted Belgium. Always just, he had quickly accepted certain Flemish claims, — of language rights, for instance, — but he labored day and night, concealing his personal hurt, with priests and people for the healing of that national wound. And he had the satisfaction of seeing conditions improve, especially among the younger men, the students.

Very closely connected with his own diocesan work were his efforts for the betterment of social conditions throughout Europe. The Catholic International Conferences of Fribourg on social questions, interrupted by the war, had been resumed, since 1922, at Malines under his zealous leadership.

IV

Thus he reached December 29, said Mass, and prepared for the operation. The initial step disclosed that there was no slightest hope of recovery, both liver and stomach being completely involved, and the surgeons unanimously agreed to proceed no further. The Cardinal was encouraged, however, to think that the operation had been performed. After a few days he knew his strength failing and, having always advised his flock not to delay but to receive the last sacrament early, now, as ever, he followed his counsel to others and personally directed the last rites for himself. For a few days he rallied, then again grew steadily weaker, suffering acutely, because of his sensitiveness, from certain features of his malady, and yet never wavering.

To suffer? After all, what was pain of the body? Ought one not to be glad to carry the cross along with Simon of Cyrene? During all these days he made it a point to obey, like a child, the doctors and his director of conscience.

His body was wasting away, yet all his mind was present and under control. He received his loved King and Queen, ambassadors and distinguished visitors from many lands, glad to have final talks on points in politics and religion. Early Thursday morning, two days before his death, Lord Halifax arrived from London, and the Abbé Portal from Paris. They hurried to the hospital; for it was clear now that the fifth *Conversation* on the union of Churches would not be held in Malines a few days later, but in the little white room at once — if indeed at all.

And what joy to the Cardinal this meeting! He drew Lord Halifax to his breast in affectionate embrace. They assisted at Mass, the Cardinal taking Communion for the last time. Then the supreme *Conversation* and a final summarizing of the discussion by the Cardinal, after which he sank back, greatly fatigued, but delighted. As they were leaving, he again drew Lord Halifax nearer and, slipping off the pastoral ring given him twenty years before by his family, indicated that he wished to leave it to him. A last farewell, and the two friends withdrew.

But he would not yet relinquish Thursday. He called his secretary and dictated a four-page letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, recalling the secretary later to ask that three words — he quoted sentences from memory — be replaced by three others more effective.

Friday. — Prince Leopold had been seven months in Africa. The Cardinal wished to live to see him again, and the wish was granted. For on Thursday he returned, and on Friday morning was on his way to the little room. What was said, I do not know, but after the visit His Eminence lay back and smiled and folded his hands in prayer.

In the afternoon he questioned: 'What day, what hour is it?' On being told, he asked that the vicars-general and the family be called, and that his nephews read the prayers for the dying. He took his glasses and the book, and repeated with them faintly, though distinctly, the beautiful words. The doctor, fearing too great exhaustion, tried to give him relief, but the Cardinal refused: 'Now the soul, not the body.'

Still lingering, he joined again early Saturday morning in the Mass, trying at the end to give to all his episcopal blessing. That last gesture was like the waving of a flag toward Heaven. From then until three o'clock he but murmured 'Angelus' at noon, and the light of faith and love illumining the face and filling the room was the evidence that life was there. To the very verge of the tomb he demonstrated the triumphant power of the spirit, by illustration answering the question, 'O grave, where is thy victory?' The Brussels journalist could write, 'His death will prove as fecund as his life.'

How true! Healing and heartening for Belgium have been these days of a common emotion of inexpressible admiration and love, of a single sense of personal and national bereavement. And for the world, as it followed step by step. Even German papers offered their tribute to the man who in the same breath they admitted lost them the war.

Among the reminiscences evoked far and near was the story printed in the *Berliner Tageblatt* of a German under-officer. One day in 1916, as he stood before a painting in Malines Cathedral, Cardinal Mercier, passing, asked of a priest in Latin, 'What age, think you,

has that young officer?' To which the young man himself replied in Latin, 'In Malines to-day he has twenty years.' The Cardinal turned and spoke some beautiful words, adding, 'Will you not take lunch with me, that at least your birthday will not go uncelebrated?' There were gifts, a bit of chocolate and a marked book of prayers, and there is to-day a German officer who remembers.

V

A grandiose national funeral, with the fervent participation of an entire people. History has rarely recorded so striking a manifestation of public mourning. Long before the appointed hour veritable multitudes had inundated all open spaces near the cortège route, outlined by flanking cavalry and quaintly marked by the black-veiled lighted street-lamps. The greatest concentration was near the station where the body was to arrive from Malines. Astonishing was the transformation of the Gare du Nord. Once past the façade, hung with black and silver, and inside the vaulted interior, sumptuously draped to the very track ends, one had the feeling of being in a great temple. Beauty and quiet were there. As we waited, one by one representative groups arrived and silently found their positions. Suddenly the *Brabançonne* announced the coming of King Albert, and soon a beautiful solemn music marked the arrival of the funeral train. So slowly that it seemed scarcely to be moving, it approached. Clergy of Malines received the coffin covered with the scarlet robe and began the march, preceded by four seminarists presenting the Cardinal's hat, the arms of the Archbishop, and two red-velvet cushions bearing his many decorations.

Immediately behind the coffin the King walked with Maréchal Foch and Prince Leopold. Then the family, innumerable representatives of State, the Church in splendid vestments, army officers from several countries, members of universities, of the French Institute, missionaries from the Congo, the Papal Nuncio, and Archbishops of France and England. Once outside, our eyes could follow, from time to time, a long reach of this magnificent procession tracing its narrow way through the silent human sea.

In Sainte Gudule Cathedral the services were solemnly beautiful, yet I could not hold my thoughts to what was then passing. It was again 1916; the steel ring enclosed Belgium. Outside, the Somme; inside, the deportations. We had packed the Cathedral as we packed it this morning, and, scarcely breathing, waited. It was Belgium's Independence Day, and we had heard that the Cardinal would come from Malines to speak to us. Outside the gray Invader ruled; beside us, we knew, were his agents. The hours passed. Had His Eminence been prevented? Would he come? The black catafalque erected for the unknown dead, surrounded by tall flickering candles, rose where to-day we had placed his body. Then a murmur and fear allayed, as the tall, scarlet-robed figure appeared in the choir and began the Mass.

What a leader! On his every act was the seal of grandeur. With what love all eyes followed him as he mounted the pulpit. Would he dare to refer to the national holiday? His voice, charged with faith and courage, rang through the nave. 'Fourteen years from to-day (the one-hundredth anniversary of Belgium's independence) our restored cathedrals and rebuilt churches will be thrown wide open; the crowds will surge in; our King Albert, standing upon his throne, will bow his unconquered head before the King of Kings.'

With irrefutable logic and prophetic power he built up his argument. Here was the sovereign word! The sea of rapt faces was held toward him.

So I saw him, and not in the coffin where he lay, surrounded by a forest of candles.

Cardinal Mercier, in 1914, had needed no preliminary period of consideration to see things as he saw them. To the teacher who had accepted the mission offered him by Leo XIII, to revive at Louvain the philosophy of Saint Thomas Aquinas, the way was as clear as sunlight. The essence of his position can be briefly stated: 'God is good, and this goodness connotes justice — not a relative, but an absolute, justice. If justice is violated, I must oppose the violation.' There had been no moment's hesitation; thirty years ago he had said, 'The ideal is not a dream, but your practical duty of every day.'

He was experienced, too, in intrepid defense. Scarcely more than thirty years old when he had launched in full tempest the bark of the revived Thomistic philosophy, he had had to meet attack, derision, even the attempt, at Rome, to have him condemned. And he had met them victoriously.

The people silently standing during the national funeral, looking backward, saw in and out of an all-prevailing darkness the flaming robe of their Cardinal as he moved among them to cheer them and among their oppressors to defy and restrain them. They heard still that single sentence in which he summed up the results of the four years' conflict: 'Right violated is still right; injustice supported by force is still injustice.' With synthetic vision they saw in him the expression of the Belgian conscience. With him they were interring a part of the conscience of each one of them.

They saw him, too, going on foot from cottage to cottage to succor them — practising love. Always he had looked behind the scene. The terrific war-panorama did not blind him. 'All present cataclysms,' he wrote, 'are nothing compared to what is going on in our own souls.' While cannon thundered, now as never before, he must make his flock see where eternal goodness lies — in eternal love. This was the very core of his belief. He preached and practised love. To-day the people had an overwhelming sense of his love for them.

And they felt something more, which they would have been unable, probably, to express. Belgians, strangers, believers, nonbelievers — welded in an emotion so deep that on the surface there was an almost mysterious immobility. Observers sought to interpret it. One said: 'We witness this sublime spectacle because Cardinal Mercier did not exalt himself except for first causes.' Another, elaborating that phrase: 'Because he was not only a great patriot but the defender of the Ideal City that he had built in his spirit, the city as God wishes it to be, filled with justice, order, peace. These to him were the first causes of civilization. Men felt that he had affirmed the Absolute. His words passed the calculations of politics, the material interests of the world, the passions let loose by the chaos of war. Because of these words they felt awaking in their own spirits ideas which God has placed there, but which material interests stifle. Always violently moved by great things, even when they cannot clearly explain them, the people saw him wholly attentive to the affairs of God on earth, and inhabiting a sphere of serenity so high that they felt him to be great. So they stood as they did.'

From Brussels we went the following day to Malines, to attend the more intimate ceremony of the Church for its

own. The most beautiful carillon in the world played Chopin's 'Funeral March' as the cortège passed from the palace to the Cathedral. Entering it again, I realized that nowhere in Belgium would I ever feel more securely at home. The church was flooded with the Cardinal's spirit of loving welcome.

And, as in Sainte Gudule, I saw, more clearly than the densely crowded black nave of mourning, another — aflame with color, and the Cardinal officiating.

Acolytes moved dimly about the choir; one by one candles were lighted. Then silently the procession moved toward the altar. Unhurriedly, unbrokenly, the tide swelled down the aisle. White and brown capes, ermine and purple, crucifix and candle, and the body carried aloft by the black-helmeted honor guard. On and on they poured until the choir was a sea of color in which the coffin was literally imbedded. The Mass, the eulogy, and absolutions. In the evening the actual entombment; and the Cardinal lies where he asked to lie.

Inside the church, as outside, he will be called the Great Cardinal. Who, in recent times, has done more for Catholic thought, leading, as he did, the renaissance of Thomism in conjunction with the development of the modern sciences, until Louvain has become the citadel of Catholic metaphysics? Who has in his imagination gone further in picturing the Catholic as indeed the Church of the Christian world? Who in the Church has been a more rapt contemplator of divine mysteries, has more completely lost himself in the vision of divine love? Who was more convinced of the possibility of present union of the human spirit with the divine? Who asked less for himself, gave more to others? And who, finally, has left the Church and the world a more precious ultimate gift — that perfect illustration of his own utterance: 'To die is the greatest and most beautiful act possible to man'?

MUSSOLINI

BY ROBERT SENCOURT

I

Mussolini's three years in power have been concerned with administrative tasks; it is only now that he begins to enunciate the theory of politics and economics which he has always held in reserve as the raison d'être of his revolution. He saw at once what Italy most needed: a field for emigration, a firm currency, a due supply of grain, and in general a balance of production to consumption. But before he could attain these he had to give Italy the discipline of a strong government, the tonic of a patriotic ideal. He glorified the soldier, therefore, and especially the disabled soldier; he exalted the monarchy, and with the monarchy he associated the Church as integral to the Italian tradition and its propagandist in other countries; he attacked

Masonry as being secret, international, and anti-Catholic; he furthermore assured his own position by terrorizing his opponents and by assuming command over the press; and, not the least astute of his moves, he shifted the chief weight of taxation from the bourgeoisie to the masses. He thus made Italy's two most powerful institutions — the Church and business — into his supporters.[1] Of the old Liberal Party, the Masons, who were so closely identified with it, and the common laborers have been anxious to make an opposition, but they have had no chance. Like the sons of Zeruiah, Mussolini lays his axe to the root of the tree, and indeed his politics have an extraordinary effect on Italy. He has dealt with the country's practical difficulties with a success which the practical man not only must acknowledge but also may very profitably consider.

For what is the practical alternative to Fascism? The only possible one is the system of parliamentary government. Parliamentary government in Italy had broken down. It had become what Senator Giovanni Gentile, Italy's subtlest and clearest thinker, describes, not inaccurately, as 'the wretched skirmish and intrigue of ephemeral groups in a Vanity Fair of endless ambitions.' In 1922 this system left Italy without a Government at the end of January. Six weeks of skirmish and intrigue passed before another could be formed, which lasted only a few months. More weeks without a Government followed. And the third proved absolutely ineffective. The lira dropped from 88 to 108 to the pound. The grain supplies ran short. Strikes were so frequent that the service of trains and posts was disorganized several times in the year. It was almost an unusual thing for the electric light in a leading town like Florence to burn for a whole evening. Fights took place in the streets, and the gutters were stained with blood. Profiteers charged what prices they liked, and the whole country was tortured by a lack of discipline. This was the year that witnessed the rise of Fascismo from a conglomeration of armed bands to the only administrative power in Italy. The speeches of Mussolini had won the confidence of business men, and fired the enthusiasm of the masses. The Confederation of Guild Corporations, which enunciated the economic policy of Mussolini, had shown him favorable to the capitalist system; Socialism and Communism had failed; and finally Mussolini guaranteed to support the monarchy. It was so that he prepared for the revolution against parliamentary government, and at the crucial moment secured the King's support.

We cannot understand Fascism till we realize what it replaced. The unification of Italy, the famous movement known as the Risorgimento, was not free from sordid episodes. It was, in fact, the work of that anti-christian and, indeed, atheistic type of Freemasonry — so entirely different from what is known as Masonry in England and America — which is known as the Grand Orient. This fact is asserted by both the Clerical and the anti-Clerical historians of the Risorgimento, and cannot be disputed. It was a movement that aimed, and perhaps still aims, at establishing a world republic on nonreligious lines. It had attracted some of the worst elements of the Italian populace, along with a certain number of rich and able men; but so unscrupulous had been its methods, so disreputable its members, so hostile to all representatives of religion had it been, that Pope X advised

[1] As informed readers know, this statement is too condensed for complete accuracy. The Church is manifestly divided. — The Editors

all Catholics to have no sort of association with the Government it set up, and it was not considered expedient for those loyal to the Church even to vote at the elections. This state of affairs lasted for over forty years. During that time there had been a change of Government on an average more than twice a year. The tradition of public service had been rotten. Politics had been a farce, staged by French members of the Grand Orient. But at the end of the war the old Masonic system of politics was modified in two ways, by the Communists and by the Clericals. The Church had indeed organized a Christian Democratic Party under two successive priests, Murri and Sturzo, but neither this scheme nor the Communist one had been successful. The result had been what the previous paragraph has described. As Signor Cicotti, a critic of Fascismo, admitted, parliamentary government had become 'a shadow and a lie.' The King, not the least shrewd of Italians, decided to try the alternative that Mussolini offered — an alternative certainly not more dangerous to himself than the old ineffective system of Masonic intrigue.

II

Mussolini is not faultless; he and his party must be measured, however, not by a standard of perfection, but by a comparison with what he succeeded. Italy's political traditions were bad, and he could not at once reform them even if he had wanted to do so. He had, moreover, in his own party a certain number of both Communists and Masons who went over to his party as soon as it became dominant. Mussolini had himself a taste for violence, and had spoken in favor of what he called *brutalità*. His party, he said, must be ready 'not only to die but to kill.' With violence he combined espionage; for spying and force are only different forms of an outrage of moral rights in the interests of 'strong government,' and, as the present writer has seen, have both been used without scruple by the English in India. Mussolini was guilty of graver faults: he seized an island to which he had no right, and allowed peaceful citizens to be killed in the preliminary bombardment; he abrogated the Italian Constitution in robbing the press of power to promulgate any contentions but his own; he allowed himself to be closely associated with men who attacked the houses, who burned the furniture, who murdered and cut to pieces the bodies of their political opponents. But he did improve the administration; he gave it a higher moral standard. He asserted the greatness of Italy, and made her an object of very careful consideration of other Powers. He gave her, as we have seen, a moral discipline. He put down strikes. Let us see what he has done with regard to her crucial economic problems.

His first problem was America's immigration policy. Italy had at one time sent more than half a million emigrants a year into the States; this number had to be reduced to 35,000. The excess of births over deaths in Italy has now reached 700,000. Italy has been able to make room for only 300,000 of this number, and one of Mussolini's great problems was to make arrangements for an emigration of 400,000. His first plan was to cultivate South America, and the visit of the Prince of Piemonte was extremely successful. The Prince, to whom the present writer was presented last spring, is an extremely charming young man, erect, active, handsome, and with a taste as true as his manners are excellent. He is Italy's most gifted ambassador. The annual inflow of Italians in the Argentine

rose from 33,277 in 1921 to 105,235 in 1923, in Brazil from 8587 in 1921 to 13,574 in 1923, and in Uruguay from 572 in 1921 to 2889 in 1923. In Canada in the same years it had risen from 3816 to 7783. These numbers alone compensated for the loss of opportunities in the States. But in the meantime the Italians had found they could leave Italy without crossing the ocean. Separated from them only by a single range of snowy peaks, and a few hours in the train through Alpine scenery, was the best field of all. In 1921 only 44,782 Italians had emigrated to France, and 3874 to the Low Countries. In 1923 France absorbed 167,982 and the figure passed beyond 200,000 in 1924. In 1923 over 13,000 had gone to Holland and Belgium.

What, then, is the success of Mussolini's emigration policy? The total number of Italians leaving Italy has risen from 201,291 in 1921 to 364,614 in 1924, a rise of over 81 per cent. Italy's emigration to the Americas, that is to say, has kept comparatively stable; her emigration into other parts of Europe has risen by 150,000 above its previous figure. While France is unable or unwilling to provide her own population to do her own work, the numbers are being filled up by foreigners, and most of all by Italians. Of the three million foreigners living in France, more than half are Italians. Will this make France and Italy more friendly, or less so? No one can tell.

But Mussolini was not satisfied with the flow of emigration. He wanted to increase the capacities of his country within her own borders. He has therefore turned to develop the cardinal theory of the Fascist movement, the theory that encourages a tournament of skill in improving work and intensifying production. As long as Italians continue to live as cheaply as they are doing, they should be able, not only to supply their own needs, but to rival their competitors for the trade of the world. How could he encourage this system? He is not a great original thinker. His genius shows itself in his power to adapt the large views and theories of others to Italy's essential needs. The Confederation of Syndical Bodies or Guilds, which stated the economic theory of his party, had four fundamental principles: first, that though industries were a fundamental social unity they needed capital; secondly, that an elaborate grading of functions is necessary, so as to have a rational organization of the complex system of labor and production; thirdly, that a man may rise in the scale of graduated functions and rewards so that he whose skill is worth rewarding may himself become a capitalist; and so, fourthly, 'the dynamic law of civilization does not consist in a struggle between classes, — that is to say, between social functions, — still less in collaboration between classes, which would mean a confusion of functions. It consists rather in the tournament of talents — that is to say, in the struggle of inferior classes toward an increase in technical ability so that they may eventually be able to discharge the functions of higher grades, especially if these fail to maintain the standard of excellence required.' It is in applying this theory of sociology to intensifying production in Italy that Mussolini has done most to cure the disorder and to remove the peril of his country.

The debate on this subject took place in the Chamber of Deputies in Rome at the beginning of December, and the laws embodying it were passed by the Senate later in the month. That debate, wound up by one of Mussolini's longest speeches, invites close study. Senator Rocco, the Minister of Justice, had prepared it, assisted by Orano and Rossoni. The irrepressible Farinacci

had spoken in favor of it. But, as Rocco explained, the law does not develop the whole complexity of a syndicalist system. It recognizes the industrial corporations, and in return for rights demands certain obligations.

Mussolini spoke at great length next day in a speech which won praise even from the old Masonic Liberal, Giolitti. The leader said that his object was to establish a coöperative system of capital and labor in an age of productive work. It recognized the need of preliminary capital; it recognized the possibility of any producer becoming a capitalist; it hoped for such a sound moral relation between the capitalist and the laborer as would ensure a just division of profits — but that it could not compel. Compulsion cannot take the place of a sense of justice. Nor could a Government provide a final and stereotyped solution of problems raised by human nature. Whatever men have, they will probably want something more.

How, he then asked, does the guild system differ from the Soviet? The Soviet had first placed all producers under a discipline as severe as that of the conscripted soldier; but even so it was found that arbitration courts were necessary to interpret their own disciplinary regulations. And then they had abandoned compulsory arbitration, because it frightened away capital. Mussolini, however, had seen from the beginning the importance of capital, and therefore he was in a position to insist upon the organization of the whole country on a guild basis. A man who seeks to avoid arbitration, he argued, is hardly likely to have justice on his side. The leader felt justified, therefore, in allowing no one to avoid it. Just as every country had had to organize itself in time of war to utilize its resources to the utmost, so he was about to organize Italy for the crucial years through which she was now passing. The war had taken another form, the form of economic rivalry, and it was a matter of life and death to her to take her place among the nations as a producing Power.

Mussolini's object was to apply to the work of the country as a whole what he had already applied to Italy's chief industry, agriculture. His chief constructive measure in 1925 had been to intensify the production of grain. 'The Battle for Grain,' as it was called, was a series of decrees, arranged by experts, to deal with Italy's chief economic problem. For the very fact that Italians live with the greatest simplicity — that, given their wine and oil, their chief need is grain to make their macaroni and their bread — means that their supply of grain must be ample. They need on an average one pound of grain a day. Their population has now touched forty millions. Those forty millions therefore require fifteen billion pounds or seventy-five million quintals a year. The figure for the last year, 46,306,000, may be taken as an average of her own production in recent years. And thirty million quintals may be taken, therefore, as the excess of her need over her own production. In fact, 30,466,070 was the number of quintals imported in the years that coincide with the Fascist revolution. The figures for importation had risen from 11,191,340 quintals in 1909–1910 to 27,808,910 in 1924–1925. This is the great problem that has arisen in Italy's economic life.

The decrees therefore attempted to discourage importation and to intensify production. The whole agricultural industry was organized by the Government. It is the industry of twenty-five millions of the population. These twenty-five millions — not always able to read or write, but healthy, vigorous, economical, shrewd, and prolific — are

the backbone of Italy. The battle for grain depended on impregnating them with those ideas of science and invention which would enable them to make more out of their land. The use of motor vehicles, the study of manures, the adaptation of each locality to each particular product, the assistance of loans, and a protective tariff — these were the chief lines along which the new laws attempted to work. But the fact is that in all this the Government was merely associating itself with the work of Italy's great agricultural corporation, which dates back to thirty-three years ago. The Federazione di Consorzi Agrari, which has its seat in the ancient Lombard town of Piacenza, thirty miles to the south of Milan, was founded with the following objects: to produce, acquire, and sell everything that can assist or encourage agriculture; to assist scientifically and commercially the growth and exchange of produce; to lend and hire out implements; to acquire information about markets and to assist sales in them; to conduct test farms; to encourage research and agricultural education; to coördinate the agricultural industries of one part of the country with those of another; and to conduct a banking business along coöperative lines in the interests of the members. Such a society already offered Mussolini all that he required, and his economic policy, at least as far as agriculture was concerned, was completed when he decided to pass decrees along the lines the society worked. The success of his economic policy was assured before he ever came to power. Since the foundation of the society in 1892, its subsidiary units had risen by the end of the war from 56 to 909. Its original capital was 4200 lire. In 1920 it had a capital of 1,878,383 lire. It dealt originally with an output worth 700,000 lire; the output in 1920 was worth 258,500,000 lire and this year it is more like 500,000,000 lire. This society, in its application of scientific methods, in its stimulus of production, in its coördination of work, in its organization of a national industry, offered Mussolini his model. His first move was to organize agriculture in relation to the State in such a way that, on the one hand, all the resources of the State could work to assist the industry, and, on the other, the State could maintain control over it.

What he had done for agriculture, he was logically bound to apply to every other industry.

III

This was what Rocco illustrated in the Italian Chamber on December 10 and Mussolini on December 11. It shows Fascism to be not merely a call to patriotism, not merely what is known as strong government, — a government, that is to say, which secures administrative efficiency of a certain ruthlessness and unscrupulousness, although certainly it did add a good deal of ruthlessness and of efficiency to the unscrupulousness of the governments before it, — but also a great constructive system of social and political life. Fascism applies a new theory of politics: it is the movement by which the European nations involved in the vast economic development in which science and inventions have transformed our age attempt to apply to that development the functions and nature of the State so that they can coördinate and discipline toward the common good those economic forces which, left to themselves, might involve those affected by them in social and economic disaster.

It insists, in other words, that industries do not always know their own business best. It is a logical reply to a series of strikes causing economic dislocation. When a great industry can disorganize, can paralyze the life of the

community, and when in doing so it works both directly and indirectly against the prosperity it arrived at securing, the State, while acknowledging its own dependence on the industries, should assert over them such an authority as to prevent them from failing to discharge their function. To allow them to decide on that point is not liberty but license. It is the State that must decide. And so Fascism, while organizing the industries as constituent powers of the State, emphasizes and exalts the functions of the State. The State, says Giovanni Gentile, is 'a unity of interests which in their lower phases appear to be all economic, but which in their higher are all moral.' There is something in his high conception of the Fascist State that recalls the sublime words of Lincoln: —

'A strong State really sovereign, and above parties, conscious, proud, jealous of its sovereignty, watchful and ready to intervene with its action, which will always be in aid of peace and of civil life. A State which is no longer a fragile bark with torn sails and rudder lost, and left at the mercy of the waves, but which is conscious of its own immortal individuality, which is the guardian and champion of its rights and duties, of the glory and of the calling of the nation which is and was and is to be, while the unending generations come and go, and parties rise and fall, wrapt in the undying fires of history's continuous advance.'

Fascism asserts, in other words, that individuals are not political units in the modern State, but that the guilds or corporations are aggregations of the only men and women the State can recognize — men and women who are employed, men and women who have a function. The State, says Sergio Panunzio, exhibits society as a unity; society is the raw material, the State the formative principle. Turning away from the exaggerated individualism of the French Revolution theories which arose out of Rousseau's view of the social contract, the mind of Mussolini looked at first toward Socialism. He examined Communism. But he saw quite as quickly as the Russian Communists that capital was a necessity; he came to the Aristotelian mean between individualism and Communism, the organization of society as aggregations of individuals in terms of function. And over this, as we have seen, he establishes the national unity of society, the State.

But what is the State? The State apparently is Mussolini; but he is not so frank about it as the grand monarch who said, 'The State is I.' Suppose there were not a strong man at the head of Italy, where would Fascism be then? Everyone knows that if Mussolini had been murdered in November there would have been disorder, and probably civil war.

Mussolini's scheme cannot therefore be successful unless, in addition to his effort to make Italy more self-contained, he can obtain such a moral standard from his party, and from his country as a whole, that his efforts will leave a solid organization behind them. The real question of Fascism is whether or not Mussolini will place enduring principles before his own genius of opportunism. Society is not made for material advantage, but ultimately for an ideal perfection. If Mussolini can clearly envisage the moral and spiritual ends, which test the wisdom of political and economic devices; if in a word he can take due advantage of the counsel of that immemorial organization which, with a wisdom and experience older than that of any government, still works for the good of the world, and not least of Italy; if he can ordain the principles of politics in the country along the lines of the Christianity of

her national Church, Fascism should realize to the full the promise of its great practical constructive scheme.

IV

In the meantime Fascism must be tested, and can be tested, by something more than a favorable hypothesis. We have seen how, in Mussolini's time, the population problem has been settled, and what measures have been taken generally to balance production with consumption. Not less interesting is Mussolini's control over the exchange, which he has fixed at about twenty-five to the dollar, which is roughly ten per cent lower than the day on which he assumed his ruling power. If Mussolini had improved the currency he would have increased the war debt, and as it would have been difficult to reduce wages, and therefore prices, a better exchange would merely have embarrassed Italian competitors in foreign markets. Everyone must congratulate him with regard to the railways. Trains are still often overcrowded and unpunctual; the service is still easily disorganized. But he has wiped out the deficit of sixty million dollars which the railroads cost the country in the year before his revolution, and railwaymen no longer inconvenience the public by their strikes. Since 1913–1914 the passenger traffic has increased by sixty-eight per cent and the goods traffic by seventy-two per cent. When we consider the value of the lira, the prices which have been raised in England by fifty per cent have been lowered in Italy by six per cent, with the object of increasing traffic, and yet the railways have made in the last year a profit of 176,000,000 lire, or roughly seven million dollars. That is a fine advance on the loss of sixty million dollars three years before.

The first object of Mussolini was to balance the budget. From July 1, 1921, to June 30, 1922, the *deficit* was 15,760 million lire; this was changed, for the same period in 1924–1925, to a *credit* balance of 2076 million lire. Of this six milliards have been saved on the cost of administration. The circulation of notes has been reduced from twenty-one milliards to seventeen milliards, and the floating debt from 102 milliards to ninety-five milliards. That is why Italy flourishes in spite of higher taxation. The lira depends, however, not so much on the budget as on the national balance of trade in regard to foreign countries. The lira, which was 108 to the pound when Mussolini took office, is now 120. But in return for that Italy is in an excellent industrial position; her silk and cotton factories have orders for many months ahead. Her prosperous peasants can well afford the heavy taxes they are paying, and she has, in fact, solved the problem of how to produce at rates successful in competition.

But in the years before the war the country was dependent for about a million dollars on invisible exports. Half of that was sent in remittances from emigrants; the other half was gained from the tourist traffic. Now if Italy's emigrants go to France rather than to the States, their wages, and therefore their savings, are at a lower rate. This Mussolini could not help, but he has done his best to encourage tourists to spend their money in the country, to live in her rooms, to eat her food, and to buy in her shops. The Government Tourist Department, generally known as E. N. I. T. (Ente Nazionale di Industrie Turismo Turistiche) has become an international organization modeled on Cook's, with offices not only in the tourist centres of Italy but in Nice, Paris, Barcelona, Brussels, Madrid, Alexandria, Bâle, Berlin, Bucharest, Buenos Aires, Budapest, Constantinople, Cairo, Geneva,

London, Lausanne, Lucerne, Lugano, Madrid, Munich, New York, Rio de Janeiro, St. Gall, San Paolo, San Sebastian, Tunis, Vienna, and Zurich. It has done a great deal to keep the attractions of Italy advertised. It has discovered that in the Dolomites Italy has the most gorgeous of all Alpine scenery, unique in its wealth of lovely valleys and the warm colors of its lofty crags. It has begun to exploit the Dolomites, but its special coup has been to make the Italian Riviera a rival to the French for the winter season. It has this winter attracted Sir Austen Chamberlain; and even before Christmas, both in the lovely bays beneath the purple hills where Santa Margherita, Portofino, and Rapallo lead down to the fine mountain views of mountain and sea at Viareggio, and at the other end, where the palms of Bordighera and San Remo continue the fashion of Monte Carlo and Mentone, the hotels were full of wealthy English and Americans. The hotel industry, organized against its own possible foolishness by carefully arranged prices, regulated by Government, is now bringing Italy something approaching forty million dollars directly, as well as a large amount in traveling and shopping. The pilgrims of the Anno Santo produced a special increase of numbers in 1925, well over a million.

Such figures, such a plain business view of what is actually taking place, give the just answer to those who are wondering whether Fascism is essentially a tyranny. There was tyranny over the Tyrolese this autumn. Some Fascists even tried to prevent their having their Christmas trees. Mussolini himself is a political opportunist, not a saint; he has made mistakes, and he has had a nasty element in his party; there have undoubtedly been some atrocities. But the last word about Fascism was spoken at Leghorn toward the close of 1925 by Roberto Farinacci, who sometimes speaks the truth, though he is the noisiest man in Italy and the secretary-general of the Fascist Party. 'If our faults have been great,' he said, 'great also has been our work for the good of the country.'

Mussolini is without doubt a great man. His party is proving its claim that it would organize the government of the country on an economic foundation and build up a strong nation. In doing this Mussolini has outraged those who based their theories on the ideals of liberalism and democracy. But that involves another question, a deeper, a more general, and perhaps a more fascinating one — the question whether in Europe the whole fabric of democracy, with all its theories, is not itself collapsing.

THOSE WILD MEN OF THE CLYDE

BY CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER

Glasgow, the Reddest spot in the British Isles! Yes, but before Glasgow is Socialist, or Communist, she's Scotch. I was traveling with the London correspondent of the *Wall Street Journal* — what a companion for an invasion of the Red Clyde! We got off the train and into a taxi that had no meter and only the remnants of an engine. The car coughed its way up a hill to Armstrong's Hotel, and the driver demanded two shillings and sixpence. Wall Street protested. 'No other taxi in England,' said he, 'would charge over a shilling for that ride.' 'Aye,' said the driver, 'but this is no England.'

Right you are. Glasgow is 'no England,' but Scotch, and all the movements in it, labor and political, whatever else they are, are Scotch too. The city blocks and the residences, almost wholly stone, have more sturdiness and respectability in them than anything in Boston or Main Street. The better pubs are oaken chapels for the worship of Scotch whiskey. The shops are full of substantial Scottish goods at Scottish prices. 'No New Yorker,' said a lady of my acquaintance, 'could afford to live in Glasgow.' (She was charged twenty-five shillings for a small cambric handkerchief.) Every other block is an insurance company, and every third is a church. Bookstores are very thickly sprinkled over the town: we noted a Presbyterian bookshop, a theosophical, a Catholic, and a Socialist. The Scotch nationalize everything. In the Roman Catholic shop they were booming a Scottish Jesuit who had written a book. Religion is everywhere. I looked into a tobacco shop, and filling the window was 'Dr. White's Presbyterian Mixture,' with a picture of the church on the can!

I

The Prime Minister of Great Britain slipped up to Glasgow the other day and made a tour of the slums, 'incog.' There has been a 'rent war' on for months in Glasgow, and this is the other side of the picture.

If you will walk through the streets of Bridgton, which is the constituency of Jimmy Maxton, most popular of the Clyde M. P.'s, you will begin to understand the political atmosphere of Glasgow. Or if you go through Clydebank and Dumbarton, which year after year send Davy Kirkwood, the noisy and eloquent opponent of royalty, to the legislative halls of the House of Commons. The odd thing is that the slums are as sturdy and Scotch as the shops, the churches, or the pubs. Dark and unsanitary, they are built solidly of stone, like Roman walls or the Cloaca Maxima. They are likely to last as long.

For a time these sturdy stone buildings, smoked over with soot from factory chimneys and steel mills, will deceive the American visitor. Compare this firm construction, he is led to say, with the rotten jerry-built shacks of our own Pittsburgh! But the proof of the house is in the living. One toilet for five families, a floor that has been damp

for a hundred and fifty years, rooms that for a century have been lit by lamps and not by sunlight. And, in large numbers of houses that do not suffer from these defects, the evil fact of overcrowding. Houses in Clydebank, pleasant enough from the outside, are often packed to the window-panes — if there are any — with humanity. For every room, or for every two rooms, a family. Because of the so-called 'rent strikes' of Glasgow the Government instituted an inquiry; evidence showed the need for a hundred and fifty thousand new houses in the Clyde region.

I was in Bridgton at twelve o'clock on Saturday, when the whistle blew, and I found myself among the crowds ejected from a boiler factory, a carpet mill, and a laundry.

Here were folk by no means broken either by industry or by poverty. Hardy Scots, shod well and clothed decently. Most of the laundry girls had silk stockings, like any American stenographer. But these hurrying eddies of men and girls were in sharp contrast to the silent pools of unemployed that lounged along the same street. The latter were sallow and hungry and broken. They looked like scarecrows that have been out in the rain too long. Their eyes, which I hated to look at, were dead or neurotic. Their faces had lost character along with their clothes. My Wall Street companion pointed to an open market in an empty lot, and we moved over to it. These little markets are good places to visit if you want to find out about the people of a neighborhood. The quality and variety of the goods will show you what the people use, and the prices are an index of purchasing power. This was Wall Street's suggestion.

There were things laid out on tables and troughs which I did n't believe could draw a farthing from anyone. The rags and the remnants of trousers and shirts, the remains of utensils, old clocks, in a great mêlée. And a row of shabby toy dogs, which a desperate little man, in an exhausted voice, was trying to sell to unsympathetic paupers. A number of people wandered about, but almost no one made a purchase. A sallow and degraded group, however, had gathered before an ex-soldier in a sombrero, who had something to sell to make men strong. It was a salve. 'I am going to ask you,' said the giver of health and strength, 'to refrain from using soap for seven days.' I looked about me and I knew the right note had been struck. The Bridgton slum audience opened their ears and their hearts to the man in the sombrero.

In the environs of Glasgow is a network of coal mines; not far from the mines sprawl steel mills, and along the Clyde itself stretch the greatest shipyards of the world. For seven miles the sprouting skeletons of ships rise among their supporting poles and runways; webs of railway tracks cover the banks; and against the sky loom those vast steel spiders, the cranes that seize and move the limbs of ships. An army of men live along the bank — an army that is many divisions too large, for with the drop in production after the war there was no industry in Great Britain to take them in. Unemployment figures for the United Kingdom stand well over a million.

The same is true for the steel mills. Follow the highway through Dumbarton and Clydebank, and you will come to Motherwell, which is a little Scotch Pittsburgh. Here, in one works which boasts thirty-two furnaces, nine are at work. And while the plant has a capacity for giving employment to eight thousand men, I found four thousand employed.

Upon the foundation of bad housing, unemployment, and a fighting Scotch

temperament, are built the Red movements of the Clyde. There are 'anti-parliamentary rallies' held by the Communist Federation at the Ross Street Unitarian Church. And every Saturday the Communists hold a whist drive and social at Bakunin House.

II

The so-called Labor College movement, which believes in education as 'a weapon in the class struggle *and no more than that*,' finds its stronghold in Glasgow. The number of classes in Great Britain last year was 1048, the number of students 25,071, and of these, according to a rough estimate given me by the Bridgton M. P., over 10,000 are Scotch. 'The subjects we study in our classes,' to quote from *Plebs*, official organ of the movement, 'are means to an end, and that end is the creation and development of a militant, informed, working-class consciousness.'

But you are going to get a wrong impression of this movement and of the Clyde if you just read figures and aims. Especially if you're an American. The only thing to do is to visit a class and listen. Picture to yourself a Scotch working-class town, filled with stone houses of workingmen, surrounded by mines and by steel mills. In a respectable stone building a schoolroom, with rows of sloping desks. And behind the desks, not fifty school-children, but fifty miners, steel-workers, machinists, laundry girls. Men and women from twenty-five to forty, with tough, hardy bodies, and earnest, intelligent Scotch faces. Pipes are lighted. The lecture begins.

'One of the few things I learned in college — one of the very few — was an experiment in psychology.' The lecturer is a graduate of Glasgow University. 'Take three basins of water, one hot, and one cold, and one tepid. Put your right hand into the cold water, and your left hand into the hot.' ('Note,' said a Right Wing Scotch Socialist, 'that it's his *left* hand that's in hot water.') 'Keep them submerged for three minutes, and then plunge both into the tepid water. To your right hand the water is hot, to your left hand it is cold.' The class gave a serious smile to this and moved their feet. 'This shows you, in one way only, how difficult it is to get at facts. How much more difficult in the social and industrial field, where prejudice, passion, privilege, and exploitation rule. . . . But,' he went on, 'the Labor colleges are the only group getting at the truth, because they believe first of all in taking the capitalistic bias out of education. That sort of education is the only really scientific kind. That sort of education starts with the great scientific truth, set down first by Karl Marx, of capitalist exploitations.'

The class went wild over this, with a deep rumble in its throat, and terrific applause.

'I want to protest,' the speaker resumed, 'against the attempt, the world over, to suppress the work of Karl Marx. . . . Why is it,' he added, in a soft and burning voice, 'that English gentlemen in English universities refuse to credit him with the scientific truths he has discovered or even to mention his name? It is because, if the scientific work of Marx were disseminated through the world, the present system of capitalism, with its enrichment for them and its load of wretchedness and exploitation for the workers, would be utterly swept away!'

Following the lecture, discussion; following that, questions; and following that, tea! The ladies brought it in, with bread and cakes, and the miners and steel-workers ate and drank lustily at their desks.

I could n't help thinking, as I turned the afternoon over in my mind, that this thin, impassioned Scotch lecturer, with his long arm and lean finger raised over his excited students, was a seventeenth-century Calvinist—model 1925. Here was Scotch passion for theology, Scotch skill in dialectic, and Scotch attraction to a hell-and-damnation ethics. In an hour's talk the speaker said much that was true, but he marshaled his facts around a philosophy; he drove a passion into his words that made the thing not a student's gathering but the preparation for a holy war. Which he would, of course, be the first to admit. Certainly, a holy war against Capitalism.

And I thought too of what he had said to me as we drove to the meeting, in a car that belonged to a Socialist city councilor. 'You know, I'm an enthusiastic member of the Scottish Home Rule organization.' He said this gently, half-humorously, with a droll smile. No one knew better than he the practical impossibility of that. 'You see,' he added, 'we should then have Socialism established and running in Scotland, while the English were still talking about it!'

I repeat: Glasgow is in Scotland. The Clyde is in Scotland. And the 'Wild Men' are braw lads and *Scotch*.

III

You won't get to know a Clyde Wild Man by interviewing him or by hearing him criticize the Prince of Wales in the House of Commons. Or by watching him stir the proletariat on a Glasgow street corner. You'll begin to know him if you catch him without any front. When he's eating and drinking, when he's singing and 'clowning,' when he's consorting with his own in a gathering of the clan. I went to a festival that had all of this in it, because Jimmy Maxton, one of the kindest and most lovable men on earth, asked me to go.

It was upon the occasion of Pat Dollan giving up the leadership of the clan. I say 'clan' because that good Scotch word comes naturally to mind to describe what the newspapers call the Glasgow Federation of the Independent Labor Party. It was the chairmanship of that from which Pat was resigning. Let me see: It's a sort of Glasgow Labor Tammany Hall, if I may mix metaphors. It's what has organized Glasgow into sending a majority of Labor M. P.'s to Parliament. And now of course an explanation is due as to why an Irishman should organize Glasgow. I can't say I can really answer that, except to say that he speaks Scotch. It gives you a very funny feeling, if you've never known such phenomena before, to meet a man with a pure Irish name and a pure Irish face, and have him open his mouth to say: 'Hoo's a' wi' ye?'

The gathering took place in an old Scottish mansion at the centre of a huge estate. Once private property, it had been bought by the city of Glasgow and 'socialized.' The grounds are a park now, the house open for meetings and 'shindigs' for anybody. Glasgow has a way of doing that. A beautiful estate and mansion house near Loch Katrine is owned by the municipality, and every city councilor may spend two weeks' vacation there each year. Practical Scotch Socialism.

We had high tea in the dining-hall — so high that it almost touched dinner. I sat with two Socialist M. P.'s, a Socialist city magistrate, and a Socialist Unitarian minister who talked to me about the reactionary clergy of Boston. After tea we drifted, chatting, chaffing, and laughing, into a large room with rows of chairs, where we began to sing and make speeches and 'clown.'

Pat Dollan began it. He presented

Davy Kirkwood, Labor M. P. for Dumbarton and Clydebank, war deportee, wildest of Clyde Wild Men, with an iron kettle, a white toga, a red rag, and a package of porridge.

Said he: 'You all know that Parliament has decided to serve porridge in the House of Commons dining-room to all Scotch M. P.'s. You will agree with me that as served by the Scotch, with salt, it's the foundation of our greatness. Now in the interests of Socialism it has been proposed to provide porridge for every man, be he English or Scotch, in Parliament! [*Cheers*] Davy Kirkwood is the man for the job! [*More cheers*] Therefore,' said Dollan, raising the kettle, and the package of Quaker Oats tied with the red rag to a stick, 'we present these, as a joint contribution of the Scottish Independent Labor Party, to our representative, Davy Kirkwood, for the reform of Parliament!'

Kirkwood is lifted upon a chair, with all the weapons in his hand and a torn sheet fluttering from his shoulders. All the men and women at the Socialist sociable and all the lads and lasses stampede. I tell you, Kirkwood is a man to delight a crowd. He is big-limbed and tall, with black hair, and Scotch features, and a broad Lanark burr in his speech. And he has the gift that was Keir Hardie's, of never getting out of himself. In the Commons or on a street corner, he is always a Clyde worker and a Scotsman.

I can't pretend to put down the speech that he made in the Lanark tongue, but here is the English of it: —

'I take this opportunity,' said he, 'of telling you a story that has a serious meaning in it.' (And, funny thing, it had, too.) 'In the House of Commons, of which I am a member, there are two dining-rooms, one being for members and one being for visitors. Now according to rules of the House of Commons Kitchen Committee, to which I belong, any member who has visitors pays sixpence a plate. Well! Sir Lyndon MacCassey writes the Kitchen Committee a letter, asking that, in consideration of his services and duties, and his being Sir Lyndon MacCassey, and this, that, and the other, he be relieved from the detail of the sixpence. Now it happens,' Davy continues in a lowered voice, 'that Sir Lyndon sat on the board that deported me out of the Clyde. [*Anticipatory gurgles*] And little did Sir Lyndon MacCassey think, thinks I, when he deported me out of the Clyde, that I should be sitting on a Committee in the House of Commons, reading Sir Lyndon MacCassey's letters.

'"Well," I says, "who is this feller, Sir Lyndon MacCassey, who asks to be relieved of his dues to the Kitchen Committee, and thinks he can do it, with no one daring to think or to ask questions, because he's this, that, and the other?" So I advocates,' says Davy with a yell, 'that Sir Lyndon MacCassey be charged, not sixpence, but a shilling! [*Hoarse cheers*] But,' says Davy, 'I was willing to compromise; and I did compromise with the Kitchen Committee, so's we ended by making Sir Lyndon MacCassey pay sixpence like everybody else! [*Prolonged cheers*]

'I'm not a brilliant and an awfully educated sort of man,' cries Davy, 'but I want to say this — that I've never yet met my equal! [*Cries of 'Hear, hear!'*] I've never met the man to whom I would kiss my hand or bow my knee!' [*Head over teakettle cheering*]

Davy had taken the burlesque porridge business and draped it with impassioned words upon the rights of man. His audience had laughed at first, but they ended in an ecstasy of cheers.

It needed a bit of clowning to cool the air. An inspired person shoved Maxton, the thinnest man in the British Labor Movement, up on top of two

chairs. Jimmy is one of those persons who are so thin that you think them a little thinner every time you see them. That, however, is an optical illusion, for official statisticians of the Labor Party know that Maxton has n't varied a milligramme in the quarter century. The Party avers that he lives upon cigarettes, coffee, and Socialist agitation. I incline to accept this view. However, when his skeleton giddily reached the height of two chairs and his frame was exposed to the view of all, someone shouted, 'Porridge did it!'

That deflated the meeting very properly, and when the laughter subsided Jimmy began to speak.

'I take this public opportunity,' said he, 'to explain to the Independent Labor Party why I don't have my hair cut.' Jimmy wears about his shoulders a mane of black hair that frames his ascetic face, and next to the expected revolution in May he is the most popular subject of conversation in Socialist circles. 'Jimmy Stewart' — a veteran Glasgow Socialist — 'is my barber.' A roar at this, and Scottish pleasantries from the other Jimmy. 'As my hair is universally known through England and Scotland [*cheers*], all the more fashionable girls have been going to Jimmy for bobbing, bingling, and shingling. [*Cheers and pandemonium*] I receive, as is only to be expected, a reasonable commission.'

That was the way it went on.

Anybody called upon, M. P.'s and all, abandoned himself to clowning. And finally they sang the old Scotch songs, and one new one to the tune of 'Keep the Home Fires Burning.' I remember the last two lines: —

'Stick to Marx, my hearty; damn the Laibor Party;
Keep the hell fires burning for the bourgeoisie!'

The two serious speeches were Jimmy Maxton's about Pat Dollan — this being the honorable and sad occasion of his resignation — and Pat's reply. They were full of local Glasgow political personalities and history, which I did n't understand. But one thing that hit me about Dollan's was that he, and all the Glasgow I. L. P. with him, looked upon Jimmy Maxton as the successor of Ramsay MacDonald, as leader of the Labor Party, and as future Prime Minister of Great Britain. I won't say till later what I think about that.

The sociable ended with the singing of the 'Red Flag,' to the tune of a Scotch ballad.

IV

The British Labor Party held its Conference at Liverpool in October. I went up from London, and talked with a lot of people — with local leaders, national organizers, trade-unionists, M. P.'s, and ex-Prime Minister MacDonald. The British Labor Party is stronger to-day than it ever was. Its threatened divisions did n't materialize. Communism was pitched out by the heels, and Ramsay MacDonald came back. Not only did MacDonald and the moderates — Cramp, Thomas, Henderson, Clynes and Company — triumph in the matter of keeping the Communists out, but they gained a distinct ascendancy over the Left Wing of their own party.

But that is n't the subject of this article, which concerns solely the Clydebankers. I bring all this up to ask what the Wild Men of the Clyde felt about Liverpool. To speak frankly, they felt a little wild about it. They're the insurgent wing of the party, the Bull Moosers; and while they're quiet through party discipline they have pent-up feelings. The Scottish Laborites, including Glasgow, are not Communist, — except for a handful under Will Gallacher, — but they

incline very dizzily to the left. Maxton is their chosen leader.

My aim in this paper is not to praise or to scourge the politics of Scottish Labor, but to describe a particular section of it — the liveliest, and rosiest, and most powerful. I have tried already to show that it touches the people at many points: from the vote they cast at the polls to the education they get in a Labor college. It gets into their high teas and their festivals and their Scotch music. But, above all, Clyde Socialism is a workingman's religion.

V

Every year in Glasgow the Socialist faithful gather together to preach and to pray in memory of Saint Keir Hardie. I went to this year's prayer meeting. The church was St. Andrew's, the largest public hall in Glasgow. Father and Mother and the kids were there, sitting row on row and in the encircling gallery, up to five thousand. A long bank of flowerpots supplied a fence of flowers, behind which sat the elders, Chairman Rankin, the Calvinistic frame of J. Maxton, and the archepiscopal stomach of George Lansbury, Labor M. P., editor and Socialist agitator. Behind these the choir boys and choir girls. And, in lieu of a hymn book or church notices, posters, yellow and black and red.

After an organ recital, Rankin opened the service with exhortation and prayer — I'd call it that, all right. He put down a little political economics as a foundation, saying the present Government functioned upon the misery of the working classes, and so on; and noted — an excellent point, I thought — that under the Conservatives (the last Government was Socialist, you know) unemployment had jumped from 1,270,000 to 1,400,000. But he swung into straight gospel preaching right soon — the gospel of Socialism. Capitalist miseries, he said, were making 'the army of pale, propertyless people plod on to the full clear light of Socialism.' The New Jerusalem became the day when a Labor Socialist majority would sit in the British House of Commons! He used personal religious experience to vivify the thing. One night, when sleeping in the open, he said that he found himself on a sudden in the presence and novelty of dawn. It was like something that Socialism was doing to the world to-day. His words put me in mind of the revelation of Saint John.

'The new light and the new day,' he ended, on a ringing note of ecstasy, 'are not far away!'

Then, while we were still breathing heavily, he switched over to a few words introducing Jimmy Maxton, and sat down.

Instantly the five thousand Glasgow worshipers deafened the taut air with applause; they swayed in their seats, and smiled up happily and reverently at Jimmy. The new preacher began with an invocation of Saint Keir Hardie, and then passed by degrees to what I should call Socialist moral theology.

'The Scotch have always been known,' he said, 'for their thrifty ways, for hardy and simple lives. Now, as everyone knows, I've never been an advocate of flabby livin'. I've never preached that it was better for the Scotch workman to be restin' in the lap of luxury than to be livin' hard. But it's one thing,' he said, his voice cutting our ears like a drill, 'to live with simplicity and thrift yourself, and it's another to compel people to live simply and thriftily *for your benefit.*' There was hot lava in this, which flowed, I knew, from experience taken in his own body and nerves. 'Our simplicity of life,' he went on, 'has enabled the ruling class to keep us in

single-room apartment houses. . . . I say, it is an evil thing to exploit a man's worst failings for your profit, but it is a damnable thing to take a man's best characteristics and pervert them to his undoing and your own wealth!'

I thought this the saltiest Socialism I had found in Britain. One remembered the slums of Bridgton, and the men with dead faces in unemployment queues. If it were not the whole loaf of truth, it was a large slice.

The preacher did n't let his congregation gloat much over their own misery. He told them promptly the misery was their own fault. They had been backsliders, lazy and shiftless, lacking energy, lacking faith in the religion that could save them — Socialism. He beat and flayed them for their Socialist sins, for their supineness in action, their trade-union laxity, their social heresy, their little faith. And they cheered him for these scourgings louder than for his curse on the capitalist. They were Presbyterians, and had the conviction of sin in their hearts!

The preacher ended on a note that had in it both a thrill and a threat.

'I gather,' he said, 'that the press is well pleased at the moderation shown at Liverpool [annual Conference of the Labor Party]. I want to issue a warning. While the masses are ready to move forward on even keel, ready to go along constitutional paths . . . if they are hindered and blocked in carrying out fundamental changes, *they will take those means that lie most ready to hand.*'

And those means, as Jimmy has repeated many times to me and to others, are the general strike, and whatever of revolution may follow.

This statement was greeted with an immense demonstration.

There was even more religion in George Lansbury's half-episcopal and half-evangelical sermon than there was in James Maxton's. He began, as was natural, to talk about Saint Keir, for he had worked with the fiery Scotsman in the early days of the movement, and his devotion to Hardie was frank and affecting. 'I don't believe in death!' he cried. 'Keir Hardie belongs to the past, and to the present, and to the future. He is with us to-day.' Then came a few words upon that new article of Labor's creed — pacifism. 'If this meeting were full of soldiers and sailors,' he cried, 'I would shout to them, as Keir Hardie would have done: "Don't shoot!" . . . I hope to see the time,' he concluded, 'when the workmen of one country will refuse to fight the workmen of another!'

The meeting received this with good measure of ecstasy, and Lansbury went on, as Maxton had done, to personal Socialist morals.

'The question I want to ask is, "What are *you* folk going to do about these things?" You treat James Maxton and me very much like you treat the parsons. "Oh, he's a holy man, supposed to keep Sunday and be good. But the straight and narrow is not for me. No, thank you." Now look here. I don't care whether you cheer me again, as you've just done, — though I'm human and I like it, — or listen to what I have to say. But when you look into your looking-glass to-night before you go to bed, give yourself a cheer, I say, for having done something for the working-class Socialist movement.'

This was mild. I'll put down a few of the sentences that I remember toward the end, when Lansbury really had the spirit of God at work in him.

'There cannot be brotherhood,' he cried, 'until we have swept away Capitalism from the face of the earth. . . . Conditions are worse to-day than they were thirty or forty years ago. It is Socialism or perish, I tell you, in this or any other country. But Socialism

can come here only if you people are willing to work, to live, and if need be to die for it. . . . Our movement is the greatest religious movement the world has ever known. Tell people the truth, I say: that Capitalism is on its last legs; and ask men to join with us in this, the only fight that matters, for the redemption of mankind!'

Tears were in Father's eyes, and Mother's and the kids', but their applause was cut short by the collection which was promptly taken up, for 'feeding the miners and their families in the struggle that is to come.'

Then the choir rose and sang 'O Beautiful My Country.'

VI

To me the most interesting of all the Wild Men is Jimmy Maxton, who in the past three years has raised himself from the obscurity of a Bridgton schoolmaster to be chief of the Clydesiders. And not only that, but leader of the Left Wing movement, in Parliament and out, for Great Britain. Jimmy's personality would attract followers and worshipers, without or despite his politics. He breathes good will and a rare kindliness; he ties you to him with a hundred courtesies and rich-hearted trifles. He's just what a Tory would n't expect a Red leader to be.

To begin with his face: it'll make you turn and look a third time, as though at the weird mask of a showman. He is a dark Scot. All the angles of his face are bone angles, chiseled. It's like an expressive carving out of wood, or a death mask, a little shrunken; but it can smile with incomparable charm, and the eyes burn with a number of things, including tenderness and indignation. The body-frame is nothing, — I doubt if Jimmy weighs a hundred and ten pounds, — but he must stand six feet in his socks, and he can play cricket, run races, dance all night, or make speeches, as the hour asks. I've seen him do all four in the same day.

There are three sides to Jimmy that I have experienced with some intimacy; there may be more — I don't know. The first, James Maxton, parliamentarian, politician. I watched him for a week as chairman of a cliquey group of Independent Laborites in summer-school session. He gave every man his due of talk, only choking the windbags, and those gently. He prodded and was silent; he led discussions from the arid and foolish to the lively and practical. He summarized, clarified. He used sentiment and passion like sugar and salt, where they would do the most good. And I've heard him doing the same thing in the House of Commons as far as they'd let him.

There is, secondly, Maxton — lovable genius of friendship. I gave you some scrap of an idea how Jimmy mixes and how Jimmy clowns at a Socialist sociable. But it goes deeper than that — fifty times. It's more than the mere mixing-gift. He has talent for those thoughtful rememberings that make you love your king more than if he gave you a half of his kingdom. He told me where to go for heather, that I might bring some back to a Scotch girl in Boston. He offered to take me out to Loch Lomond himself, in his second-hand Ford car. And with a subtle and vigilant kindness he kept saving me embarrassment and calamity through my whole invasion of Scotland. These things and bigger ones he is doing twenty-four hours a day for everyone he meets. And his constituency in Bridgton, who know he is using up his health in their service, bring their children out when he comes by, to have him touch and talk to them! As if he were really king of Bridgton slums!

I think, however, the real reason he

is the most popular man in the British Labor movement is the way he can dance the 'eightsome reel.' You'd think so if you saw him. He reels with all the abandonment with which he agitates. Black hair in the wind, his white teeth ashining, he goes to it a little like a panther cat. With enormous grace and rhythm. Spectators, Scotch or English, go wild.

Thirdly, there is the side that makes Jimmy a seer and a prophet of the Lord. His father was a Conservative and a schoolmaster. But in his father's school, which Jimmy attended, he found boys who by permission of the law went to work at ten years of age, for twelve hours a day, for three days a week, in the Glasgow calico mills. 'They worked from six in the morning till six at night,' Jimmy told me. 'Then the next day they had to face up with the rest of us, who went to school every day. I remember noticing the breakdown of their minds.' That, to begin with, bit into his own mind and helped to mould the emotional side of his personality. Later he lost his wife through lack of proper medical care — one of the fruits of an enforced poverty. He spent two years in prison for opposing the war, and while still there was asked by his present constituency to represent them in Parliament. He was elected M. P. for Bridgton in 1922. Though not born a Socialist, Jimmy both acquired his Socialist religion and had it thrust upon him by the world in which he lived. And, like most religions, it rests for Jimmy ultimately not upon reason but upon the soul's conviction. 'You may prove me all wrong,' I heard him tell Hartley Withers, the famous Anti-Socialist, 'but I *know* that Socialism is true.'

His views and policy, which are roughly those of the Left Wing all over Britain, in Parliament and out, are as follows: —

Socialism is the only hope of the working classes for a good life. Capitalism is breaking down in England much more rapidly than even Socialists a few years back believed possible. Witness the complete breakdown of the coal industry and the partial breakdown of a dozen others. Observe the rising political power of the workers: the Labor Party growing from nothing to the second party of Britain in twenty-five years! An equal advance is observable in economic power. Last August the miners, dockers, and railway men brought the Government to its knees. Winning a ten-million-dollar subsidy for coal! The grand crisis, when it comes, will have been forced by the capitalist exploiters, by British Fascists. It may mature in a few years, or even in a few months, but whenever it comes we must be prepared; and the weapon ready to our hands is not gunpowder but industrial action. The general strike, if wisely and properly used, will accomplish our purposes. We must then take over the government, take over the industries, and run both in the new Socialist State for the benefit of the whole people.

That is a brief statement of Left Wing belief, erring I believe, if at all, by understatement.

Although the come-back of Ramsay MacDonald last fall has put a smothering blanket upon the loud advertisement of this policy, the policy remains — the Left Wing's answer to economic misery, awaiting time and the torch of opportunity. If England begins to get her markets back and some of her million and a quarter at work again, the policy of the Left Wing will become smoke without flame. If neither of those things happens, the movement may well kindle and blaze upon the dry leaves of economic wretchedness.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A LIBERAL SOUL

JUST as Peter Rabbit found Mr. MacGregor on his hands and knees among young cabbages, so I found Mr. Oliver — 'Chet' Oliver, as everyone in the township speaks of him. He was counting plants, and so responded to my untimely query on the state of the cabbage market by waving a large brown hand and mumbling 'Seventy-one, seventy-two . . .' Behind him lay scores of piles of cabbages, a hundred to the pile. Ahead of him uncounted cabbages by the forkful were being pitched unerringly by an angling, gangling, piratical-looking person later identified as Sam.

Between his mathematical exercises, and while progressing on his knees over the soft earth, the proprietor of all this wealth told me that he was selling ten thousand early plants, a motor-truck load, to a gardener near town.

'One of those Eyetalians. He asked for ten thousand, and he gets ten thousand,' said Chet, cryptically. 'One, two, and four's six.'

I fell to counting alongside Chet. It was a sunny June morning, and the new-turned earth had a perfume of its own. When we had finished the customer's quota, we stretched our legs.

Chet asked, 'Now *about* how many do you want, and late or early?' The emphasis was not at all necessary; I had already deduced that the King of Cabbageland was, like myself, a lover of round numbers and a hater of detail.

'Late ones — a couple of thousand, more or less. The patch is ready and I want to fill it.'

'Well,' said Chet, happily, 'I'll charge you for two thousand, and then you just go ahead and take as many as you need. There's plenty. Sam here'll dig, and you just lump 'em off. Count out a hundred for a gauge; then just slap 'em together in bunches about that size till you think there's enough. Get a-plenty while you're getting.'

Sam and I were following instructions when Chet returned, after settling with the man from Italy.

'Don't stint yourself, neighbor, don't stint! Now that feller asked for ten thousand A–1 plants. That's what he's got. No culls and a clean count. Bless you, if he had n't been so set on ten thousand he could have had the culls thrown in, free gratis. More trouble to cull 'em than to give him the lot. And I've noticed that the culls make just about as good cabbage, come November, as the firsts. You never can tell from the looks of anything that's crowded young just what it's going to do when it gets out in the open with plenty of sunshine and elbowroom.'

'Like men,' I hazarded, hoping thereby to tap Chet's philosophy of life. From Shakespeare to William Hodge writers have dug wise words from digging men. If from gravediggers and ditch-diggers, why not from cabbage-diggers? But Chet was already departing. From my low estate I saw his heavy soles press the earth, then his thick legs clad in the conventional denim of the countryside, then his stout back and broad shoulders. I put his weight at 210, and his age at fifty-five. A little overweight now, but only last spring he chased a thief down the road two miles and caught him.

Presently Chet returned, still ruminating aloud on the suspiciousness of foreigners.

'I would n't care to live among 'em. No wonder they had that war. Now suppose he had left me a little leeway. *About* ten thousand. *Mebbe* ten thousand. *Somewheres near* ten thousand. *Approximately* ten thousand. Or ten thousand *more or less*. That 's what you said — *more or less*. Any one of *them*, and I 'd have given him twenty thousand; man alive, I 'd have buried his truck in cabbages! I ain't one to be skimpy with cabbages — not this late in the season, with them fairly crying for room. Or with anything else, any time — in reason.'

Before I could think of a fitting rejoinder Chet wandered off stage again. Like a monologuist, he knew exactly what he was going to say before he came on. He did not relish interruptions, and when he had said his say he went away. Sam, from long association with his boss, had acquired a perfect technique in listening. Sam considered work and talk as two separate things, on no account to be joined in unholy wedlock. At the first word addressed to him, Sam stuck his fork in the loose soil, leaned on it, and looked at the speaker with a fiery intensity. When the voice stopped he pulled his fork free and renewed his labors. Sam was not in the least cynical in his attitude, merely noncommittal. Jokes were lost on Sam. I tried several; they received most attentive hearings, but nothing else. The 'cheerio' school of industrial psychology ought to study Sam before going too far with its programme for mingling work and play. I wondered then, and still wonder, whether Chet acquired his monologue style through having Sam for an audience or whether Sam fell into his habit of intense but nonproductive listening because he had Chet for a spellbinder. It required three direct questions to pull an answer from Sam. Then it came from so far below the larynx and was delivered so torn and bleeding that I decided an old hen with a flock of ducklings talks approximately the same language as Sam.

In due time Chet returned to receive his reward for planting cabbage seed while I was only thinking about doing so. He pocketed the bill without glancing at it.

'You drove in here,' he rambled on, running his words together like a buzz saw, 'and said you wanted two thousand *more or less*, enough to fill a patch you had tilled and ready. And I says, "Take enough; take plenty!" Maybe you got two thousand there, maybe four, lumping 'em off that way. Need more, come back and help yourself. Can't always tell about a patch o' land, unless you pace it off and figger. You don't look to me like a feller that goes pacing round his fields figgering. Me neither. Years ago I was told that that field held six acres, and that four, and that five. Maybe it 's correct; maybe it was only a guess by the first settler. But anyhow it 's close enough for me. Yes, sir, there 's thirty-two thousand culliflower in that far field; don't they look nice? Thirty-two thousand or *thereabouts!* Well, goodbye; come back for more plants if you want 'em. Just drive in and help yourself. There 'll be a fork handy by that tree.'

As I escorted my cabbages home I passed Chet's house. More signs of plenty. Big barns, ample house, many outbuildings, live stock galore. Evidently Chet makes farming pay, regardless of his love for round numbers. I think of him as a man out of the past, when labor knew no clock but the sun, before producers reckoned costs and middlemen set prices, when bargains were struck on the basis of likes and

dislikes rather than on the basis of market gluts and shortages. The Patriarchs in the Land of Plenty must have been a little like Chet Oliver in their dealings, bestowing here and withholding there, moved by word, whim, mood, instead of by market quotations. At any rate one of the descendants of those patriarchs, Solomon, king and sage, has said: —

'There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat: and he that watereth shall be watered also himself.'

GETTING SOMEWHERE

X AND I are queer.

We are not recluses; we are not radicals; we wear no smocks; we hold with no strange diets; we follow no strange gods. Coolidge has our votes, and the Federal and State tax collectors a good tithe of our incomes. What more of comfortable conformity can be asked of us?

And yet we are queer.

We have no automobile. That is the evidence of our abnormality. And we don't really want an automobile. That is a still more shocking symptom. And we have, instead, a horse and a pony and three uncontrolled and omnipresent dogs. Those are the pitiable by-products of our idiocy.

The drab streets around the big factory where X disappears every morning are lined, block on block, with sulky waiting cars. Sometimes, as we drive our obsolete brown mare past this barrage, a big limousine or smart roadster swings by us, and a greeting is wafted to us with the dust and smell of its flight. 'Tom Hanks — he's clerked it in the office all his life,' or 'Nils Larssen — he's a big Swede on the night shift at the foundry,' mutters X, with a grin at his sufficient knowledge of the ultimate economic and social value as well as the present pay-roll of Tom and Nils.

X is far from begrudging them their agreeable hauteur. Or their double and triple mortgages, and their pay-as-you-use-it golden-oak furniture, and the pay-as-you-use-it — and never use it much — furniture of their brains. They are welcome to their gasoline and glory, as long as they don't get a little too drunk to keep the road. But our grins widen when we think of their probable mental comment: 'The boss must be nutty for sure! Can you beat it? A horse and buggy! Say — I want to *get* somewhere!'

Now X and I don't want to get anywhere. We have reversed the usual characteristics of means and end. Our animals are not means; they are ends. We chose them, not because they get us anywhere at all, but because they help us to stay where we are. We chose them for one of the same reasons that we chose each other — because they are inexhaustible dramatic material: comedy, farce, maybe.

Perhaps we enjoy the comedy almost too consciously. X, for all his sober garb and habits, has a flair for assembling a bodyguard that is not exactly inconspicuous. Allspice — seal-brown, dapple-flanked, clean-limbed, bred of running stock in old Kentucky — has her quips and cranks and wanton wiles even with a muddy yellow runabout (Nils and Tom make us too anachronistic if they call it a buggy) at her heels and a shameful harness on her back that carries a saddle so lightly. Stalky, the tiny Shetland, transforms Teresina from an everyday little girl into an outrider worthy of a fairy-tale prince. Scarlet breeches, curly top, shining eyes, whirl down the road all mixed up with shaggy gray mane and miniature ridiculous unshod hoofs.

As if they were not escort enough, X adds, usually, at our feet in the runabout old Ben, the woolly Airedale, whose brown eyes would yearn after us down to the hinges of hell; in my lap little black Burnie, the sad and comic Scotch terrier baby; and, coursing madly behind and before the wagon, Dolf, the great German shepherd, clumsy and mild as a calf, though as terrible to see as Red Riding-Hood's wolf.

So X, who has always liked circuses, arranges his own circus parade, even at the dull business of going in to the office, and never minds the penalty we pay of being shouted and stared at by an appreciative audience of back-street babies. Teresina, who thinks their shrill and swarming cries of 'Oh, look at the pony! Look at the pony!' indicative of feeble-mindedness, cracks her whip and skims by arrogantly, not realizing, as we do, that a child on a pony's back is a thing to be envied hopelessly as the moon by those who will grow up in a twinkling to their Fords and Reos. Ponies and dogs belong to childhood, maybe, and deserve to be gazed at in the manner that wins Teresina's bitterest aversion, — 'As if they never saw an animal before!'— but I alone, going about my business sans pony, sans dog, sans everything but horse and wagon, have been pursued by sincerely astonished yells of 'Look! Look at the lady driving a *horse!*'

Ambiguous pleasure as it is to furnish comedy to such humble followers, we labor with a heavier handicap in our incapacity to get the pitch of modern life. 'Speed' is the pitch; we have no instrument tuned to reach it. Over and over, our friends realize our predicament and give us the lift that even checkered taxis cannot always supply. We have no recompense in kind to offer. An invitation to ride in the yellow wagon, or to leap upon Allspice's back and canter away to the hills, would for the most part insult their sense of time and menace their garments. While we thank them humbly, we wonder if we are not becoming nuisances, like those people whose insistence upon living without a telephone keeps them eternally 'running in' to their neighbors for that convenience.

We, who are used to being independent, find that a world full of motors refuses to let us be so without one. Allspice and Stalky find no parking-space on most of the streets of our little city. Even a country road may suddenly boil and buzz with a car that sounds like seven submarines and tears our animals, rearing and snorting, from their moorings. We have found certain places of hospitality or entertainment actually inaccessible on foot or by horse — in fact, in any way but by a motor-car.

And yet it seems to us a feeble and tasteless thing to be coerced into buying a car. We like to buy our machines, as well as our animals, not from jealous necessity, but from a clear vision of delight. We must want our future Ford or Buick or Packard much as we wanted small Burnie, the Scotty — too much to live without it.

No doubt some day we shall want it for convenience, and hospitality, and wide journeyings. It is never wise to shave one's head in a vow — so to speak — against any now despised commodity or relationship. But we are not yet eager to smother the good smell of hay and oats with gasoline fumes, or even to put them too closely side by side, supposing that the aforementioned income-tax collectors ever give us enough leeway to build a little dark garage beside our little white barn.

For who was ever choked to death by honest stable-whiffs, as by deadly

carbon-dioxide gas? Are wrenches and jacks ever such imaginative tools as currycombs and hayforks? Can batteries and spark plugs spell far adventure like a bridle on its nail and a saddle on its peg?

('Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!'
'Oil, crank up, hop in, and away!')

Is any garage so thrilling a playground as a hayloft, dreamy with last summer's grassy ghosts, rustling with tiny mouse-feet, crooned over by doves?

We have yet to think the thin trickle of water over a bumping, overheated motor so sweet a sound as the long wet snuzzle and swoop of a thirsty horse's nose in a mountain spring. We never saw a Nash whiffle and prance on the first green days of April, or shake its head and snort and run if it was turned loose at frosty October sunset. We never knew even a Ford that could find its way home in the dark from any lost hill-road or wood-hollow in five townships. We never caught a little motor-cycle kicking and squealing and rolling and dancing in an ecstasy of new-fallen snow, like a shaggy Shetland muff of a pony.

And we have never heard even the most enthusiastic motorist claim that anything that toots a horn can be trusted with a small girl's fluttering whimsical self, to carry her safe up miles and miles of wood-trails; to teach her steadiness of care and lightness of hand and quickness of wit; to straighten her back and shine up her eyes and stock her head with sun-drenched memories that no dull city years can blur away.

For all these reasons X and I endure the patronage of Tom and Nils. Not for one instant would we exchange for their Fourth of July spent in burning up the Albany Road our fifteen miles of rough green brook-bed trail to Berry Pond, cupped on a fragrant hilltop to the west. There we hide and dream for a few hours: Allspice and Stalky champing the drowsy twigs of noonday rest; Ben and Dolf and Burnie snoring under their respective Jack-in-the-pulpit leaves; Teresina fishing amazed and amazing turtles and newts from the enchanted pond, with little songs and ripples of laughter at their antics; X and I utterly at peace, far away from factory gates and perilous roads, thanking the Lord we are not as Nils and Tom, even if we are queer.

Why should we get anywhere else? We should like best to hang Time up in the great white-pine tree, gag him and bind him, and make him leave ageless for us, forever, Teresina in her slender scarlet breeches, Allspice, Stalky, Ben, Dolf, and Burnie — all in the high green woods that need no magic more than sunshine and silence.

Time will not do that little service for us, alas! So we must do all we can for ourselves.

Get somewhere! Why? We want only to stay where we are!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

FIFTY-SEVEN years ago James Russell Lowell, writing for the edification of two continents his *Atlantic* essay 'On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners,' remarked that 'before our (Civil) war we were to Europe but a huge mob of adventurers and shopkeepers.' Since then the world has been turned upside down by another war, so that **Agnes Repplier,** in appropriating — at our invitation — Mr. Lowell's title, has had to reverse its point completely. 'Certainly it is no shame to a man,' says Lowell, 'that he should be as nice about his country as about his sweetheart. . . . Yet it would hardly be wise to hold everyone an enemy who could not see her with our own enchanted eyes.' ¶Several years' residence and study in India discovered to **L. Adams Beck** (E. Barrington) the wonder of Oriental thought, whose 'high faith and philosophy' offered her the key of life. At this inspiration she has lately completed her life of Buddha, *The Splendour of Asia.* ¶Following our acceptance of **Carl Christian Jensen's** manuscript came this personal note: —

> It has been my lot from the age of sixteen to labor in the darker places of our country — on the wharves, in the factories, in the stokeholds, before my college days; and afterwards in the criminal courts, the State hospitals for the insane, the schools for half-wits, in the prisons, and in the slums. My sketch might truly be called 'Darkest America.' I have seen no darker picture anywhere in our country. And I have seen the worst and the best.

F. Lyman Windolph, a lawyer practising in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, informs us that 'the first American Windolph settled in Germantown before the Revolution and was a private in Washington's army. There is a family tradition that he spoke French and German with equal fluency, but that, when greatly moved, he always swore in French, from which fact we infer that his deepest nature was French, rather than German.'

Emily James Putnam has gone far toward establishing a new genre of story-telling. From Herodotus and the classics, as from life, she has selected the elements of her live and audacious narratives, the first of which, 'Helen in Egypt,' appeared in the April *Atlantic.* For the satisfaction of our scholars we are glad to quote literatim the translated text from Herodotus which forms the basis of the present tale.

> Clisthenes had a daughter called Agarista, whom he wished to marry to the best husband that he could find in the whole of Greece. At the Olympic games, therefore, having gained the prize in the chariot race, he caused public proclamation to be made to the following effect: —
>
> 'Whoever among the Greeks deems himself worthy to become the son-in-law of Clisthenes, let him come sixty days hence — or, if he will, sooner — to Sicyon; for within a year's time, counting from the end of the sixty days, Clisthenes will decide on the man to whom he will contract his daughter.'
>
> So all the Greeks who were proud of their own merit or of their country flocked to Sicyon as suitors; and Clisthenes had a foot-course and a wrestling-ground made ready to try their powers.
>
> From Italy there came Smindyrides, a native of Sybaris. He was a man who in luxuriousness of living exceeded all other persons. Likewise there came Damasus, a native of Siris. . . . From the Peloponnesus came several: Leocedes, son of that Pheidon, King of the Argives, who established weights and measures throughout the Peloponnesus and was the most insolent of all Greeks — the same who drove out the Elean directors of the games and himself presided over the contest at Olympia; and Laphanes of Pæus came, whose father entertained the Dioscuri and henceforth kept open house for all comers. From Athens there arrived Megacles, son of that Alcmæon who visited Crœsus, and Tisander's son Hippoclides, the wealthiest and handsomest of the Athenians.
>
> Now, when they were all come, Clisthenes first of all inquired of each concerning his country and his family; after which he kept them with him a year and made trial of their manly bearing, their temper, their accomplishments, and their disposition, sometimes drawing them apart for converse, sometimes bringing them all together.

But the greatest trial of all was at the banquet table. During the whole period of their stay he lived with them and entertained them sumptuously. Somehow or other the suitors who came from Athens pleased him best of all, and of these Hippoclides was specially in favor.

When at length the day arrived which had been fixed for the espousals, and Clisthenes had to speak out and declare his choice, he first of all made a sacrifice of a hundred oxen and held a banquet, whereat he entertained all the suitors and the whole people of Sicyon. After the feast was ended the suitors vied with each other in music and in speaking on a given subject. Presently, as the drinking advanced, Hippoclides, who quite dumbfoundered the rest, called aloud to the flute-player and bade him strike up a dance, which the man did; and Hippoclides danced to it. And he fancied that he was dancing excellently well, but Clisthenes, who was observing him, began to misdoubt the whole business.

Then Hippoclides, after a pause, told an attendant to bring in a table; and when it was brought he mounted upon it and danced, first some Laconian figures, then some Attic ones. After which he stood on his head upon the table and began to toss his legs about.

Clisthenes, notwithstanding that he now loathed Hippoclides for a son-in-law, still, as he wished to avoid an outbreak, had restrained himself during the first and even during the second dance; when, however, he saw him tossing his legs in the air, he could no longer contain himself, but cried out, 'Son of Tisander, thou hast danced thy wife away.'

'What does Hippoclides care?' was the other's answer. And hence the proverb arose.

Then Clisthenes commanded silence and spake thus: —

'Suitors of my daughter, well pleased am I with you all, and right willingly, if it were possible, would I content you all. But as that is out of my power, seeing that I have but one daughter, I will present to each of you whom I must needs dismiss a talent of silver, for the honor that you have done me and for your long absence from your homes. But my daughter Agarista I betroth to Megacles, to be his wife according to the usage and wont of Athens.'

Then Megacles expressed his readiness, and Clisthenes had the marriage solemnized.

The issue of this marriage was the Clisthenes who made the tribes at Athens and set up the popular government. Megacles had likewise another son, who had a daughter Agarista, who married Xanthippus. When she was with child, she had a dream wherein she fancied she was delivered of a lion, after which, within a few days, she bore Xanthippus a son — to wit, Pericles.

HERODOTUS, Book VI, chapters 126–131

Behind the red bricks of Beacon Hill, **Alice Brown** composes her verse, plays, and novels. ¶During her residence in Germany, **Charlotte Burghes** was introduced to the significant discoveries of Professor von Frisch and his pupils, some of whose results have already been announced in England. ¶By the light of Diogenes' lantern we need search inwardly for the answer to the question propounded by the **Reverend Joseph Fort Newton**, now Rector of the Memorial Church of St. Paul's, Overbrook. **Frances Lester Warner**, always a succulent essayist, proposes a delightful reply to that old query, 'What one book would you rather possess on a desert isle?' A cookbook. ¶Professor of art at the University of Washington, **Walter F. Isaacs** has exhibited at the last autumn and spring Salons of Paris.

* * *

Recently, on passing through Hyannis, the **Reverend Walter Samuel Swisher** saw posted on a church bulletin a notice that the pastor was to preach on 'Regeneration or Evolution.' This set him thinking: 'Why not "Regeneration *and* Evolution"? They both seem natural modes of growth to me, and I cannot see why they are mutually exclusive. Both are found in nature.' Dr. Swisher is minister of the Wellesley Hills Unitarian Church. ¶While an undergraduate at Williams College, **Kenneth Phillips Britton** participated in his merry tale of disillusion. ¶Next semester **Robert Hillyer** is to take up his duties as assistant professor of English at Trinity College, Hartford. ¶For several remarkable years **Dr. Mary W. Griscom** has worked among the women doctors and medical missions in China, India, and Persia. ¶A pioneer and now a leader in his field, **Earnest Elmo Calkins** has been awarded the 1925 Gold Medal for 'distinguished personal service in advertising' in the Annual Harvard Advertising Awards founded by Edward W. Bok.

* * *

Charlotte Kellogg, wife of Vernon Kellogg, the scientist, has the distinction of being the only woman member of the Commission for Relief in Belgium working in Brussels during the war. It was then that she and her husband became affectionate friends of Cardinal Mercier. ¶An English

publicist, **Robert Sencourt** has made his headquarters in Italy for the past five years, the better to observe those changes which are remodeling Europe. ¶A graduate of Yale and associate editor of the *Independent*, **Charles Rumford Walker** carries his skilled free lance into tumultuous fields.

* * *

Following close upon the heels of Oswald Villard's article in the March *Atlantic* comes this pertinent account of an impertinent letter.

Dear Atlantic, —

I have long wanted to keep a record of coincidences. I shall begin to-day with my last two, which may be of interest to the readers of the March *Atlantic*.

Yesterday, while waiting in the station of a university town in the Middle West, I turned my attention to the news-stand. Returned from a residence abroad of some years, I was not prepared for the galaxy of magazines that scintillated in brilliant colors above and below and upon a counter ten feet long. There I searched for a familiar cover through row after row of amazing periodicals of astonishing titles, finally to be rewarded by the sight of the *Century*, *Scribner's*, and the *Atlantic*, withdrawn — very properly! — in reserve upon a table at one side.

With the *Atlantic* under my arm I boarded the train and opened it to find Oswald Garrison Villard's article, 'Sex, Art, Truth, and Magazines.' Here was Coincidence No. 1. There I read the inspiration and history of many of the new publications that had daunted me upon the news-stand. With especial interest I learned the story of Mr. Bernarr Macfadden's efforts to uplift his fellow countrymen.

Arrived at my destination, the article was read aloud in the evening by my host, a young clergyman, to whom the name of this philanthropist was as unknown as it was to me.

Now for Coincidence No. 2. This morning the post brought a large brown envelope which bore, beside the young clergyman's address, the medallion photograph of a smiling elderly man holding a baby, beneath which ran the following legend, —

'Bernarr and Berwyn Macfadden have a message for you.'

We could hardly believe our eyes. What had we done, who were we, to be so favored? We breathlessly opened the envelope. We were met by the further announcement, —

'The Bernarr Macfadden Family Greet You!'

These words stood above a noble photographic group consisting, presumably, of Mr. and Mrs. Macfadden and eight young Macfaddens ranging in age from seven months to twenty-one years. Below this interesting family was the autograph signature, —

'Yours for Home-Building, Bernarr Macfadden.'

Did we understand aright? Was he at his great self-appointed task again? We opened the folder and were met by the slogan of what is to be a new 'uplift' movement, 'Glorify the Home!'

Beautiful thought. And how? Read and you will learn. I quote. 'The American home is a source of present progress and prosperity. . . . When we fail to glorify the home, we take the downward path. . . . Glorify God in your bodies. . . . But many religious people fail to catch the proper vision of the bodily needs. Consequently they are unfortunately minus the vitality essential in the building of family life. . . . They are wont at times to criticize severely those who find inspiration in the sculptured outlines of bodily beauty. . . . Let us hope that this sacrilegious attitude towards the body that was made in God's image will soon disappear. . . . Nearly all criminals are defective physically. . . . Marriages are decreasing, divorces are increasing. . . . The American home can only be stabilized and perpetuated by maintaining the vitality and vigor of our people. . . .

'To Glorify the Home We Must First Give Due Reverence to Our Glorious Bodies.' How shall this be done? By attacking one 'stupendous, insidious evil, and that is PRUDERY. The victims of prudery are inclined to class as vulgar and obscene all the great vital truths essential for self-protection along life's road. Consequently publishers of books and magazines are always fearful of being attacked even when they present, in various forms, articles, true-to-life stories, etc., information that they know would save the health, happiness, and even life of millions of misguided people.'

Now are you not piqued? Your appetite whetted? Will you not subscribe at once to one or more of the 'Macfadden Publications,' a list of which follows? They are 'home-builders all,' exerting, who can doubt, an uplifting influence 'mentally, morally, and spiritually.' Moreover, will you not sign the stamped and addressed postcard which is headed, 'Will you join this "Back to the Home" movement?' If you sign and return it to Mr. Macfadden you will be enrolled as a member of the proposed national 'Committee of 1000 for the Preservation of the Home.'

Won't you? But how can you refuse?

K. W. D. F.

On reading Emily James Putnam's narrative, 'Helen in Egypt,' which appeared in our April issue, there are doubtless many who shared her wonder that Helen could have stayed so comfortably in Egypt, leaving Troy untroubled. Mrs. Putnam tells us that Herodotus managed the sequel thus: —

The Egyptians told Herodotus that an army set out from Greece in the belief that Helen was at Troy, and that they refused to believe Priam's denial of the fact, but fought until the sack of the city revealed that in fact she was not there.

Herodotus adds: 'I am myself inclined to believe their account from the following considerations: if Helen had been at Troy the inhabitants would, I think, have given her up to the Greeks, whether Alexander consented to it or no. For surely neither Priam nor his family could have been so infatuated as to endanger their own persons, their children, and their city, merely that Alexander might possess Helen. . . . But the fact was they had no Helen to deliver, and so they told the Greeks, but the Greeks would not believe what they said.'

In Helen's last speech to Priam I tried to forecast this; Troy was doubtless destroyed by persons (probably Greeks) who wanted to control the trade-route from the Black Sea. This was Agamemnon's game, and he used the romantic tale of Helen as an emotional appeal to help his political aims. Helen is aware of this, and tells Paris he will have a war with the Greeks on his hands whether she is at Troy or not.

* * *

In the Column for March we printed an appealing letter from a reader who had found in our November article, 'Good-Night, All,' a situation touchingly similar to her own. The genuineness of this letter, which came to us unsigned, has evoked certain offers of friendly assistance from our audience which we shall gladly forward to the author if she will trust us with her identity.

* * *

Apposite in its relation to Mr. Sencourt's present paper on Mussolini is this account of the roots and growth of Fascism.

Dear Atlantic, —

I have been interested in reading Mr. Murphy's article on Fascism in your December number, and also the answer to it in the Contributors' Column for March.

I don't think either of the writers has grasped the real significance of Fascism; they have not gone far enough back to find the historical roots of the movement. When the Italian States became 'United Italy,' Cavour, the great Italian statesman, said: 'We have made Italy; now we must make Italians!'

His penetrating mind had at once seen that the citizens of the new Italy were not really Italians, and could not possibly become so for many years; in fact, it took more than fifty years and was then accomplished only by the profound influence of the Great War on Italians.

You must remember that for hundreds of years the inhabitants of Italy had feeling only for the small State (like Palermo, Tuscany, and so forth) in which they lived. These habits of mind are not to be wiped out in a few years. Long after United Italy was a political fact, its citizens had very slight bonds of union. The Great War, by mingling all classes of Italian men and men from all over Italy in *one* army against the enemy, accomplished the miracle of making a real Italian nation. After the Great War, the chaos that prevailed in Italy gave these new Italians a useful lesson in the need for a strong, capable, patriotic government that put the good of the united country before all private interests. Then Fascism appeared and the new nation of Italy was born.

J. D.

* * *

In a paper entitled 'One Farming Problem,' by Glenn W. Birkett, which appeared in the February *Atlantic*, an unwitting injustice was done to the domestic-science classes in the Kansas State Agricultural College. Their statement, quoted in the article, that sustaining meals could be prepared for hard workers for twenty-five cents per day, was reprinted from a copy of their publication of over twenty years ago. The figure mentioned was obviously absurd.

In other respects the paper was applauded for its sound doctrine, as this comparison of the horse and horse power would indicate.

Chicago, Ill.

Editor, the *Atlantic Monthly*

Dear Sir: —

I congratulate you upon the article entitled 'One Farming Problem,' by Glenn W. Birkett, in your February issue.

In this connection I may say that the present-day clamor for saving labor cost in farm operations too often results in an actual increase in financial cost. The small combine harvester-thresher which is now being urged upon farmers in the Central West is a good illustration of this. It costs about $2000, and even if we grant it ten years' life we have, to begin with, a depreciation

of $200 a year, then a repair cost of at least $200, and insurance on top of this amounts to $120 more, and taxes will be at least $20 more, bringing the annual expenditure from these items alone to $540, which you will frankly admit will pay for a good deal of farm labor.

Aside from this, these machines cannot be operated until the grain is thoroughly ripe and dry. The attempt to use such outfits east of the 100th meridian is too often fraught with heavy loss, for in holding off harvest until the grain is ripe farmers are very apt to encounter storms which beat down or shatter out the ripened grain. This is only one illustration of the danger of overemphasizing one feature at the expense of others.

Very truly yours,
WAYNE DINSMORE
Secretary, Horse Association of America

* * *

It is a pleasant occasion to print this letter from one of the most far-flung of *Atlantic* readers.

KOKOMURUKI ISLAND, OVI HARBOR
GUADALCANAL, BRITISH SOLOMON ISLANDS
via SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The response to my letter to you in your December 1924 issue was so gratifying that I venture to send some fresher details of life in the Solomon Group. My husband is at present away recruiting labor, and during these trips it is a most anxious time for me, as some of the islands visited by my husband are the most savage in the group, and the chiefs only recently offered the natives large sums of native money for the heads of four white men. This is for revenge; probably some of their natives have died by accident in some of the plantations. When a recruiter goes on shore at a village, it is always a bad sign if the women and children are not on the beach. A native never commits a crime in front of the women and children. Women are never allowed at the cannibal feasts.

The bushmen and salt-water men are always at war with each other, but one day in the week they hold a market, and this day they agree not to fight.

These savage boys are good workers on a plantation and, if well treated, they are quite happy and content. While my husband is away, I am here alone with a few native boys, as laborers. For every hour of the day there is something to be done. I do all my own household duties, cooking, and so forth, and growing coconuts requires a lot of care. They need constant cleaning, in order to secure them against both white ants and beetles.

The natives come to me with their various troubles, and I try to settle disputes. It is usually to do with native women. I attend to the natives also when they are sick and they come for miles in their canoes with the most impossible ailments. My will-power will often cure a case with a native believing himself to be sick with devil-devil. Many of them have their own crude bush remedies, but they seldom effect a cure.

To-night as I sit here the sea sounds very angry as it breaks on the reef. Excepting for the squawk of the night birds, there is perfect peace.

EDITH E. SVENSEN

* * *

When reality tests religion.

CHURCH OF THE ANNUNCIATION
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Kiriti, in 'Participating in the Great Adventure,' in the March issue, rejects the belief in the survival of the soul as a natural instinct because its acceptance would necessitate the acceptance of the rest of the savage beliefs. Having rejected such nonsense for such a sensible reason, he then proceeds to build him a new religion on the doctrine of Jesus Christ: 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends,' and on Saint Paul's doctrine of 'faith, hope, and love.' Good doctrines, both; I know of none better. But if one cannot accept the belief in survival because such acceptance would necessitate the acceptance of the rest of the pagan beliefs, how can one accept such clear-cut doctrines of the Christian Church without feeling bound to accept all? If one cannot take part of one without taking all, how can one take part of another without taking all?

Kiriti is a nice man — to have about where fresh and salt waters meet; where sunshine is eternal; where one breakfasts long and comfortably. But Kiriti would be a poor stick to help the woman whose husband has run off with another woman and left her with three children; a poor stick to help a man with a sensitive conscience, sensitive enough to writhe under a long-standing habit; a poor stick to deal with the adolescent who is having his first struggles with the world, the flesh, and the Devil. Kiriti creates an atmosphere in the *Atlantic;* but as a parish priest called daily to deal with real souls in real difficulties he would be an abysmal failure. Experimental laboratory religion is, I imagine, a nice and an easy religion; and a logical one. The only difficulty is that it just won't work with souls in this workaday world; it will not stand the pragmatic test — and Christianity will.

Yours truly,
(REVEREND) CARL I. SHOEMAKER

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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PURITANISM AND PROSPERITY

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

I

AMERICAN prosperity is rapidly becoming the most important fact and the most difficult problem in the international life of the Western world. Europe is so deeply in debt to us that she can repay our loans only by reducing the standard of living in the various nations for generations. Our wealth is so enormous that its power is making itself felt in the economic life of both Europe and South America in a way that practically defies every reasoned control. In spite of extravagant standards of living we are producing a billion dollars more wealth annually than we consume and are increasing our foreign holdings each year by that amount. An English economist recently prophesied that at the present rate of increase American investments in the outside world would exceed the combined wealth of Germany and France by the year 1950. However generous we may be with government debts, these foreign investments in private enterprise are bringing high dividends which will seem justified to the American by the risk involved, but which will increasingly appear from the perspective of impoverished Europe as the exorbitant tribute that a wealthy economic empire is pressing out of poor dependencies. Any cursory glance at the journals of Europe must convince even the most heedless American that tides of hatred, mixed with envy, are rising against us in the world, which bode no good either for us or for the peace of nations.

The development of sufficient social intelligence and moral imagination to control the vast and intricate economic relationships that modern inventions have made possible and inevitable is an urgent duty which the entire world faces, but of all nations it is most urgent for us; for our nation, which is economically most powerful, is also politically most inept. We are a land of industrial experts and political novices whose limitations are the more dangerous for being so little understood among us. When we insist that the problems of the modern world can be solved by a 'businesslike settlement' we are merely saying that we want a simple solution which does not take into account those complex and illusive factors with which politics deals and with which we, in our political simplicity of mind, are so impatient.

Our prosperity will increasingly become a primary problem in domestic morality as well as in international

relationships. We have built the first civilization in the history of the world in which wealth and prosperity have become the portion of the common man. In all previous civilizations the robust virtues have been maintained by a large middle class living in genteel poverty, in which it was protected from the vices which flourish in extravagance on the one hand and in abject poverty on the other. The finest values of the spirit ought to flourish there where men are most emancipated from the urgent necessities of the struggle for bread; but men easily convert this emancipation into a new kind of slavery and become obsessed with the instrumentalities of life in such a way as to rob them of both virtue and culture. Whatever we may be able to do in the future to make wealth serve the interests of the spiritual life, it must be confessed that the past does not encourage the hope that the finest virtues can be maintained except where there are large classes who are challenged to heroism by life's handicaps, but are not tempted to despair by insurmountable difficulties.

Whatever may be the consequences of our wealth upon either the morality of individuals or the destiny of the nation, it may be more profitable to search for the source of our prosperity than to speculate on its possible effects; for we may find in its source the secret of our limitations in dealing with it and a clue to the solution of the problems with which it confronts us. There is, of course, nothing mysterious about many of the sources of our prosperity. In common with other Western nations we made fruitful use of modern science and by her aid unlocked the storehouses of nature. If we are more wealthy than they, that is due partially to the uncommon opulence of nature on our continent and partially to the happy fortune which gave us a continent to ourselves where economic life is not hampered by the irrelevancies of national boundaries or shattered by the periodic national conflicts which have devastated Europe. It may be, too, that the American climate has given our people a superior energy and that immigration has supplied us with a stock of workers highly selected for a daring and enterprising spirit. All of these explanations may have some validity, but they are not sufficient to explain the total facts.

For an adequate explanation of the whole phenomenon of American prosperity we must examine at least one other factor which has hitherto been hardly noted in the study of economic life — the factor of religion. There have been many economic determinists who have insisted that all cultural and religious life could be explained in terms of economic circumstance; but few students of society have made a thorough study of religious life as the root of economic phenomena. Only one, the German sociologist Max Weber, has made a detailed study of this relationship. His conclusion that Protestantism is the main root of the modern capitalistic spirit, and that, of all forms of Protestantism, Puritanism has been most successful in encouraging business enterprise, has particular significance for American life, for America is at once the most Puritan and the most prosperous of all Western nations.

II

It is not difficult to note that the prestige and dignity of the business man in the modern world are in striking contrast to his position in the ancient world, in which business enterprise was frequently in the hands of slaves. The low place that Plato gives to the tradesman as well as to the artisan in the ideal caste-system of his Republic is typical of the social ideas of the whole ancient

world, in which only soldiers and philosophers were honored. If it is understood that the soldier was permitted to beguile his leisure in the intervals between battles as a landed aristocrat, and that cultural and religious pursuits were closely allied so that the place of philosopher and priest came finally to the same thing, the ideals of classical antiquity are substantially identical with those of mediæval antiquity, in which priest and knight were the real aristocrats. Practically the only exception to this general rule was to be found in the mediæval Italian city-states, in which, in the words of a contemporary, 'they stoop to bestow the sword belt and honorable rank upon youths of inferior rank, or even upon laborers in despised and mechanical trades, who among other people are shunned like the pest.'

As the mediæval cities grew, commercial enterprise received a certain amount of social recognition, but on the whole the traditional attitude toward all secular tasks was maintained until the time of the Reformation. The new spirit in modern business is really a by-product of the doctrine of the Reformation of the 'sanctity of all work,' a doctrine which was sharply outlined in Protestantism's conflict with monasticism. This emphasis on the sanctity of all work destroyed the ethical dualism that was so characteristic of the Middle Ages, and made the ethical resources of the religious life, which had been previously exploited only in monastic seclusion, available for business enterprise. The first direct result of this change was a higher type of honesty, without which the intricate credit relationships of modern business could not be maintained. In this connection the large place which such classes as the Dutch Huguenots had in the rapidly developing international commerce is highly significant. There were many classes more wealthy than they, but they captured business because of their reputation for honesty both among possible customers and among the underwriters of their projects. With a higher type of honesty came also a greater diligence; for the traditional odium attached to business enterprise was destroyed, and it became possible for a self-respecting person to give himself completely to commercial pursuits without diminution of social prestige or of moral self-respect.

It would, however, be unfair to suppose that modern commerce was altogether the fruit of the superior virtues of Protestantism. It was partially the fruit of Protestantism's moral limitations. The same religious tendencies that gave a wholesome sanction to secular enterprises gave an unwholesome sanction to secular motives. Profit-seeking became morally respectable. The bibliolatry of Protestantism and the consequent prestige of the Old Testament restored the old Hebraic idea that prosperity was an indubitable proof of sanctity. The mediæval ethical restraints upon profit-seeking were destroyed, and a secularized economic life inevitably produced the law of supply and demand and the conviction that nothing but commercial prudence could finally restrain the avarice of producers. There is to-day in the Teutonic nations, which are largely Protestant, a different type of business honesty than in the Latin nations, which are still partially rooted in the Middle Ages, and the real clue to this difference is to be found in varying religious ideals and ideas. Much detailed analysis would be required to make this difference clear, but it may be briefly summed up in the statement that Protestant nations are at once more honest and more greedy than their neighbors — more honest in the details of a business transaction, but more

intent upon the ultimate profits of the transaction.

Everything that has been said applies to Protestantism in general, but these general traits of Protestantism were accentuated in Puritanism and in the religion of the sects that developed the new ethic of business far more consistently than either Anglicanism or Lutheranism. The State churches, both Anglican and Lutheran, maintained a world view much more akin to that of the mediæval world than the moral idealism of Puritan sectarianism. The proof that the spirit of modern industry and commerce, with their unashamed secular ends, is closely related to religious ideas may easily be found in the contemporary life of Europe. Protestant Prussia is industrial and Catholic Bavaria is largely agrarian; Protestant Scotland is industrial and Catholic Ireland is agrarian, while Protestant Ulster is again significantly industrial. In England the commercial middle classes have been closely identified with the Nonconformist, largely Puritan, sects, while the landed aristocracy is still the bulwark of the Established Church.

In all the nations of Europe, even in nominally Protestant countries, the mediæval spirit is still powerful. The significance of America lies in the fact that our business life developed under sanctions wholly Puritan. In Germany, until the very period of the World War, great industrialists were admitted to the court only if they held reserve commissions in the army — if, in other words, they became partially identified with the military aristocracy. In England it has been customary until quite recently for industrial magnates to buy country estates, identify themselves with the traditional landed aristocracy, and attempt, if possible, to obscure the commercial sources of their new wealth. Not infrequently these pseudo country squires have made a significant change of religious allegiance from a sect of Puritanism to the Established Church.

III

America is the only nation of the Western world that developed the new attitude toward business totally unhampered by religious and moral traditions which date back to mediæval and classical antiquity. Completely emancipated from these ancient scruples against business enterprise, we have been able to give ourselves to commercial and industrial tasks with a passion unknown to Europe. That is the real secret of our phenomenal success. The sanctification of secular tasks is certainly not wrong in itself; the moral limitations of our American civilization are due to the complete sanctification of secular motives as well as secular tasks. The religious traditions under which we grew to national maturity may have been adequate for the moral needs of the middle classes of Europe; they gave them moral self-respect and the power to overcome poverty and to challenge autocracy. But they are no longer adequate to our present situation, and the moral limitations that inhered in them from the beginning are becoming more and more obvious. Our Puritan virtues have lifted us to power and privilege, but they lack the social imagination to guide us in the use of our power, and they are wanting in the cultural assets to prompt us to a right use of our privileges. Our Babbittry is in reality Puritanism gone to seed — a fact which is not lost on the critics of our contemporary civilization who instinctively recognize some affinity between our religious traditions and the moral and cultural limitations of our national life.

Puritanism is in a sense a religious sublimation of the traditional virtues of the middle class — the virtues of sobriety, honesty, and thrift. As the middle class rises to power and position by means of these very virtues it tends to develop a Puritan paganism in which the sins of the senses are abhorred and the sins of the mind are embraced. American business life has been dominated for a few generations by these Puritan pagans, who knew how to combine a meticulous private morality with an unashamed passion for profit and power. This combination of virtues and limitations has produced a wealth so vast that it tends to destroy the original Puritan virtues and finally to produce a pure paganism that shuns neither the sins of the senses nor the sins of the mind. The much lamented divergence of the younger generation from the virtuous standards of the fathers is merely the final stage in the disintegration of American Puritanism. The moral limitations of Puritanism seem to have made such a disintegration an inevitable fate.

Mediæval religion had two different strategies in dealing with the weaknesses of human nature and the sins of society. On the one hand it made an easy compromise with them and produced the easy-going morality against which Puritanism revolted. On the other hand it maintained in monasticism a sense of conflict between the moral ideal and the sins that lurk in all natural human relationships and instincts.

Puritanism insisted that victory was possible, and that neither compromise nor perpetual conflict with a seemingly invincible foe was either necessary or desirable. It made a brave bid for victory. But it made the fatal blunder of underestimating the strength of the opposition. It saw the foe on only one front and fought so successfully there that it was beguiled into premature complacency and defeat on other fronts. Puritanism has therefore issued in a different kind of moral compromise, which has in it a touch of hypocrisy because it is not known to be a compromise. That is the hypocrisy which is producing the reaction of cynicism among the critics of our Western, and particularly of our American, civilization; for cynicism is an inevitable reaction to hypocrisy. To defeat this criticism and destroy its force we need a new orientation of our moral idealism. We need a religion and an ethic which know how to deal with greed as well as with dishonesty, and which have effectual restraints upon the paganism of power and pride as well as upon the paganism of licentious pleasure.

THE FRIVOLOUS FRENCH

BY FRANCIS HACKETT

I

It was my fate to be born in a country that knows very little of the Bible. When we were children, it is true, we were told stories from the Bible, and at school we had the Acts of the Apostles. But in Catholic Ireland, if the full horror of such things must be revealed, we never saw or touched or dipped into the Holy Book. We had no such furniture as a family Bible. In short, we dwelt in outer darkness.

This does not mean that we did not have family prayers. The rosary, which is a very long prayer, a garland of Our Fathers and Hail Marys, was said around the oil lamp every evening. Confession, which in its auricular form the Irish themselves invented, was a weekly, or at least a fortnightly, episode. On Saturdays, in the gaunt, shadow-draped churches, we waited our turn to enter the little confessional and lisp our sins; and on Sundays we had Communion and ten-o'clock Mass-and-teaching. Our upbringing was religious, amid throngs of the sincerest Christian Brothers, well-soaped, smiling nuns, lay sisters, lay brothers, sacristans, priests, canons, archdeacons, and the Bishop. The religious element was a large part, perhaps the main part, of our early culture. Only it had nothing to do with the Bible.

To measure the gulf between a tradition such as this and the common English tradition, one has simply to read any of the great Victorians. Few people knew the tricks of her trade better than George Eliot, or employed them more hardily; and when she wanted to create one of the big scenes in *The Mill on the Floss* she made the fierce old Mr. Tulliver direct his son to write a terrible curse on the flyleaf of the Bible, while 'Maggie trembled like a leaf.' Not once, indeed, but twice, the family Bible stalks on to the stage — since Tom Tulliver himself makes his sister swear on it in words he dictates. I seem to remember that St. John Ervine, over half a century later, employed a similar gesture. In Ulster such scenes could still be enacted — not to speak of Tennessee.

But if the Irish Sea separates Ireland from the tradition of the Bible, except in Belfast, the Channel no less separates France from this great popular tradition. Offering myself as a sort of Biblometer, I record that the tension is so released when I come into France that it is almost like getting back to the atmospheric pressure of childhood. I admit a cultural difference between Ireland and France, all the difference between the Liffey and the Seine; but, whatever this difference, there is an extraordinary, a pervasive, moral similarity that comes from neither country having imbibed the Scriptures.

In the case of France, this was largely accident. One cannot doubt that it was touch and go whether the French would take the Reformation. Mr. Lawres of Milwaukee wrote the other day that before the first Protestant

version of the Bible was printed there were thirty printed editions in German, nineteen in Flemish, twenty-six in French. The ground was ready for the Reformation in France, just as well as in Germany or England. The race, ethnologically speaking, was the same. John Calvin, moreover, was a true French type, and his French admirers to-day do not hesitate to claim for him all the nation's intellectual characteristics. But this latent possibility was not enough. Though François I and his remarkable sister Marguerite showed how open they were to Lutheranism in theory and on principle, in practice the French king was not eager to push too hard against the parliament and the university. He was not cut off, as was Henry VIII, from the goods of the Church and the clergy. He had no positive incentive to induce a religious reform which might become embarrassingly political. He did not relish the rude tone of the reformers in regard to the luxury and gayety of his court. And the shifting balances of the European game made the Vatican too important a makeweight for a negotiator like himself to commit France to the way of the Bible. Hence the du Bellays, who might so easily have been Lutheran, found their outlet instead in protecting and encouraging Rabelais; and French intellect, French private judgment, took the channel of Rabelais, Montaigne, Voltaire.

It is piquant, of course, that when Bernard Shaw wants to commend Joan of Arc he says she was a Protestant. I am surprised he did not say she wore Jaeger underwear. Gallant as it is of him to 'opt' her into the Fabian set and qualify her in general type for the London School of Economics, I can see no reality in this anticipatory 'Protestantism.' She used private judgment, but private judgment is not confined to the Protestant tradition. Private judgment is, in fact, a great French tradition. Joan might have arrived at hers Protestantly, but she actually arrived at it in her own honest way. To use the word 'Protestant' is to suggest the connection 'Protestant Bible,' and this is misleading.

It is misleading because it is blind to the main fact of French life, which is borne in so immediately on anyone who has had an ordinary Irish upbringing. The Bible, which has had an enormous influence on English culture, has lacked influence on French culture. The Bible has not been a main element in moulding French psychology, where it has been a main element in moulding English, German, and American psychology. From this fact, almost too obvious to mention, has sprung a whole menagerie of misunderstandings on both sides. My effort here is to note the misunderstanding on the side of those who have had Bible culture.

II

I wish at this point I could pose as really knowing France. I wish I could say, 'Such and such are the French people.' But after two years in France I am too oppressed by my ignorance to hope to be able to conceal it. Buoyed up, however, by Socrates, who saw in the consciousness of ignorance the beginning of wisdom, and buoyed up also by the obliviousness of most nationals to the real nature of other nationals, I address myself to those who, in consequence of this lamentable French discrepancy, have silent moral doubt as to the French people.

Is it a fact that this moral doubt exists?

In trying to answer this question I leave aside those witnesses who tell you with bated breath of quite hair-raising French orgies and French wickedness, or who give you anecdotes of smart sinfulness in *Tout-Paris*. I know from

M. Pierre-Quint that Marcel Proust was carried off in the middle of the night to a sexual salad of some kind, and that Proust had asthma for three weeks afterward. But I beg leave, at an age when I begin to have gray hairs, to cancel all yarns of night life in Vienna, Berlin, London, Paris, Petrograd, and Brooklyn. These activities follow biological, not national, lines, and are not open to the great majority who are regularly employed. I do not take as witness anyone who whispers or anyone who is too relentless. I leave aside, for example, the incomparable woman who said to me, 'I just adore France, but I simply can't stand the French people.'

But there are all sorts of real people who do betray an unease, a reservation, about the French. There is the poet who tells me that French women are all skin and brain, that they have no chastity and no soul. There is the Scotch idealist who says that the French have no mysticism and that André Maurois misses the essence of Shelley just as much as André Gide misses the essence of Dostoevski. I include the anti-rationalist who smiles in his beard when you mention Anatole France, and the publicist who suddenly explodes at breakfast that the French are 'dirty dogs.' I advert to the League of Nations official who privately declares that the French are hopeless liars, and the German sculptor who sombrely lays it down that the French are moribund spiritually and artistically. I include, that is to say, a lot of witnesses I have personally encountered, whether from the side of Romantic or of Biblical England, from Aberdeen or from Boston, who deplore the moral levity of the French.

These witnesses, I may say, have a spokesman. Their case was summed up with much precision by no less a man than Matthew Arnold. Forty years ago he put on the black cap. 'It is not enough perceived,' he said sorrowfully, 'what it is which gives to France her attractiveness for everybody, and her success, and her repeated disasters. France is *l'homme sensuel moyen*, the average sensual man; Paris is the city of *l'homme sensuel moyen*. This has an attraction for all of us. We all have in us this *homme sensuel*, the man of the "wishes of the flesh and of the current thoughts"; but we develop him under checks and doubts, and unsystematically and often grossly. France, on the other hand, develops him confidently and harmoniously. She makes the most of him, because she knows what she is about and keeps in a mean, as her climate is in a mean, and her situation.'

Climate, one must note in passing, cannot have been Matthew Arnold's strong point, at least the climate of this terrestrial pill; otherwise he could n't have put under the tent of one 'mean' Normandy and Provence, the red dryness of Agay, the wet greenness of Hendaye, the suavity of the Loire, the extremes of Auvergne. But one must not interrupt a man who is passing judgment on a whole people. 'All of us feel, at some time or other in our lives, a hankering after the French ideal, a disposition to try it. More particularly is this true of the Latin nations; and therefore everywhere, among these nations, you see the old indigenous type of city disappearing, and the type of modern Paris, the city of *l'homme sensuel moyen*, replacing it. *La Bohême*, the ideal, free, pleasurable life of Paris, is a kind of Paradise of Ishmaels.'

But disaster always overtakes Ishmael. 'Cast out he is, and always must be, because his ideal, *which is also that of France in general*, however she may have noble spirits who contend against it and seek a better, is after all a false one. Plausible and attractive as it may be, the constitution of things turns out to be somehow or other against it. And

why? Because the free development of our senses all round, of our *apparent* self, has to undergo a profound modification from the law of our higher *real* self, the law of righteousness.'

There, without disguise, is the case against the French. Enjoy them if you must. They are gay, they are volatile, they are charming. But they have n't built on Protestantism and the Bible; therefore the poor devils cannot be righteous. Watch them glitter as they sail by, but know that disaster awaits them, because their nature has not been modified by the law of righteousness.

Suzanne Lenglen, Alain Gerbault, Georges Carpentier, Jean Borotra, may have shaken a great number in their conviction about the unmanliness of Latins, but the moral doubt is longer-lived. Being naturally irreverent, I used to think it was enough to quote such cant as Matthew Arnold's to show its hollowness, but I have learned by experience that these things are not self-evident. It is better to demand seriously whether these solemn assertions as to the unspirituality of the French are borne out by acquaintance with them. Is Paris a city of free, pleasurable, sensual life? Is France submerged in the wishes of the flesh? Is it indifferent to the laws of righteousness?

One has to have an extraordinary faith in the exclusive ethical value of the Bible not to be able to imagine other people reaching the good life in other ways. But this is mere deduction. It is better to mention the assurances that are conveyed to one in the daily round of French life. And by this I don't mean the assurances that are offered by the heroism of French live-saving crews, the self-sacrifice of a *cheminot* to-day and of a clerk the next day, the weekly toll of men who risk their lives in aviation, the toll of men who die in experimental science, the men and women who give up property to help working girls, to aid the sick and the handicapped. I don't mean even the assurance that is conveyed by the modest lives of the most eminent French savants. Who can walk through the dinginess of the rue Monge without thinking, 'Faguet always lived here, five floors up,' in one of these sour-faced apartment houses. But this sort of evidence, the evidence of 'noble spirits,' walks on stilts in every country. The only difference I see in the French in this department is that, so far, they don't talk so much about their modesty, their strong silent modesty, as the English do.

III

Did Matthew Arnold really know the worker's Paris? In the arrondissement where I lived in Paris, the thirteenth, we were in no Paradise of Ishmaels. Under our windows was a church belonging to a new sect, the Antoinistes, a flourishing young religion. In the glove factory up the hill or the chocolate factory at the foot of it there was nothing remarkably free or pleasurable, and the old ragpickers and paper-sorters at the head of the street had nothing about them of La Bohême. We had a prison near us, the Santé, and a big lunatic-asylum. If the conditions in the prisons and asylums of France have outraged one's sense of righteousness, let me say that Albert Londres, the journalist, has made a winning crusade on behalf of the afflicted which surpasses any crusade of a similar kind that has been made in America — and God knows how badly America needs to back up the fine crusades that have been made in regard to her own prisons.

There was not much of La Bohême about our greengrocer who was up at three o'clock every morning to go to Les Halles, and kept his shop open till eight in the evening. True, he favored sensuality. He sold a creamy Brie

cheese which was full of *volupté*, he sold marvelous mandarins before Christmas, and cherries and strawberries and asparagus in early spring of a quality that no one could suspect from his dim windows or his earth floor or his prices. But this wicked sensualist, six feet two, had stood his way all through the war without a whimper; he had the rank of a corporal and the style of a colonel, the integrity of an artist and the validity of any real man. That is to say, he pleased one, like a sound apple, like work well done. Across the street from him was a charwoman from 'Bor-r-deaux' who worked so well, so furiously well, that one was ashamed not to double her wages. She did her work to help her husband, nervously shattered by the war. Among the gamins and gamines of this neighborhood there was gayety, certainly, and liveliness, but who ever jeered at the Antoinistes in their Puritan Father costume or the lady Antoinistes in black veils? The concierge, atheist to the bone, smiled benevolently at them. 'Chacun à son goût. Après tout, c'est une nouvelle religion!'

This concierge, forty-seven, all alone, husband and son dead in the war, got pneumonia and had a temperature of 103. Would she have a doctor? Bah! Doctors were for the rich. She lay in her loge, still commanding the door, and lost weight, sleep, vitality, everything except her nerve. A very unreconstructed and ignorant woman.

In the school across the way from us, the pupils kept hours that seemed to me much too long — hours which help to give them that pallid, big-eyed, sombre look, so that later on it seems as if they are morbidly citified and perhaps consumed by passion. Beneath us, in the apartment house, was a *bistro*, where undesirable citizens took undesirable beverages. These were outdoor workers, strapping fellows, magnificent feeders. They were noisy at times, but the saloon-keeper was a very helpful human being, the father of a large family, and very much the sort of man whom Edgar Lee Masters bemoaned when Prohibition came. 'Who'll give me my nickel now, if I go out in Chicago without remembering to take my carfare?'

We went, my wife and I, to hear a Christian Republican, Marc Sangnier. It might have been a meeting at Cooper Union. It savored of Emerson. After his talk, indeed, a small fiery man with a red face and a red sash caught our eye and, making a shrug, declared pityingly, 'C'est pas mal, mais, pouf, je suis athée.' At the next meeting in the same hall Pierre Hamp spoke — a rather pacifist speech. He is the man who has written such dramatic books on the underlying population, on the fish industry, linen, perfume, champagne. He is a dapper figure, with youth and verve. When he finished, a hollow-cheeked worker got up and in a trembling voice challenged him because he had spoken to a different effect and given different leadership during the war. A deep, a quivering silence followed this question. Hamp tried no evasion. He said, 'I can only admit that I was wrong.'

Such incidents are tiny, but I could multiply them indefinitely to show a movement of heart and conscience in ordinary life no less characteristic than Anatole France's stand in the Dreyfus case, or his story, *Crainquebille*.

Ah, Anatole France. I am afraid I cannot claim that his was the tone of 'An Essay towards a Better Apprehension of the Bible.' *The Imitation of Christ* was a favorite book of Anatole France's, and we now learn that it was a Frenchman who wrote *The Imitation of Christ*. But if Anatole France was pagan, it is not to the point; at the moment I suppose there is no famous Frenchman who has less influence than he. If he is mentioned at all, it is to

deprecate him, despite the loyalty of contemporaries like Maurras the royalist and the loyalty of subcontemporaries like Paul Souday.

Anatole France is at the other side of the great divide of 1914, bathed in the same far sunshine as Phidias and the Parthenon. Gone is the lambent afternoon light, the classic mood, the smile that hovered so delicately before it stung. Young France is neither lambent nor delicate. It has suffered. Its suffering has given it great pity, as in the case of Georges Duhamel, or analytic tension, as with Lacretelle and Martin du Gard, or curious high spirits, as with Cocteau and Giraudoux, or a grave philosophic scrupulosity, as with Paul Valéry. The preoccupation with philosophy, in fact, dominates every other preoccupation in the world of criticism and thought. Particularly is it to be noted in the effort of the Catholic critics to smash up Taine and Renan in the interest of the system of Saint Thomas Aquinas. It is only in these critics, Massis and Maritain, that one finds more heat than light on occasion, but in general the controversy goes back and forth on its merits, and every attack breeds a defender who knows his job. They are saying things to-day that will occupy American critics some years from now, just as Faguet and Brunetière gave the lead thirty years ago.

IV

This seriousness, one may object, is intellectual seriousness, not moral seriousness. The French do not spend their time urging good conduct, as such.

From French schoolbooks I gather the impression that the monopoly of moral platitude has been conceded to French educators. Their grammars simply pullulate with moral propaganda — propaganda in pills, capsules, powder form, and bottles. If the French are gay and volatile, it is on the rebound from their early edification. But it is still true that the French motto is 'Brain, more brain.' The English pacifists, I note, say that war is wrong, the Italians — there are Italian pacifists — that war is ugly, the French that war is stupid. The French hate stupidity. They do not make the direct moral appeal very often — they appeal to *bon sens*, to intelligence. If *mauvais sang* is reprehended, and *méchanceté*, the word *bête* or *maladroit* rises quicker to the lips. I heard a dignified old man coming out of the Institut lash out the sole word *maladroit* to a chauffeur who had backed up abruptly. The rebuke made the chauffeur blush to the roots of his hair. A group of his comrades waited till the irate old cock had passed on; then they all laughed. 'Hein, Georges, tu es maladroit!' His face, angry and red, slowly reversed its expression and expanded into a grin.

The intelligence of the French has its unsentimental and grim aspects, and most English people find unsentimentality hard to forgive. But if one reads such a book as Thibaudet's recent analysis of Baudelaire and Fromentin and Amiel one sees how exquisitely sensitive the introspective French nature can be. The intangible values of life have nowhere been more appreciated, and nowhere has the spiritual struggle been more heroically detailed. But of course they don't, they can't, sentimentalize. Or rather the French sentimentalist is immediately spotted by the critics, and relegated to the Académie Française. Not that there is n't poignancy in the French, but where the Victorians habituated us to the organ the French used the violin, and in the religious mood the violin is profane.

The French are not evangelical with the same facility as the English. If you want to see a difference between French intellect and English intellect read what

a passionate liberal like Edgar Quinet could write about Machiavelli, and then see what all the English liberals have said about him, from Macaulay to H. G. Wells. It is, in a way, the difference between the intellectual method and the evangelical method. Edgar Quinet tries to understand Machiavelli in spite of his resistance, while Macaulay and Wells cry to high heaven.

This perhaps is what Matthew Arnold means by accepting our lower self, developing it confidently and harmoniously, as against developing it under checks and doubts, and unsystematically and often grossly. But it seems to me that the French, for all their frivolity, have not done so badly with their lower selves. It is not they, but the more Biblical peoples, who have taken so ravenously to psychoanalysis. Psychoanalysis is needed by those whose souls are divided against themselves, and whose grossness is not in hand.

I do not say that the French have not tried to enforce righteousness like the English and the Americans. At the very time Matthew Arnold was writing, many Parisians were holding up their hands in holy horror over an opera that was almost as wicked as *Madame Bovary*. It was condemned as 'impressionistic,' as 'Wagnerian in bad taste,' as pestiferous, as cheap. Its heroine was described as 'une hideuse drôlesse,' 'une ignoble gueuse,' offensive against delicacy and morals. The name of this revolting opera was *Carmen!*

The fact that such prudery once existed does not mean that all moral indignation is prudery. I have no doubt that certain plays in Paris to-day are lewd. I am quite sure that Paris harbors many vicious and dangerous people. I am quite sure that money will buy almost anything a cynic wants in Paris, and I suppose it is best to go to that city expecting to battle for your virtue against fearful odds. But I suggest it is not these concrete wickednesses that create misunderstanding and moral doubt in the good people I know. These ugly things simply fatten up the antecedent prejudice that was born long ago of the struggle of Protestantism against Rome and reënforced by the godlessness of the French Revolution.

V

It seems to me important, then, to approach the French with a firm recognition that their moral idiom is not, and cannot be, the familiar idiom of the English-speaking and Bible-reading peoples. And it is well to trace to its source the prejudice that is so ingrained in those who do not share this recognition. I remember a British editor who came to New York to work in the opinion factory at the beginning of the war. In answer to a question as to the value of the French he lowered his eyes and piously said, 'The French, I am afraid, are decadent.' The good man believed it. He did not know that his belief was the child of Matthew Arnold's misunderstanding, which in turn was the grandchild of Wordsworth's moralizing, which in turn descended from national conflicts that were only too glad to cluster around, and build on, the Bible.

Decadent? I should rather say vigorous and virile. They have developed an extreme mental flexibility, a tough fibre, a fine craftsmanship which calls for its own sort of righteousness, an exquisite art of life. Traveling by one road from Rome, as the English traveled by another, since all roads seem to lead from Rome, they have yet traveled with sure and philosophic foot. 'A great and splendid people,' as Buckle said, 'a people full of mettle, high-spirited, abounding in knowledge, and perhaps less oppressed by superstition than any other in Europe.'

Buckle added, 'always found unfit to exercise political power.' With the examples before us of the Hungarians, the Italians, the Spanish, the Russians, the Chinese, with the high triumph of European diplomacy and Biblical culture that came to a head in 1914, and with the glories of the Versailles peace, I do not know who can boast of political genius. But the French have not the virtues of a machine tradition. I am struck, I admit, by a certain sociological infantility in the French. They are bad on social statistics, which means on social knowledge and management. They are to be criticized on public hygiene. They have not the habit of machine organization in regard to society, in the sense that the English and Germans and Americans have. Any small problem — clean milk for Paris, for example — seems to find the French without the right machinery. There are facts about their hospitals that make one shudder. I am glad I was not born a French foundling. I am glad I am not one of the poor slaves who are petitioning the French Government, or the French banks, for a tiny little raise. But if the lack of sentimentality sometimes goes to the edge of a lack of sentiment, if property is sometimes Moloch, and inheritance laws like Chinese foot-binding, this hardness has been bred in a country specially placed. Even Buckle, so luminous, did not grasp the military reasons for French centralization. I mean, the military superstition. He thought it was some sort of incapacity for political power.

But the French are educable. In these matters, as in all matters, they do not lie to themselves, and this is a supreme virtue. Observe the beautiful art of honesty in an unbeliever like Jules Lemaître writing of a believer like Louis Veuillot. Read Lanson's revisions in the later edition of his *French Literature*. These men have a virility that I find lacking in, for instance, Mr. H. G. Wells revamping his *Outline of History* for the W. J. Bryan belt. It is an old-fashioned virility, perhaps, the sort one finds in an old-fashioned American like Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes.

It is with these virtues in mind that I am surprised at the temerity of those who feel morally superior to the French. Is it not to the account of righteousness that theirs is the white country in which colored folk may be sure of the most liberty, equality, fraternity? I see French women given the lead in many situations where Maggie Tulliver was expected to weep and cling. I have read reports of a French school inspector, in a remote commune, as fine in perception and idealism as anything Matthew Arnold ever wrote. I hold it for righteous, even, that the French tolerate on the Paris news stands both the royalist and the communist dailies. When one knows the French, and I know a half dozen, one feels, 'Here at last is civilization.' That is to say, the suffusion of right feeling by good taste and good sense. It has n't the Biblical idiom, but neither had Plato nor Zoroaster, neither had Confucius nor Lao-tse.

One may say, 'But you miss the point. They have n't the Inner Light; they are n't carried away; they are n't poetic like the English, musical like the Germans, religious like the Russians.'

No, I answer, they are unique. I don't ask Wagner from the English, Byron from the Danes, Degas from the Germans, Anatole France from the Spanish, Fragonard from the Russians. I don't ask the English Inner Light from *la ville lumière*.

Is it not specifically Victorian to discover *l'homme sensuel moyen* in this French civilization? I remember when I was a small boy hearing my mother exclaim about the wickedness of Paris. On urging her to go into details, she

became mysterious and vague, but at last she said there were 'naked women' in the Tuileries. Standing before one of the statues in the Tuileries not long ago, I could not help laughing. The elaborate coiffure, the wasp waist, and the general suggestion of the fashion plate gave to this lady and her sisters an aspect purely comic. Could anyone ever have looked on her as shocking? But my mother, though a Catholic, viewed these things as a Victorian, no less than Matthew Arnold. It was part of a radical misunderstanding which has its roots in a religious question. The Victorians firmly believed there was only one law of righteousness, and that was Victorian. Must we go on with the same prejudice, even if we do not all insist on the Bible?

LEAVES FROM A MISSION DIARY

BY HARCOURT JOHNSON

San Salvador, locally known as Cat Island, the scene of my mission, is in the Bahama group of the British West Indies. The work of the English Church mission is carried out in these islands under the able Bishop of Nassau. While I was on Cat Island, I had the help of another white minister, whose modesty forbids that even in my journal I should mention the outstanding qualities he possessed for that particular work, and the immeasurable good he did in the way of uplifting the sluggish islanders, especially along agricultural lines.

San Salvador lies about one hundred miles to the southeast of New Providence, on which stands Nassau, the largest and capital city of the group. The inhabitants are all black — descendants of slaves brought from Africa. They are considered locally to be the worst people of all the Bahama Islands, but my own experience of them is quite to the contrary. Their evil reputation is probably due to the fact that the island itself has been long neglected by the white settlers who raised the standards in the other islands, and also to the fact that the poor harbor facilities do not allow of much communication with the capital city.

The natives are markedly without the character to sustain interest and enthusiasm in any field of endeavor; but at the same time it must be noted that they are quite happy and content with conditions. Where a few more ambitious souls have sprung up, they have been able to seek better things in Miami, Florida, until the recent immigration restrictions of the American Government closed that avenue of release from mental and economic bondage.

To-day the much depleted population numbers about forty-five hundred souls. The largest settlement holds some five hundred inhabitants, and the smallest perhaps a mere dozen.

In addition to the English mission, which at present has no white minister, there is a very strong Baptist mission, carried on entirely by the native Baptists and staffed with local colored

ministers. This group has by far the largest number of church adherents. The Methodists have one small congregation on the island, also in charge of a colored man.

My mission contained ten small churches. At the head of each of these is a colored catechist, who holds services and carries on the work of the Church generally, in the absence of a white minister.

The stress of work, and the fact that during the past few years the mission on the island has been steadily declining, made it necessary for the other white minister and myself to be separated most of the time. Months would pass during which neither of us would see a white face, or have anyone of the least degree of real intellect with whom to talk. This in itself was perhaps our greatest hardship.

January 9. — Nassau, Bahama Islands. The harbor is dropping slowly astern. Masts, short and tall, are making tentative stabs at the hurrying clouds overhead. The wind is fresh on our quarter, and is waving the tall palms that line the shore in a sort of last good-bye to us as we say our own good-byes to Nassau, to civilization, and turn our prow to the east, where awaits this strange new life into which we are venturing. . . . The dusky crew are making all preparations for the voyage: trimming the sails, and stowing away the oddments of our copious baggage which came aboard in the last-minute rush. Someone is singing the 'Maris Stella' — so dear to these native mariners. The Bishop, now in trim yachting cap and blue reefer, tells me that he was anxious to name this boat the 'Maris Stella,' but some queer shipping laws do not allow it. Perhaps 't is best so; the former episcopal yacht finally joined the Nassau rum-runners, carrying with her the ill-fitting name, 'Message of Peace.'

January 12. — The days have been very lazy. A northeaster tossed us about some, and then gave way to listless calm. For three days now we have skirted the Exuma Cays, few of them inhabited. Like all Bahamian land, they are dull, flat, and uninteresting, but they do make a perfect frame for the pictures of water, which are indescribable. Eyes grow strained and tired with watching the ceaseless changes of color. Greens, purples, blues of all shades, are constantly mingling, fading, reappearing, as sun and cloud chase each other high over the Bahamian Banks.

Last night the Bishop talked in his sleep. Dicky, his Negro cabin-boy, says: 'My lord hit hisself t'ree times and say "Nova Scotia."' So does Dicky render *Nobis quoque*.

If this wind continues to freshen, we shall reach our destination to-night. Cat Island! Curious name; it must have some origin, but no native seems to know of it. The map designates it San Salvador, and thereby sets it up as a rival to Watling's Island as the possible landfall of Columbus in the New World. I was once convinced of the Watling's theory, — most people are, — but loyalty to my new parish must now change my mind.

Caught two fish as we passed through Galliot Cut this morning: one a barracuda, the other a fine black-fin snapper. The latter served very well as a table dish. After moon-set, in the early hours of the morning, Jo, the mate, called us to see the Southern Cross. I had no idea it was visible anywhere in the Bahamas.

January 13. — We dropped anchor at Arthur's Town, Cat Island, as the dusk was mellowing the glaring colors of the little town. A huge crowd — relatively speaking — gathered on

the quay to bid us welcome. Always emotionally taut, these Negroes let themselves go in a rousing cheer as we scrambled up the rickety ladder. We were led across the street to our future home, open, and lighted with one candle guttering in the wind. It contains only four tiny rooms and an unroofed porch. There is no ceiling, and the partitions do not reach to the roof.

January Ferguson (I believe he is the sexton) was foremost in enthusiasm over our arrival, especially when he learned that now there are to be two ministers on the island, one with headquarters here, the other stationed at the Bight. He danced a jig of joy on the dining-room table, until the Bishop, fearing for the only piece of furniture in the house, bade him desist. . . . The stop here is only temporary; two services, and then we are to 'trip' for settlements farther down the shore. Dumfries and the Bight are to be visited, and then we shall round the Devil's Point — ominous name — for Port Howe.

January 14. — Left Arthur's Town yesterday and dropped down to Dumfries for afternoon service. This is a very small settlement with no church. The people want one badly, but there are no funds. Later anchored for the night in Bennett's Harbor and gave them a service there this morning. The church is in frightful disrepair and very dirty. These local colored catechists, who carry on when there are no ministers resident, seem to have little idea of carrying out the maxim that cleanliness is next to godliness. . . . Sailed all day in direction of the Bight, but wind fell off and we could not make it.

January 15. — Skipped the Bight, and came on here to Port Howe. This may have been Columbus's landing-place. We are anchored now under the lee of Columbus Bluff. . . . Just returned from service. The Bishop introduced S—— and me to the flock. Beside me sat the famous 'Mother Ethel,' the only woman preacher in the Islands. She garbs herself like one of Fra Angelico's angels. As we passed her tiny chapel, — native Baptist, — we noticed that doors and windows were being opened by the female sexton, and we suspected a rival 'meeting.' Inquiry elicited, however, that it was a graceful gesture of welcome to his lordship and the two new parsons. We are told that Mother Ethel is a wonderful preacher. Mr. P——, the white Baptist superintendent in Nassau, says that she has had no education and has never read a sermon book, but in gracefulness of thought and simplicity of expression she can put to shame many an eminent preacher.

Service over, the walk from the church to the beach was most amusing. The whole congregation must accompany us with lusty shouting of militant Church hymns; but alas! the Bishop's stride was too strenuous a tempo for the perfect coördination of leg and lung, and the resultant hop-skip-and-jump effect was ludicrous. From the beach we embarked in the cutter, and as we rowed slowly into the moon-path the good folk on the shore sang 'God be with you till we meet again.' The night air was warm and soft, fragrant with the tang of the sea mingling with the scent of the beach jasmine. Ahead lay the yacht, the moon riding like a beacon on her mizzenmast; astern the curving beach, glistening white against the fringe of sad-singing palm trees; the faint creak of the rowlocks told us that the crew was keeping time to the mellow voices of the darkies on the shore. A scene, an experience, that will live with one forever.

January 16. — The wind has us bottled up in this harbor, which Columbus spoke of as being 'able to accommodate the combined navies of the world.' One wonders if the dangerous, clawlike reefs enclosing the harbor can have been the origin of the name 'Cat Island' — your mariner is an imaginative soul.

January 17. — Sailed this morning about eight bells, but the wind, blowing almost a gale, is dead ahead, and a heavy cross-sea is running in the channel. Have been able to make no headway and are anchored for the night under the lee of Long Island — the Fernandina of Columbus's log.

January 18. — The storm has abated, and we are well on the way to Rum Cay. Just now we are sailing past the island which Columbus called 'Isla de Santa Maria de la Concepción.' It is a beauteous spot: one large, uncut emerald, tossed in a bowl of opals.

January 19. — Port Nelson, Rum Cay. Old Mr. R—— was on the wharf to bid us welcome. His hair and beard have known no barbering for a whole twelvemonth. He must return to Nassau on the yacht, for ill health has ended his labors in this strenuous climate. He is much upset about it, and declares he can carry on. His small and oh! so dilapidated rectory is very pathetic — one hen nesting on the pantry safe, and another in a box on the chest of drawers in his bedroom. His kitchen — always a small, separate building in this climate — was blown away in a recent hurricane; there was no money with which to construct another, so cooking is done on a box filled with sand and ashes, in the open. The reverend gentleman complains much of fleas. I can well believe it, for on his own admission he is too worn out to bother about having the place cleaned.

January 22. — Our stay at Rum Cay was brief. There are few Church people there now, so many hundreds have left the island to migrate to Miami, Florida. We returned with a fair wind to Arthur's Town. The excitement of arrival is over and we are settling into some sort of routine. The furniture — a truly florid compliment in that name — is unpacked. . . .

Hourly I am learning joyful, surprising, and disquieting facts about the island. There are some five thousand inhabitants, all black, scattered in more than two dozen settlements strung out on this side of the island. This side faces the west and is on the Exuma Sound; the other side is exposed to the roll of the Atlantic. We have churches in ten of these settlements, which must be visited regularly and as often as possible. We shall both have to have horses, and I can see that a boat would be useful. Arthur's Town seems to be the largest of the settlements. It is built along two main roads. The beach, just a few yards from my door, seems to be the most attractive thing about it.

January 25. — Elijah Campbell came in this evening and we pumped him for information about life on the island. The people eke out a bare existence from the rocky and unfertile land. Soil, as everywhere in the Bahamas, is found only in the potholes in the honeycomb rock, as this coral formation is locally called. Fields are found chiefly on the east side of the island, and some produce will grow in the sand which washes inland in the hurricane season and from which the salt is finally washed by the rains.

Money comes in chiefly from the sisal industry. The broad green leaves of the plant, often more than four feet long, are cut in a peculiar way called 'stripping,' and soaked for weeks in the shallow swamps that lie all along the

centre of the island. When the pulp has completely decomposed, the fibrous remains are beaten on the rocks to cleanse them, and then bleached in the sun. Baled, the fibre is shipped to Nassau for export abroad, where it is made into rope and binder twine.

We discussed the food problem, which looms up in an alarming way. Vegetables are scarce, and of a limited variety. No effort has been made to increase the variety grown, and potatoes, yams, cassavas, and eddo roots seem to constitute the chief diet of the native. An inferior corn is grown, which is ground into a coarse meal. The peculiar lay of this island makes fish scarce at the north end, though I suspect the natural laziness of the natives has somewhat to do with that also. Fresh meat, Elijah tells us, will be available perhaps twice monthly; then only mutton. I do not like that 'perhaps.' Everyone seems thoroughly contented with conditions, which seem to us so very primitive. It is the kind of content that is devastating to any kind of progress.

January 27. — Saw a yacht coming in this morning, and became quite excited over the prospect of our first news from the outside world. It turned out to be Major O——, the magistrate, arriving to hold a court of inquiry over an alleged shooting case. S—— was asked to sit on the bench with the Major and listen in. The verdict was 'accidental.'

February 5. — Mail day! Our monthly mail came in, bringing the first letters and papers we have had since leaving Nassau. All work stops in the settlement and the tiny post office is surrounded by an eager crowd all day. There are no other centres of delivery except here and at the Bight. Some of these people walk as much as twenty miles on the chance of getting a letter. We were kept busy all day with requests to read their letters to them. Most of their mail seems to come from relatives in Miami, and they usually enclose a dollar bill, which is always eagerly pounced upon. Poor people — they see so little ready money!

February 6. — The faithful assembled to rebuild part of our garden wall, which seems to have been carried off, stone by stone, when there was no one in residence here. About sixty persons turned up, men, women, and children. They gathered stones from waste land hereabout, and toted them in on their heads. They carry all their burdens this way. Sunday a woman who lives afar turned up at church with her shoes balanced on her head. She had apparently found them painful on the long walk, so put them on at the church door. The wall itself looks quite fine, and will serve us as a protection against the horses, pigs, and fowls that have been constantly wandering about our garden.

February 7. — S—— left in the Silver Palm for the Bight. He will visit, en route, Knowles and Smith Bay. I have a feeling that this tour from settlement to settlement will subdue the restlessness that seems inevitable.

February 8. — Watched a crowd of some twenty persons, beside the crew, go off for Nassau in a small sloop, not more than twenty-five feet over all. A dangerous number on such a tiny craft. Although this is the usual means of interisland travel, I am told that they carry little food or water, and never know just when they will reach their destination. Sometimes they take seven days to do the hundred-mile trip, and have to put in at various cays on the way to get food and water.

Later, walked over to the east side of the island with the local policeman.

It is truly beautiful there: long, wide beaches of pinky-white sand, as fine as sugar, all fringed with sea-grape bushes, with their round green and red leaves, and tall coconut palms, from which we gathered nuts and drained them of their milky nectar to quench our thirst. Coming back, Baker, who had taken his gun on the chance of a shot at the wild pigeons, stopped to adjust his trigger-guard. The gun went off as I was walking directly into the line of fire. A second or so more and I might have been 'done.'

February 10. — Visited Orange Creek in a small sailboat. The Creek is the most charming spot on the island. The church stands on a slight rise, overlooking the bay, and the priest's lodge nestles near by in a grove of tall coconut palms. Alas, the church is in terrible disrepair, and dear old Joshua C——, the catechist, seems too far gone to do much work. I made him take the service, to see just how he did it, and he convulsed me by expectorating solemnly out of the window during alternate verses of the Psalms. . . .

February 12. — Medical cases are coming in thick and fast, now that these people have found out that we have a case of drugs and a willingness to help. I feel keenly the lack of medical knowledge, though they all profess great faith in me, and that is half the battle. They all diagnose their ills in exactly the same way. No matter what they are suffering from, it is always: 'Please, sir, could n't you give me one pills?' When I try to find out where and what the ache is, they always say, 'Got a kinda bearin'-down feeling, Fader.' Poor folk! They have never had a doctor on the island, and must cure all their ills with their own concoctions, made from herbs and bush. Some of the old folk seem quite adept at this; their nostrum is 'gale-o'-wind bush.' I imagine it has the effect on the system that the name implies. Usually cuts and wounds are treated very casually. Their whole system of living, their ideas of ventilation and sanitation, are at least a thousand years behind the times.

February 13. — Attended the Acting Commissioner's court this morning. What a farce! Is this the majesty of empire? A man with no education, no idea of law, no qualifications whatever, but with only an inflated opinion of himself, dispenses justice (?) to these poor ignorant people. It is to be hoped that the white Commissioner promised will soon turn up. But this man now acting is also the schoolmaster here, and every day holds sway over some hundred and fifty youngsters. The whole educational system on these outlying islands is deplorable.

February 14. — Embarked in the Silver Palm for the Bight at 12.30 P.M. Wind very light; fell away entirely at sundown, when we were still about four miles from Knowles. We had to scull in, and reached here by 8.30 P.M. I was regaled with a dish of pancakes and the inevitable mess of corn meal, cooked very stiff, and nothing to send it down with. It all speaks of the poverty of the islanders.

February 15. — Tripped before dawn with a fresh wind on our quarter, and made the Bight by noon. Mr. W——, the colored Commissioner, and the local policeman were on the wharf to welcome me. Mrs. W—— sent in a large tray of dinner, for which I was very grateful, especially to see their kindness — even a vase of flowers on the tray. In the evening Mr. W—— came in, and we talked long on the color question and the crying needs of the island. He is an exceedingly well educated colored man. The rectory here, having always been headquarters, is a much more livable place than at

Arthur's Town. The garden is quite beautiful and shows the labor that my predecessor put into it. Saw the grave, still unused, which he had prepared when he thought he was going to die. Perhaps I may be the one to use it, after all.

February 17. — Good congregation out this morning. Later took horse to the Old Bight. The animal was very frisky and shied at something suddenly, throwing me off, but fortunately with no hurt to myself. The church at the Old Bight is the largest and barest in the island. It was built in memory of some member of the Balfour family who was here in the old slave days, by his relatives in England.

One girl in the front bench amused me much by singing: —

> 'Joyfully for Him to die
> Was not death but vic-to-rye.'

During service the tide had risen in the creek, and I got wet above the waist, fording it on horseback. Preached again in the evening, and concluded that three sermons a day are a wearying duty when mixed up with a long ride in the hot sun.

February 29. — Spent the day dynamiting in preparation for some gardening. In the evening gave a 'filling-in' party. Promised refreshments to all who would come and tote sand from the beach, to fill the holes we had made. The promise brought about two hundred people of all ages. The work was done in about two hours and then we stopped for refreshments, which consisted of flour cakes and *swichil*, a much relished native drink, made from limes and peppermint, sweetened with brown sugar, and colored with 'cochineal' from the pod of the cactus plant. After 'eats' they made a huge fire on the public square, and danced to the music of their own voices and of a drum, made by covering a lard tub with a sheepskin, drawn very tight and heated. The songs are all native made, and sung to tunes that reek of the African jungle. They work themselves up to a wild fury in the dance, scream, clap their hands ceaselessly, and contort themselves in wild, sinuous, and graceful movements, unlike anything one would expect in the Western Hemisphere. Their latent barbarism comes out to the full in these 'fire dances.'

March 29. — Returned to-day from a brief visit to Nassau, where one gorged one's self on good food and much conversation. Managed to find time to beg enough money to repair at least one church. Fairly squandered my quarter's pay on all sorts of stores to bring back. Will have to get used all over again to doing without meat, ice, fresh butter, milk, and so on. The voyage back on the mail boat was awful. Left on Thursday night, but the crew were too drunk to get farther than East End, so we had to anchor and wait for the dawn, while they slept off their stupor. Sailed all day Friday against a heavy northeaster and in torrents of driving rain. There were nine colored women and four babies in the one small cabin, all of them beastly seasick, so I kept on deck despite the storm. The cook did his best to give us food, but it was a poor best. The wind shifted suddenly to the south about four bells in the afternoon, and we were bucking a heavy cross-sea in the passage. The captain held out little hope of being able to land at Arthur's Town, where we have no decent harbor, but he was kind enough to put in for the night behind the lee of Powell's Point, Eleuthera. Once inside the reef, it was calm, and there was still enough light for some of the crew to dive for conchs, which we enjoyed in a stew for supper — our first real meal of the day. Many lines were cast after the sun had set,

and I was fortunate enough to hook a large shark. It required five of us to pull him in and he put up a wonderful fight. We finally got him alongside and shot him — took seven bullets to finish him off. When we hauled him on deck, we measured his length at seven feet, three inches.

This morning it was still squally, with a heavy sea running in Little Island Passage, but the captain, a seasoned mariner, did his best and landed me here about 3 P.M. They brought me off in a small boat. We could not attempt to land at the wharf, as the heavy seas that were rolling in would have dashed the boat to pieces. They ran her for the beach, where a great crowd had collected. As the curling breakers caught the boat and hurled her toward the beach, the men from the shore ran out to meet us and, picking me bodily from the boat, carried me, quite dry, to land. But alas! all my clothes and stores have had to go on to the Bight.

March 31. — Called to Dumfries, four miles away, to remove a bead from a small girl's ear. She was in mortal fear of 'de vite man,' and three men had to hold her, that I might operate. She cried, screamed, and swore at me in a most putrid vocabulary. It was not until she had completely exhausted herself and could no longer struggle that I was able to remove the bead. The mother has promised to send in a fowl as a sort of payment. Poor as they are, they always try to show their gratitude with some gift. It is very touching.

April 6. — Hit upon a way to-day that I think will put a stop to this silly habit the women and girls have of daubing their faces with white powder. They have no idea how ludicrous they look with a great spot of white plastered on black cheeks, chins, and foreheads. Have spoken about this often with no effect, so to-day, after vesting, I got one of the boys to fetch a bit of coal and bedaubed my own face with black. Naturally when I appeared in church they could not contain themselves and roared with laughter. I bade them see how absurd a white face looked painted black, and tried to make them see that their black faces look just as ridiculous all whitened. Some of the men assure me that the lesson has sunk home.

April 8. — Visited old James T——, who is laid up with an infected foot. Suggested that he might like some magazines to look at, but he indignantly informed me that he 'got one book. Fine book, all about 'Arry Matthews an' de quail.' He seemed much surprised that one whom he called 'Man o' God' should not have heard of this book. He insisted on struggling to his trunk and producing it. I was amused to discover that it is *The Story of Joseph of Arimathea and the Holy Grail.*

April 12. — The worst accident of all to-day. A man and boy nearly blown to bits, dynamiting fish on the other side of the island. It happened about 9 A.M. and news did not reach the settlement until about 1 P.M. They had been lying in agony for four hours. I had the horses saddled and hurried off to render first aid. Adderly, the man, has his right arm completely shattered and is covered with minor cuts and abrasions. Farrah, the boy, is worst injured about the eyes, which were packed with sand from the explosion. His chest and head are covered with tiny cuts made by flying sand. Managed to bring Farrah in on horseback, but had to improvise a stretcher for Adderly. The ten-mile journey back was awful, over rocky roads which are barely footpaths through the bush. He screamed with pain at every jolt, and

they had to go so slowly that it was 8 P.M. before they reached here. The curious crowds, all wailing and screaming, were a great trial, and nearly every man in the village has made it an occasion to get drunk. Cleaned Farrah's eyes out as well as possible, and he is resting quietly on my bed. Had to give Adderly a sleeping draught, and then post a police guard about his house to keep the crowd away. Sent a boy off to the Creek to have a boat hauled off and prepared to take them to Nassau in the morning.

April 13. — Got the poor fellows off this morning. But alas! it is dead calm, and we can still see them barely drifting, with sails hanging limp, about four miles out to sea, the sun blazing down hot upon them. They may be days getting to Nassau, in which case I doubt if Adderly will live.

April 17. — Have at last been able to persuade some of the boys to go in the sea with me. They insist that it is winter and too cold to bathe. The temperature is now averaging about 78°. They do need some sort of recreation. They seem to play no games, and the older ones have to go off to the fields as soon as school lets out. Have started a boys' club, to meet every Tuesday. Tried reading to them at the first meeting, but they all went to sleep.

April 22. — Had my first funeral this morning. William L—— rushed in last night to have me baptize his newborn baby that was dying. This morning he woke me up to beg a box out of which to fashion a coffin. I gave him a Saint Charles's Cream box, and at the same time made plans to have the funeral at 9 A.M. Took the crucifer and acolytes to the house, where we met W—— and his nine children ready for the long walk to the cemetery. Found that he had merely put the baby into the rough box, and one could hear the poor little thing rolling around. Walking along, I glanced back to see if I were walking too quickly for them, and to my horror found that W—— had adopted the usual native method for carrying burdens, and had the box balanced nicely on his head. It was difficult to keep one's composure, and the service was robbed of all solemnity. I shall have to get used to their casual way of doing things here.

April 24. — Called in to bring little George Dean out of the fits. Found them rubbing him down with a raw onion. They declare it is the best remedy for fits — maybe so, but it does make an awful stink. The little fellow seems to have a slight touch of sunstroke.

April 26. — Trixie appeared to-day. I was at lunch, and saw two lustrous black eyes peering at me around the corner of the door. They belonged to a small girl of about nine, who had wandered up here some seventeen miles from the Cove. Her story is very pathetic. She is one of the characteristic victims of the Florida migration. Parents left her years ago in care of a grandmother. She has suffered under terribly cruel treatment; the marks of beating are still on her little body, which is clothed in one ragged and very dirty garment. She said she had slept out in the bush for two nights, and had had no food. She seemed ravenous when I gave her some of my lunch. Had one of the women make her a new little garment, of which she is now very proud. She seems almost wild and clings to me like a frightened animal. A child who has never known any love or kindness. I suggested that she go to the beach and take a bath. She did; went in her new dress, and then returned with it in her hand, wringing it out as she walked along. One of the women has promised to take her in until we can find out what to do with her. Her case is not peculiar, but there is no home

to which such waifs and strays can be sent.

April 28. — Time for study and sea-bathing has been more plentiful lately. Find it impossible to read or study at night now that the mosquitoes and sand flies are coming in on the heels of the rainy season. After sundown one dare not light the lamp, so it means sitting out on the porch, with a smothered fire in a pail sending up clouds of heavy smoke — our only protection against the pests. After sitting in complete loneliness and choking on smoke for three or four hours, one begins to feel the press of living so utterly shut off from one's own kind.

At night it is impossible to sleep unless wrapped like a mummy from head to foot, for no netting will keep out the sand fly; a few hours wrapped like this, and the intense heat adds its burden to the night. It is almost impossible to get a good night's rest.

May 1. — Started for Orange Creek this morning to be up here for a week. My cavalcade was truly impressive. I have learned that the only way to live at these outstations is to carry all the small comforts that one can. We left Arthur's Town just before dawn, so as to travel in the cool of the morning. Two boys carried my mattress, slung on a pole, which they bore on their shoulders. Another boy had my round tin bathtub on his head. One carried a bundle of clothing and bedding, another my suitcase. Two carried boxes of provisions; still another bore a package of books, and there was a final one to carry my typewriter. I brought up the rear on my horse.

My quarters here consist of a one-room thatched hut, measuring ten by ten. My own 'boy' will be billeted on the catechist.

The people here are as poor as anywhere else in the island, yet they came in to-day bearing little tokens of welcome in the way of fruit, mostly sapodillas, sugar cane, mameys, pawpaws, and bananas. A few brought guinea-corn grits, and one small child of three, who was a little timid of 'de vite man,' brought in a dead and rather smelly crab, which she had apparently found on the beach. It is the loyalty and devotion that these gifts signify which touch one so.

May 5. — Visited the school, which is held in the ruins of an old meeting-house. The teacher, an elderly black woman, is as ignorant as any of the children she is supposed to teach. She tells me that when it rains she has to dismiss the children, as the roof leaks so badly. The benches and forms are all dropping to pieces and the floor is completely gone in some spots. I conclude that it will be almost impossible to do anything constructive in the way of education or economic uplift so long as the people live in mere handfuls in these widely scattered settlements. Yet, should the Government attempt to localize the populations on a few of the more fertile islands, I am sure it would meet with strong resistance.

May 24. — The people of Arthur's Town celebrated the birthday of Queen Victoria, our Empire Day, in true loyal fashion. They gathered for a service in the church at 10 A.M. The local policeman had trained a handful of young men and boys to act as guard of honor to the Commissioner. This little army appeared in the most fantastic of get-ups; one boy went so far as to stick some broom straws in his hat. They used old shotguns or broomsticks, and took themselves almost too seriously. After service they headed the parade of villagers and school-children all around the town, accompanied by the band. This consisted of a tom-tom, a mouth-organ, and a concertina. At noon everyone assembled in the schoolhouse

for speeches, songs, and the usual run of patriotic recitations by the children, which they rattled off in monotone throughout. Then came the inevitable refreshments of flour cakes and swichil. In the afternoon we had sports on the public square, and in the evening the older folk danced in the schoolroom. The orchestra was made up of the tom-tom, the concertina, and a gin bottle scraped with a knife. The dancing was most barbaric. But how they did enjoy themselves!

May 30. — Obeah trouble to-day. An old man died yesterday and the funeral was set for 3 P.M. to-day. About noon his brother-in-law, who is the local Baptist preacher, came in to inform me that they had the witch doctor practising obeah on the body to 'lay the spirit.' I hurried to the house, but the rites were over. I informed the widow that in accordance with our diocesan regulations I should be unable to bury the body. She seemed much distressed, and so ignorant that I told her if she would have the body stripped of all charms, under my direction, I would consent to take the funeral. She agreed, and I called in some neighbors to assist. Found the body covered with various kinds of herbs, berries, and leaves, all with some superstitious significance. All the pockets were tightly sewed up with some sort of obeah inside them. The man held a cup in one hand and a plate in the other. In his breast pocket I found a fork, knife, and spoon. He had on boots, and in these was a handful of hard grains of corn. I asked what this meant and was informed that, if the spirit should walk about to trouble anybody, the grains of corn in the shoes would hurt his feet and he would go back and 'lay down in he grave.' I tried to reason that, since the plate and so forth showed he could eat, why could he not take off his shoes and remove the corn grains? 'Oh no! Obeah man put dem dere; he can't move dem.' Such is the blank wall of ignorance we are up against here.

June 3. — Decided to have a field of my own and try to show these people that other kinds of vegetables can be raised besides the few they know here. Leased a tract of swamp land from the Crown at one shilling and sixpence per year. Have sent to Nassau for seed, and am now starting out to be a truck gardener. The people all laugh at the idea of a white man knowing anything about farming. The land is covered with a growth of tough, useless bush and small trees. A machete is all that is needed to cut it down, and I put in a couple of hours each afternoon at this.

June 12. — Field is all cut and the bush dried. Set a match to it to-day and it is burning off merrily. Can see the bright glare above the crest of Comaband Hill. Must now wait for a rain to cool it off before planting.

June 19. — J. F. was at the Baptist meetinghouse in Bennett's Harbor, and tells me that the preacher asked: 'Brederen, how would yer know de Lord ef He was to come in dis church dis evening?' No answer. The question was repeated in a shout. Still no answer. 'Ah, brederen,' said the preacher, 'I see how you is all forgotten dem pictures I showed you ob de Master. Don't you know how you would know de Lord? Brederen,' with great vehemence, 'you would know Him by His w'iskers.'

In a way it is laughable, but on the other hand there is real sadness in such ignorance.

July 20. — Kept awake all last night by the noises of a 'wake' over the body of a Baptist person who has just died. I am sure death is the greatest amusement these people have. They wailed

and screamed all night. I am told they must have fried fish and coffee as the regulation refreshments. A plate of fish and a cup of coffee are put outside the door for the spirit to come and feast upon. No one must go outside for some hours after these are put out. When they do go they invariably find the fish and coffee gone. They refuse to believe my explanation that the numerous ownerless dogs that are such a pest in the village have something to do with the disappearance of the food.

August 1. — This is the beginning of a big week for these people. All work is suspended and they will give themselves over to a full week of merry-making and dancing, in celebration of the Emancipation of the Slaves. Rode up to the Creek to-day to see the launching of a new boat. The people danced all day and are still at it now.

September 20. — The longest ride yet. Purchased a fine horse at the Bight and left there Thursday. The boys traveled by boat.

Friday morning pushed on to Gaiter's. Here T——, the local Baptist preacher, put me up for the night. Boat got in long after dark, but T—— gave me a real banquet: pea soup, hot johnnycake, roasted cassava, fried chicken, fresh boiled crabs — the land variety, of which we eat only the delicious red eggs; coffee, and an abundance of fruit. T——, who is very pious, woke me up before dawn reading family prayers before starting for the fields.

Left Gaiter's this morning soon after sunup, and made Roker's by 10 A. M. The scenery along the shore is beautiful, but the road, which is a mere track through the bush, is terrible. Had some brasiletto tea at Roker's, and made Bennett's Harbor at noon. Here I could only get a bottle of beer, lukewarm, and not at all refreshing. None of these poor homes ever have any reserve supply of food.

September 22. — All packed and awaiting the mail, but there seem to be indications of a hurricane in this vicinity and we may have to wait days for it.

September 23. — Blowing a gale all day, and crops are suffering terribly. The salt spray has blown into our garden and dried up everything as if a fire had swept over it. All my efforts have been wasted.

September 26. — Still no mail, and the wind is increasing. Being cut off like this, we have no means of knowing if there really is a hurricane approaching, but all boats have been hauled up, as the seamen are sure it is coming. If it does, it will mean terrible suffering and dire poverty for these people for a long time to come.

October 2. — Mail came in to-day, and we are now on the way to Nassau. The captain says they were bottled up at Long Island for three days, and he is sure that the tail end of a hurricane passed by us. Left the island with terrible misgivings, as it seems possible that I shall not return. Did not dare to let the people know of my change of plans, as it would have made an awful scene. I believe they are really devoted to me, and I am sure I have lost my heart to all of them — so poor, so ignorant, but so affectionate and generous, probably the happiest and most contented people in the world.

PAGAN VIRTUES AND CHRISTIAN GRACES

BY A. MAUDE ROYDEN

I

Not long ago a friend of mine, discussing the ethics of Christ, observed that if we took them too seriously we should become despicable. 'A man,' he said, 'who did not defend himself when attacked, who allowed himself to be insulted and injured without making an effort to vindicate himself, would be despicable; and we all know it.' We do all know that point of view and we all realize that there is a great deal in it. And yet, as my friend drew his picture of the insulted, injured, abject victim of ill-usage, I could not help reflecting that the description might, so far as the actual words went, have applied with exactness to Christ before Pilate. Its contrast could be found in Peter, who, desperate and helpless though he was, still drew his sword and struck his blow for the right, and won our everlasting gratitude for doing it.

Which was the greater, Peter or Christ? Lovable, loyal, warm-hearted Peter, who drew his pathetic little sword to defend his Master against a legion of Roman soldiers, or Christ, who took the sword from his hand and, without protest or effort to defend Himself, went to an ignominious trial and a hideous death? We love Saint Peter. No one who has any imagination can fail to love him for his desperate and forlorn attempt to strike one blow in his Master's behalf. We love Saint Peter — but we worship Christ. We do not call ourselves followers of Saint Peter, with his sword. We call ourselves Christians, and, if we cannot follow the example of our Lord, it must at least be with much heart-searching, and with the confession that, if we cannot follow Him, it is because we are not sufficiently like Him.

How is it that Christ was able to behave in a manner which, in an ordinary way, would seem to us despicable, and yet by that very conduct to command the worship of a world of warring men? What is it that He had which we have not — we who call ourselves Christians? What is it that we have not, which makes it in some instances literally impossible for us to do what our Lord did, because we find that in doing so we achieve the exact opposite of what He wished us to achieve? What qualities are lacking in us that we cannot act as He did? Why is it, in what respect is it, that we are not like Him? What is it that He had which we have not?

It is only part of the answer that I want to suggest here. There are certain virtues which are practised by pagans; our Lord took for granted that every Christian would practise those virtues. 'Except,' He said, 'your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness' of other people. We Christians have been very much inclined to emphasize what we may call the Christian virtues; to seek to practise those virtues which made Christ different from other men. We have forgotten that He took for granted the pagan virtues, and built the soaring

edifice of Christian holiness upon that splendidly laid foundation.

What are the virtues that pagans admire and seek to practise? I use the word 'pagans' to mean non-Christian people; I do not use it in a derogatory sense at all. I mean people who do not call themselves Christians: people perhaps of other faiths, or people of no faith at all. What are the virtues, what are the qualities that they set store by? I suppose courage and honesty and loyalty, and a high spirit; wisdom and justice; what Aristotle called 'magnanimity' — a certain greatness of mind, a magnificence of spirit, that takes wide views and is not irked by little things. That is, roughly, the kind of character that the secular man, the non-Christian man or woman, admires: courage, perhaps, first of all, but also a high sense of honor, and loyalty to one's friends, and independence, and wisdom, and so on. These are great virtues. Without them there is no real virtue at all.

If you examine the teaching of Christ you will find that He took these virtues for granted. There is nowhere in His teaching the dreadful doctrine that has been developed by a certain type of Christian, called 'the total depravity of man.' Christ never suggested that human beings were altogether evil and must be entirely changed if they are to be Christians, but rather assumes that most people are decent people. When He wanted to tell us what God is like, He said that God is like a human father, only greater and better. There are plenty of human fathers who are bad fathers, cruel, unjust, or merely indifferent, but our Lord assumed that most fathers are decent and kind, and said, if they knew how to give good gifts to their children, 'how much more shall your Father which is in heaven?' He did not denounce them. He did not speak as though we were all wicked and hopeless creatures. He said, in effect, 'You have got a certain distance; you are all, or nearly all, kind to your children. Very well; start with that. Then you will see what God is like to His children.' Or again, in the Sermon on the Mount, — which is, after all, the high-water mark of Christian teaching, the noblest expression of its ethic, — how persistently He assumed that people were, on the whole, decent people. 'Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths.' Christ did not go on to say, 'I know that you never keep your vows, and therefore I tell you not to swear at all.' He said: 'You must give up your oaths. Don't you realize that all this casuistry about what constitutes a binding oath and what does not means that your bare word is not enough? In future do not swear at all, by anything, but let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.' We Christians ought to be so honest that no one will require us to swear any oaths at all

'Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.' That was a very high ideal, and the Jews were by no means always capable of acting on it. As you know, if you have read the Old Testament, they very frequently met an injury by wiping out a whole tribe, putting to the sword all their enemies with their wives and their little ones and their cattle. But the law was that they must not do so; they must not be vindictive; they must be just. If an eye is taken, an eye may be taken; if a tooth is taken, a tooth may be taken — not more. Now our Lord did not speak of the Jews as though they were continually vindictive and unjust. He took them at their highest level. He said: 'This is your tradition — that you are not to be

revengeful. You are only to be just. Now, I say to you, pass beyond human justice to divine love.

'Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy.' Our Lord did not say, 'Hateful creatures! You are incapable of loving anybody! You must be completely changed!' He assumed that His hearers really had lived up to that standard, but He said that it was not high enough. They must now learn to love their enemies.

At every step in this great argument, Christ begins with a pagan virtue, and goes on from that to Christianity. Is not some of the disgust that our religious professions and even our religious life have awakened among non-Christian people due to the fact that we seek to practise these amazing virtues, these soaring Christian graces of holiness and sanctity, without having acquired the rudimentary virtues of honesty, courage, loyalty, self-respect?

II

The other day I was among a number of religious people, of whom one spoke rather bitterly of the way in which he had been treated by his fellow theologians. Before I had time to think, I said impulsively, 'I hate religious people.' Immediately he put his hand across the table and said, 'Shake hands! So do I!' Of course I do not really dislike religious people; I love them. A person who is really religious, a person who is truly Christlike, is a person more gracious, more lovely, more adorable, than any pagan character that has ever existed. There is a grace and a loveliness about Saint Francis of Assisi which even a Marcus Aurelius does not share. But what I meant, and what he meant, was that we disliked the kind of person — so terribly common — who seeks to practise the Christian virtues of humility and self-sacrifice and love and peace before he has got courage or honesty or honor.

Our Lord tells us that unless we take up our cross and follow Him we cannot be His disciples. We interpret that — rightly, I think — to mean that we must be ready to sacrifice ourselves even to the death; yet there are people who do this, who sacrifice themselves up to the last limit of sacrifice, and who only succeed in making the people around them intolerably selfish. Why is it? Is it not perhaps because self-sacrifice cannot rightly be practised by people who have not moral courage? I have sacrificed myself sometimes and have thought I was doing well. When I grew a little older and could look back at what I did from a different experience, I saw plainly enough that, in fact, I had not had the courage to do anything else! To assert myself required, perhaps, courage to face the imputation of selfishness. Perhaps it required that I should seem cruel or self-assertive, and I really 'sacrificed myself' not in the least because I was in love with self-sacrifice, but because I had not the courage to do otherwise. How often one sees that kind of self-sacrifice! It becomes merely abject, unless it is made by a person who could assert himself if he chose. It meets with the response of selfishness instead of the response of unselfishness, because, by an invariable spiritual law, we get from the world what we put into it — not immediately, perhaps, but in the end. If the final result of our unselfishness is to make other people selfish, we should surely examine ourselves very closely. Are we sure that we are not indulging in a luxury of unselfishness? Or is it that we have not the courage to be selfish? Do we desire the world's applause and to have it said, 'What an unselfish wife!' 'What

an unselfish daughter!' (The vice of unselfishness is rather more common among women than among men.) If so, only a bad response can be expected, because, at the heart of it, the appeal is bad. Self-sacrifice cannot be rightly practised except by a person who is perfectly able to assert herself if she chooses.

Christians lay great emphasis, nowadays especially, on such virtues as toleration and courtesy. Is not our toleration also sometimes due to lack of moral courage? When our Lord found a person who illtreated a child, He did not say, 'Let us reflect that this person is probably a badly brought-up person.' He said, 'It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.' When He found real spiritual vileness He denounced it in language that terrifies the modern Christian, although it was generally people of power and position who excited that indignation.

Sometimes — for it is safest, perhaps, to speak of one's own experience — I know that I have practised this 'virtue' of Christian courtesy merely because I had not the moral courage to say what I thought. I remember one occasion, when a committee of 'religious' people, of which I was a member, was considering how to turn the world upside down. We were considering who should write the literature for this great crusade. Among others, the name was suggested of a man whom no one could deny to be a Christian, but whose political views made him at the time very unpopular. Our chairman said, 'I don't think it would be wise to ask him to write for us, because our printing is all going to be done by a certain firm which does religious work, and it naturally would not like to risk offending its subscribers.' I remember my feeling of indignation, and also of despair. How on earth were we going to have any effect on the world at all if we began by considering the subscribers to a certain firm? But I looked at our chairman and thought, 'After all, he is a very good old man, doubtless a great deal better than I am, and it would be very rude and rough of me to say what I think.' So I did not say it; but I did not say it because I was afraid to say it, not at all because I had any real consideration for his feelings. It is easy for us to persuade ourselves that we have to practise the Christian virtues of gentleness and grace, when our real trouble is that we have not the pagan virtue of courage to begin with!

Over and over again, in a genuine effort to achieve something good, something worth doing, as a member perhaps of some great society whose ends we approve and to which we are proud to belong, something is proposed that we feel to be wrong, and we decide that 'it would not be Christian to judge.' 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' We refrain from 'judging'; we refrain from protesting. It would be so awkward if we did protest! Everybody would be set by the ears, and the work which is at stake would be imperiled. Have we not all laid that flattering unction to our souls many times? But Christ did not care about any of these things, and we try in vain to imitate Him before we have laid the foundations of character. One of the most dishonest things in public life is the dreadful plea that to say or to do the audacious thing — which at a given moment may be the right thing — will do harm to the work or to the society that we belong to.

A little while ago I heard of a woman who had done most valuable work for her society, and who broke down — largely, of course, from overwork. She was dismissed, and those who were responsible for the dismissal told her

that she should in future, for her maintenance and her support, 'put her trust in God.' To disregard the claims of common loyalty to people who have worked for you and served you, and then tell them to put their trust in God, is unctuous, repulsive. If you cannot afford to look after your servants when they break down, at least face the fact as to what you are doing, and do not pretend that it is because you have such trust in God that you can sack anybody and everybody and put them on the street, and if they starve it is their fault, because *they* had not sufficient trust in God! I have found honesty, common honesty, to be the rarest of the virtues practised by religious people. We want the common, decent, pagan virtue of loyalty to other human beings before we begin to talk about trust in God.

Take the question of pacifism. A conscientious objector to war who is afraid of fighting has no right to his objection. He must be braver than the soldier before he has the right to be a pacifist. 'Except your righteousness shall *exceed* the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees!' Even in the height of war, even in the poisoned atmosphere of hate which war engenders, there were, I think, few people who in their hearts despised men like Stephen Hobhouse and Clifford Allen. They might think them mad, but they could not think them despicable, for it was obvious that their position required a courage at least as great as, perhaps greater — indeed, in my heart I think certainly greater — than that required of the soldier. To suppose that their objection to war was based on cowardice would be a senseless denial of the facts. But as our righteousness must exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, so must the courage of those of us who call ourselves pacifists exceed the courage of the soldier. When I heard of conscientious objectors who, in the hour of danger, desired to be rescued, it seemed to me that there was something wrong with that kind of pacifism. Why, there were many soldiers who had none of the Christian graces, whose lives as private citizens had been marred by many faults, who yet would have scorned to ask to be brought back out of the trenches or sent home to what was called a 'cushy job.' The pacifism of the future must exceed the courage of Saint Peter. Without this courage we cannot really win the world for Christ.

There is something that disgusts in Christian grace on a shoddy foundation. It is like a poor and cheap building which we cover with elaborate ornament. It is like a mean melody supported with interesting harmonies. It is like an ill-cut dress overloaded with embroidery and lace. It is like anything that is false. And the average decent pagan is revolted by its dishonesty.

I often think that the farcical exaggeration which Dickens has given us in Uriah Heep is — like all Dickens's conceptions — true at heart. Humility is loathsome if it is not founded on self-respect: it disgusts. We must have the pagan virtue of self-respect before we dare to have the Christian virtue of humility.

III

Had not Christ just those pagan virtues that so many of us Christians lack? With all His love and gentleness and mercy, how utterly courageous was His denunciation of all that was false and cowardly and bad! The tenderness with which He speaks of the outcast and the sinner is matched by His fierce denunciation of spiritual pride in high places, in places of power and dignity and influence. Those to whom He spoke

with such pitiful compassion could not doubt His power to judge sternly if He chose. That was why His tenderness counted for so much. Had He done as we are so fond of doing with people we love, — sometimes too with people whom we do not love, — pretending that all is right when it is not, shutting our eyes to things that we know are wrong because we love to praise, refusing to see what is blameworthy because it seems cruel to see it, His praise would have been worth as little as ours so often is; His love would have effected nothing. But because men knew that His mercy was justice, because they realized that He was able to see through and through them and love them all the same, because His love rose up on the great foundation of truth and justice and clear-sightedness, it moved the world as nothing else has moved it.

Christ had strength of character, courage of mind and body, great physical courage as well as great moral courage. He had high-mindedness, magnanimity, or 'magnificence,' as our English poet Spenser calls it. If He trusted His disciples, it was not because He did not see how they might fail Him. If He kept Judas with Him, it was not because He did not know that Judas was quite ready to betray Him. His very self-sacrifice was accompanied by a self-assertion which sometimes horrifies those by whom it is not understood. His gift of Himself to us is accompanied by a demand upon us in return which is relentless. In Him every Christian grace was founded upon the rock of honor and loyalty, courage and justice, a piercing vision, a great strength. It is only the strong who can really be gentle. The gentleness of the feeble has in it something that repels; but the gentleness of strength, whether strength of body or strength of spirit, or both together, as with Christ, is adorable.

When Christ stood before Pilate with no sword in His hand and no protest on His lips, Pilate was afraid of Him. One can see that at every step. Christ was the judge — not Pilate. And the world has been in love with Him and afraid of Him ever since. We Christians have to begin at the beginning, and must not expect any more that the world will be moved, or attracted, or anything but repelled, by grace and beauty sought without strength, by a Christian grace of character which has not common honesty and courage at the heart of it. We have to realize that we Christians often repel the world as much as our Lord attracted it, because at the heart of our mercy there is weakness, at the heart of our self-sacrifice, fear.

A VISION OF THE RIVER

BY OSWALD COULDREY

I

It was that memorable occasion, the first of many such, when I and Padmanabham, and Nagabushana Rao, the rising poet, and his cousin Murahari, the hope of Andhra painting, and young Venugopalan of the first-year class — who was neither a poet nor a painter, and yet perhaps a theme for both — sailed up Godavari to the hills in a borrowed staff-boat, blown by the strong south wind of a bygone April. We set out with all the courage of the Argonauts; and indeed for me, and perhaps also for my young companions and scholars, — for in ancient India, whose ideals it was our study to recapture, 'such mixture was not held a stain,' — the excursion was fraught with much of the strangeness and romance, and promise of half-divine adventure, with which the imagination surrounds that earlier expedition. My shipmates' ways of life and thought, in spite of their English words, were hardly less different from mine than Jason's or Orpheus's would have been. Our roll call the Western reader will find even more outlandish. Here were the names, at least, of gods to set beside the names of heroes; for it is the custom among the Brahmins of the South to call their sons almost invariably by one or other of the thousand names of God; behind which practice lies a certain tremendous doctrine of their pantheistic faith.

We had planned to start from the bastions of the old fort, now crowned by the English Club, at four in the afternoon. We had only a short holiday, and were anxious to reach Polavaram, eighteen miles toward the hills, before the upstream wind fell, as we knew it would, at ten o'clock in the night. In India the spicy breezes blow by schedule, and only man is unpunctual. Sure enough, our crew, when we arrived, was nowhere to be seen. We were kept kicking our heels and eating Homeric hearts while a whole sunlit navy of thriftier sails went by at racing speed, and careless terns, as if to beguile our impatience, wrote exquisite arcs and curves on a kindling sky. My good friends of the English Club looked down in glory as from a Biblical city wall and mocked our desperate hope of reaching the gorges and returning in less than a week with sails alone. They forgot that in such an enterprise the adventure may be not less precious than the goal.

The start at last into the windy afterglow more than made up for these preliminary vexations. At once the ample prospects of the river, broad as an arm of the sea; the sudden sense of escape and speed and expectation; the multitudinous rustle and throb of the great waves, delicate and pure and warm as the sapphire twilight that invested them, yet strong enough to shake and lift the hulking staff-boat; these, and the sight and smell of caulked planks and ropes and anchors about us, and other immemorial implements of

heroic travel, filled our hearts with the authentic glory; and sweet were the taste and saltless odor of the spray. Staff-boats may be poled or towed or shoved along as occasion arises. In a strong following wind they may even be sailed, as ours was sailed that night, but they are not handy craft at the best of times. Designed for the quiet canals of the Delta, they are usually lashed to steamers on the open river; it was our failure to provide ourselves with any such sordid escort that excited the skepticism of my English friends. Steamers, however, were not for unofficial mariners like us; nor, if they had been, could any steamer have made the gorges at that season; in any case it would have spoiled all the fun. Even so, there was a considerable danger of shoals. But our serang was a trusted pilot, the wind was high, the river unusually full for the time of year, and there seemed every prospect of our reaching Polavaram that night in spite of our late start. Meanwhile we were glad to be alive and afloat. The gallant trim of my friend Bellamy's staff-boat, with its clean decks, and well-appointed cabins, and colored lights on port and starboard (Bellamy had nautical forbears and took a pride in his boat), added not a little to our sense of borrowed but none the less pleasurable importance.

II

The orange light of sunset faded, and the planet Hesperus, which the Hindus make the Chaplain of the Demons, having for some time strown with silver a pathway over the waves before us, sank at last behind the palms of the western shore. Our course, which at first had crossed the river, so as to skirt the ragged continent of shoals above the town, now lay upstream due north. The lights of the town had long been left behind, and even the frequent rockets, which proclaimed the month of marriages, rose and crawled afar off, silent as meteors. We sat in the dark on the foredeck, whiling away the time with talk and singing.

The early April night was warm — on land the season was now fast becoming unpleasantly warm — and our costume, as beseemed the river solitudes, was of the scantiest. My young companions appeared in that sane and seemly apparel which was accounted full dress by the culture of their ancestors, but which modern respectability is fain to supplement, except in the purest privacy of Hindu life, with uncomfortable and barbarous European garments. Costume is a part of mood, as well as the heraldry of the ages, and the classic draperies and reasonable nakedness of my companions carried me away to some Platonic region of the mind, and made me feel that we had indeed set sail into a purer tract of time, and left far behind us the vulgarity that grates more harshly in India than elsewhere, because it is more evidently not a part of the picture.

Of songs, which formed the staple fare of our intellectual picnic, there was no dearth. The Hindus are passionately musical, though their brains observe antique scales and measures very difficult for an Englishman to follow. None of our party, except myself, was ever at a loss for a tune, always cast in the same unfamiliar melodic language, the music of an older world; which had this advantage at least of later styles at such a time, that it was in no wise daunted or disabled by the lack of instrumental accompaniment. Our laureate Bushanam sang, like Orpheus, his own poems. In the East the poet is still a singer, and poetry is always sung, not spoken; a verse without a tune is a boat out of water. Murahari was a lover of the

modern drama, which in India is a kind of opera; he chanted long strophes fire-new from Bombay — where he was supposed to be studying art — to fashionable Parsee melodies. Padmanabham, as usual in those days, — he was not yet known as an original singer, — drew upon his inexhaustible store of rustic ballads; while young Venugopalan, the least ready with words, made pleasant variety by playing on a bamboo flute, and that so prettily that we all declared him to be rightly named; for Venugopalan means Piping Cowherd, a name of the Lord Krishna.

Our music was various, but I noticed presently that it was haunted by a single theme, the story of the same Sri Krishna — that 'latest born and loveliest vision far' of all India's not yet faded hierarchy. I do not know what wandering influence or suggestion controlled this preference. Holi, the great spring festival of Krishna, is not observed in those parts, and our holiday was actually in honor of Rama, an earlier avatar; but even the old tale of Rama and Sita in the forest, of which the Indian singer never tires, was for once forgotten. Krishna subduing the King of the Serpents, Krishna stealing the clothes of the bathing neatherdesses, or keeping a separate love-tryst with a thousand of them at once, or shielding them and all his bucolic fellowship under a mountain uprooted and lifted umbrella-wise against the wrath of Indra — these and all the scenes of that romantic allegory, which is at once the Song of Songs and the New Testament of Hinduism, seemed to be represented in our casual recital.

III

So many and various were the points of interest abroad, and so entirely detached and secluded from the main of common experience did the situation of our little party seem, that I had almost forgotten the progress and problems of our voyage. We had been perhaps two hours afloat. The wind still blew lustily, the waves ran high, and the heavy staff-boat, clumsy sailer that she was, rode half-beam-on under her inadequate sail, but making rapid headway notwithstanding. Beyond the gleam of our own few lights the rolling waste of waves was dark under the stars, and the far-off banks hung invisible upon the edges of the night. The lights of Polavaram were not in sight, and we believed that the windy void had nothing else to give us, either for our advantage, for our amusement, or for our peril.

Suddenly, while we jested, and praised our young piper for his tunes, a sound of women singing arose as it were out of the waves before us. We abounded in conceits that night, I remember, and had early developed the comparison, which I have already exploited, between ourselves and the Argonauts. We had even amused ourselves by distributing the parts in detail, a refinement with which I will not trouble the reader, except to mention that we called Venugopalan Hylas, because he was young and beautiful. He was afterward to justify the apellation more specifically, but this final felicity passed unnoticed at the time, for reasons that will be obvious. Indeed our original and scholastic similitude had already yielded place in the minds of my companions to another and a dearer figure; and when I now remarked, in the spirit of the former make-believe, that we were apparently approaching the rocks of the Sirens, I was made aware of the change at once.

'Say rather,' said Bushanam, the poet, with the obvious approval of the others, 'that yonder is the song of

the Gopis [neatherdesses] of Brindaban answering the flute of Krishna.'

I still thought my simile the better fooling.

'Do the Gopis float in the air, or ride upon the waves?' I asked. 'For these singers appear to be doing one or the other.'

Padmanabham, the mythologist, came to the rescue of the poet.

'No doubt these are Apsarases [celestial dancers] playing the part of Gopis for the occasion,' he said.

After listening for a moment, 'Anyhow,' I said, 'they sing no better and no worse than your countrywomen sing at their work in the rice-fields. What on earth, or rather what on the water or in the air, can they be doing?'

Most of the others were as much puzzled as I, but Bushanam, whose village home lay hereabouts, laughed at our bewilderment.

'As a matter of fact they are neither Sirens nor Apsarases,' said he, 'but village women returning by boat from the islands and the farther shore. Hundreds of them are sometimes employed there by the Public Works to plant pampas grass to hold the banks together.'

Murahari irreverently complained that 'this poet' had spoiled our marvel for us; but Padmanabham, in whom I had often noticed a streak of realism curious in one so mystically minded, declared that he liked the marvel rather better for understanding it; the explanation, he said, seemed somehow to make it more convincing. I thought I recognized a wayward reminiscence of a recent lecture of my own on Bergson's *Laughter*, while I was vaguely reminded also of Wordsworth. These professional subleties, however, I kept to myself. There was a gayer comment to the effect that anyhow it was comforting to feel that we were not losing our wits; but our folk-song specialist, who was listening carefully to the now nearing melody, signed for silence, and almost immediately began to nod, and then to hum, and then to sing in unison with the unseen choir. Apparently the catch was familiar, for the others took it up; and presently our whole party were singing merrily together, while between the lines the lagging cadence of the women's voices answered faintly, like an echo. I thought at first that they were singing an ordinary love-song; but I soon realized that it was intended, for all its human archness, to voice the sentiments of Krishna's sweetheart Radha, whose romance is an image of the relation of the soul to God.

This unpremeditated outburst and its apt occasion were thrilling enough; but we were shortly to experience a series of very different thrills. For now upon the larboard bow a boat became dimly visible, presumably one of those long, narrow, and antique local craft called, in a classic echo, *nawa*. 'Presumably,' because it was not the boat that we descried so much as the passengers; the nawa seemed to be strangely full.

For some reason our singing faltered and stopped, but we were all so intent upon the music and mystery of our odd encounter that the notion of physical danger did not readily occur to us. Quite suddenly I realized that we were about to run the stranger down. As I sprang to my feet I heard our helmsman, far back upon the roof of the cabins, shout upon the wind. We too shouted, a Homeric shout, but the people in the boat paid no heed. Either the sound of their own singing drowned our voices, or they were too closely crowded and helpless to control the course of their own boat. Only when the red glare of our port light loomed over them, and revealed at the same time to our own horrified eyes

the fantastically overloaded plight of the little craft, did a sense of their fate dawn on them.

The song upon their lips changed with uncanny continuity into a wail of terror, for many of them were still singing when the wail began to rise. Our steersman put his helm hard-a-starboard, but the ponderous ark bore down, broadside-on before the wind, upon the helpless nawa.

As we stumbled across the foredeck someone missed his footing and went overboard with a splash. It was Venugopalan, who thus appropriately, but most inopportunely, kept his appointment, as Hylas, with the water-nymphs. Knowing that the boy was a good swimmer, I had no fear that the episode would be enacted to its tragic end. I merely shouted to him to keep clear of the crowd, to swim round and scramble up on the other side of the staff-boat. I saw him set off with a will. Then I forgot him suddenly and completely.

The nawa was alongside or under us, and a swarm of people, whimpering with unutterable fear, — a multitude such as one would never have believed a craft of the size could have carried for a moment, — clung to the gunwale like an army of great bats, or a boarding party of marine animals. Our deck rose at an appalling angle, and between the pressure of the wind on the one beam and the weight of the people on the other the staff-boat showed every sign of heeling over.

Calling to the others to do as I did, I seized a woman by the wrists, — a lean old hag she was, like a witch out of the night, — half-dragged, half-carried her across the foredeck, set her down upon the punter's gangway that overhung the starboard gunwale, and rushed back for another. It seemed the only thing to do, and perhaps it saved us. My companions followed my example. Others we dragged through the cabin windows and hustled out of the opposite windows on to the same gangway. Laboring like giants, and agonizing as men agonize in dreams, — for every moment we expected the staff-boat to come over on us, — we at last had the weather gunwale and the far side of the cabin weighted with an array of wretches sufficient to counterbalance those who were still crawling out of that dreadful nawa and to restore the equilibrium of the staff-boat.

The short breathing space that followed our first frantic spell of rescue was a moment of intense thankfulness, but we were still tingling with horror. The river at that place was unusually deep and wide, and the thought of all those women, the wives and mothers, perhaps, of a whole village, overtaken in that waste of night and crushed through black waves into the abyss, had come too near, seemed still too terribly near to immediate reality, to bear thinking of. We turned with relief to what remained to be done.

We helped the rest of the passengers into the cabin, until the water-logged nawa lay empty in our lee and those whom we had seated along the starboard gunwale could likewise be drawn into the cabin. Then we made the rounds of the ship, peering over the sides to see if there was anyone in the water or clinging to the hull. Padmanabham and I, being the best swimmers of the party, — except perhaps Venugopalan, who had gone to change his wet raiment, — went lightly overboard and swam scouting downstream into the gloom, as much to allay the still persisting impulse to action as in any serious hope of finding possible castaways in that waste of waves. With senses calmed and cooled we got aboard again, donned a dry cloth or so, and joined the others.

IV

Except for the reflected light of a hurricane lantern on the foredeck the cabin was in darkness, but we could see that it was thronged with the refugees. It seemed incredible that such a multitude had ever got into their slender craft. Seated patiently on the floor where we had set them, they were a pitiful company, mostly women; old crones, buxom wenches with bangles on their arms and gold rings in their noses, weary women with babies at the breast; the more part dazed and cowering, but some already talkative, and some feebly hysterical. No one, they said, was lost; hardly anyone was wet, except with tears. They explained that the contractors who hired them to plant reeds made money by providing fewer ferryboats than were charged for in the estimate. They were quite shrewd enough to understand a wrong which they were powerless to prevent.

We lay rocking in mid-river with our dolorous and heavy freight, waiting and calling to the shore for boats to take the women off, and wondering at the strangeness of this sudden invasion of our quiet by the troublesome world. Our careless talk, our music and philosophy, of half an hour before seemed very far away. Suddenly, as suddenly but not so violently as it had been dissipated, that earlier mood of the night came back to us.

While talking of other matters, — some of us were chaffing Venugopalan about certain purples and fine linen in which he had reappeared after his involuntary swim, and which made him look, according to Murahari, 'like a bridegroom,' — I became conscious of a growing excitement among the folk at the far end of the cabin. Presently Padmanabham, who had been moving among them, brought a spark of it across to us. One of the women, he said, was declaring that she had seen Sri Krishna himself intervene to save us. Startled at this independent recurrence of a theme which had haunted us all the evening, I went over and we spoke to her.

She was a woman of middle age, with an intelligent face, and her story was positive and circumstantial. Barely had she taken her seat on the gangway — she had been placed at the forward end of the row; she pointed at the spot through the window — when the Lord Krishna came up out of the darkness and laid his hands upon the heeling bulwark beside her, and bowed himself over it, and slowly pressed it down, and set his foot upon it, so that the ship righted herself, and the god went upward swiftly into the night. Questioned further, she described him as a beautiful young man, exactly like his picture on the wall of the Tirupati temple; his naked arms and shoulder shone, she said, in the darkness 'as blue [Sri Krishna's color is always blue or green in Indian art] as the sky at noonday.' A young woman at her side also claimed to have seen the vision, and vehemently corroborated her description.

The solemnity and aptness of this marvelous tale, the precision and vividness with which it was told, and the obvious conviction of the tellers, reënforced as they were by the singularity of our situation and the memory of all that went before, profoundly moved us; and our emotion was intensified by the response of the rest of the women, which broke forth like a flame as soon as their prophetess had told her tale in the ear of authority. Their fear, their weariness, their sense of grievance, their awe of their hosts and social betters, were forgotten. They laughed, they wept, they called aloud the many names of Krishna. They recited the story one against another until every

woman believed that she had seen the vision herself. And suddenly — and almost, as it seemed, with one accord — they lifted up their voices and sang again the song of the neatherd women of Brindaban, the song that we had heard them singing from afar before we saw them.

When it was finished they sang other songs, but still Sri Krishna was the theme. It must have been nearly an hour before the boats arrived from the shore to take them away, and all the time, without an appreciable pause, they sang the songs of Krishna. Their store of these seemed to be inexhaustible. Most of them, according to Padmanabham, — who gathered that night a record harvest of new songs and versions, — were choric dancing songs, intended to be sung by dancers in a ring, such as oftenest beguile the long evenings in the villages; but now the women sang them sitting as they were upon the floor. Strange and beautiful must have been the sight and sound of our lonely ark of melody, if any listener, mortal or immortal, were abroad that night upon the windy river. I am reminded how, nearly a week later, as we lay moored for the night beside a sand-bank not far from this very spot, after seeing (for we saw) the wonder of the hills, suddenly, but softly at first, I heard grow up out of the silence of the river, like an auricular mirage, a vast chirping of tree crickets, such as fills every Indian glade at night with a sound as of a thousand tinkling waterfalls. Leaning out of the window in amazement, — since for miles about there was only water and sand, — I discovered that this wandering and elfin forest music arose from a great raft that was slowly drifting by, one of those immense bamboo stages, a hundred yards or more in length, which are constantly floated down from the upland forests, each in charge of a couple of hillmen, to the urban timber-yards. It appeared that Padmanabham was also awake and listening, for as our indomitable and star-girt serenaders floated out of hearing he asked me — we two had a habit of bandying similitudes — what they reminded me of, citing for his own part the village women singing of Sri Krishna in mid-river there the week before. His epic simile has remained in my memory as if it had been actually a part of the poem that Reality wrote there on the first night of the voyage.

So also the women went quiring from us into the river and the night as they had come, only they came and went alike in a great wind. The manner of their going was not unworthy of the strange occasion. Four boats they filled, each as large as the magic boat that brought them. They say that faith works miracles, but the greed of the contractors seems in this case to have been hardly less potent. The business of reëmbarking was set only to the music of Telugu speech and happy laughter, but as the last boatload pushed clear the singing began again, and this was the prettiest passage of all. I was told that while the women sang in the cabin there was never a repetition, save what the music ordered, but now, like the chorus of a Wagnerian opera, they returned again to the melody which had heralded their first appearance. My companions joined them in a stanza, but soon broke off to listen. The now familiar carol sounded fainter and fainter above the rustle of the waves, until it sank at last into the darkness whence it came.

V

We were alone again, and free to resume our voyage. The wind still called, but we found that our crew had been so much frightened by the accident

that they insisted on remaining where we were for the night, and we were not sorry to acquiesce. We fell to discussing our adventure; but on the subject of the vision, which must have been foremost in the minds of us all, my companions at first said very little. As a man of alien faith I took care to respect their seeming reticence, curious as I was to explore their thought of the matter. My curiosity was not long to remain unsatisfied.

Just as I was preparing to turn in, Padmanabham came to me with rather a mysterious air and said he had 'something beautiful' to show me. I followed him into the cabin and was told not to look round until the word was given. I stood at the far end of the cabin with my back to the door. Padmanabham said, 'Now,' and immediately I heard behind me the sound of a flute, and turned.

Beyond the doorway of the cabin a small porch, supported on two pillars, projected over the three steps that led up to the foredeck. The cabin was still in darkness, but the porch was now lit with a mysterious emerald radiance, and appeared like the shrine of a little temple, of which the cabin formed the nave. Between the pillars of this shrine, softly phosphorescent against the square of outer darkness framed in the doorway, I saw the very form and canonical attitude of the blue-green Cowherd God, standing with crossed legs and playing on his flute. The graceful form, the beautiful face, the glossy Rajput curls I recognized as those of our young scholar Venugopalan, as if he had lent his person as a vehicle to the divinity whose name he borrowed; but what was the meaning of that strange transfiguring radiance, the 'shadowed livery' of the blue-green god himself? For a moment the solemn import and unearthly beauty of the spectacle held me like a spell. Then, with unconscious equivocation, I addressed the apparition by name, the boy's name and the god's at once. The emerald vision of the avatar was extinguished, and my scholar stood before me in the dark. I strode past him to the door and there I read the explanation, not only of the immediate mystery, but of that night's earlier epiphany as well; for under the eaves of the porch hung a plain green lamp, the starboard lamp of the staff-boat.

Padmanabham was watching me with a look that claimed appreciation, such as he would use in reporting a choice ballad, or indicating some gem of local art. 'Now you see, sir,' said he, 'what the woman saw, only in her case there was no artifice behind it.'

'You mean that she saw Gopal clamber aboard after his ducking at the beginning?' I said.

'Just that. He happened to climb up in front of the green light. You told him to swim round to that side. This woman was one of the first to be taken across, and must have been at the end of the row, just behind the light. Those that followed her were taken through the cabin.'

'Of course!' I said. 'I wonder I did n't think of it before. She naturally did n't suppose that a mere mortal would come up out of the river at such a time. Gopal would have frightened anybody.'

'But what would I not have given, sir, to have seen him with her eyes! Just so did Sri Krishna come up out of the pool where he fought with the Lord of Serpents. Gopal's flute was still in his hand. She did n't mention it, but no doubt it formed part of her impression. And how marvelously every little circumstance conspired to help her interpretation — for misinterpretation I dare not call it. Gopal had difficulty in getting aboard, owing to our heavy list to port, and she read his struggles as

the effort of the god to right the ship. Once aboard, he climbed by way of the roof to the dressing-room —'

'But,' I interrupted, 'he was standing within a yard of her in the cabin when she told her story. I suppose she did n't know him in the dark.'

'No, and the crowd; and she was n't expecting to find him there; and besides he had changed his linen waist-cloth for that purple silk one, and also put on a Salem scarf.'

'I've no doubt you are right,' I said. 'It was very clever of you to guess it all. I thought the woman might have seen you or me swimming in the water, and dreamed the rest. I quite forgot about Gopal.'

'It was Murahari, painter and opera-goer, who first explained the miracle. He wanted Gopal to stage his little mystery in the porch while the women were still in the cabin, but we would n't allow it. We did n't want to wreck their beautiful belief. Now,' his eyes glowed, 'it will grow into a legend.'

I smiled at his enthusiasm. 'I suppose I ought to be flattered,' I said, 'that you don't class me with those simple souls, but I could almost wish that you had been as careful even of my feebler wisp of illusion. You don't seem to feel at all like that yourself, Padmam. I suppose you find the miracle more "convincing" now that you can account for it, like the voices on the water that began it.'

Padmanabham reflected for a moment. 'Yes, I think I would rather know that something beautiful actually happened than be left in doubt whether the woman did n't imagine everything. But I don't see why this explanation should altogether destroy the spiritual meaning of the vision. I, as you know, am a pantheist. I believe that God works His will, not by breaking in upon the order of events, but in the order itself. Why should not His epiphanies be accomplished in the same way?'

'Such epiphanies,' I said, tempting him, 'would always be liable to be dismissed as accidental illusions.'

'Nothing is really accidental,' replied my young scholar and preceptor, 'and everything, as we perceive it, is illusion. To the sannyasin even the incarnation of Sri Krishna himself is an illusion, justified in the last resort, like the rest of our experience, only by its beauty and helpfulness. It seems to me that our river vision has a measure at least of the same justification.'

This time it was my turn to pause and think.

'The hour is late,' I said at last, 'the matter complicated; and I suspect that you are something of a sophist. I admit that your interpretation is the better poetry, and I claim that mine's the better history. I am still doubtful which is the better religion. But if you believe, and I deny, the right will be with one of us.'

'Or between us,' he said.

JOURNALISM AND MORALITY

BY SILAS BENT

I

For the hundredth time, savagely, I rang that doorbell. It was not my first visit, by any means, although there was no hope that the mistress of the household could be seen, for she had eloped several days before with a millionaire manufacturer of cosmetics; and as for her husband, he was under restraint in a private sanitarium. There was a grown daughter who was supposed to be in her mother's confidence, and I hoped to worm out of her the secret of the lovers' whereabouts. The newspaper I was working for was getting uneasy. It had printed the scandal with gusto but without provocation. There had been no court action, no street encounter between the two men; the millionaire had not even been expelled from his clubs. There was no legal privilege of publication. And as time wore on, the other newspapers not daring in the circumstances to say anything about the case, there had come to the office an acute feeling that unless the runaways were found there might be short shrift in a libel suit.

As I turned away from the door a telegraph messenger boy was wearily mounting the steps.

'There's nobody home,' I told him curtly, 'not even a servant.'

'You can sign for this, can't you?' he asked. 'Friend of the family.'

On the open book he held out for my signature was a telegram addressed to the daughter of the house. It must surely be from her mother. I set down an assumed name, pocketed the message, and waited until the boy was out of sight.

It was evening and I was working for an afternoon newspaper, so I took my booty home. There, with a borrowed and heated hatpin, I opened the telegram — not very expertly, for I tore the flap. The message was dated from Tucson, and was an inquiry from the wife about the condition of the deserted husband. I had found the runaways.

The anxiety behind this telegram did not at all concern me, nor was I concerned at having stolen it. As the child of God-fearing parents I think I may say I had a strict sense of private property rights: I would not have pilfered ten cents or ten dollars. But my conscience was wholly untroubled about the message, because I had done the conventional thing. I was living up to the standards of my fellows. Other reporters would have done as I did, confident of the approval of their superiors; and this was true of nearly all metropolitan newspapers twenty years ago, not merely of those which were denominated yellow. We used to hear of some that did not join in such practices, but they were notoriously stodgy, and suffered correspondingly in revenue. A comparison of the circulation and advertising statistics of the *Boston Transcript* as against the *New York World*, of the *New York Evening Post* of that day as against the *Chicago Tribune*, will illustrate my point.

Newspapers that were successful financially went after news aggressively, and on occasion made news, as my paper had done in the case of this illicit elopement.

I was exultant, not ashamed; and it was with repressed triumph that I laid the telegram on the city editor's desk the next morning, explaining in detail how I had come by it.

He heard me unmoved, gazing out over the 'local room.' Then he said hastily that he must go into the editorial conference, a daily formality, and would see me when he returned. He took the telegram with him. This impressed me as rather odd behavior, but what happened when he came back was really trying.

'You are aware,' he said severely, 'that you have committed a felony?'

I nodded. I was beginning to get angry.

'This newspaper cannot countenance such conduct,' he continued, 'and will make no use whatever of information obtained in that way. If I did not realize that you acted from overzeal I should be compelled to discharge you. As it is, you will be permitted to remain on the staff, on probation. Now, what are you going to do with this telegram?' His gravity relaxed; his manner implied a bantering reproach. 'Rough work,' he said. 'The flap's torn.'

'I'll paste it up,' I replied sullenly, 'and stick it under the door.'

'Don't do that,' he advised. 'Suppose we wait.'

I returned to my desk, and presently the Sunday editor, with a curious smile, handed me a receiving telegraph envelope, properly addressed. As he turned wordlessly away the city editor beckoned me, slipped the message into the fresh envelope, sealed it, and directed me, instead of returning it in person, to employ someone I could trust, and have him telephone me when the task was safely accomplished. The message was slow in coming. Once, when I emerged from a telephone booth after answering a personal call, the city editor summoned me impatiently. He leaned forward and whispered with the air of a conspirator: 'Have you removed the corpse from the premises?'

Although I was in a state of high moral indignation at the manner in which my lawbreaking was being accepted, I was somewhat mollified at this tacit indication of fellow responsibility. After all, the city editor was a good scout. Presently I learned that the telegram had been put under the right door, and that my messenger, after ringing the bell, had escaped without being questioned, and I so reported. I was made to feel, somehow, that I was in quite good odor at the office.

That afternoon the paper printed on the first page a story from Tucson. The runaways were there, registered under an assumed name at the principal hotel. If 'no use whatever' had been made of the information in the stolen telegram, then some obscure reporter out West must have been blessed suddenly with clairvoyance. The couple, thus discovered, started at once toward home, and I was sent out to meet the train halfway. There was no suit for libel.

II

Thereafter I thought it proper to say nothing of such exploits at the office. I was expected to deliver the goods and no questions asked. There was the time, for instance, when I broke into a house to steal a photograph. We prized pictures highly in those days, although it was fifteen years before the advent of the illustrated tabloid.

I was reporting an unsavory will-case in an Illinois city, and the wife of a Baptist clergyman from a near-by town was disagreeably involved in it. She

and her husband had fled to escape the notoriety, but her affidavit had been taken and was read in court with some letters. Two members of the pastor's church, one of them a deacon (a real-estate man named Taylor), had come to court that day, and they were vocally indignant. They had supposed, from the preacher's loyalty to his wife, that she was innocent. That night, after I had filed my story of the day's proceedings, I took a train for the near-by village, and called on Mr. Taylor. He told me all he knew about the pastor's wife, and rummaged the house in vain for a picture. When I pressed him to search further, hinting that publication would mortify the cuckold clergyman and his wife, the deacon had a sudden inspiration.

'They stored their things in one of my cottages,' he said. 'I'll show you the place.'

He dressed, for it was long past twelve of a brilliant moonlit night, and took me to the cottage, which stood on a corner. Beside it was an unoccupied lot, but there were homes on each corner site, and all the houses were dark. My friend the deacon left me to my own devices.

The adventure seemed to me only mildly exciting. There was no danger that the deacon would prosecute me for housebreaking, and the owners of the personal property within would hardly dare come forward in any event. There was a possibility that some strolling village constable might nab me, or even take a pot shot at me, but it was remote.

In the shadow at the back of the house I discovered a broken window-pane, and effected an entrance without much trouble. I found myself in what seemed to be a narrow pantry, and the door into the adjoining room was not only locked but nailed. There was nothing to do but force it; so I put my foot against the opposite wall and shoved with all my might.

The door suddenly gave way like the crack o' doom. The noise it made in that empty house, in that silent night, startled and unnerved me. I crawled through the window and crouched fearfully in the black shadow. Nothing happened. After a little bit, reassured, I made my way back into the house and so into a front room, striking matches and shading them with my hands. On the sofa was an old suitcase, unlocked; and when I threw it open I discovered in the jumble some photographs. I took them to the shuttered window, to inspect them in a bar of moonlight which came through, and on top found the snapshot of a woman, astride a horse. Just what I wanted! At this moment of joy I happened to peer through the crack in the shutter, and my heart skipped a beat. The house across the street, which had been dark when I came, was lighted!

It may be that someone in the house had come home late, or was ill, but of course my instant thought was that the crashing of the door had waked the neighbors, and that probably they had telephoned for the police. I thrust the pictures hastily into an inner pocket and bolted through the house again; but after a painful wait I ventured to the railroad station and boarded a train without mishap.

Only one of the pictures was of any use, and I threw the others away. I wrote to the office that I had obtained the snapshot of the lady on horseback 'at considerable trouble'; and after it had gone through the art department, where the fuzziness was painted out, it loomed large on page one. Subsequently, for twenty-five dollars, I obtained from a photographer three posed pictures, as well as the address of the fugitive preacher and his wife. They were a good thousand miles away, in

the Bay View Hotel at Biloxi, Mississippi, but my paper sent me in pursuit.

The Bay View Hotel was really a large boarding-house on the shell road, and it was filled. I took quarters near by. My first ruse, 'a message from Mr. Taylor,' failed. Probably they had heard of the deacon's personal apostasy. I wired my paper that a surprise attack had failed, and that I must settle down to a siege; but after three days of it I resorted to a new expedient — new to me. At the telegraph office I typed, on receiving blanks, a long message to the clergyman's wife, telling her I had come a thousand miles at great expense solely to put her defense before the world, but that now I was out of patience and was going back unless she telephoned me an invitation to interview her. The poor person, who had refused to answer the telephone, who had returned my notes unopened and had even declined to accept a special-delivery letter, could not resist her curiosity about the telegram. She read it; and although it had cost me only a tip to the messenger boy she seemed to think I must have made a lavish outlay on it. She telephoned, and I got the interview.

III

There will be those who think the preacher's wife was entitled to her hard-won and long-defended privacy; but personal privacy was no more sacred to the newspaper man of that day than the Golden Rule to a Hottentot. It is not sacred now, of course, but there is a difference in the motives for invasion, and a difference in the manner. The press has different standards of news, and would not pursue to such a distance persons of station so humble. If the clergyman's wife had been the daughter of a fashionable multimillionaire family, and her husband a celebrated jazz-composer, they could not have escaped. But the press of that day was merely incited to greater activity by *any* effort at escape; for it was a time when 'beats' were valued disproportionately, and an effort to escape publicity meant that one newspaper might get something which the others would miss. The eagerness for a 'scoop' threw things out of perspective. And then the newspapers had shorter arms for the gathering of material; with a more limited supply they were forced to squeeze what they had more forcibly, and display it more enticingly.

Good reporters in that day were men with initiative and nerve, whose sensibilities were none too keen. The elder Bennett once said that newspapers sometimes required men to do things which a gentleman would n't like to do. It is difficult to know whether he, the pioneer yellow journalist of this country, was in an ironic mood, or merely was not clear in his mind as to what sort of deportment is prescribed for gentlemen. He had a great contempt for all reporters, although by falling in with his acute notions of what was interesting — by which he meant what was sensational — they helped heap up his millions. The financial success of the *New York Herald*, indeed, inspired that costly and spectacular war, more than a quarter of a century ago, in which William Randolph Hearst and Joseph Pulitzer, through the *American* and the *World*, fought for supremacy in fakery and thrills.

This warfare reverberated through the provinces, and affected profoundly the practices of all sizable newspapers there. It so happened that I drifted into reporting (most of the men who went into newspaper work in those days were just drifting; there was not even an opportunity to pause for meditation in a school of journalism) in the early part of this century, when emulation of Hearst-Pulitzer methods was most

marked; and I had hardly begun to get the hang of the work before the paper that was paying me twelve dollars a week imported from New York, as managing editor, a man who knew the tricks of the trade. I was in an Indiana town working on a murder mystery at the time. Correspondents were there from Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, and so on; the *Indianapolis Star*, I remember, sent a squad of four men. That my paper had assigned a green recruit like myself showed it needed a New York managing editor. I was introduced to him over the long-distance telephone, and was told to whoop it up. There was no limit to my space; above all I must send photographs. More, my stuff was to be signed. The new managing editor assumed apparently that a seasoned man had been sent out on a mystery so compelling; and in New York an emergence from reportorial anonymity had already begun.

Highly stimulated by the importance suddenly attaching to my story, I worked night and day. A pretty schoolteacher had been found murdered, and the town had brought two detectives from a Chicago agency to help the local police to solve the mystery. These two, with the mayor and the chief of police, formed a court of inquiry, which examined witnesses endlessly, and gave out enigmatic or misleading statements to the reporters. All the correspondents thought it a futile and ridiculous performance. One of the Hearst men from Chicago sent his paper an interview with the mayor saying that the murderer would be behind the bars within twenty-four hours. It was a fake, and I was moved to competition. I wrote a yarn that a clock, given to the young woman by an admirer, had 'stopped at the fatal hour.' This was reprinted, without credit and without investigation, all over that part of the country.

The facts about the murder make a good story, but there is no space for them here. I believe I was the first to strike the right trail. The girl had been killed by one of the foremost citizens of the town, a professional man of means. My first action when I 'got a line' on this was to procure his photograph and send it to my paper; then I sneaked away from the other correspondents to Terre Haute, struck up an acquaintance with a trained nurse, and got certain corroborative evidence. In every respect I was conducting myself as a private detective, not as a reporter, and in this I was conforming to the pattern of my fellows. When I returned and laid my facts before the mayor, I asked that the man be arrested under conditions which would assure me of a beat. He said he would consult the Chicago detectives. He did, and the detectives consulted the suspect. No arrest was made, or ever has been made, so far as the guilty man is concerned. An innocent man was tried for the murder and acquitted, although the detectives had forced from him a false confession. By this time the newspapers thereabout knew the truth, and I am told it is now an open secret throughout Indiana; but I, vain of my detective work in connection with it, was downcast that we could n't bring the murderer to book. The new managing editor consoled me.

'We'll keep the picture,' he said sagely, 'and if he does n't confess we can print the story when he dies. You can't libel a dead man.'

But when I last heard of the murderer he was still much alive, going about his business in the Indiana town as though nothing had happened. Thus one of my earliest experiences witnessed the failure of the press in a function on which it particularly prided itself. In that day it constituted itself part of the police force of its community, no doubt on the ground that this was a public

service. Great crime mysteries were often solved quite outside the official agencies. Nowadays newspapers take no such arduous interest in them, and it may be that more of them go unsolved.

IV

Not defensively, but that the record may be straight, let me say that I did very little faking, although there was no special prejudice against it, so long as the fake was n't libelous. I was working, remember, not for newspapers in the Hearst chain, but for dailies that held high standing in their communities; and in the office of at least one of them there was an understanding that a man would be fired if he were caught faking. It so fell out that I was caught in the act by that very city editor. He sent me out with explicit instructions to get something new in the case of a man who had died of exposure in a city park, after a winter's night of revelry. I knew what the instructions meant. They meant making a mystery, preferably a murder mystery, out of the death. But at the hospital I could get no aid or encouragement, and the coroner declined firmly to reopen the case. If he had but agreed to it, I should have had all the elbowroom I needed for speculation, about a jealous rival or knock-out drops or what not. I did learn that the dead man had six grown brothers; and since I must have something new I wrote that all of them had gathered round the bier and sworn to their mother that they never again would touch a drop of intoxicants.

This happened in St. Louis, and the population of St. Louis, unfortunately for me, was largely German. If I had said that the brothers had sworn off all but beer, I might possibly have got by with it. I don't know. I do know that what was printed wounded them deeply, and tended to make them ridiculous in the eyes of their neighbors. All six of them stalked into the office and demanded a retraction from the city editor. He appeased them by killing my story. It had appeared in one edition; it appeared in no other.

The city editor said nothing about it to me. I had but obeyed orders as best I could.

That sort of faking, I believe, has gone quite by the board in the substantial daily press. I am not talking now about the picture papers, which are a law unto themselves, and which are in some ways comparable to the papers which startled a continent during the Hearst-Pulitzer war. It was soon found by the *American*, the *World*, and their imitators that faking did n't pay. For one thing, readers got so they did n't believe what they read. The era of fakery is partly responsible for the common saying that you can't believe what you see in the newspapers. But there was still another argument. Why employ men to cook up such feeble stuff when all over the world men and women were enacting dramas much more moving and convincing? With the multiplication of the agencies of news-gathering the excuse for faking disappeared. The pressure on the news columns became so great that it was a question, not of finding sensational stuff to print, nor of manufacturing it, but of selecting according to certain standards from the mass at hand.

In somewhat the same way the scoop was found not to pay dividends. There is no longer sharp competition between rival newspapers to anticipate one another in the presentation of news, simply because it does n't pay. The triumph as a rule lasts only through one edition, and is forgotten in twenty-four hours. Other factors of much greater importance have entered into circulation, such as superior mechanical equipment, the employment of

'colyumists' and feature writers, prize contests and crossword puzzles. Even crusading, which was justified as a public service, has become passé. The Hearst-Pulitzer papers have come a long way since the days of their vivid competition; the Pulitzer papers — perhaps owing to the fact that they are now administered as an estate for the heirs — a little the farther. Excepting big headlines and a predilection for scandal, they have little in common with yellow journalism as they once exemplified it. They still crusade a little, out of habit, although they must know it is old-fashioned; but they do not fake, or break their necks to beat one another. When any newspaper nowadays deliberately distorts the facts, it is not to produce a sensation, but to serve some ulterior political or financial end. And since that kind of cheating is likely to be detected sooner or later, to the impairment of circulation and advertising, newspapers are chary of it. They depend for their revenue on popular favor, and the processes that make for their success are at least as democratic as the processes by which a man becomes President of these United States.

V

Underlying the changing standards and practices of the press is the mechanizing of the plant and the process of news-distribution. All the processes that go toward reducing the population of this country to an Arrow-collar level have worked their way with the newspaper, and are still at work. We see this in the editorial pages, where forthright expression of opinion has been subordinated to a recital of facts likely to be acceptable to a large circulation. Mechanical improvements have made possible larger circulations, and larger circulations have imposed a greater common denominator of taste to please. The capital investment is larger, and the policy more conservative. Nowhere is this more evident than in the news columns.

The good reporter in this year of grace differs widely from the good reporter in the first decade of the century. Individual exploits have gone out of journalism as they have gone out of war. Those that I have sketched here as fairly characteristic of the day's work — although, to be sure, some of them are high spots — are obsolescent, perhaps quite obsolete. When the spur to get a scoop ceased to be felt, reporters began to work in groups instead of singly, against one another. If there are several ends of a story to be covered, the work is apportioned among them, and they get together later to share what they have gathered. If a celebrity is to be interviewed, it is done en masse. The technique of reporting is coöperative. There is no special initiative, because there is no real competition, in getting at the facts. And the facts, when written, must be in accord with a rigid formula. Everybody around a newspaper, excepting the sports writers, is pouring stuff into a mould.

The reporter of pugilism, horse-racing, or tennis has a quite exceptional latitude. He is encouraged to express himself in ways little short of bizarre. The inhibitions and restrictions that fetter the news reporter do not affect him except perhaps in rare instances, when sporadic efforts are made to lace the sporting page within the corsets of the formula prevailing elsewhere. I do not know why these efforts have been unsuccessful. It is an interesting question. I do know that in this one department of your paper you will find a free run of slang and a racy expression of personal opinion; and it may be worth noting as something more than a coincidence that our Heywood Brouns

and our Ring Lardners are recruited from the sporting staffs of newspapers. No graduate from the local room may expect, unless he works a near-miracle of self-expression, to receive any training for the kind of writing those fellows do.

There is a crop of writers, the Will Irwins and Samuel Hopkins Adamses and Ray Stannard Bakers, who came out of the news departments, but they emerged before the present rigidity of standardization set in. They are graduates of the old *Sun*, which stimulated reporting with a flavor and a difference, and which has now joined the melancholy array of gravestones in Mr. Munsey's cemetery. It may be set down with a good deal of certitude that present-day news-reporting will never make a good writer of any man or woman. Persons with the making of writers in them may pause for a moment in the local room, not for the training, but for the closer look at life it affords. They do pause there sometimes, but not for long. If they linger, it is at their peril.

Even the Supreme Court of the United States has now recognized that news is a commodity. At its best, news-writing may produce a lower order of literature, but I doubt it. I think that the speed and strict commercialism of the output must prevent that. Where is the 'controlled delirium' of the news room just before edition time, of which Julian Ralph used to tell us? Not even the sinking of a Titanic causes more than a ripple. The day's grist is gathered into the hopper, put through the mill, and comes out a standardized product; and about the process there is the precision, the good craftsmanship, and somewhat the quantity of Ford manufacture. The glamorous excitement and the pride of personal handiwork have gone out of it.

In one respect this is advantageous. News is graded and valued much more accurately than in the old days. If you will pick up your competing morning newspapers, and glance at their first pages, you will see that — without any prearrangement — they display the same news in their show-windows, with about the same emphasis. Although it is still impossible to define news satisfactorily, it is nevertheless possible to put it into a perspective, at any moment, which trained newspaper men will agree is the right perspective for that time and place. Its worth can be estimated as accurately as horsemen gauge the value of horseflesh.

On the reporter, however, the process of standardization has worked a hardship. I do not mean that he would be happier stealing telegrams and playing private detective, although he might. I do mean that his most valuable attributes, which formerly manifested themselves on occasion in such ways, tend now to atrophy. The establishment of a formula in composition makes him lazy. The lack of competition makes him flabby. He loses initiative, gets so he takes things for granted, ceases to inquire closely. He lacks that effective skepticism which goes to the root of things. He accepts listlessly the statements handed out to him by lawyers, well-meaning propagandists, and publicity agents.

Two instances have come under my observation recently which will serve to illustrate what I mean as regards press agents. The first was a speech by a famous railroad executive, delivered in New York City. In advance of the occasion a publicity bureau, calling itself a 'counselor in public relations,' — for this is the patter of the trade, — sent to the newspapers and to the news agencies a copy of the address, as it had been dictated to a stenographer. But when the railroad man found his audience responsive he departed, after the

first few paragraphs, from the manuscript. He is noted for his sharp tongue, and he has pronounced opinions. The upshot was a much livelier and more interesting speech than he had intended to make. The reporters who were sent as a formality to the meeting, after verifying the fact that the speaker was there and was talking, went on their way with the prepared copy in their pockets; and the next morning no New York newspaper had the real news of the evening, although one of them printed the 'canned' speech in full.

The other instance was a news story about an industrial plant in which several deaths had occurred from poisoning. Rumors of this spread about New York, and one paper sent a man to investigate them. What he did was to apply for information to the publicity department of the plant, and he came back empty-handed, convinced that there was no story to be printed. Later another newspaper sent out a man who, it happened, was 'dated' in his reportorial training. He went first to the plant, and by inquiry on the spot got the facts. When finally he approached the publicity department and the officials of the corporation he had a list of deaths, compiled from the mortuary records, and what he got was a helpless admission that the story was true. It revealed an ugly condition, and it was news — rather than an instance of crusading — because a similar condition as revealed in other plants was the subject of widespread agitation; but the facts about this plant would never have become public property, in all probability, if the modern tendency in reporting had been followed.

This was a matter of news because it was under investigation by the Federal Government and the officials of two States; but when reports reached New York morning newspapers, during the investigations, of conditions in other plants, no reporter was sent out to investigate them. The conditions were described as similar to those under scrutiny, in that workers were dying, or had died, of poisoning; but they differed in that different poisons, not then under official investigation, were to blame. Why should a newspaper concerned mainly with circulation and advertising go out of its way to stir up this scandal, when it had in hand more scandal than it could print? To have done so would have been to undertake a crusade on its own initiative; and crusading, as we have noted, is passé.

Undoubtedly newspapers, in those days when they were quick on the trigger and crusaded on slight provocation, did grave injustice to individuals on many an occasion. They realized their power, and sometimes used it recklessly, sometimes for mere display. The present easy-going attitude is more comfortable for them and for their reporters, and certainly it is more comfortable for certain parts of the public. We have a politer daily journalism. It strives more earnestly to please, is more regardful of our wishes. Its morals are more urbane. Its temper is more flexible. It can see good in nearly anything.

THE BLACK CAT

BY AMORY HARE

I

Like mice the black cat languidly allows
To play between her paws, so people live,
Nibbling at crumbs and thinking like a mouse
That crumbs are all that Life to mice will give.
There is not one of us who can obtain
More certainty of life, more surety
Than a cat's after-dinner moods contain
Of mice in prominence or in obscurity.
So, when the creature sleeps with velvet paws,
Make haste to use the stillness in the House
To dance between the breadcrumbs and the claws
And snatch the whole life-cycle of a Mouse
From that small space fanned by the feline breath
Where lies in fitful sleep the Black Cat, Death.

II

Before the Cat wakes and the paw descends
How much each Mouse must do, or never know
The fleeting ecstasy before it ends;
How ceaselessly the little feet must go

Backward and forward for the body's bread;
To meet, to love, to mate, and bring to birth
Other quick feet to patter past the head
Of that great Cat who sleeps upon the earth,
Then wakes and strikes, and roams the windy ways
Of town and country, slipping past the door
Of hut and hostel, like a ghost that preys
On the king's highways or the open moor.
Once when its prowling feet my house defiled
It took my caged bird and it spared my child.

III

Then, being minded healthily, I ran
Out in the sun and tilted up my chin
Till the light healed, as only sunlight can,
All the dark fears that midnight gathered in.
April was busy with her secret mirth
And flinging sentience from a golden sack;
Wherever Death had brought his prey to earth
She grew a lovelier thing behind his back.
So that I caught life to my heart again,
And laid the small bird gently in the ground,
Knowing the Cat had struck at it in vain:
Part of all color, one with all lovely sound
The bird had been, and I myself would be
Woman again though the Cat strike at me.

A SYSTEM FOR THE CONDUCT OF WAR

BY GENERAL SIR FREDERICK MAURICE

I

Any Government that hopes to wage war successfully and without undue cost must have established, before arms clash, a well-considered system of conducting war. Lincoln built up such a system under the stress of bitter experience. Davis, starting on his task with a far greater technical equipment than Lincoln possessed, never devised any effective system. It is commonly said by students of the history of the American Civil War that Lincoln was from the first seeking for a man, and that when he had found a man in Grant the rest was easy. Those who take this view are apt to quote Napoleon: 'In war men are nothing; it is the man who is everything. The general is the head, the whole of the army. It was not the Roman army that conquered Gaul, but Cæsar; it was not the Carthaginian army that made Rome tremble in her gates, but Hannibal.'

True enough of armies, but not the complete truth of modern nations at war. Sir William Robertson, who was the responsible adviser of a Government longer than any other soldier in the Great War, has said that the part of the effort of the British Empire for which he was responsible to the Cabinet was but 26 per cent of the whole. There must, then, be someone to direct that whole and to coördinate its parts. It is not sufficient for the statesmen to choose leaders for armies, navies, and air forces, and to say to them, 'Now go and fight.' I hope to show that that was not Lincoln's attitude to Grant. There must be direction — and constant direction — of strategy, but if direction is not to become mischievous interference the director must know how to direct. Here is the main difficulty which democracy must overcome if it is to be successful in war. Ministers who owe their position to votes have in time of peace more than sufficient to occupy them in meeting the daily needs and demands of voters. But voters in the mass take an interest in preparation for war only spasmodically, when they are alarmed, and then only in the provision of men and material, never in the organization of a system for the conduct of war. Ministers are therefore under no pressure to prepare themselves for a danger which mercifully is exceptional.

On the outbreak of the Great War our fleet and our small army were as well prepared as we can reasonably expect to find them in another like case. The Committee of Imperial Defense had elaborated a War Book which set forth the emergency legislation needed, and the action required of every government department. All this stood well the test of experience. But no one had thought out the most important preparation of all — a system for the conduct of war. The Field Service Regulations, the soldier's bible in war, did make in very general terms a brief statement of the respective

functions of soldier and statesman in war, but I much doubt if they were read by any minister. So we entered upon the war with no system for its conduct, and had to pay the price of neglect, notably in the Dardanelles campaign. More than fifty years after Lincoln we had, like him, to rough out a system as the result of bitter experience and at the cost of vast expenditure of blood and treasure, and it may be questioned if in the end our system was as good as his.

It is this lack of system, as I have said, and not any defect in the British Constitution, which was the cause of the weakness deplored by Lord Salisbury. Von Moltke designed for the autocratic Government of Prussia a method of conducting war which had great merits, but had one vital defect. Democracy can, if it will, devise a better. Modern war demands, not Napoleon's man, but a partnership between the statesman and his military commanders.

I use the term 'military' in its widest sense to include all armed forces. The statesman must be the senior partner, and if the partnership is to be effective its members must have confidence each in the other, must be sufficiently acquainted with the whole business to understand the needs and difficulties of each, and the senior partner must know when and how to leave his fellows to their tasks, how to direct without interference. It requires no great effort to achieve this knowledge. For the statesman it demands no technical study of the details of strategy or of tactics — indeed knowledge of this kind may be, in fact probably will be, positively harmful. But if the partnership is to be effective the statesman must have learned from the experience of others, as recorded in history, what are the essentials of a good system for conducting war, and, having learned that, must have such a system ready before the time comes to put it to the test. Further, if the partners are to work together, the system must be known to all. Only when that is so can the military partners study their functions and determine their conduct. If the junior partners are to do their business they must know on what principles and by what methods their senior will act.

The difficulties in the past have arisen mainly because of a misconception of what is meant by the conduct of war. This has generally been supposed to mean the direction of armies and navies, and has therefore been regarded as a matter to be left to soldiers and sailors. To-day at least we should be aware that it means the direction for a special purpose of the whole power and resources of the nation. This is clearly not a matter to be left to soldiers or sailors, nor would any responsible soldier or sailor desire it to be so left. But it is a matter which requires preparation and organization as complete and systematic as does the mobilization of armed forces. It is a form of preparation which has the outstanding merit of costing nothing but thought, and of conveying no menace to a possible foe. The only difficulty in the way of getting it set on foot is the difficulty of getting the voters, who supply to ministers the inducement to act, interested in the subject. It is curious that, while most young men who aspire to take a part in public life make some study of social problems and methods of removing the evils from which the community suffers in time of peace, few if any make a study of how to deal with the greatest evil of all — war.

First in importance comes the study of the means of preventing war, but until those means have been found so certainly as to make war impossible, then surely a study of the means of

conducting war with the greatest success and with the least loss must come next. This is a study not without interest, for it brings one into touch with men acting in positions of great responsibility under great stress, and it is certainly a study of national importance.

'The nation in arms' is a term the meaning of which, before 1914, we had but vaguely conceived; we know now that it comprises much more than the men who bear arms. No democracy will consent to hand over to professional sailors, soldiers, and airmen the direction of the whole vast forces which comprise the power of a nation, as Ludendorff has more than once hinted, in his two books, that Germany should have done in the Great War. The instinct which forbids this is wise, for I do not believe that even Napoleon at his zenith could himself have controlled and directed the complex resources of a modern great Power, and at the same time have commanded its armies in the field.

II

It is, then, agreed that the conduct of war must be directed by statesmen, and it is equally agreed that one part of the conduct of war, the handling of armies and navies, must be left to professional experts. How are these two conditions to be fulfilled?

In time of peace statesmen have at their elbows experts to assist them in the work of the departments with which they are charged. It is the statesman's business to inform his experts of the policy to which his Government is committed, and to explain to them his plans for giving effect to that policy. They have then to complete the details of such plans, to point out to the statesman difficulties in the way, and to suggest the best method of overcoming them. When, as sometimes happens, the statesman has no policy, it is the business of the expert to propose to him measures which his experience has told him are required. The statesman's function is then to tell his adviser how far the public is prepared to accept such measures, whether the political situation is ripe for their introduction. Under such conditions the expert is the servant of the statesman and through him of the State. He is usually anonymous and is unknown to the general public. A Chancellor of the Exchequer is not expected to be an expert financier and economist any more than a civilian statesman is expected to be an expert strategist and tactician. He gets such advice and help as he thinks necessary from financiers and economists, and accepts or rejects as much of that advice as he thinks fit. He makes himself responsible for the final result which he himself presents through Parliament to the nation. Why are not similar methods possible in war? If the statesman is primarily responsible for the conduct of war, why should he not explain his policy and his plans to his soldiers and sailors and get them to prepare the details for him, modify those details himself as seems to him fit, and supervise the execution of the plan as finally prepared?

The reason why this method is not applicable to the conduct of war is that war is neither a science nor a business; it is an art. The economist or the financier can say to his Chancellor, 'Do this, and such and such will be the consequences. You will gain or lose so much revenue.' The Chancellor can check that opinion with a dozen others, and, if he is a judge of men, he knows what value to place on each. Neither soldiers nor sailors, if they know their business, will attempt to prophesy how they will act before they meet their enemy, nor will they foretell what the results will be. They know that in war there are few constants and an

immense number of variants. Like the painter or the sculptor they should be guided automatically by the principles of their art, and should be so steeped in its technique that instinctively and without any conscious process of reasoning they apply the right stroke at the right time. Foch is fond of quoting the question which General Verdy du Vernois asked himself when, in the Austro-Prussian War of 1866, he approached the battlefield of Nachod. 'Let history and principles go to the devil. After all, what is the problem?' Which means that it is only the amateur who thinks of principles and technique when it is time to act, only the duffer at golf who murmurs to himself, 'Slow back.'

Here, then, is one vitally important difference between the military experts and those other experts with whom statesmen are normally in contact. But there are others. The soldier or the sailor in command in war is never anonymous. He is a public figure, and the public regards him as directly responsible to it for the employment of the forces committed to his charge — forces in which serve the sons, brothers, sweethearts, and husbands of the nation. The statesman is apt to stress his responsibilities in time of war, and they are heavy, but those of the soldier and sailor are not less heavy. 'Great results in war,' says Foch, 'are due to the commander. History is therefore right in making generals responsible for victories, in which case they are glorified, and for defeats, in which case they are disgraced.' The expert in the government office does not win much glory, but he has little risk of disgrace.

The kind of expert the statesman has to use for the direction of armed forces in time of war is, then, very different from the kind of expert whom he uses in time of peace. The advice of the expert soldier and sailor cannot be treated like the advice of the expert financier, because it involves action which they alone can take. The statesman can present his budget, and he will rightly receive all the credit or blame for proposals which others may have prepared for him, because the responsibility for action is his, but he cannot lead armies and fleets against the foe, or be held responsible for the manœuvres of admirals and generals, though he may be called to account for his choice of commanders.

The military chief is, therefore, or should be, in a different relation to the statesman in time of war from that occupied by any of his assistants in time of peace. I have suggested that this relation should be of the nature of a partnership, in which the statesman becomes the senior partner. If that is so, then it is clearly necessary that the conditions of the partnership and the functions of the partners should be determined beforehand. This is the more necessary because, just as the process of mobilization places armies and fleets on a footing very different from that which obtains in peace, so war places government in a new position. But the process of mobilization is well known and its effect is studied beforehand — it is even occasionally practised in time of peace; but we have never, before we went into a war, considered what should be the machinery for its conduct, and those who had to use that machinery have never had an opportunity of examining the mechanism and of considering how it would work.

III

It is the practice in Great Britain and also in the United States — less invariably in other countries with a democratic system of government — to place civilian ministers in charge of the military departments. These ministers are

responsible to Parliament — and through it to the country — for the whole of the administration of the services they direct. Few would, I think, dispute that the definite assertion of civilian control over military force is necessary and desirable. As regards the British army, that control has been established only after a protracted struggle between Crown and Parliament, which ended more recently than most people might imagine. It became finally effective only in 1895 when the Duke of Cambridge resigned his position as Commander-in-Chief.

Speaking from his place in the House of Commons, Mr. (now Lord) Balfour said: 'If the Secretary of State is to take official advice from the Commander-in-Chief alone, it is absolutely impossible that he should be really responsible; in this House he will be no more than the mouthpiece of the Commander-in-Chief.' I have always suspected that it was largely for the purpose of removing the last possibility of this danger that Mr. Balfour, when he became Prime Minister, abolished the office of Commander-in-Chief and created an Army Council. Be that as it may, we have in peace time a civilian minister in complete control of the army, while Mr. Churchill has reminded us in *The World Crisis* that when he entered the Admiralty he found himself 'responsible to Crown and Parliament for all its business.'

I much doubt if Lord Balfour or any other stickler for the control of Parliament ever seriously intended that civilian ministers should prepare plans of campaign or direct the disposition of armies and navies in war. I am convinced that the great mass of voters took it for granted that such matters would be in the hands of military experts. Some reconsideration of the powers and functions of ministers when armies and navies are mobilized, some definite system for the conduct of war, should then have been prepared before war came upon us. As this was not done we find that naturally enough the ministers in control of the naval and military departments continued in the early part of the Great War to exercise the powers conferred on them for the purpose of administration in time of peace. Mr. Churchill tells us, for instance, that toward the end of July, when the crisis appeared to be imminent, he prepared a list of seventeen points to be attended to, an early presage of the part points were to play in the war and its settlement. These points included the dispositions of fleets from home waters to China. This was in no sense his business. All that it should have been necessary for him to do — and that he should have done when he entered the Admiralty in 1911, not when the crisis came — was to ask his naval advisers for their scheme of mobilization, and satisfy himself that it was complete. Mr. Churchill's points, of which he gives us a facsimile, are evidence of his prescience and foresight, but the matters with which they deal are not such as should be left to the prescience and foresight of any individual, and least of all to the chance of having an energetic and forceful minister in office when war is imminent. I do not suggest that they were so left, but I do suggest that the fact that Mr. Churchill prepared this list and has proudly exhibited it to us is evidence of an absence of system and a confusion of functions, which had, before long, disastrous consequences.

When the preparations for the Dardanelles expedition were under discussion we find that Mr. Churchill's naval advisers, grown accustomed to his domination, were in some uncertainty as to their powers and duties. They appear to have acquiesced in Lord Balfour's opinion — which I have suggested had

only to do with administration in peace time — that the civilian minister was not to be the mere mouthpiece of his experts, but was to express and be responsible for his own opinions, and also to have accepted Mr. Churchill's view that he was 'responsible to Crown and Parliament for all the business of the Admiralty.' They did not conceive it to be their business to inform the War Council of the Cabinet where and why they differed from their civilian chief. The Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the Dardanelles campaign says regarding this: —

> We also think that the naval advisers should have expressed their views to the Council, whether asked or not, if they considered that the project which the Council was about to adopt was impracticable from a naval point of view. . . . We are unable to concur in the view put forward by Lord Fisher that it was his duty, if he differed from the chief of his department, to keep silence at the Council or to resign. We think that the adoption of any such principle generally would impair the efficiency of the public service.

If Lord Balfour is right as to the functions of ministers in time of peace and the Royal Commissioners are right as to the functions of military experts in time of war, there is evidently a marked difference in the functions and duties of ministers and military experts in peace and war. In peace the soldiers and sailors have to accept the policy and the means provided for them by their political chiefs or resign. In war they become the advisers, not of their ministers, but of the supreme authority in the State, and the ministers must therefore automatically cease to be responsible for all the business of their departments. There would therefore appear to be as much need for mobilizing a system of government on the eve of war as for mobilizing armies and fleets.

That this is so becomes even more evident when we come to the administration of the War Office in the early days of the war. A great military administrator was appointed War Secretary, to the delight of the *Daily Mail*, which congratulated itself on appointing a man against whom it was previously leading a campaign of attack. When Lord Kitchener came into the War Office he was lacking in experience in the methods of the administration of government at home, as was Abraham Lincoln when he became President of the United States. His work had lain entirely outside Great Britain. He found no suggestions for a system of conducting war prepared for him and, being at once involved in the huge task of raising and equipping large armies, he had no time to give consideration to that vital matter. It is not true to say, as is sometimes said, that on the outbreak of war the General Staff at the War Office scrambled for places on the Headquarters Staff in France. I was not on either myself at the time, so I can speak freely. A definite plan for the mobilization of a headquarters in the field had been prepared as part of the systematic scheme of mobilization, and most of the appointments to that headquarters were provisionally made before the crisis came. But it is true that in preparing the otherwise admirable scheme for placing our little army on a war footing no thought had been given to the application of a similar measure either to the War Office in particular or to the Government as a whole.

Lord Kitchener, being a man of very strong character with a taste for centralization, in the absence of a considered system became not only Secretary of State for War, but also the chief military adviser of the Government, and to a great extent his own Chief of Staff. It is in most circumstances beyond human capacity to combine

the functions of three offices, and Lord Kitchener, who alone had seen from the first the magnitude of the task which we had undertaken and was endeavoring to provide us with armies adequate for that task, could not possibly perform them in the circumstances of the autumn of 1914. But his military advisers were no more clear than were Mr. Churchill's naval advisers as to their powers and duties, and in fact Lord Kitchener did act as their mouthpiece to the Government. The consequences of this state of affairs in both naval and military departments are described by the Royal Commission in its investigation of the genesis of the Dardanelles campaign: —

> Mr. Churchill appears to have advocated the attack by ships alone before the War Council on a certain half-hearted and hesitating expert opinion, which favored a tentative or progressive scheme beginning with an attack on the outer forts. . . . There does not seem to have been direct support or direct opposition from the responsible naval and military advisers, Lord Fisher and Sir James Wolfe Murray, as to the practicability of carrying on the operations approved by the War Council, viz., to bombard and take the Gallipoli Peninsula with Constantinople as its objective. . . . It is impossible to read all the evidence, or to study the voluminous papers which have been submitted to us, without being struck with the atmosphere of vagueness and want of precision which seems to have characterized the proceedings of the War Council.

Vagueness and want of precision are the inevitable consequence of absence of system and of a clear understanding by all concerned in the conduct of war — statesmen, soldiers, and sailors — of their functions and powers. These functions and powers can only be exercised effectively when those called upon to wield them know what they are and have had opportunity of studying them at first hand. In what I have here said I do not wish to appear to be critical either of Lord Kitchener or of Mr. Churchill. We owe a debt of gratitude we can never repay to Lord Kitchener for foreseeing at once the length of the war, for taking the measure of the effort which we should be required to make, and for having faith in our power to create during the war a great national army, a faith which was shared by very few soldiers in 1914; to Mr. Churchill for the timely mobilization of our fleet and its dispatch to its war stations. We shall be hunting the wrong fox if we seek to attach to individuals the responsibilities which must be shared by statesmen, soldiers, and sailors, and indeed by all who have it in their power to form and guide public opinion. Having no system for the conduct of war, we were fortunate in having men of character and energy in the War Office and Admiralty.

IV

It was not until December 1915 that a definite system for the conduct of war was established in the War Office. It was created by Sir William Robertson, who, when he was offered the post of Chief of the Imperial General Staff at home, wrote to Lord Kitchener: —

> 1. There should be a supreme directing authority whose function is to formulate policy, to decide on the theatres in which military operations are to be conducted, and to determine the relative importance of those theatres. This authority must also exercise a general supervision over the conduct of the war, and must select the men who are to execute the policy on which it has decided. Its constitution must be such that it is able to come to quick decisions, and therefore as regards the conduct of the war it must be absolute. The War Council should be capable of performing the functions of this supreme authority, provided it is relieved of responsibility to the Cabinet as a whole as regards the conduct of military operations, and that it has real executive

power, and is not merely an advisory committee.

The War Council will frequently find itself in a position similar to that of a commander in the field — that is, it will have to come to a decision when the situation is obscure, when information is deficient, and when the wishes and the powers of our Allies are uncertain. Whatever those difficulties may be, if and when a decision is required, it must be made. If it is deferred success cannot be expected, the commander concerned will have a grossly unfair burden placed upon him — in fact the absence of a decision may be little less than criminal, because of the loss of life which may be entailed.

2. In order that the War Council may be able to come to timely decisions on the questions with which it has to deal, it is essential that it should receive all advice on matters concerning military operations through one authoritative channel only. With us that channel must be the Chief of the Imperial General Staff. It is his function as regards military operations to present to the War Council his reasoned opinion as to the military effects of the policy which they propose, and as to the means of putting that approved policy into execution. The War Council is therefore to accept or reject the reasoned advice so offered.

Advice regarding military operations emanating from members of the Cabinet or of the War Council in their individual capacity, or from any other individual, should be sifted, examined, and presented, if necessary with reasoned conclusions, to the War Council by the Chief of the Imperial General Staff before it is accepted by the War Council.

3. All military operations required to put into execution the policy approved by the War Council should be issued and signed by the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, under the authority of the Secretary of State for War, *not* under that of the War Council. Similarly all communications from general officers commanding regarding military operations should be addressed to the Chief of the Imperial General Staff. In fact the same procedure is required in London as obtains in the field, the War Council being in the position of the commander of the whole of the Imperial Land Forces and, with the War Office Staff, constituting the Great General Headquarters of the Empire.

Then follow proposals for placing the organization of the War Office on a war footing.

There is in this document no suggestion of military domination. The War Council, which was to be 'in the position of the commander of the whole of the Imperial Land Forces,' comprised civilian ministers exclusively. What Sir William Robertson's proposals did do was to define clearly the respective functions of ministers and soldiers in war, — to set forth the terms of the partnership, — and they made a drastic change in the peace-time functions of the ministers who had charge of the army and navy. They were no longer entirely responsible to Crown and Parliament for all the business of their departments.

The effect of these proposals was to bring about an immediate improvement in the business of conducting the war. One gentleman who had been during a long life in intimate touch with the management of public affairs told me a short time after the new system had been at work that he never remembered so remarkable a change from scurry and confusion to order and method. Such difficulties as subsequently arose were in part due to a clash of personalities, which no system can prevent, and in part due to the unwillingness of certain ministers to apply a system with which they were unfamiliar and which they did not entirely understand. That difficulty is avoidable if the system is prepared and known beforehand.

When Mr. Lloyd George became Prime Minister in December 1916, he improved the organization for the conduct of the war by abolishing the existing Cabinet with its War Council or

Committee and substituting a small War Cabinet of five ministers.[1] 'From a military standpoint,' says Sir William Robertson, who had longer experience of the War Cabinet than any other soldier or sailor, 'and leaving out of account the constitutional aspect of the question, — about which I express no opinion, — the change was welcome, if only for the reason that six men could be trusted to give a decision in less time than a score would, but my experience leads me to add that the War Cabinet did not by any means provide a complete remedy for the evils from which its predecessor had suffered. Most of its members were ministers without portfolios, and, having little if any first-hand knowledge of the questions with which they had to deal, were necessarily dependent upon those ministers who had it. Consequently the Secretary of State for War, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and the Foreign Secretary, none of whom was a member of the War Cabinet, usually had to attend once a day when meetings were held, while other ministers, such as the Secretary of State for India, the Shipping Controller, the Minister of Labor, the Minister of Air, and the Ministry of Munitions, had also frequently to be summoned. The result was that the total number present was often not much less than, and was sometimes more than, under the old system, and it is difficult to see how this could have been prevented; for, whether the heads of the various state departments do or do not permanently belong to the body charged with the supreme direction of a war, they must be called in when important questions concerning their departments are being considered. The fact is that in a great war such as that of 1914–18 the ramifications of the numerous problems which arise are so widespread that the rapid dispatch of business must always be exceedingly difficult to achieve.' There was a further difficulty which Sir William Robertson does not mention. The War Cabinet naturally required the daily attendance at its meetings of its chief military and naval advisers. This took up a great deal of valuable time, and usually kept these high functionaries from their offices for the greater part of the morning.

[1] A sixth — General Smuts — was subsequently added.

V

Now Sir William Robertson's system, established after fifteen months of the war, at a time when grievous experience showed that there was something vitally wrong with our methods of conducting war, was — save in one respect — very similar to that established by Abraham Lincoln in March 1864. Then Halleck became Lincoln's Chief of Staff, and communicated the views of the administration in Washington to Grant, the commander in the field, and with Halleck Grant, save very exceptionally, corresponded. The one important difference was that Lincoln was his own War Cabinet. The Constitution of the United States permits this. Is there anything in our Constitution which prevents us from adopting a similar procedure? We have seen that the experience of war caused us to modify very materially the constitutional powers of the Secretary of State for War, and of the First Lord of the Admiralty, as they existed in peace and were used in the early days of the struggle. We have seen that Mr. Lloyd George formed a Cabinet of a kind strange to our constitutional practice. What is there to prevent us from going a step further?

The practice of Rome and of the United States should assure us that there is nothing undemocratic in establishing a temporary dictatorship in time

of national emergency. We must, in a great war, have a supreme authority to direct all the armed forces of the Empire. That authority must be civil, and it is far better that it should be vested in a man than in a committee. That man with us must be the Prime Minister. I suggest that we should be well advised, whenever such a danger arises as calls for the mobilization of the whole of our forces, to place in the hands of the Prime Minister authority to nominate and remove his military advisers and the commanders of armies and fleets, and to conduct in consultation with these advisers the naval, military, and air operations of the war. The Order in Council, or other instrument which confers this power on the Prime Minister, should at the same time define exactly the powers and functions and responsibilities of his military advisers. The initial policy of the Government in the war, relations with friendly or neutral States, the raising and distribution of man power, the conservation and development of the resources of the State and the means of adding to them, the regulation of home affairs — all these are matters which can well be discussed in Cabinet or committee, but the whole history of war shows us plainly that a committee is not a suitable body to direct military operations.

It is more than two hundred years since the Duke of Marlborough expressed his opinion of War Cabinets. On August 2, 1705, he wrote to the Pensioner of Holland: —

> I am very uneasy in my own mind to see how everything here is like to go notwithstanding the superiority and the goodness of our troops, which ought to make us not doubt of success. However, it is certain that, if affairs continue in the same policy they now are, it will be impossible to attempt anything considerable with advantage, since councils of war must be called upon every occasion, which entirely destroys the secrecy and dispatch upon which all great undertakings depend, and has unavoidably another very unhappy effect, for, the private animosities between so many persons as have to be assembled being so great, and their inclinations and interests so different as always to make one party oppose what the other advises, they consequently never agree.
>
> I do not say this because I have the honor of being at the head of the army, but it is absolutely necessary that such power be lodged with the general as may enable him to act as he thinks proper, according to the best of his judgment, without being obliged ever to communicate what he intends further than he thinks convenient.

We may consider ourselves to be reasonably secure against private animosities of the kind that vexed Marlborough, but 'the secrecy and dispatch upon which all great undertakings depend' are more likely to be obtained if military advisers have to deal with one man instead of a committee. It is also far more likely that those relations of intimacy and mutual confidence which are one of the essential factors of success will be more successfully established if the military advisers are brought into direct contact with the Prime Minister than if they have to deal with a Cabinet, limited though it be in numbers.

There are few questions more difficult for those charged with the direction of armies and navies than that upon which Marlborough touches in the second paragraph of his letter: How much and how little of military plans should be disclosed to ministers? There are certain matters, as I have pointed out, upon which they have an undeniable right to information. They must be assured that the plans proposed are within the means of the nation; they must equally be assured that the vitals of the nation are to be sufficiently protected. They are entitled to receive

every scrap of information about operations which are completed, that they may be able to judge of the capacity of their commanders; but the minister who seeks information beforehand as to when and how a battle will be fought, and what its result will be, is ignorant of his business. He should recall Lincoln's interview with Grant. A committee is usually more inquisitive than an individual, and if the military advisers have to do with one minister instead of with half a dozen it will be the easier to hold the balance between the advantages of secrecy and the disadvantages of failing to satisfy that minister's legitimate anxieties.

On all these grounds, then, I believe that the supreme directing authority over all the forces of the Empire in time of war should be one man, and that man the Prime Minister, just as in the United States of America the supreme authority is the President. We have of recent years taken one very satisfactory measure for the establishment of such a system of conducting war. In 1923 the Prime Minister appointed a committee to inquire into national and imperial defense. This committee recommended among other measures that 'in addition to the functions of the Chiefs of the Staff as advisers on questions of sea, land, or air policy, respectively, to their own Board or Council, each of the three Chiefs of the Staff will have an individual and collective responsibility for advising on defense policy as a whole, the three constituting as it were a super-chief of a War Staff in Commission. In carrying out this function they will meet together for the discussion of questions which affect their joint responsibilities.'

This is a great step forward in the coördination of the three services. Let us complete it by arranging for the coordination of policy and strategy. 'A super-chief of a War Staff in Commission' connotes yet another chief whom these three are to serve. Let that chief be created and let his functions be defined. If the conferring of so much power on one man be too much for our Constitutionalists to swallow, then let there be a War Cabinet as small as possible, and, just as soldiers and sailors know what their positions and functions will be on mobilization, and are prepared to step into them at a moment's notice, let ministers also know theirs. There will then be some prospect that they will study their duties and be ready to learn something of what the history of war has to teach.

OUR MORTAL FOE

BY SIR W. BEACH THOMAS

Some rather surprising experiences of the effects of fear on certain so-called lower animals suggest a psychology of the subject that has scarcely been considered by the philosophers. A strange analogy permeates nature. Even if we care to study nothing but man, 'the proper study of mankind,' we cannot afford to disregard the beast of the field. It is certain that some of the more prurient analysts of the soul or psyche of man would have fathered a more wholesome philosophy if they had widened their view and considered the lower as well as the higher animals.

The most essential influence of fear on a good many animals is that it prevents or limits breeding. It hurts the very source of life. Examples even on a large scale are not infrequent. One wide paddock on a Queensland sheep station that I visited was much littered with fallen trunks considerably overgrown. It had been wired off, but the rabbits swarmed. A few pairs had bred freely, and we all know what happens when arithmetical progression has a clean slate. The country was remarkable for the number of birds of the predatory species, especially such hawks as the whistling eagle, but it was very rare for them to find a victim in the littered paddock. The farmer could discover no way of killing off the rabbits, but as a preliminary he collected the fallen timber, burned it, and more or less cleared the paddock of the rougher cover. His direct campaign against the rabbits was for various reasons postponed. Nevertheless, as he soon began to notice, they grew fewer and fewer. The holes remained, but whenever the animals came out to feed they were subject to all sorts of fears, especially because of the watchful hawks that abounded. The actual victims were few, but the families grew rare instead of frequent. By close and particular inspection he satisfied himself that some does did not breed at all, and that others, instead of breeding five or six times a year, had no more than one litter. The litters too were smaller. He was able to corroborate his observations from other Australian experiences, and came to the conclusion that fear was at any rate the chief cause of the fewness and smallness of families. Lack of good nurseries and direct casualties were less important.

Much the same effect has been noticed in other branches of natural history in other countries. Rats in Britain breed much less freely where weasels are found, and mice where cats are found. The number of actual victims is a small thing in the reduction of population compared with the influence of fear on reproduction. In a herd of deer, as we all know, the strongest and most courageous becomes the sire — and so the fittest survive. He fights and drives off inferior males. But there is more in their defeat than their dismissal. Good reasons exist for supposing that their fears of the master buck rob them of capacity.

In his discussion of the principle of the survival of the fittest Darwin said rather too little about the results of

combined courage and strength. A number of small but curious effects of the psychology continually present themselves to the field naturalist. The European — not the American — robin drives off his own adult young as well as any other competitor from his favorite breeding place and, in my experience, always wins the battle till his vitality wanes. A robin that may be described as a personal friend nested year after year in an artist's studio near London, and each year fought furious battles, generally against the young cocks of his own family. He was entirely successful till the fourth year, when he was killed by a rival on the studio floor. Like the robin, many other small birds insist that their private nesting neighborhood shall be free from intruders; and it is almost invariable — indeed I know no exception — that the cock in possession wins the battle. His passion is more and therefore his courage more. The victory is not to the strong, but to the brave, at any rate until the difference in strength becomes wide, owing to age or accident. It is better to breed a courageous race than a powerful race; and it is not a far-fetched idea, if the multitude of little illustrations be considered, that the most plucky are the most capable of producing the best citizens.

Fortes creantur fortibus *et bonis.*

It was not, perhaps, only to finish his Alcaic line that Horace added the last two words.

The psychology of courage and its absence, fear, among those we call the lower animals is seen positively as well as negatively. Natural selection depends principally, not on the strength, but on the courage of the male, though the two happily are often correlated; and he is not necessarily a mystic who finds reason to believe that the more courageous bear the better children. One of the commonplaces of statistics is that the average height of the French fell by some two inches after the Napoleonic wars; and the most mortal injury inflicted on society by war is that the bravest die and the least brave live. War, in spite of many Teutonic arguments to the contrary, substitutes the survival of the unfittest and of those least likely to produce better children.

The first effect of strong fears on the human being is to reduce vitality, in general and in particular. It is unnecessary to touch the purely medical side of the question. The fact is obvious to anyone who has been about the world and knows what fear is. Incidentally it may be said that one of the worst effects of a too sheltered civilization is that half the population do not know whether they themselves or their neighbors possess or do not possess the gift of courage. Some few years ago a party of tourists was caught on Helvellyn by a thick mist; two of them were separated from the rest and were forced to spend the night on the mountain. It was not very cold. There was little real danger; but by the morning one of the two was dead. He was said to have died of exposure. He did die of fear, and nothing else. Perhaps most deaths from exposure are due to the same cause. Gregarious man hates to be in danger alone; and for some reason nothing so completely frightens even courageous persons as being lost. They will upon occasion run about in vain arcs and circles, like a rabbit frightened to death by the pursuit of a stoat. The beats of the heart are lowered, less blood goes to the brain, the temperature falls.

Of course fear, like everything in nature, has its uses. The person who faints from horror at the sight of his wound automatically arrests the bleeding by reducing the power of the heart-

beat. Temporary loss of vitality is of service. Among wild animals fear sometimes saves life because the greater fear banishes the lesser. The writer has come upon examples of this among English hares pursued by greyhounds; but none so remarkable as the experience of a friend. Hunting in the northern district of Quebec, he came in sight of a hare pursued by an ermine. The pursuer gained ground and the pursued grew faint. The end seemed certain, when the hare at the last gasp caught sight of the hunter, made straight for him, and crouched between his legs. There she stopped, motionless; till the ermine, after circling round, made off. Then, recovering strength, she ambled off quietly.

Certainly fear has its uses, just as excessive vitality has its drawbacks. Who is more to be pitied than the insensate person whose nerves and intellect do not allow the approach of fear even as they fend off the touch of sympathy? Fear, nevertheless, in its perverted manifestations, is the greatest of all depressants of vitality, is perhaps the king of evils.

In nature fear often has a less numbing (though sometimes more hysteric) effect on woman than on man. The mother, throughout the animal kingdom, is very nearly above fear at certain crises. She is stimulated to the highest pitch of vitality to defend the young life. Her attitude toward life and death — and therefore her fear of death — is more elemental than in the male. The doe rabbit will have power to beat off a stoat when she is defending her brood. A swallow will mob a cat, and a partridge charge and even actually buffet a dog, if her young are in danger. That else timorous beast, the black bear, will face a dozen men in defense of her young. A hedge sparrow will peck at an adder. I quote chiefly personal experiences, but they are not exceptional. They are all a commonplace of a naturalist's observation.

Just because woman's courage, especially in regard to her young, is general and beneficent, therefore the malady is most mortal when the women become cowards, intellectual or other. The sequel is race suicide. Here is a little parable of which all the facts are accurate. In the town of Arras, during the war, lived a Frenchwoman who was famous for her calmness under shell-fire and her uncanny knowledge of shells. She knew by the note the exact calibre of every shell that was fired. She would tell frightened soldiers, thanks to her observation of German methods, on which side the next shell would fall. Physically her courage was supreme. But like many — perhaps the majority — of the women of her country, she was afflicted with a form of intellectual fear that must result in race suicide. She had seen many victims of the shells. She was looking on, like a spectator at a bull fight, when two horses and three men were killed near the railway bridge one summer morning of 1916. 'No more children for us,' she said with a sort of angry shiver. 'We are not going to breed babies for cannon fodder.' She spoke like a prophetess on behalf of her country and sex; and not once or twice I heard the same determination. Various forms of intellectual fear have been long leading to the same end in France, especially fear of poverty and, in the upper classes, fear of public opinion if more children are born than can be provided with a dowry.

All this is a mere incidental external result of fear, important socially but not intrinsic to the feeling. The same results might follow from mere selfishness. Yet there are social and semi-social cowardices that go to the very root of character and temperament.

The psychoanalysts, in spite of their exaggerations, perversions, and stupid overemphasis of sex, unquestionably touch a primal influence in their insistence on the repression complex. If they had studied fear more and sex less they would have built a wider base for their theories, if for no other reason than because the two are closely related, as we see in the case of animals. When children are frightened, whether by the bogey stories of their nurse or the thunders of their father or the satiric cruelty of either parent or tutor, the natural processes of life are arrested and any sort of malgrowth, physical or mental or moral, may ensue, because of the close correlation of fear and vitality. Wordsworth, whose philosophy often went deep even when his poetic inspiration waned, writes of 'the deep power of joy'; and we all know how mere pleasure adds to mental and physical capacity. If joy is the generation of power, fear and its concomitant misery are the parents of impotence. A study of innumerable 'cases' of the psychoanalyst reveals ninety per cent of examples of the damage wrought by fear to ten due to any other cause whatever. What is called obstinacy, in children as in animals, is nine times out of ten the expression of fright. The child starts by being inarticulate; and a frightened child is like an actor suffering from stage fright: his memory fails, he loses all ability to pull himself together, he cannot do the thing he would, however strong the wish. The inhibition of fear is upon his mind, upon his vocal cords; and the more he is overawed or threatened the deeper the obstinacy, because the deeper the incompetence of the will. When obstinacy is broken by violent treatment, it is broken because the blow releases fear into indignation. My own feeling is that Freud and other psychoanalysts were decoyed into their mania for explaining every mental malady by sex-repression because this thing fear is in its effects essentially antisexual or repressive of mind sexuality. The frightened child suffers later from sex inhibitions, but these are due, not to direct repression of primal instincts about to be developed, but rather to the loss of vitality, resulting from fear; and this loss of vitality is expressed first and most obviously in the affair of reproductive capacity. The fact is known and attested by numerous experiences of every doctor, indefinitely multiplied in the war. Under stress of terror the very form of a man underwent change.

We can all give our own examples from childhood, and many of us from experiences either in the war or in respect of those who suffered in the war. It is perhaps worth giving two for the sake of the moral. A small girl, very happy and healthy, was told a tale of a burning house and shown a picture of two girls leaning out of a top window, while the lower stories were in flames. The picture made so deep an impression on her mind that she was in perpetual fear that her own house would catch fire. She would wake up at night and get out of bed to feel if the wall was hot. This she kept to herself, as children will, until the evening of her ninth birthday party. The entertaining, the big fires in unwonted rooms, accentuated her fear that fire was inevitable, and at the conclusion she went to bed in a misery of panic. The burden was such that she broke down when her father came to say good-night; and she told him the truth. From that moment her obsession went. She could not afterward remember what her father said; but the confession and the absolution, whatever it was, were sovereign. Her fears vanished. Life was 'glad confident morning again.'

That same girl after the war did service in an office concerned with the medical side of soldiers' pensions. Not one, but many, of the men whom she received dared not cross the middle of the room. They crept miserably close to the walls, victims of what the doctors call agoraphobia, — fear of the open, — bred by life in the trenches, where to show yourself was death. They reminded her of her own childish habit of feeling round the walls for the heat of incendiary flames. She could not but wonder whether they would not forget their fears and misery if they could share the feeling with some sympathetic soul. And they would.

One of the most successful dealers with shell-shock cases in France was a university professor of psychology. His whole endeavor was to persuade his patients to be articulate; and scarcely without exception those who would talk were cured. He had some mesmeric power, and in the early part of the war had considerable success with the British regular soldier. When the man was in some sort of mesmeric trance, he would issue a short, sharp order, as from a superior officer, and in most cases the man would instantly obey. Later in the war, when he was dealing with civilian soldiers, not brought up in an atmosphere of discipline, the abrupt command increased the mental obstinacy of the silence. He was compelled to a gracious, sympathetic, even wheedling, politeness. But the essence of his problem was the same: to make the invalid tell. How the silence and repressive fear were correlated with physical impotence is too medical a theme to discuss here. It is enough that the correlation often existed.

Now the power to utter at all — much more to tell an intimate secret — is itself oddly affected by nerves. One of the most daring of the big-game hunters in Africa in the earlier days told me this tale of himself. He had wounded a buffalo which pursued him round and round a little clump of trees. The natives, after their manner, had fled and he was left wholly to his own resources. The chase continued for what seemed an interminable time; but at last the beast fell dead and the natives returned. Then the hunter tried to give them their orders; but not a syllable would proceed from his mouth. The power of speech had wholly left him. He did not recover it till he had walked and rested by the side of the road for an hour or more.

It may be concluded that fear is inarticulate and mortal. Its close associates are silence and impotence. It is among the worst enemies of the race of animals. Vast numbers of people die of the progressive loss of vitality due to fear. Some die directly and quickly from fear, as in cases of exposure or the hearing of ill news suddenly. Occasionally with men and other animals fear drives them to direct suicide, when you discover this incredible contradiction: that fear of death persuades its victim to embrace death, as in Walter Scott's *Fair Maid of Perth* or the behavior of horses in a fire.

Almost or quite the greatest happiness possible to the human mind follows the sudden casting-off of fear or the discovery of the possession of courage. It may literally and actually rejuvenate — change the very physical form. Not a few of the bravest acts recorded in the war were done by men who had been almost paralyzed by fear a few moments earlier. They experienced very much what the shell-shocked patient experiences when he has unloaded the burden of his dread and straightened his moral backbone. Action was to the one what speech was to the other. I have told several

such tales in a book (*A Traveller in News*), but came upon many more instances than are there recorded. Here is one.

'The man's a coward. Take my word for it, he'll be missing one of these days.' So said one officer. The other was of much the same opinion, but he added, 'All the same, I've seen those nervy fellows turn up trumps.' The man they spoke of was one of the obvious cowards, because he was a self-conscious coward, always thinking of his own cowardice. He kept saying to himself, 'If I make the others funk I had better be away,' and daily, against his will, schemes of escape of the wildest sort waltzed round his brain, but brought no decision. At last this rage of indecisive misery reached a pitch that became intolerable. The night was moonless but clear, and from the pit of the trench the stars seemed to look down with a pitiless scrutiny, which added to his wretchedness more than any sane and solid mind could well understand. Before he knew what he was doing the coward slipped over the parapet and began to make his tremulous way toward the German trenches in order to surrender, to desert. Further fears now seized him and he sidled off to the left, afraid to surrender, afraid to return. So for a while he wandered, an insane vagrant, through the purgatory of No Man's Land, beneath the accusing stars.

He could not remember afterward how he came to see so suddenly the thing in front of him, but his belief, from a muddled recollection, was that he had fallen flat upon his face on seeing the explosion of a star shell. At any rate, there within a yard or so of his eyes was the muzzle of a machine-gun hidden with devilish cunning in a pit well outside the German lines.

He heard a gruff whisper and the muzzle moved. With as little reasoned thought as when he fled from his trench, he jumped past the muzzle, pulled aside a mud-covered plank over the hole, and when real sanity returned to him he found himself in a spacious enough room with two — he thought two — dead Germans lying in front of him. At any rate the machine-gunners were dead, and he had killed them.

In his excitement he was conscious, he said, of a sense of being born again. He had meant to call 'Kamerad!' to the first Germans who approached. He had rehearsed all sorts of forms of surrender, but somehow, instead of obeying reason, he had attacked the Germans as a ferret attacks a rabbit, and had killed them dead — stone-dead. His brain and will were clear.

Quickly and silently he cut the shoulder straps from the dead Germans, then released the machine-gun, dragged it out of the hole, took it on his back, and returned to his trench, helped by the light of the now kindly stars and a faint hint of dawn.

The next day, much against his will, he was sent into hospital with a very severe strain in the back and a flesh wound in the calf, got somehow in the struggle. While he lay there he longed, as not one in a hundred longs, to go back to the trenches, that he might exercise this new possession of his, this strange thing called courage.

Illustrations of the meaning of fear to the organism are legion, and not all come within any theory; but it is clear enough that the weight of fears may be acquired like a weight of sin and exert as powerful an influence in destroying the use and happiness of life. It is scarcely questionable that confession — with which, in its ecclesiastical form, the writer himself has no sympathy — is a very real method of meeting one of the essential troubles

of life. It would be a disaster to universalize the practice of confession to the members of a religious fraternity; but in the guidance of life a plan for dealing with dread is hardly less necessary to an educational system, especially in the home, than a plan for dealing with sins or crimes. There is a technique for imparting courage. How very many soldiers banished fear by cultivating a sort of intellectual fatalism. One man put it this way: 'If I take every precaution and tease myself every minute by taking thought for my safety, I shall not increase the chances by one-half per cent. Let me then cast off such encouragements to dread and proceed like the Happy Warrior, "as a man inspired."' I quote this, not to suggest that a fatalist creed is commendable, but to indicate how a definite intellectual argument may establish courage and confidence. Any good psychologist could make out a syllabus of instruction by which parent or teacher could effectually deal with these repressive fears that are the worst evil of childhood and lead to strange and terrible perversions of the moral and even physical being in after-life.

THE OLD WOMAN

BY ISABEL HOPESTILL CARTER

Young Caroline trod majestically into the sunny parlor, balancing on her head a round brown box. This was a scheme to attract the attention of old Caroline and lead up naturally to the matter of suggesting the charming box as a token of esteem from the old to the young. However, old Caroline was both unseeing and, in the main, unseen, for two veiny hands held outspread before her the Bath *Daily Times;* her feet, bony and jointy in those thin leather shoes that old women manage to buy somewhere, rested flatly on a red wooden footstool that served her comfort when she sat at the window in the high-backed rocker; her lean old legs were draped in a cotton gown printed with red forget-me-nots. The light, striking through a single thickness of paper, revealed the fact that she studied the inside of the back page, devoted to news of Boothbay, Popham, Winnegance, Woolwich, Wiscasset, and Dresden. The breeze from the Kennebec rustled the curtain against the paper; there was no other sound.

Baffled, young Caroline flung herself on the old sofa, resting her neck on the back and stretching long legs out into the middle of the hideous carpet. Idly she polished the flat box on her thigh and contemplated the familiar Bailey gods. The carpet; on the opposite wall the oil painting, not so bad as some, of the ship Mary Spaulding, and a print, in a chipped green frame, of the bark Arethusa; a cut-velvet picture and a little mirror in a mahogany frame with an intricately cut outline; a round framed photograph of Winchester Cathedral and another of an Indian temple. On the white mantel there were two beautiful Chinese vases and, in sociable juxtaposition, a large and sinfully ugly red-pottery pig which held

a mass of goldenglow; an old fat Buddha sat there, too, beside a sandglass. Above young Caroline's dark head hung a gilt-framed mirror with a colored farm scene at its top, a mirror known to be capable of performing wonders in the way of distorting even the most symmetrical features. The chairs were old and severe, and thoroughly disapproved of a black-and-silver lacquered table that gleamed wanton from a corner.

Somewhere a clock in a great hurry banged six times in bursts of two. Old Caroline began a struggle to get the paper to collapse into its creases; the accursed single sheet in the middle seized the opportunity to slide out and skid across the floor, only to be captured and returned to the fold by young Caroline. Old Caroline vented small irritated sounds while she strove with the frenzied *Times*, but, at last subduing it with some well-placed blows, she laid it on the arm of the sofa and folded her hands on her beflowered stomach. She became aware of young Caroline alert in the offing.

'Oh!' she said. 'Where's Joel?'

'He's out on the porch. Look, Aunt Caroline, may I have this box? I found it in that bureau in my room. It has n't anything in it but some old hat-trimming.' She crushed it to her breast, wrenching off the tight cover. 'Those were pretty little birds. Look, auntie.' Old Caroline, stretching a shaky hand, took the box into her lap. There were three dried skins of birds, with heads iridescent and gorgeous; one imagined them rushing brilliantly from flower to flower in a tropic forest. She smoothed their shining crowns, the two that were splendidly green and the one that was brown with a golden cap.

'Did you have them on one of those absurd hats people used to wear?' inquired young Caroline. 'They look like real birds, don't they? I don't see how anyone could put them on a hat.'

'Hat!' Old Caroline's voice was faintly surprised. Her eyes grew dreamy. 'No, I never had them on a hat —' A long silence fell. She sat very still in the tall black rocker with the little long-dead birds in her old hand and the round brown box in her lap. She was old and serene; her thin gray hair was neatly disposed to cover, as far as possible, the pink scalp; her absent eyes were a faded blue, beset by a million wrinkles. Her life, one felt, had been placidly happy.

Old Caroline was young Caroline in that far time, and she had been married a year and three days. Hot and miserable and uncomfortable she lay on her back in the wide built-in bed with the thick posts reaching to the ceiling of the cabin; the light in the outer room dimly illumined the stateroom, and it gleamed on the brass rim of the compass bolted to the ceiling over the bed; the compass card bobbed and bobbed with the weary plunge of the ship. She could not read the compass and the light was faint, but it seemed to her that the card flopped back and forth and back and forth across the vertical black line that was the ship — back and forth, back and forth. With every aimless lunge in the swell she heard the lifeless flap of canvas and the jerk of heavy yards. On the poop deck just above her head the wheel creaked unceasingly, and the mate's soft footfalls padded across the deck and back, across and back, across and back; from time to time he stopped and she knew he leaned his elbows on the house and stared at the stars and the dangling telltale and the lazy sails; then he began again his endless pacing. For an eternity she had heard these same noises.

The mate jogged down the starboard side. The man at the wheel began to

sing softly — it must be Mads. Only yesterday morning when she went on deck she had found Mads at the wheel and had said to him, 'Just a few days more, Mads!' He had looked quickly at her, and cast his vigilant blue eyes down at the compass, murmuring, 'Yasss, ma'am.' Rise and fall, creak and groan, flap, flap. Even if they were a week later than Joel had estimated at the beginning as the very limit of a long passage, there would still be time for her. At dinner Mr. Adams and Joel no longer bothered to exchange their figures on the day's run, which was encouraging. But dinner itself was tiresome with the flour almost gone, the butter and sugar all gone, and beans their staple diet; Joel fumed like an old woman over the food. Well, it probably was n't so good for the baby, but they would be arriving soon.

She rolled hotly over on her side and stared at Joel sitting under the hanging lamp. Every night he read like that. After they had finished reading aloud from the sea-worn green Shakespeare and she had gone to bed, he still sat out there and read. Now he leaned back, gazing across the cabin with knitted brows. As she watched he half-closed the book to feel in a pocket for a pipe, and she recognized the tan leather cover of the book. Old Bowditch! Why, he must know old Bowditch by heart!

'Oh, Joel!' she called softly. He started. 'What are you doing?'

'Reading.'

'What are you reading?'

'Oh — *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*,' he responded. She was on the point of remarking in her surprise that the Shakespeare was green, but it hardly seemed worth while. It was doubtless some joke of Joel's.

'Will you get me a drink, Joel? I 'm so hot.' He rose instantly, laying the book on the wide arm of the chair, unconscious of her observation. Why, that was n't old Bowditch, either; old Bowditch had a broken back sewed up with string. What was that book? She rolled back into her own corner as Joel stepped back from the forward cabin with the water. She had seen it somewhere, a thick tan book with a wide red name-piece on the back binding. She drank the warmish water gratefully. Joel was a good boy to her, but if she had known that a bridal trip around the world would end in discomfort like this —

That was the medicine book! That was what he read every night with such grimness.

It explained everything. Over on the chart table the chart, which used to be held open all the time with the parallel rulers and the dividers and the corner of the chronometer, lay curled up tight in the provoking way of charts, discouraging to investigation. So Joel thought it was going to happen at sea. She was frightened. . . .

Old Caroline rubbed the box. 'The comprador gave it to me in Shanghai,' she said. 'On my wedding trip. It had a beautiful silk embroidered handkerchief in it. A big silk handkerchief, a yard square, I guess, embroidered in flowers, soft and lovely. I kept Joel's father's watch in it, which Joel prized. He never used it at sea, of course. It was n't much good, anyway.'

It turned out to be a rather good baby, not very big, but very slippery. Caroline found herself constantly snatching him just in the nick of time by a fat leg or an arm; but he was perfectly good-natured about that and about almost everything except his meals. Joel became a very clever nurse in a short time, and exhibited his son to the mate and the second mate. The steward begged permission to take him

out to show to the men, and as he claimed to be an adept in the dandling of babies, — one pictured him as juggling three or four babies at once, keeping them constantly in motion in the air without the least slip, — the favor was granted and he withdrew, carrying the little red pig in a comfortingly professional manner. He returned in triumph, bearing gifts and compliments and promises of more gifts. Ben had almost completed a particularly neat Turk's head. Old Bill had presented an Alaskan salmon-spear, five feet long. The carpenter had begun forthwith on a labyrinthine rattle; Tom was doing some wood-carving, and very mysterious he was about it, too — the steward thought, sniffing, that it was going to be a doll. The bo'sn, ready for any occasion, presented a very useful walrus tusk. A pair of ivory dice, loaded, had been rejected by the steward, in his official capacity, as an unsuitable gift for a moral infant.

Joel set the baby down in the log-book with the utmost exactness as to latitude and longitude. He marked a red star in the margin opposite the entry.

In a few days Joel calmed down after his ordeal and Caroline began to recover somewhat from hers. Then, for no apparent reason, everyone got into a state of nerves. Caroline, not greatly interested, suspected that some old wretch of a seaman in a bad temper had said babies on a ship brought mean weather, and so all the silly sailors were wrought up over that. Certainly the sails still slatted and pounded, the ship lumbered about, and, though they were far beyond the equator, it grew hotter day by day. Caroline could not sleep much for the heat and the requirements of her offspring, and Joel seemed not to sleep at all. Repeatedly at night he went on deck 'to get a breath of air.'

One day Caroline took a short walk. It had been excessively hot in the cabin, but nevertheless she felt rather well, as she had not suffered any nervous shocks that day from having her little greased pig try to elude her and dash his ten-day-old brains on the deck. So she wobbled along through the forward cabin to the high doorsill that kept the bad-weather seas from rolling across the main deck and making themselves unwelcome in the cabin. This obstacle she awkwardly surmounted, stepping across the grating outside on to the deck. It was like a griddle; the black stuff between the planks oozed up soft and gummy and stuck to her shoes. The broiling sun menaced her, and her legs unhappily turned to macaroni. Her dazzled eyes were caught by a group of men on the fo'c'sle doing some extraordinary thing with the big boat — painting it, perhaps. As she turned to flee from the glare to the dimness of the cabin she saw in the mizzen rigging a long string of limp gay flags — there was probably a ship in sight. Possibly they were going to borrow some potatoes or something. She reached the haven of the big chair just as Joel's deliberate steps sounded on the companionway stairs.

'I went on deck, Joel,' she volunteered, much elated. 'But it was so hot I did n't stay.' He filled a pipe, sitting down on the ugly red divan. His glance at her as he sucked the flame of the match down to the bowl of the pipe was very gentle.

'Is there a ship near?' she pursued. Joel might sit there for a year and not think to tell her! 'I saw the flags. Are you speaking her?'

'No,' he answered slowly. 'It's only a signal. The ship is on fire, Caroline.'

It came like a blow; for a moment it seemed impossible that those quiet words had actually been uttered. Her eyes grew to be huge blue spots on the

pallor of her face — staring blue spots. 'Don't be frightened, dear,' he murmured. (Her pride, indignant, administered a sharp prod to her courage. 'Anybody who can have babies at sea can be shipwrecked creditably,' it admonished. She must say some bold words.)

'Shall — shall we have to leave the ship?' she quavered. ('Now, could there be a more idiotic question?' remonstrated pride. 'Everyone will think you are a fool and a coward besides.')

'The hatches are battened down,' he replied. She did not know what that meant. 'But I think we'll have to abandon the ship to-night or to-morrow. You'd better get a few things together. This is n't what I would have chosen for a wedding trip for you, Caroline!' The cry broke unexpectedly through his teeth, and he dropped his head in his big brown hands. His pipe fell and scattered embers about. 'I am so sorry,' he muttered, struggling to regain his admirable calm.

'There, there, Joel,' she comforted. 'I don't mind.' ('Now that sounds better,' remarked her pride to her courage; 'shipwrecks are nothing to babies.')

So she gathered a few things. She arrayed herself in her best black silk, made for her wedding outfit, according to the traditional New England custom. She took the round wooden box containing Joel's father's watch carefully folded in the rich silk handkerchief. She collected a few meagre supplies for the baby, some vaseline and what not. Then a brown cashmere shawl, and she was ready — tremendously composed, she flattered herself, with her hands and knees trembling and her heart pounding her to bits. Joel was making some leisurely preparations, too; he put together in a neat pile his sextant, some instruments, a chart, a few bottles from the medicine chest, the green Shakespeare and old Bowditch, a big new oilskin coat from the slop chest, the ship's papers, the logbook.

'What do you take the Shakespeare for?' babbled Caroline.

'Why, I take it everywhere!' responded faithful old Joel.

All the afternoon Caroline listened to strange sounds of preparations, holding her fat pig in her arms for fear she might abandon ship and forget him, not having had him so long as Joel had had that old green book. The steward came and went in the pantry, and Joel conversed briefly with him in low tones about condensed milk and hard-tack. There were unusual creakings and thumpings outside the forward cabin windows, which Caroline, very erect and ready, opined to be related to the boat davits. She wondered how they'd get the big boat down off the fo'c'sle. She would like to know how near the land they were, but she hesitated to ask lest Joel think her frightened; she was just as calm as anybody, she was sure. Calmer.

In the morning they took the final steps. Caroline sat for the last time on the poop in the barrel chair, with her baby and her bundle, like an immigrant woman, and watched everything. Three boats there were — Joel said that any one of them was as big, almost, as Christopher Columbus's ship, but Caroline knew better than to believe that. The second mate was the first to go; he came up, with the ship's cat under his arm, to say good-bye and to shake hands with Caroline. Joel gave him some sailing directions for the mainland.

'You can't miss it,' he said. 'Of course, it's farther than Juan Fernandez, but you can't navigate. You've got the younger men in your boat — you may have to push them some unless you get picked up. Mr. Adams and I will make for Juan Fernandez.'

They shook hands, and presently the boat floated off from the side of the ship. Wisps and ribbons of smoke were coming through the deck near the main hatch. How far from land could they be, thought Caroline.

Men were dropping into the second boat. Mr. Adams shook hands with Caroline and the baby and with Joel. He had Joel's own chronometer in his hand, and he uttered a parting protest.

'The ship's is all right,' responded Joel. 'You will have to push your crew a little with your provisions. You may get picked up. If not, we'll see you later. Good luck!' The mate's old brown felt hat vanished. They must be a long, long way from land.

Two or three sailors got into the third boat. Joel took Caroline's bundle and the baby, and shortly she saw the bundle disappear over the rail. Joel gave the baby to Mads, and Caroline in a sudden frenzy of anxiety hastened to the side; but Mads managed the baby as if climbing up and down the tall sides of burning ships with slippery babies were the regular work of an able seaman. The sailors ran up and down like monkeys. Then it was Caroline's turn; she hated those up-and-down wiggly ladders.

She crouched on the rail, clinging to Joel's hand on one side and to a tarred black rope on the other, and peered outward and downward at a diminutive boat bouncing below and at the white specks that were the faces of seamen gazing up. At Joel's command one of these began to mount the ladder.

'Turn around, Caroline.' That was the pinch — to let go of the things you had hold of and turn around quickly enough to snatch at them again with the other hand, and to go down that ladder backward with your face to the black ship, like a woodpecker — terrifying. '*Turn around*, Caroline.' She turned. She was successful; she clutched Joel with her right hand now, and stretched her foot down, down. Where was it going? Why did n't it light on something? Oh, there! 'Take hold of the *ropes*. There — step down.' This was an endless ladder. She tried to look down between the ladder and her body to find the next step, but her skirt caught up on every step and she had to keep taking one hand off to brush it down decently. Why, she had put her black silk dress on over her gray one — how could she have done that? '*Keep hold of the rope!*'

The places for her feet were farther apart every time. Joel said something, but not to her. She lifted her face and saw him miles above her. 'Go on, Caroline. Step down.' She put her blind foot down, down — oh! A hand caught the feeling foot, pulled gently, and placed it on a step. A big red hand covered with shiny hair appeared below her own on the rope, and a gentle surrounding pressure told her that she did not have to finish her acrobatic feats alone — a red hand always beside her and an unseen hand that found a place for her nervous feet. If she ever went to sea again she would practise on ladders first. Another step, another, and her foot touched something hard that yet sank sickeningly under her — that was the boat. She turned enormous blue eyes over her shoulder, and many hands reached to steady her, and many grins greeted her from seamen who in their remarkable way seemed to be holding the boat to the ship's side by the palms of their hands.

Now she sat down in the stern of the boat, exhausted in mind and body. The baby, wrapped in the brown shawl, lay screaming energetically on the deck boards. There were five sailors. Why did n't Joel come? Where was he? An uncle of Caroline's had gone down with his ship. Joel could n't mean to stay on board! He had said once — But it was

all right, after all. There were still some men on board. Everywhere she looked now she saw little whiffs of smoke, just like a firecracker about to explode. Someone dropped an umbrella like a harpoon into the boat, and the sailors laughed gruffly. Four more sailors came down, monkeylike, and then they waited, waited. Then two more. After an interminable time Joel descended the dangling ladder, as casually as he might a staircase, with some papers in one hand and a bundle under his arm.

'Shove off,' he said.

The ship very soon was leaking gray mist all over like a smoky stove, and anon it leaped into flame, fire running up the tarred rigging, chasing the colored flags that were not needed any longer to tell that the ship Mary Spaulding was in peril by fire. Wood and rope and canvas, pitch and tar and oil — they make a gallant conflagration! Thick black smoke and orange flame! Suddenly Caroline wept. The poor ship! It was so small and forlorn, sitting there on the flat sea and burning up; and, even though it had behaved in a most untrustworthy way, a boat, just a plain boat with no cover, was in comparison utterly contemptible.

This boat had a mast and a small sail, but for a day or two there was no wind, only sun, and Joel made the men take turns laboring with four heavy oars. They were far from skillful at first, but after a little practice they managed very well, though not, to be sure, like a racing crew. They grunted a good deal, and during the day they became simply impossibly red in the face; but so did Caroline. Mads was a sort of officer and took turns with Joel sitting in the stern and steering. The boat barely moved. It rested on the light-blue hot water like a double boiler, and she and Joel and Mads and the fat pig and all the sailors were being steamed in it like rice; and swelling, too, like rice. The sky was the bright blue cover of the boiler, and the sun made one red-hot spot on the cover. When the wind at last came, it dried up everybody's face and hands, and the sun and wind together burned and cracked the skin like a paper put over a cake in the oven.

The first two or three days nothing happened. And after that nothing happened but the wind; however, Caroline had only fragmentary recollections of the later days. For a long time, for hours, she sat on the hard seat till she ached in every bone. Then she stood up; but it was difficult to keep her balance and it made her feel like Washington Crossing the Delaware, and tired her, too, and she sat down, laughing foolishly. No one else ever laughed. The sailors who were not rowing lolled about red and sweating; those who rowed waved back and forth and back and forth and gave out more gusts of heat to the already hot air. Caroline sat beneath her umbrella and peeped out at them surreptitiously and occasionally intercepted a returning stare. There was nothing to do. Time could scarcely be said to pass at all. It was hard to sit still so long on the wooden seat. Everyone edged about imperceptibly. Caroline shifted now to this position and now to another, and always a board or seam or edge began to dig into some soft piece of flesh until she simply had to move again. She tried sitting in the bottom of the boat, and all the hard places came most heavenly in different spots, so that she dozed against the edge of the seat until that hurt her back; and then she tried the seat once more. Oh, oh! Joel was the only one who had any change — except Mads and the baby and the sailors who rowed the boat. Joel stood up and took the sun in the glare of noonday; he sat down and figured and looked at the chronometer and the

chart, and he penciled a point on the chart and measured with the long-legged brass dividers and the parallel rulers; he scowled over the bright white paper. Mads steered and watched Joel, who hunched above the chart and pondered or else napped a little — the heat made one drowsy and the boards kept one awake. He talked in low tones to Mads, whose answers were all alike monotonous. 'Yass, sir, a little.' 'Yass, sir, iss far.' 'Yass, sir, I tink sso, ssir.' Only a thousand times he said 'Yassssir,' and the *s*'s hissed like a wet finger on a flatiron. It made her sleepy.

After she had been nodding and waking and changing her position, dozing and waking, for hours, the sun was still high in the sky. Under the protection of the umbrella she fed the baby, giggling hysterically with that shelter toward the supposedly baffled company. It felt Mother Goose-ish; but, try as she would, the exact verses dealing with the woman who lived under an umbrella eluded her, though she recollected other surprising situations which had been ably recorded. She appealed to Joel. Joel, however, murmured that once when he was a wild young man, the second mate of the Orion, he had been in a Black Sea port, and he and another wild young second mate from another ship had gone on a jaunt to a neighboring beach to discover the truth of the rumor that men and women went in bathing together stark naked. Yes, they did. It was true. Very sensible and matter-of-course. For forty years Caroline remembered Joel sitting before her, brown and serious, with his old hat pulled low, staring at her and the fat pig and telling them that tale.

The tedium of heat and aches was broken at last by sunset and a repast of hard-tack with a meagre dose of water. Joel bullied her to drink some condensed milk; just a little bit, he urged, because it was good for her and the baby. Why was it good for her to drink something she loathed? He was n't a doctor. She would not; and then she did. The awful bluish sweetness that made her so thirsty — *gulp, gul-lup* — two choking spoonfuls. Ugh! She gnawed on the hard-tack like a dog on a bone; she kept a bit in her lap and crunched it from time to time. In the middle of the night she chewed on it and tried to sleep. She could not get comfortable lying down on the boards, for they were not the right shape, and she was not comfortable either when she sat up and leaned against the seat; she could not be comfortable anywhere because her bones and her figure were always in the way. It was terribly public, too, and what good was an umbrella that bounded out of one's hand if one dozed off when one sat and was quite inadequate when one lay? Joel slept and Mads sat at the tiller and crooned to the baby, who was trying to cry. Mads went away and Joel sat at the tiller. A hundred times in the night the wild animal that she had borne screamed for food, — he was n't just a pig, but a ravening wolf, — and she hid herself with him in the brown cashmere shawl and was thankful for the darkness.

A hot dawn and no wind. All day raged the struggle about the condensed milk. She threw a can overboard, which angered Joel, who called her a savage and a pig; so, contrite, she consumed three large nauseating spoonfuls, even to lapping the spoon, and fell to on her hard-tack to take away the vile taste.

She dozed and waked and held the baby, glistening with vaseline, on her lap under the umbrella in the fierce sunshine. The baby clamored to eat every living instant, so finally Joel held him, or Mads. Peering out from time to time from the shade of the

shawl under which she sat on the bottom of the boat, she viewed an unnautical tableau: either Mads or Joel seated under an umbrella at the tiller ropes, cleverly balancing on his knees a disagreeable red infant that Joel strove to soothe with 'Camp Town Races' and to which Mads crooned, in the ribs and trucks of a once melodious voice, his repertoire of sad Scandinavian tunes. Whenever, after napping for an age, she wakened because the boards were so merciless and her legs had gone to sleep, she found the sun still standing overhead. Sometimes Joel whispered commands to the men, and behind her she heard their hoarse answering whispers. It was fantastic. Usually when Joel wanted something done he spoke firmly to the mate or to the second mate, and they at once sped roaring up and down the deck and the men ran and shouted, 'Aye, aye, sir,' and 'A-all fast!' and there was no secrecy or whispering whatever, and one realized with a thrill how powerful Joel was. Maybe it might be silly for Joel to bellow like a bull to the men in such a small boat, but at the same time it would make the boat seem bigger, particularly if one did not look over one's shoulder. However, it might wake the baby. He lay for the moment on the brown shawl beside her while Joel scratched in the log; he was like a chicken ready to roast, with his poor fat legs cramped up. In a burst of pity for his discomfort Caroline bent over and straightened his legs, but as soon as she removed her hand they doubled up again; moreover, the touch of her hand seemed to remind him of something and he began to whimper.

The days were hard to tell apart.

Again and again she roused from a heavy dream in a panic of fear that she had somehow lost Joel; frantic, she popped her head from the enshrouding shawl, opening her eyes suddenly in the light. But always he was there, an awful spectacle indeed, cheering her with a grimace of a grin. He looked the master, silent, sure; he was burned and haggard, his lips were parched, a scraggly beard flourished exceedingly upon his countenance, but his red narrowed eyes restlessly searched the horizon, watched the sail, squinted over the dazzling chart. All was yet well. Then, blinded either by the sun or by Joel's shining presence, she slipped back into the shadows.

Nothing was continuous. She wakened — a picture flashed on the screen and was gone. Rarely she spoke.

Once she saw Joel leaning toward Mads, who held the baby on his lap and a condensed-milk can in one hand, and tried to dribble a little milky substance into the pink, yelling mouth of that wild animal, who flourished tiny hands and kicked his red legs in a temper monumental for his size. Two, or perhaps more, sailors hovered just behind her, watching.

'He ain't like it,' commented Mads hoarsely. His conclusion seemed completely accurate. Joel grunted.

'I don't like it either,' whispered Caroline in an effort to justify her son's peculiarities. 'I hate it, too.' Several pairs of eyes turned to her, red-rimmed eyes in hairy faces.

'It's all there is, Caroline,' she heard Joel reply as the picture faded away.

Another time she saw almost the same scene save that the baby was sucking voraciously on a wisp of grayish rag dabbled frequently into the glittering can.

'I don't believe it's good for him,' muttered Joel.

'He ain't got the teeth for hard-tack, sir,' submitted a remote voice which resembled that of the donor of the Alaskan salmon-spear.

Again, in the passage of days, Caroline came to herself, an anxious parent,

and whispered an inquiry of Joel as to whether someone had attended to her child's diapers.

'We got 'em trailing on the end of a line,' reported that reliable sea dog and, straining, she glimpsed indeed a patch of white leaping in the wavering path of the boat.

'Salt water,' she protested. 'I think it will hurt his poor legs.' But Joel patted her hand and she drifted off again to where her mother was making gingerbread in the breezy kitchen in Wiscasset.

Days and days and days. . . .

She dreamed that she was sitting on the splintery yellow kitchen floor in the bright warm oblong beside the screen door, and a big bad fly was on the outside, buzzing and buzzing, and pushing to get in — no, a hand was pressing on her shoulder and a familiar croak called to her.

'Caroline! Caroline! An island!' She was still in the boat. She opened her heavy eyes and blinked, but there was no island to be seen. No island. None at all. She put her head down once more, but the inexorable voice went on and on — a voice with a hint of authority.

'Caroline! Wake up! It's an island — for you and the baby and everybody.' For the baby. Oh yes, for the baby. She had almost forgotten him. He had cried all day and all night and had been as bad as beans, but he was good now; he had heard about the island. 'Where?' she moved her stiff lips soundlessly.

'Starboard bow,' said Joel's voice, quite close. Was starboard right or left? And if one looked toward the back of the boat, where was it then? She raised her head and peered at the dazzling tin-can sea with a strip of paper unrolling along it. There was no island. Joel was crazy. But he was so persistent.

'It's Juan Fernandez!' His husky whisper slid away from her, but his hand was inescapably tight on her bony shoulder. 'Robinson Crusoe's island. Listen, dear, we can get to Valparaiso and take a steamer home to Bath.' Robinson Crusoe was in a bright blue book with gilt letters, on the top shelf; he was the man who was cast away on a desert island with savages and goats. He tamed the goats and milked the savages — on Friday. No, he milked the savages and tamed the goats on Friday. He made him a coat of an old nanny-goat, and what do you s'pose made him do so? The baby might like goat's milk better than condensed milk in a shiny can with a blue cow on the label, — he was so unreasonable, — but if there were milk only on Friday and he wanted milk every minute —

Joel mumbled on and on and pinched her shoulder.

'Look *forward!*' He turned her reluctant chin. There it was! It was a vision of mountain tops and green trees rising from a shining sea, cool trees and bushes. Shade and a desert island — a better place for women to live in than the seclusion of an umbrella in an open boat with many men. She remembered the piece of hard-tack in her hot hand and lifted it to her lips, grinding it feebly with her teeth; it hurt her face to open her mouth even a little. For a while she stared at a delightful dark spot in a bright universe; it was at her right, a short distance off. Presently she made it out to be the umbrella, under which sat a fearful reddish giant covered with golden hair, with her own amiable little pig on his knee. A maternal jealousy stirred her.

'I want to hold him,' she whispered. Joel's hand bit into her shoulder, and he did not answer.

'He iss assleep now, ma'am,' Mads hissed at her. 'If I moof him, he cries, maybe.'

'He does n't like me!' she lamented. 'He's a bad boy.'

'Sssh, sssh!' reproved Joel. 'He's been a good boy, and we are taking him to Robinson Crusoe's island. A feller should be older when he goes to sea.' He achieved a ragged, gasping laugh.

'When he grows up —' began Caroline; but she was tired of talking and forgot what she had had in mind to say.

Juan Fernandez was a pleasant place to rest. She had a canvas hammock made from the lifeboat's sail stretched under the trees that smelled like sandalwood. She lay in the shade and was contented. The wind blew on her steadily, and the sun shone only in little patches through the leaves. The pretty sunshine. There were millions and millions of goats and quantities of strong milk and coarse meat and fish and fruit; there were a few curious people who seemed eager to get her what she wanted, though really all she wanted was to lie in the shade and watch the flowers and the birds. There were innumerable humming birds, as swift and bright as fireflies; some were bright brown with gold heads, and others, more beautiful still, were royally green, and their heads shone with a greenish-golden crown. They were prettier than any of the birds in Bath. She lay in her hammock or sat in the heavenly shade and reached out unsuccessfully to pat the swift things when they flew near.

When she came away, an old woman of the island, expecting to please, gave her the dried skins of three of those little birds. The poor dead pretties. . . .

'You have n't told me a thing!' complained young Caroline. 'Not one thing! You said there was a handkerchief in the box! Where did the birds come from? And where's the handkerchief and Uncle Joel's father's watch?'

'He was only a little baby, you know,' murmured old Caroline, faded eyes fixed on the past; 'and Joel wrapped him in the handkerchief — to bury him.'

In the old parlor the curtains blew in and out, and the pattern of the many-paned windows lay bright on the heathenish carpet. Old Caroline dreamed of her wedding trip, and young Caroline beat her restless feet on a stupid rug and was fiercely discontented with the present.

'How old were you then?' she burst out, hoping against hope.

'Why, I was twenty-four, I guess. No, maybe I was twenty-five,' old Caroline replied, frowning and calculating. Young Caroline snorted bitterly.

'I'm *thirty-two!* I've never been anywhere except to New York and Boston and Philadelphia! There are n't any sea captains for *me* to marry and I'll never have enough money to go anywhere — *anywhere!*'

'It is n't anything much to go places,' said old Caroline remotely.

CLEAR EVENING

BY SARA TEASDALE

THE crescent moon is large enough to linger
A little while after the twilight goes;
This moist midsummer night the garden perfumes
Are earth and apple, dewy pine and rose.

Over my head four new-cut stars are glinting,
And the inevitable night draws on;
I am alone, the old terror takes me,
Evenings will come like this when I am gone.

Evenings and evenings years on years forever —
Be taut, my senses, close upon and keep
The scent, the growing chill, the gliding firefly,
A poem learned before I fall asleep.

GLANDULAR ACTIVITY AND FEMININE TALENT

A REPLY TO DR. LEUBA

BY FAITH FAIRFIELD

The question of woman's capabilities seems never to be settled. She must ever be analyzed and explained — her intellect or logic or emotional stability endlessly measured against man's as a standard. And always she is told that the results prove her inferior, and prove also that this inferiority is due to some inborn lack which cannot be overcome or successfully ignored. Therefore woman is assured that she may never expect to rise to the same heights which are possible to man. The certainty of inferiority is never questioned, but the lacking quality varies as the reliability of the proof is discredited.

The progress of man has never been impeded by preconceived ideas regarding his abilities, his proper interests, and his appropriate activities. Woman has always been so hampered. For generations her existence was narrowly prescribed because she was considered an inferior creature lacking a soul and possessing but a rudimentary intellect. As time passed, the existence of the soul took on less vital concern in the affairs of daily life. Then only was it conceded that it might be possible for woman to possess one, as it seemed improbable that she could thereby materially disturb the existing social and economic conditions. Equal intellectual capacity, on the other hand, was acknowledged only after positive experimental proofs, the results of which could not be disputed. Through the ages woman has been biologically handicapped in exerting her intellectual powers and establishing her own equality. By minimizing this handicap through a civilization less wasteful of human life, woman is beginning to enjoy greater economic and social freedom, and thereby hopes to have an opportunity to test her powers. To discourage these aspirations, there seems to be a tendency among a few men of learning to search for new obstacles to her success. She is repeatedly reminded that the greatest scientists, musicians, and artists have never been numbered among her sex. Therefore she presumably must suffer from some deficiency which earlier investigations have failed to reveal. She is encouraged to believe that her humble place among the geniuses has no relation to repression, but is due to an unknown factor in her physiologic construction. She is reminded of the comparatively greater variability exhibited among males, as evidenced by the larger number of male geniuses — and also inmates of institutions for the feeble-minded. She is not told that the proof of this sex difference has never been established conclusively, and that some scientists believe the difference is in favor of the female. Possibly they reach this conclusion because they consider greater variability a doubtful advantage.

Through the ages there has always

been one particular organ or part of the body held in reverence as controlling the highest emotions and actions of the individual. We know, for example, that at one time it was believed that the dead heroes might return to earth only if the sacrum, a bone at the lower end of the spine, were preserved intact. Incidentally this is a particularly fragile bone, crumbling rapidly after death, and making the safe return of the hero through its integrity most precarious. The attention has gone in turn to various other centres, — the heart, the liver, or the brain, — as the quality attributed to each organ was most cherished. When the soul was most highly reverenced, woman had none. As the intellect became more important, woman lacked. And now, as ductless glands are considered the factors influencing character and the quality of intellectual and emotional activity, most assuredly woman possesses inferior, inadequate secretions.

Internal secretions are sometimes spoken of as the romance of modern medicine. Like romance, consideration of the scope of their activity stimulates the imagination. Their physiology is still in a somewhat indefinite and unsettled state because of the difficulty of determining the exact function of each gland. Apparently they are closely interrelated, so that dysfunction of one results in changed activity of others. Animal experimentation does not differentiate the activity of each gland conclusively, because the removal of one produces a compensatory hyperactivity in certain others. However, experimentation does reveal definite characteristic changes following the removal of each gland or part of a gland. The scientist undertakes the interpretation of these results cautiously, with the understanding that he is venturing in a field in which there is as yet little actual proof, and realizing that his conclusions are but hypotheses which later investigations may prove unwarranted and utterly false. Undoubtedly hormones are the factors determining metabolism rate and therefore energy; but because their functions are not clearly outlined they have served also as an alibi to the credulous for many disputed causes. By claiming their dysfunction, the unscrupulous psychiatrist obtains the release of a condemned criminal, the quack collects his dishonest gains, the aged fools himself into a pseudo-youth; and now, because of sex-varying secretions, woman is offered a release from her newly discovered disorder, the inferiority complex. And why should not woman admit her inferiority frankly if it does indeed exist? If she lacks sufficient energy to accomplish any great work, if her talents must ever be hormone-inhibited, let her face the matter squarely. As a student of history and of human nature, she obviously has a right, before she will even consider the subject, to ask to have this physiologic deficiency proved to her with methods and results which she too may test and verify. No one disputes the comparative dearth, through the ages, of women of great accomplishments. But why endlessly close one's eyes to present-day factors of environment and training which have an overwhelmingly inhibitory effect on feminine ambitions?

It is said that impressions obtained before the age of seven are sufficient to determine the course of action in adult life. If so, by the time she is seven it is definitely established that the little girl will never attempt to break through convention to make over society more to her liking. She will always endeavor to live up to man-made standards of her conduct, and will eventually become a well-disciplined housewife, subordinating

her intellect and desire to those of her husband. However, the training of the little girl continues after the age of seven, impressing on her in numberless ways the greater importance of her father and brother to society than that of her mother and herself. She is too immature and inexperienced to realize that these distinctions are arbitrary and symbolic of a crude past, rather than actual premeditated discriminations. Naturally, then, she may develop an inferiority complex, and credit is due her if she can overcome this handicap of training and environment and accomplish what her abilities warrant without compensatory bravado or undue meekness.

Lack of energy to accomplish great things may well be due not to internal inertia but to lack of external incentive. One may consider himself fatigued by his labors merely because he does not like the type of work and wishes to stop. It is common experience that labor is less fatiguing when one is pleased with his conditions of life. This pleasure may be associated with pride in the quality of the work accomplished, or merely with anticipation of emotional or intellectual satisfactions made possible by the products of labor. Often one tires because the reward does not seem to justify the price paid for it, in comparison with the reward someone else gains with equivalent or less labor. No one can deny that the man scientist's life, with his comfortable home and wife and family, is more to be desired than that of the woman scientist. His home life is a constant satisfaction and a spur to his ambitions. If the woman scientist marries, either her work or her home life must to some extent be subordinated, and either or both will suffer. Moreover, she will lack the economic urge of a dependent family whose social position is determined by the financial success of her endeavors. If she is single she may try to interest herself exclusively in her work. Experience has shown that devoting one's life to a particular cause with the exclusion of the satisfactions of all normal instincts and desires is unproductive of creative labor, and dangerous to the well-being and especially the mental health of the individual. The desire for a mate is normal. Because of the present social conditions, or, if one is ultramodern, because of the imperfections of science, making necessary the physiologic handicap of childbirth and infant care, the average woman must still choose between domesticity and a career. If she chooses the latter she may be forced to let it serve as mate, home, and offspring to her. She may decide to follow the conventional pattern of housewife, but devote part of her time and energy to outside work. If she does this the work will inevitably lack in quantity or quality, and cannot be expected to compete with that produced by uninterrupted labor. Moreover, her home may be in such a location that she cannot possibly continue her work. If her husband has the same profession it will probably be convenient for both to gratify their ambitions. But if he has a different occupation a location favorable to his advancement may actually prevent her from accomplishing any work outside her home. In exceptional cases a woman continues her work without interruption after marriage, her home life being as subordinated to her career as a man's would be. The work these women accomplish is often exceptionally valuable, perhaps because they are emotionally as well as intellectually satisfied. This solution of the modern social problem is undoubtedly not ideal, but is probably most efficacious in giving woman an opportunity to develop her possibilities.

The young woman who becomes fatigued after a few hours of practising may be reacting to a subconscious desire to stop playing because she does not believe a career can give her the fullest, most satisfactory life. Perhaps her abilities, in spite of years of practice, will never be sufficiently brilliant to grant her more than second-rate opportunities and insufficient salary to make her surroundings comfortable. Being dissatisfied with her life, she will remember that instead of striving for a career she might have married. Marriage is considered a desirable and at present an adequate career for women, and does not require any unusual abilities. Unfortunately, by the time the student of music can consider it, choice of mates will have become very limited, and it will be doubtful if she can find a congenial husband. Perhaps she makes a brilliant success of her music, and sometime during her career marries. An intellectual man may be married to a low-grade moron with the sanction of society, but the husband of a woman of unusual ability is considered an object for pity or merriment unless his accomplishments equal or excel hers.

The financial situation should also be considered. A man may wear ragged clothing and defy conventions in his living quarters and the type of his work to support himself through years of preparation. As a young lawyer or interne, he may take the opportunity to finance his office equipment and himself through the first few difficult years of his practice by marrying a wealthy girl. The distinction of his professional title and her father's money are considered an even barter. Society justifies a mating determined by financial advantages rather than by intellectual and temperamental compatibility, all other factors being equal. The woman student with equally slender means must live according to the more expensive standards of convention and has considerable difficulty finding appropriate work for her support. Her years of beginning practice are more difficult because she has to contend against a certain amount of sex prejudice still prevalent. She cannot expect a marriage which in return for her professional title will release her from financial worries and allow her complete freedom for her career. She is not to be blamed if she gives up her ambitions during her training and marries. Her defeat may not be due to lack of energy to accomplish the usual task of preparing for a profession, but to conflicting desires within her and a realization of the unequal competition before her if she continues studying.

The average college girl, in the same way, has less incentive to keep her interested in her work than the average college man. The latter anticipates a business or profession to which college is a stepping-stone. The average girl has no similar expectations, and must strive to make a success of her work inspired only by abstract reasons. A definitely increasing number of college girls, however, are planning to have some vocation. Of these, many will be able to continue their profession after marriage, without seriously subordinating it to their home lives. This means a fairer test of woman's intellectual possibilities if they must again be analyzed. At present the greater wonder is why the numberless external factors so materially affecting woman's ambitions and available activities are so studiously avoided, and the elusive hormone blamed for it all.

RUBBER

THE INQUIRY AND THE FACTS

BY GEORGE O. MAY

The recent inquiry by the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce into foreign controls of raw materials raised a number of interesting issues. It inevitably brought up the question whether a country which was enforcing a highly protective flexible tariff could with any grace criticize control of raw materials by countries whose prosperity was dependent on exports of raw materials rather than on manufacture; equally inevitably the committee divided on this point on strictly party lines.

It raised such questions as whether control of production or export might in any circumstances be economically wise, and, if so, whether it was wise in the cases presented to the committee; what the effect of restriction on supplies and prices had been in the past and might be expected to be in the future; and what could be done to avoid or minimize injurious effects of such restriction.

Finally, it brought out clearly the fact that, in the absence of any material change in conditions, the time when the demand for rubber would exceed the supply could not be far distant.

Because of these facts, and because they make probable a renewal of controversy, it has seemed worth while to examine the record of the committee's hearings and its report with some care. Freedom of raw materials from governmental control is an attractive platform, but doubts may well be entertained whether the recent inquiry was calculated to further its adoption.

I

In presenting the subject to the committee the Secretary of Commerce mentioned a number of commodities in connection with which he suggested that objectionable methods of control had been, or were being, employed.

The committee, endorsing the complaints of the Secretary, found as a fact that control of either production or export had been instituted over rubber, coffee, nitrates, iodine, potash, Egyptian long-staple cotton, sisal, camphor, and 'at times' Japanese silk. It described these controls as having certain common characteristics, such as that they were confined to commodities the consumption of which was mainly outside the countries imposing the control, and that all of them had brought about prices highly profitable to producers and some of them had advanced prices to exorbitant levels.

An examination of the published reports of the hearings shows that these conclusions are in some cases quite unsupported, or even contradicted, by the testimony presented on behalf of the Department of Commerce. For instance, in the case of nitrates the evidence negatives any suggestion of restricted output or unreasonable profits.

The only apparent cause of complaint is the Chilean export tax, but both this and the current prices of the product are stated to be substantially the same as before the war. In any case, the whole burden of the export tax that falls on the United States is given as only $11,000,000 a year.

In the case of Egyptian long-staple cotton, the testimony was somewhat incoherent and quite unconvincing, the only point clearly brought out being that the United States took a relatively unimportant part — 10 to 15 per cent — of the production. It is difficult to see on what basis the committee reached its conclusions, and it was doubtless wise in refraining from any detailed discussion of the subject.

In the case of Japanese silk, the only evidence of control given by the departmental witness, or mentioned by the committee, was that on a single occasion in 1920, when the price of silk broke sensationally from eighteen dollars to six dollars, the Japanese Government made substantial advances to a silk corporation to avoid a complete demoralization of the market.

Rubber was, however, the main subject of inquiry; it is upon the validity of the Secretary's charges and the committee's conclusions regarding rubber (the committee accepted so completely the rôle of an echo that it is unnecessary to distinguish between the two) that judgment on the inquiry must turn.

Upon the subject of rubber, the oral testimony given to the committee was perhaps less important than the documentary evidence; in particular, a report by the Department of Commerce in April 1925 on *Plantation Rubber in the East Indies* would appear to be of exceptional value. It bears evidence of careful and apparently impartial investigation by the representatives of the department; it is of recent date and yet, being published before the late rapid rise in prices, was not influenced by the controversies which that rise occasioned. While this report was referred to and quoted to the committee by the Secretary, it may be questioned whether it was studied with the care which it deserved. One cannot but feel that, had the information which it contains been more carefully examined, many of the conclusions of the committee would have been substantially modified.

The East Indian plantations on which the world now depends for its supply of rubber are a development of the last twenty years. It was in 1908 that the planted acreage for the first time passed the half-million mark; the first million mark was passed in 1910; the second in 1913, the third in 1917, and the fourth in 1920. Since 1920 the increase has been only about 8 per cent, or less than 2 per cent per annum, and the acreage at the end of 1925 is estimated at 4,396,000 acres.

Rubber trees do not come into production until from four to six years after they are planted, and do not attain their full production for from eight to ten years. Consequently the effects on the potential annual supply of the steady increase in the planted area prior to 1920 will continue to be felt for some years, and the effects of the practical cessation of new planting during the last five years lie almost wholly in the future.

The great increase in the demand for rubber has, of course, arisen in connection with the automotive industry and has therefore been most marked in the United States. Nevertheless, with the single exception of a substantial investment by one American rubber manufacturing company, the development of plantations has been carried out almost entirely by foreign — and particularly British — capital, first in British colonies and protectorates, and later in the Dutch East Indies and elsewhere.

The fact that only a negligible amount of American capital has flowed into an industry in which this country is so largely concerned would seem to be of great significance in any adequate study of the rubber situation, but it does not appear to have been extensively considered, nor is it explained by the committee.

In 1921 and 1922, as a result of the constant increase of supplies and the industrial reaction of 1921, the level of rubber prices fell close to, or below, cost of production. With new acreage constantly coming into production there was apprehension among the growers that production would continue to exceed consumption and there was demand for action to restore the industry to a profitable basis. An inquiry was initiated by the British Colonial Office and resulted in the adoption of what is commonly known as the Stevenson scheme of restriction. This scheme established a system of standard production in Malaya and Ceylon — which together were then producing about 70 per cent of the plantation rubber — and provided for a limitation of export according to a sliding scale of percentages of production to be applied as the price of rubber rose or fell. Export in excess of the authorized percentage was effectively prevented by a prohibitive export tax.

Whether the action taken was wise in the light of conditions then existing is an arguable question. Business men and economists would agree that the presumptions are against interference with the natural operation of the laws of supply and demand, but there is to-day a greater readiness than before the war to admit that the presumptions may be overcome, and that steps may in some cases be desirable to modify the harshness with which these laws at times operate. The committee responsible for restriction frankly described it as a temporary palliative which they recommended only because its consequences seemed likely to be less injurious than the alternatives which presented themselves. The fact that the scheme was approved by the Government of a country which has for generations stood on the principles of free trade and a minimum of governmental interference with commerce might have been deemed to lend credence to these statements.

The evidence taken by the committee on the question of the economic wisdom of the policy in the light of conditions existing in 1922 included no testimony on behalf of the growers, nor even that of impartial economists, but was mainly partisan and wholly inadequate. The members of the committee apparently gave scant consideration to this question and contented themselves with dogmatically asserting that such controls 'violate economic law and produce disastrous economic results both to producer and consumer.' It is by no means clear that the detailed findings bear out this sweeping statement.

II

In opening the case before the committee the Secretary of Commerce said: 'The object of these controls is universally asserted to be to stabilize prices to both producer and consumers at fair rates, and we would probably not be considering the question to-day if all these combinations had been content with fair returns, no matter how much we might object to them in principle.'

The committee's findings regarding the practical results of restriction may be summarized as follows: —

First, that, while restriction has stimulated supplies from nonrestricted areas which have in part offset the loss of production in the restricted areas, the net effect has been to diminish the

available supply of rubber, and that the scheme continues to restrict the supply; the net loss of production for the three years to October 31, 1925, is estimated at 146,000 tons. Second, that restriction has forced prices to figures which are three times the fair price, the comparison being between a market price of $1.09 and a 'fair price' of thirty-six cents, the fair average cost being stated to be about eighteen cents.

No exception need be taken to the findings of the committee in regard to past effects of restriction upon supply. If, however, the committee is right in estimating the new production stimulated in nonrestricted areas at about 70,000 tons a year, it would seem that a continuance of this supply after the removal of restriction would quickly offset the net loss of production due to past restriction, estimated by it at 146,000 tons. Under present conditions such a continuance may reasonably be assumed, and the fair inference from the findings would therefore seem to be that, unless restriction is to be continued, the effects of the scheme on supply will prove to have been relatively unimportant and perhaps ultimately helpful.

From February 1, 1926, exportation of 100 per cent of standard production has been authorized. The departmental evidence regarding the effect of this action is contradictory. The Secretary, in opening the case, submitted estimates of potential output without restriction which were contained in the report above mentioned and were there said to be 'generous.' For 1925 this potential output was only some 80,000 tons in excess of the actual exports, as estimated by the committee, and on the committee's findings 100 per cent of standard production would have exceeded the permitted exports by about 110,000 tons. This evidence points clearly to the conclusion that 100 per cent is more than is immediately attainable. When, however, it was suggested to the Secretary that the raising of the standard of export to 100 per cent in effect removed all restriction, he characterized the statement as 'simply propaganda' and 'misleading,' and said, 'The general calculation is that it would require 115 per cent to 120 per cent to obtain the full potential production.' This would mean that the potential production must be from 50,000 to 100,000 tons above the department's previous estimate. The Secretary offered no evidence in support of the higher estimate, and it is noteworthy that later, in answer to questions regarding 1926, he again put forward the department's lower estimates of potential production, and that witnesses for the Rubber Association of America accepted the lower estimates as correct. Moreover, such authorities as the London *Economist* and the London and Cambridge Economic Service take the view that the only uncertainty is whether as much as 100 per cent can be exported.

The committee has adopted in its report both the lower departmental estimate and the Secretary's statement that potential output is 15 to 20 per cent in excess of standard, being apparently quite unconscious of any inconsistency between the two.

The question at once arises why the control authorities did not make the removal of restriction complete in form if it was to be complete, or practically complete, in substance. It may, however, well be that none of the interests concerned desired such a step. In any case the authorities, through failing to lift the restriction earlier, had received a large — possibly too large — share of the blame for the subsequent rise in prices; they may well have shrunk from the prospect of incurring further blame for a sudden deflation. In this view the weakness of their position to-day may

be regarded as the natural result of an initial error in allowing restriction to continue after prices had passed all reasonable permanent levels.

It is more difficult to understand how the Secretary could have failed to recognize the inconsistencies between the different parts of his testimony on a question which goes to the very root of the real problem, and on which he was moreover making a charge of misleading propaganda. Whether potential output with restriction completely removed — as it surely must be in the near future if it has not been already — is 100,000 tons more or less is a crucial question in considering the rubber outlook. That the Secretary should put forward seriously conflicting statements on this question without attempting to reconcile them greatly detracts from the value of his efforts to enlighten the people of the United States in regard to this very important problem.

In view of the committee's findings concerning the effect of restriction on supply, it is difficult to accept its conclusions as to the effect of restriction on price. The loss of production found to have occurred is clearly a wholly inadequate explanation of the rise in price from $14\frac{1}{2}$ cents in the first quarter of restriction to the figure of $1.09 which the committee uses. Nor is the acceptance of this finding made easier by the facts that the price has since fallen to sixty cents or lower, and that the committee attributes this fall to the action of the Secretary in calling on our people to economize in the use of rubber and to use substitutes. The obvious retort would be to say that, if the committee is right regarding the decline, the rise must be attributable mainly to our failure to economize earlier, notwithstanding that a shortage of rubber could be foreseen.

The extreme rise, like the earlier rise to $1.21 in July 1925, was unwarranted, but may be regarded as one of the ordinary incidents of a sensitive market, which in turn was attributable to the unexpectedly great and sustained demand for motor cars and hence for rubber in America, coupled with an increased demand from the rest of the world. The point may be illustrated by reference to a report on the prospective demand made, as recently as the spring of 1924, for the Rubber Association of America by a statistician of high repute. As a rough check of results reached by more detailed methods, he used the assumption that the demand would be increased by twenty tons for every thousand cars added to the registration. In making his computation he assumed that the registration would increase by eight millions in seven years; and of the resulting increase in annual consumption of rubber of 160,000 tons which he allowed for he assigned 52,000 tons to the first two years. Actually the increase of registration in two years is nearly five millions, implying an increase of 100,000 tons in the annual consumption of rubber.

Those responsible for rubber control can scarcely be blamed for failing to foresee these developments when control was instituted in 1922. It would, however, seem to be a fair criticism that by the middle of last year it had become apparent that restriction was no longer necessary to maintain rubber at the levels contemplated by the scheme and that therefore it would have been the part of wisdom to remove restrictions when a runaway market began to develop in July. Such action would not have affected the rubber situation adversely and would have greatly strengthened the position of the rubber control. It would have obviated any possibility of complaints, such as have since been freely and not unjustly made, that the control has not been conducted in accord with the spirit of

the scheme and the explanations of its purpose to consumers.

III

The findings in regard to the cost and the fair price of rubber are of twofold importance, since they bear, not only on the reasonableness of the attitude of the growers in the past, but also on the attractiveness of the industry to American capital in the future.

The departmental report, in a paragraph quoted to the committee by the Secretary, mentioned a cost of sixteen to seventeen cents per pound for rubber landed in America, and this may be the basis for the committee's figure of eighteen cents. That report, however, indicated that this estimate, first, was based on a production of 400 pounds per acre, the average production being, as indicated by the report, about 320 pounds; secondly, was exclusive of bonuses to the managers — which the report elsewhere said were practically a necessity — and certain taxes; and, thirdly, was based on exchange at $4.30 to the pound, so that the figure must be increased by about 13 per cent with exchange practically at parity.

In another place the report, speaking of a group of companies which was 'one of the best guides to present-day costs,' pointed out that 'despite the drastic economies effected' the cost per pound in 1922 was 11.9 pence, which is equivalent at present rates to just about twenty-four cents.

The president of the one American company which has large plantations estimates the cost per pound (excluding transportation) at twenty-five cents, and said he believed this figure would be a fair figure for the large British companies.

It is difficult to see how, in the face of this evidence, the committee could place cost much below twenty-five cents, if cost was intended to include all expenditures which have to be met before there is a profit available for return on investment.

The committee supports its finding that thirty-six cents a pound is a fair price to cover both cost and return on capital by two arguments: first, that the hearings showed such a price would yield an annual return to the rubber growers of 15 to 25 per cent on invested capital, even in the case of plantations with higher production costs; second, that the growers admitted it was a fair price and that it was the objective of the Stevenson plan.

The first question is: What does the committee (and the Secretary, whom it follows closely) mean by an annual return? Does it contemplate a return during the necessary years of growth, which will be added to the investment on which the return is to be computed when production begins? If not, then a return of 15 per cent in productive years is grossly inadequate. Experience shows that established profit-earning businesses are constantly being sold in the United States on a basis which gives an immediate profit of 15 per cent per annum on the purchase price. Certainly a lower return could not be said to be adequate for a hazardous business carried on thousands of miles away in a tropical country scourged by malaria.

Yet on the evidence of the department's own report,[1] showing £70 (say, 340 dollars) spread over six years as the average present-day cost of bringing land into bearing, and adding as a part of the investment a return at 15 per cent during that six years on the amount from time to time expended, we find that the sum needed to give in any real sense an annual return of 15 per cent is about eighty-five dollars per

[1] See *The Plantation Rubber Industry in the Middle East*, p. 52

acre per annum, which on an average yield of, say, 320 tons means over twenty-six cents per pound. Thus, the price which would yield even 15 per cent to an average-cost plantation with an average production would, upon the evidence, be in the neighborhood of fifty cents. The low-cost plantations could earn 15 per cent with a substantially lower price, but if the yield were raised to the 25 per cent mentioned by the committee, or the case of the high-cost plantation considered, the figure would be much higher. It is safe to say that over the period of restriction the growers received a lower average price per pound than any American judicial tribunal would, upon the evidence, have felt justified in fixing as a 'fair price.'

Incidentally, this analysis of the evidence affords an explanation of the fact that American capital has played so small a part in the development of the rubber supply. While the only testimony on the subject of return on investment outside the rubber-growing industry was that of Mr. Firestone in regard to the profits of his company, the conclusion to be drawn from his testimony is no doubt the correct one: that over a period of years it has been more profitable to employ capital in converting purchased raw materials into tires and other rubber goods than to invest it in developing rubber plantations. Up to the present time our manufacturers and consumers have been benefiting from the readiness of British capital — particularly before the war — to flow to any part of the earth for rewards which were less than our capital expects and can secure at home. It is indeed a question whether even to-day rubber growing is likely to appeal strongly to American capital. The ten million dollars reported to have been raised recently for the purpose among the consuming industries would be but a drop in the bucket.

There remains the argument that thirty-six cents was put forward as the objective of the Stevenson scheme and that assurances were given that it would not be exceeded. Undoubtedly the committee spoke of eighteen pence (the equivalent of thirty-six cents) as a price which would leave a satisfactory margin over the cost for return on capital, but surely a 'fair price' fixed for the purposes of a scheme, as the limit beyond which a further increase should not be induced by restriction, should in principle be well below the fair price beyond which any increase would be unfair to consumers. The point on which the Secretary and the committee lay a curious stress seems to rest on some confusion of thought.

American consumers can hardly complain that a price is unfair unless it is clearly above the level at which production would be an attractive opportunity for American capital, and on the evidence thirty-six cents is far below that level.

Again, one regrets that the restrictions were not lifted when prices of rubber went far beyond the thirty-six-cent limit in the spring of 1925. But, while strong criticisms of this error of judgment might be justified, it hardly forms a basis on which charges of bad faith against the growers can be maintained. It is scarcely conceivable that individual growers, or a small group of growers, should, without receiving any consideration, have undertaken to give assurances that for an indefinite period of time the price of rubber would not be allowed to go higher than thirty-six cents per pound, or that our manufacturers would be content to rely on such assurances. Evidently, however, there was loose talk on the point, and doubtless genuine misunderstandings in some minds resulted from it.

IV

Summing up the impression one derives from an examination of the report and the evidence, the Secretary was evidently keenly alive to the fact that a rubber shortage was impending, and to the desirability of bringing to the attention of the American people, in a striking way, the need of some action to forestall this condition. This he has undoubtedly done.

If in doing so he has advanced theories and contentions which upon the evidence of his department seem incapable of being sustained, this merely confirms what some of the most ardent admirers of his ability and achievements have reluctantly concluded: that his undeniably great gifts lie rather in the fields of organization of effort and of public opinion than in the fields of economics and the dispassionate analysis of controversial facts. His plea for a policy of freedom of raw materials from governmental control suffers from a too strongly nationalistic approach, from an overstatement of the case in specific instances, and from a failure to anticipate the obvious retort upon our own protectionist policies and to set forth the economic grounds upon which he distinguishes between the two policies and bases his appeal.

The evidence fails to demonstrate that the restriction scheme was either very beneficial to growers or highly injurious to consumers. It rather raises doubt whether the benefits to those whom it was intended to help were sufficient to justify its adoption.

The continuance of control after the rise of last summer may legitimately be criticized, but nothing in the nature of a serious grievance against the growers seems to be established. They have, of course, conducted their operations with a view to gain, and not from altruistic motives; but, viewing the whole subject in perspective, and taking one year with another, it is evident that they have provided the raw materials upon which a major development of our industry and comfort is based, at prices which would not have been attractive to our own capital.

The problem of rubber supply is a serious one and may be said to have entered into a new phase during 1925. It is fortunate that the change should have come at a time of prosperity so that its effects were not of serious consequence to our manufacturers or to our consumers.

Our people have a genius for economy in production, and our national vice is extravagance in consumption. Stimulation of the one and a slight curb on the other should suffice to bring about a satisfactory relation between demand and supply during the years immediately ahead, in which no great increase of production can be expected. The rise in prices will afford such a stimulation and such a check, and should at the same time encourage the plantation of new areas which will in the course of years provide for the natural expansion of demand.

If Americans find in the field an attractive opportunity for the employment of some of the country's abundant supply of capital, well and good; the record certainly establishes no case for our entering the field on an uncommercial basis.

'IS THERE ANY MAIL?'

BY FRANCES LESTER WARNER

If you would know how much the human race perennially wants to get a letter, be its postman when you can. You need not be officially appointed by the civil service, nor yet officiously appointed by yourself. For in the normal course of events in a busy life, if you are light of foot and lucky, the chance will naturally come.

Casting back over a varied career as informal letter carrier myself, I recall most vividly two of my favorite routes. One was urban, one was rural, and it would be hard to tell which of these parishes was more eager for its mail.

My urban route led over the staircases of a beetling apartment building in one of the tallest and most crowded cities in the world — this in the days before elevators were in such common use as now. I lived that year within the summit of the highest crag, and at the postman's early morning bell down along the zigzag stairways I would spin. And as I went doors would open along those high, impersonal halls, and faces would look out, and pleasant voices would call after me the magic words of the unofficial postman's license to perform: 'If you are going down anyway, will you please bring mine?'

Eugene Field, it is said, used to get acquainted with his city neighbors by dropping into their flats without notice and requesting a bit of pie. My method, I must admit, was less convivial, but pleasant in its way. It was well worth the trouble of peeling out the letters from behind those tight-fitting metal mail-box doors purely for the pleasure of seeing, on my way back, the expressions of that highly conventionalized population come to life. Anticipating a letter, the human soul peeps out.

Once and forever I learned, that year, that it is not sheer bulk of correspondence, but the particular letter, that counts. There was, for instance, a certain beautiful dowager-duchess type of lady who counted that week lost when there was no letter from her son. Not that I ever scrutinized the envelopes in my charge, but as time went on I could not help learning to recognize the penmanship of that young man. And if the eighth day went by with handfuls of letters for this lady, yet not one addressed in the unmistakable square-cut fist, I felt at fault. On a grander scale, but similarly, I suppose the Angel Gabriel feels regretful when somewhere on his cosmic rounds he finds that he has among his messages no answer to a prayer.

At least, I never got over the feeling of triumph when I saw that I had fetched the one and only letter to my clients, or the sensation that I should really have done something about it when I did not. If there was nothing for one of my patrons except a paltry advertising card, I felt apologetic as I doled it out, remembering James Barrie's famous postman of the glen, 'whose bitter topic was the unreasonableness of humanity, which treated him graciously when he had a letter for it, but scowled at him when he had

none, "aye implying that I hae a letter, but keep it back."'

My favorite rural route was on an island far out in the Bay of Fundy, where the wee post office flew the flag of the British, and all the stamps bore the image of good King George. The mail boat arrived three times in the week, and, at the proper interval after 'she blew,' every fisherman's house on the island had its courier at North Head, waiting for the letters to be put out. My sister and I, by virtue of our pleasure in walking, were the delegates from the tiny seaside inn. The boat usually came in toward twilight, and we would hurry down and take our places in the waiting line, which, like the rush queue at the Boston Symphony, would stretch far out of the box-office door and go curving down along the road. When our turn at the window came at last, one of us would seize the letters, the other the accumulated newspapers of three days, and we would go posting back, past the boat-landing, past the 'Customs 'Us,' past the long-stemmed wharves perched spindling up fantastically far above the water at Fundy's lowest tide.

We never loitered in the half darkness to sort the mail, for we knew our friends were perishing. Up along the narrow road between fishermen's gardens filled with sweet peas and monkshood and shadowy poppies we would sprint, until we reached the little inn on the ledge near the harbor light. And there our friends would rush from all directions to greet us, by virtue of the cargo that we had. We always gave it to our leading lady, or to the leading man, to sort out under the lamp, and they would toss it rapidly into piles, like bridge fiends playing cards. We were a civilized group, — no snatching, no pouncing, — but with our souls popping out of our eyes we stood intent. Two or three days of famine between mails whets the appetite. I think that with us that summer it mattered less what particular letters we got on any particular day. We still had our preferences, but we were starving. Anything made out of ink and paper with an actual flapped envelope to it was plenty good enough for us.

Probably at the opposite pole from this extreme there is such a thing as being spoiled by too much and too frequent mail. The man of affairs who has to answer a bushel of it three times a day may conceivably lose the thrill; but even he draws a distinction between his inside pocket and his files.

In a certain public-spirited household where each member has quantities of miscellaneous mail, it is the custom for the tribe to flock from all quarters at the postman's ring. The one who first reaches the door assorts the letters, and as he hands them around the others ask him quaintly, '*Was* there anything?' to which he perhaps answers morosely, still parceling it out in bulk, 'No, not a thing.' To a guest this sounds like sarcasm, or a reflection on the value of individual friends. But to the initiated it simply means that on this particular morning there happens to be no letter from the member of the family who is away from home. And when that looked-for family letter does come the rest of the mail remains unsorted, and everyone perches to listen on the stairs; if anyone is still wandering about the house at large the rest shout to him, 'There *was* something!' — and to the entire avid congregation the letter is read aloud. If a far-away member of that clan wishes to write anything in confidence to his mother, he encloses it under the flap of the envelope in a little secret note. He knows that an actual letter from him coming into the house of an early morning and not to be shared with all would be too much of a tax on the

curiosity of his kin. For he has learned from experience that until his letter arrives the family will consider that there has been positively 'nothing' in the mail.

Some such emphasis upon home letters is characteristic of every united house. When my brother Geoffrey, at the age of nine, was spending a few weeks at a summer camp for boys, he wrote a letter to our mother which she has held up to us ever since as a model of correspondence for absent sons and daughters who are too busy to write long letters home. Geoffrey, in those days, was at the height of the cave-man stage, and he felt that his parents would be relieved if in any way he rose above the average in things genteel. His letter ran: —

Dear Mother, —

It is a pleasant day. I am all rite. I hope you are all rite.

Tell papa I do not eat with my knife.

I would like you to send me some more cash, if you are not busted yourself.

With love,

G.

Within this modest compass, our mother pointed out, three virtues of a filial letter are achieved. In the first place, the anxious parent could read between the lines that up to the date of mailing, at least, no imagined calamities had come true; the writer had not been poisoned by camp cooking or pinned under a capsized canoe. If he could write that letter, he must, in general, be feeling pretty much 'all rite.' In the second place, it was gratifying to learn that in resisting complete collapse into the savage state he was making every effort to keep up the family pride. In the third place, there was remarkable insight in that proviso which Geoffrey thoughtfully appended to his appeal for funds.

In the years that have passed since the arrival of that letter, our mother has often had occasion to assure us that we need not wait until we have time to write a long letter, or what we consider a 'good' letter, before sending some message home. This business of putting off the act of writing until one has time to do the matter justice is the cause of prolonged lapses and temporary blockade. A good letter waiting to be written puts an effectual embargo on casual notes that might otherwise go forward without delay; and the longer the long letter waits, the more the material for it multiplies, until the human reason staggers in contemplation of the task. Over and over our mother has explained to us that the veriest scrap torn from a memorandum pad arriving *on time* is worlds better than the painstaking work of art that arrives ten days late.

She impressed this upon Geoffrey so strongly in his student days that, when hard pressed for time, he would drop into the post office, buy several postcards, and write his home letter upon them, going smoothly from one card to the next without a break. The only flaw in this arrangement was the little circumstance that very often the cards, though mailed all at once, would be delivered at different times. Sometimes the middle of his letter would arrive first, a card without beginning and without end, which, like all good serials, would break off in the midst of its most interesting part, the conclusion of which would arrive by some later post. Our parents were so glad of any word of any kind that they did not mind waiting over a mail or two to patch the letter up. But our sister Barbara disapproved the method, and planned revenge. She bought two postcards of her own, and started a letter to Geoffrey, in which she reported some remarks that several girls had made to her about him in his absence. She very carefully timed her

material so as to reach the end of the first card just as she mentioned the name of the only girl whose opinion of him would disturb him much: 'Then this noon,' the first card concluded, 'I saw Priscilla on the street, and she — ' Here ended the card. Obviously the rest of the sentence would be continued on the next. Barbara posted the first installment at once, retaining card number two for mailing on the following day. She estimated that this would give our brother at least twenty-four good hours to watch for the postman and to worry about what Priscilla might have said. Finally Barbara posted the second card, the top line of which went on, 'did not happen to see me, as I was going into the bank and she was just taking a car.'

If our mother had known about this plan in time, Barbara's postcards would never have been sent, for she could not have allowed us to disarrange Geoffrey's writing habits in any way. She had been at too great pains to teach him that any word from him was welcome — no method too patchy or informal, no detail too trivial, no generality too flat, to afford unfailing interest to relatives left at home.

Knowing my mother's ideas on this subject, and knowing too how well I liked to hear minor details myself, I used to fill my letters home with all those odds and ends of fact that go to make up what psychologists not altogether admiringly name 'total recall.' Geoffrey, to whom my letters were always forwarded, used to be immensely tickled at the style of document that the family considered 'one of Margaret's best.' On one occasion he resolved to emulate the manner, and wrote a masterpiece that he sent home on condition that it should not be forwarded to me. His effort was dated at the campus library, and it began, 'When we came down to breakfast this morning, we found a rasher of bacon neatly served on a crockery plate, a knife, fork, and spoon at each cover, coffee served in a white cup accurately balanced on a saucer to match, with or without sugar and top-milk. After breakfast I walked with Spider Babcock up to the Hill, along Cosine Avenue, and arrived at my class in descriptive geometry, wearing my dark-blue serge with the hair-line stripe, my navy-blue tie with the black sprig, and my gray socks with the neat darn in the centre of the foot.' The letter went on to tell just what Spider Babcock said in class to Piggy Robbins, and what Piggy then replied, and how they all prospered in the subsequent appointments of the day — all as nearly as possible in my own conscientious vein. He expected a storm of derision from the family, and he got it from Barbara, who replied at once in kind. But our mother assured him that of all his letters this was the one that gave her the most animated notion of his academic day.

As a family scatters and grows older, it becomes more and more difficult to decide which letters shall be forwarded to the other members away from home. Sometimes in the most confidential clan one may wish to write a letter that will not bear circulation among all the brothers and sisters and all of their in-laws. Geoffrey and Priscilla, after their marriage, hit upon a simple device. If a letter of theirs was to be shown to the whole family connection, they marked it 'P. R. S. V. P.' This, Geoffrey explained to us, meant 'Pass round, s'il vous plaît.' Documents of a more incriminating or special nature were marked '*Don't* P. R. S. V. P!' with now and then a dado of skulls and crossbones to make the meaning clear. Some such device as this should be adopted by great men, to indicate which of their letters should and which

should not be printed in their 'Lives.' If only Jane Welsh Carlyle had marked her most neuralgic letters 'Don't P. R. S. V. P.,' Froude might possibly have stayed his hand.

With the branching-off of new families, there arises another question. How fully shall one share with the parent stock the news of untoward happenings and anxious times? There is a canny shrewdness in the old adage, 'What you don't know won't hurt you.' This may apply to some situations, and to those who are subject to hysteria and heart failure; but for sound persons of lively imagination and broad experience there is more truth in the reverse. Whatever they definitely know won't hurt them — it is uncertainty that kills. By means of their wits and their philosophy they have learned to cope with all tangible affairs. They cannot be stampeded by the actual. The thing that turns them gray before their time is the suspicion that they are being kept in the dark, considerately given only a partial knowledge of a situation, while letters become more and more noncommittal and infrequent, lest the facts should 'worry the family at home.' An unexplained interval between letters of this kind is the eternal camping ground for lawless fears. No actual emergency, no matter what a cataclysm, can compare with the conjuring powers of the experienced imagination not fully kept informed.

Shakespeare has given us many a model letter, but not one, I should say, more thoroughgoing than that letter of disaster in *The Merchant of Venice*, in which the facts are so adequately set forth: —

'Sweet Bassanio,' writes Antonio, 'my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit. . . . It is impossible I should live.'

Receiving a letter that begins like this, at least you know the worst. Your mind is stirred up, to be sure, but you are not mystified. It is to some purpose that you can think. You may cut short your wedding feast, empty out your coffers, instruct your servants, consult Bellario, and get you to the ferry which trades to Venice, with imagined speed. All this you may do for Antonio if you wish. But you need not shrivel your good nerve cells with wild and worried conjectures as to just how Antonio's business stands. You know.

And if the experienced imagination is kept within bounds by complete and limiting facts in all calamitous affairs, it is proportionately stimulated by even the briefest items of good luck and happy circumstance. In the years when Geoffrey and Priscilla went to distant parts and made their home far from everyone in the two tribes, Priscilla managed to spare time from her busy days to send bulletins about their little son. The items about him were scarcely more than a sentence long, but they were definite, especially in the days when he was very young. For instance, there was this kind of item about the first exquisite dawning of a baby's conscious mind: 'He discovered his own hand this morning, and lay turning it to gaze at in the sun.' Not a long or labored letter, but a heavenly gift for a daughter-in-law to send to her mother-in-law, whose expert imagination would instantly re-create in a flash all the sweetness of the moment, — sunlight, first glimpses, attentive motherhood, the miracle of all sensitive eternal things, — from that one delicate wisp of fact reconstructing the total charming *mise en scène*.

But, though short letters can be so adequate and such a source of fellowship and cheer, they are hard to write when we get to owing them. After a

certain time has elapsed, we feel that nothing short of an Epistle to the Colossians will do. How shall we explain ourselves, we who have no explanation, and how shall we pick up the threads? In my possession I cherish a sample of the grand manner in this line, the most disarming apology in the world for a protracted gap in correspondence. It was written by a white-haired fragile lady of the graceful old-time school, and she opened her letter with these words: 'I know, my dear, how well you understand these inevitable, and inexcusable, delays.' The inevitable and the inexcusable! How perfectly most letter writers understand them, because they are the sins that most copiously we commit. Oh, those letters that we wish we had written, — and a few that we wish we had n't, — omissions and commissions the very hint of which can make the heart go down in its socket with a thud. If only some wonderland through-the-looking-glass King could stand under the Queen's rose trees and mutter to us as to Alice and the gardeners, 'You are all pardoned' — how our circulations would pick up! And how we worship that friend who, forgiving all our iniquities, writes to us out of turn whenever he feels like it, as if nothing had gone amiss, thus breaking up the jam in our mental logging stream. Rupert Brooke was an expert at this, taking up an irregular correspondence without recapitulation, but with a swiftly managed impression that he was still remembering old times and gasping for details. For example: —

I finish this tourist's effusion at 2 o' the morning, sitting up in bed, with my army blanket round me. My feet, infinitely disconnected, and southward, inform me that to-night it is freezing again. . . .

Oh, I sometimes make a picture of Conduit Head, with Jacques in a corner, and Gwen on other cushions, and Justin on his back, and Ka on a footstool, and Francis smoking, and Frances in the chair to the right (facing the fire). . . . It stands out against the marble of the Luitpold Café and then fades. . . . But say it's true!

Even with an enormous stomach and a beard and in Munich. — Yours, RUPERT

Such a note creates, once and for all, both going and coming, the beloved human scene. One of the most winning moments in the letters of Ambassador Page is the passage where he assures his wife that he can hardly live through the seven and a half days that must elapse before he meets her in London — if it were seven and three quarters, he would have to hurry off at once and leave everything, and take a train.

Once upon a time, far out on a rugged New England coast line, a group of us went down to 'letter-box corner' to see if we had any mail. All the small mail boxes were clustered there, surmounting their stout poles at different heights and angles, like mushrooms on their stems. From a long distance away we could tell if there were letters, for each post box was equipped with a brilliant red tin flag, which was set upright by the postman whenever he left letters in the box. On this particular evening our luck was running well, and all the little crimson flags were stuck aloft, like an uprising of the Reds. We fished out our letters and sat down at once to read them on a rocky slope beside the road. As we finished, we were joined by the oldest inhabitant of those regions, a hale and successful real-estate expert of eighty-three, who had watched all the summer cottagers move in, and had sold most of them their land. He drew some business letters out of his box, and as he sat down on a boulder near us he remarked, not plaintively, but in the tone of one who mentions a matter of fact, 'Do you realize that I can never have a letter from any of my

relatives again? I have to depend upon a medium for that.'

'Do very satisfactory messages ever come to you in that way?' we asked.

'No, not what I should call very satisfactory,' said he regretfully. 'I suppose I am not mediumistic enough myself for that. But,' thoughtfully, 'I am sitting for development.'

'Sitting for development' — we meditated on this for a moment as we watched the slender tip of the new moon going down beyond the bayberry pastures in the west. 'I used to be a great skeptic about such things,' mused the old gentleman at last, folding his business documents away. 'And I still am, to a certain degree. But when all your family and all your friends of your own age have gone, you don't know how you get to wishing for just a word.'

No — probably we do not know, but we can quite sufficiently imagine, we whose relatives and friends are still going briskly hither and thither somewhere upon the planet Earth. Quick, Ariel, the ink bottle! We have just time to get a short note written and into the evening mail!

CHILD DRAMA

BY ANNIE WEBSTER NOEL

I

Child drama differs from adult drama in having no audience. Everyone who is not allowed to take part immediately goes away. This is expected, and is provided for in the nature of the drama. If, for instance, several children want to stage a play, but are at the same time supposed to take care of the baby, a part is invented for the baby. An extra robin, or, if preferred, an elephant can always be introduced. A squirrel is always a welcome addition. A squirrel is so beloved that he is not felt to be out of place in any play. If the baby is bothering everyone, the rôle of a squirrel is assigned him, and he just runs around in the play, without any other connection with the plot. But he must be a squirrel, and not a baby, and anyone bumping into him must say, 'Excuse me, Squirrel.' A robin can be introduced into almost any play if someone comes along unexpectedly. A robin who justs stands around and hops or sings occasionally is an addition to any plot, even if not originally indicated.

A dancing part is always available. Dancing is a help in any situation. 'What shall I do while the baby is being buried?' I heard a sorrowing but restless mother of six ask the manager, who had just announced the death of the last child in the family, from scarlet fever. 'You can dance,' was the reply. Anyone coming in after the play has started may dance. And he can often simply duplicate a part. If, for instance, there is a villain who is a really good villain, why not two? Or, if there are already five children in the family, surely one more would only

improve the situation. There are a great many group parts in child drama. Additional firemen; rescuers from sinking ships; dying children or parents; multitudes of fairies; unexpected but always welcome babies, who can be fed, spanked, and put to bed handily, whenever the plot lags a bit — all these parts help to make an audience entirely superfluous, and whoever does not like the play goes away. If someone in a leading part, such as Father, Mother, or Fairy Godmother, has to go home, or gets hungry all of a sudden and leaves, this does not disturb the plot, for the person who has been taking the part, say, of Mother simply says: 'Now I'm the Fairy Godmother for a while, and Lucy can be the Mother.'

A great help in this adjustment of the cast to the plot is the usual lack of costuming. Children, when left to their own dramatic instincts, need no material aids. 'This,' I heard one small girl say impressively to another, as she pointed toward an empty space on the porch, 'is your rocking-chair. Sit down on it and hold the Baby, while I go and get Tommy, to be run over by an automobile. It 's the only thing he 'll do. Here 's the Baby. Now don't drop her, and don't sing too loud.' And for fully ten minutes the patient mother sat on a perfectly imaginary chair, with her arms around nothing at all, singing softly. 'The Baby 's grown up while you were away,' she announced to the manager of the play, at last returning with the starring Tommy. 'She 's two years old now and she wants an apple.' 'All right,' agreed the manager and author, glad of any assistance, — for one other difference between child drama and adult drama is that the former is always made up as it goes along, — and she made a gesture through the air, as of one handing out an apple.

And here the play went to pieces — or it would have done so without adult intervention. For at the age of seven the one inflexible rule of the drama is that a thing to eat must be something to eat. It need not be the thing mentioned in the play, but it must be something that can be eaten. The author of this essay herself rescued this particular production from failure. She appeared suddenly, silently laid three cookies on the table, and with a profoundly dramatic wave of her apron disappeared. So the play went on. 'This is cake and ice cream,' remarked the author and producer, arranging the cookies, 'and since the Baby is two it must be her birfday.'

'And I 'm the Baby's Brother,' announced Bill, putting down his saw and coming over to the stage end of the porch at the sight of the three cookies.

II

No arduous analysis of child drama is needed to show that action, rather than speech, is its instinctive quality. Gesture is everywhere present. The Robin hops, and his hopping is far more important in the characterization than his speech, for it is his hopping rather than what he says which distinguishes him from the Squirrel, who quite evidently does not hop. What the Robin says might quite well be said by any Squirrel, or even by an Elephant, or by a Fairy Godmother. Gesture supplies the call for stage properties of any kind except something to eat. In a child dramatization of Cinderella, overheard by the writer, Cinderella was changed from a distinctly dowdy person in ashes to a radiant princess in cloth-of-gold with silver slippers by a few simple gestures of the hands of another seven-year-old; and, as she stood flushing with joy under the admiring eyes of her playmates, another

of the cast stepped up to her, and saying, 'Now there is a great, big, lovely red rose in your hair,' with the touch of a forefinger added this last charm. It could not have been done without the gesture. Gesture will distinguish a rocking-chair from a plain chair, as it is quite evident that, if the person in it is rocking back and forth, the chair must be a rocking-chair. Gesture and position, far more than speech, will distinguish the Engine from the Baggage Car, although here, to be sure, the size of the actors plays a part, the smallest usually having to take the rôle of Baggage Car.

Speech is, of course, used in indicating stage properties. 'You must put that back,' the writer was assured earnestly one day, as she presumed to take a pillow from the living-room sofa for her own use on the porch. 'That's the Baby.' As she hesitated, some vague reminiscence of talks on discipline wandering over her consciousness, another of the cast stepped firmly up to her. 'You'd better put the Baby back quickly. She's got ammonia and you might catch it.' But gesture triumphed here, in the end, for presently one of the cast came out on the porch with the pillow. 'You can have it now,' said the actor. 'When it came to dying, Susie said she'd be the Baby. Don't you want to see her?' Susie lay stretched out on the floor, a triumphant smile on her face, her eyes tightly closed and her two small arms held rigidly in the air, while her fellow actors, converted by sheer force of her genius into spectators, stood around in awed silence.

Gesture helps out in the interchangeability of the rôles, which is so necessary a feature in a drama that is constantly being interfered with. There is a certain simplicity about it, compared with the speaking parts of adult drama. If, for instance, the baby, who has been running around the stage in the purely companionable rôle of Squirrel, suddenly goes to sleep, he becomes merely a sleeping baby, and the play goes on. If Percival Junior has to go home to a ridiculously early supper, a gesture will change the sex of Susie, and, by clothing her in the appropriate garments, enable her to take the rôle of Father, and the play goes on. Speech is, of course, also used in indicating rôles, but generally in its simplest form, as, 'Now, Mary, you have to be the Maid a minute, and let me be the Mother'; or, 'You need n't think you can be Fairy Godmother in this play all the time. Everyone is going to have a turn.'

It will be seen that speech here takes the part of suggestion outside the play, rather than the true dramatic characterization of gesture within the play, in the profoundly necessary differentiation of rôles. The real proof, however, of the instinctive necessity of gesture lies in the different use of singing and dancing. Singing, although almost a reflex action, has nevertheless the association of spoken words and can be employed only under certain circumstances. Dancing, a pure gesture, on the other hand, may be introduced anywhere. Plays open with dancing, and plays as appropriately close with dancing. Any actor who has nothing to do for a while can be held to the cast by permitting him to dance while waiting. This does not interfere in any way with the movement of the play, and indeed the actor, if merely sitting still, drifts out of the drama altogether, and sometimes cannot be found when needed. It is only recently that adult art has discovered the real need of dancing, but in child drama dancing may always accompany the expression of emotion, and is often added to what would otherwise appear scanty expression, as, 'Yes, Mother' (the child dances round and round while

speaking), or, 'I'll do it, Mother' (the child here dances also). 'If you can't think of anything to say, dance!' is the oft-heard direction of irritable stage managers, desirous of maintaining as large a cast as possible.

As the bird flies, as the squirrel runs, and as, without these characteristic movements, no speech on their part seems complete, so the child accompanies his speech with dancing.

Occasionally there will be someone present who, though determined to take part, will not dance and does n't know 'anything to say.' It is almost superfluous to indicate that this person is usually of the 'opposite' sex. He can, of course, be run over by something — a very important rôle in which only the most primitive forms of speech — like groans and yells — are needed. Nevertheless in the ever-present drama of family life a place must be made for him. Again the need of plenty of movement helps out. 'You can spank the Baby,' announced a small mother of seven, with ten children on her hands and, so far, no father in the cast. It was a difficult rôle, as it turned out. There were long intervals when the play went on without him. He had to spank the Baby enough and yet not too much. But some kind of father seemed needed. He was retained only by far more than his share of the seeded raisins with which the drama had been temporarily endowed.

Although spanking is primarily a gesture, and hence in itself important in the drama, it is a highly sophisticated action. The question of who is to be spanked arises, and it must be solved or the play cannot proceed. The person above mentioned was not really gifted for his rôle, or he would not have had to be detained by means of frequent refreshment. As a matter of fact, although the youngest and smallest of the cast is obliged, by very reason of his size, to be the person spanked, a profound sense of justice — and the fact that, though small, he can, even at that, run away — often assigns the larger part of whatever there may be to eat to the person who is spanked. 'We'll give you a whole little cake if you'll be naughty and let us spank you,' I once heard a whole cast telling an obdurate three-year-old, who was insisting on being good.

I wish to say here that, although corporal punishment is fast being discredited in adult reality, its hold on child drama is unshaken. To anyone who objects to spanking in the drama, I can reply only by leaving it to his own imagination to find an adequate substitute, and get it accepted by the actors. I have observed many remarkable instances of its use. I have seen a Mother spank a day-old Baby three times in ten minutes. I have seen a Father Kitty spank all his children, one after another, for apparently no reason at all. Spanking is one of the gestures of that rarest of persons in the child world, the actor with a sense of comedy. I was witness of a play of school life, enacted again and again and again in what was supposed to be the profound secrecy of a stage under the apple tree, whose whole charm lay in the sudden spanking of a grade teacher by the principal. Spanking in the drama has no basis in cruelty. One very sweet and earnest little girl, after a long summer afternoon spent in the profound recreation of dramatic production, went home and implored her mother to get a baby. 'Then I can take care of him,' she added, 'and spank him.' And this although spanking was unknown in any branch of the family.

I believe, myself, that the popularity of corporal punishment in the drama is due to a profound and troubling doubt in the heart of the average person of seven as to his or her place in the world.

To be able, even in the drama, to inflict even imaginary punishment on someone else is reassuring, just as, at the age of six, one of the profoundest pleasures of life is looking back on one's childhood. The introduction of a Baby into a play — a Baby doing all sorts of excessively foolish things, an absurd person, a helpless person; one who cannot speak (imagine it!) or walk — establishes definitely in the hearts of the rest of the cast the fact (otherwise somewhat clouded) that six and eight and ten are big — truly big. And only a large and strong and, above all else, an important person can inflict punishment on another. To anyone observing child drama this becomes evident in many ways. One small boy of four, with a very aggressive personality, was lured into taking the part of the spanked by the sight of a large cupcake with chocolate frosting. Having eaten the cake in the early part of the play, he began to make his rôle so unusual and interesting by the introduction of new grimaces and an entirely new vocalization of the conventional yells let out by the person spanked that the entire cast stood around him, carried away by admiration, and the person spanking threw away her ruler and, as manager of the play and owner of all the refreshments, demanded the part for herself.

III

Child drama needs no material aids. One adult mother, preparing at top speed for company, and hindered at every step by her two youngsters, finally locked them for an hour in an entirely empty room in the third story. Carried away by her own work, she forgot them completely for far more than the allotted time, and rushed repentantly to the stairs, calling to them. 'We'll be down as soon as we can,' called back a little voice, sweetly, 'but the Baby's got a terrible cold. You might let us know,' added the voice anxiously, 'when it stops snowing downstairs.' It was a lovely June day. Although only two children had been locked in, there were apparently at least three persons in the cast. The whole thing had the air of being highly imaginative. Yet when one comes to analyze child drama it will be found that its distinction from adult drama lies not so much in imaginative power as in the power to accept known facts and experiences in an unusual juxtaposition. This is brought about by an unconscious but simple and unvarying trick of technique. The experiences and facts of the drama are those of life, but the transitions known to the adult world are all omitted. The Baby is born, grows up, has a birthday, is married and has a Baby of her own. The Mother is poor; the children have no breakfast; they go to school, and on coming home they find a thousand dollar bill on the front porch. How simple, how natural! And then if, on going out with the thousand dollars to get something to eat for dinner, you get run over by an automobile, this too is one of the things that are constantly happening; and you are fortunate in having the thousand dollars along to give half of it to a poor old man who is standing on the street corner as you come out of the hospital, after having had ten bones set; and when you get home, why, there is a new Baby sitting in the high chair by the table, eating apple sauce.

To anyone who could object, we can only retort by a counter-question. Babies do sit in high chairs, don't they? They do eat apple sauce, don't they? Well?

The material of child drama is highly realistic. Children in their plays use all the simple material of the lives they

see around them. The marrying and giving in marriage; the sicknesses, and accidents, and bereavements; the going to business, riding in trains and trolleys and automobiles; the cooking, and sweeping, and entertaining, within the walls of the home — all these are the material of drama. But the child who is one day to be grown-up does not fail to divine something behind the facts of life. Unhesitatingly he transfers it to his play. 'Why, this is cake now!' ejaculates the Father in the play, on whom his daily office trip is palling. 'It was bread a minute ago.' And no actor is so dull that he or she cannot take the cue. 'Yes,' is the simple reply, 'the Fairy was here and turned all our bread to cake.' In every play the Fairy comes and goes whenever needed. The Fairy leaves a million dollars on the top step of the porch of the Poor Woman, so that she finds it when she comes out to sweep. How exactly what one would expect from a Fairy!

This is one of the most desired of rôles, not only because of the Fairy's social position, but because of the simple directness and ease of all her gestures. She speaks little or not at all. She never stays long. The essence of her character is in the act of her appearance. The proof of her worth and her reality is that she goes. But she leaves a Baby in the empty crib. Of course. Any Fairy would. Where else would she put it? She waves her wand, and the four walls within which the children play, and which are just beginning to get tiresome, part and let them into deep, winding, underground caves, where they can most delightfully shudder; or out upon the deck of a ship, plunging through most dangerous waves. Then she disappears. 'Here comes your mother,' I heard an annoyed voice say once as, with the best of intentions, I approached the stage under the apple tree, with a plate of sandwiches in my hand. Silently I set the refreshments down, and quickly I withdrew. 'She's a Fairy,' I heard judgment pronounced as I disappeared; and I drew a breath of relief, for I had work of my own to do. From certain noises among the cast I knew they were getting hungry, and I wanted the play to go on a while longer. It was the most successful rôle that I have ever played on this stage called life; but once having played it, — having, as it were, committed myself, — I had to concede the one unvarying rule of child drama.

Even the smallest and the weakest, even the ones that play the part of being spanked and of being the Baggage Car, cannot be disqualified from playing the rôle of Fairy. 'He's been bad all morning,' I heard one little girl defend her small brother from injustice. 'Now he ought to be the Fairy.'

Child drama admits of no spectators. Everyone must get in on the cast or go away. But if you are gardening in the neighborhood of the stage under the apple tree, or if you are deeply absorbed in your sewing at the porch window, who can prevent your overhearing something? And what is the harm of overhearing children? They will never tell you anything directly. You are supposed to know. To them you are a child, grown tall and strong and strangely in the possession of authority. They do not know that manhood and womanhood mean the death of childhood — a strange and sorrowful death, hidden in the heart of each 'grown' person. They do not know that we do not know. They know we teach them; they know we study them; they know we sorrow over them. They do not know that to overhear them, as we work, is to us what the Fairy in their play is to them.

EUROPE'S BURSTING BUBBLE OF DEMOCRACY

BY ROBERT SENCOURT

I

In the United States, 'democracy' has been a sacred word, its meaning high and holy: it was an ideal, typical of the land of the free and the home of the brave. Like many unquestioned words, it was not only vaguely sublime, but sublimely vague. In Europe it never reached its apotheosis; it was, in fact, always under suspicion, and often boldly used as a term of disrespect. In England it had a sort of social stigma: it suggested the politics of the grocer, and not seldom of the grocer whose honesty depended entirely on that being his best policy. To well-bred English ears the great word had a nasty, sneaky sort of sound. It meant the rule of the mass; and people in good society thought of the mass as smelly, unclean, threatening, stupid, and generally low. But gradually liberal politicians began to use it, and in 1910 a certain majority of the electors of England supported the Liberal leader — Mr. Asquith as he was then; to-day he is better known in England as the husband of Lady Oxford, a lady not with a past, as he has, but with an autobiography. Now his plea was that the will of the people must prevail; so bold a contention did not disdain to be 'democratic.'

While Lord Oxford was still Prime Minister the war began, and the war depended very much on President Wilson. President Wilson was never thought of as anything but a Democrat; he felt nothing but satisfaction in the name of the party of which he was the head. He associated democracy with his great scheme of moral reform for Europe, so eloquently recommended by America's financial and military resources. Those who welcomed one welcomed the other. The word became popular; it began to shine in Europe with the cloudy brilliance which had haloed it in America. The war was won to make the world safe for democracy.

But no sooner was that done than another great adventure absorbed the energies of Europe: it was to make democracy safe for the world. A word so vague, and not long ago so menacing, might still contain a latent peril. Would it not be as well to make the world not only safe for but safe *from* democracy? Gentle meanings were suggested for it, and massive platitudes blunted its sharper edge. 'The will of the people must prevail' and 'Good government is no substitute for self-government' were found not to be its exact principles. It did not really mean that the voice of the people was the voice of God, for now even Tories were democrats.

A clever young Oxford don actually wrote a whole book describing his faith in the words 'Tory Democracy,' which, being interpreted by his opponents, were found to mean prayer and tariff reform. Democracy meant for him preferential duties and an Established Church. To this book Lord Birkenhead wrote a preface.

Others said that it meant that the 'people should choose their own rulers'; but in practice it means, at most, that they choose parliamentary representatives — a very different thing. Others said that it meant 'government by consent of the governed' — surely a phrase that might be applied to any government not actually overturned by an election or a revolution. Others accepted it in exchange for that well-worn shibboleth, 'the greatest good of the greatest number.' It was the triumph of sovereigns to be 'democratic'; and then it meant smiling amiably at cheering crowds instead of doing what no sovereign ever could either have done or want to do — passing acclamation by in haughty nonchalance. To be simple, tactful, shrewd, amusing, or sympathetic was to be democratic; and there would have been, in fact, an almost perfect example of democracy in the tone of this account of it. Leviathan was no longer the fearsome monster of the deep; it took its pastime innocently in shallow waters. The tiger had become a pet as playful as a kitten. Yet was there not a limerick about a tamed tiger?

> There was a young lady of Niger,
> Who went for a ride on a tiger;
> They came back from the ride
> With the lady inside,
> And a smile on the face of the tiger.

After that the dear animal was locked up in a cage. The present occupation of Europe is the taming of democracy. Occasionally it roars, and is fed.

II

Before the war, Europe was controlled by six great nations: Russia, Austria-Hungary, Germany, Italy, France, and Great Britain. Some of these were supposed to be democratic, some were not. Russia, for example, was not. It showed the figure of absolute monarchy; in reality it was a bureaucracy, controlled by a privileged caste. Austria-Hungary and Germany were much the same, but the bureaucracy was perhaps more benevolent and certainly more efficient. It was violently nationalist, and that nationalism overreached itself. But did Germany become democratic because it became republican? The German people were unable to control themselves, and they had found it out. 'Two things the German people will never understand,' said Ludendorff, 'and never long endure: parliamentary government and voluntary service.' Ludendorff, of course, is an extremist, but he represents a great body of German opinion, which showed remarkable ability to govern. If occasional theorists like Naumann or Thomas Mann are hopeful of democracy, the body of German intellectuals are more than skeptical. 'Our parliamentarism is a caricature,' says Oswald Spengler, the author of the most famous and most popular book produced in Germany since the war, *Der Untergang des Abendlandes*. 'The parliamentary age,' he asserts, 'is irrevocably ended. A people has only one right — to be well governed; and since the mass cannot undertake the task, it must be performed by individuals. The supreme need is the strengthening of the governing power with high responsibility.'

Professor Dibelius is not a politician of the Ludendorff school, but he believes that English parliamentarism is impossible in Germany, and that the German attempt at it is a sham. 'The German imitation,' he wrote, in his book, *England* (published in 1923), 'drags to the ballot box, every year or two, people with only a fitful interest in politics, and compels the elector to vote for a list of unknown names. The German parliamentarism is a manufactured import, which the mass of the

people regards with something like indifference.'

But the last word is spoken by a great English liberal, Dr. Gooch, the editor of the *Contemporary Review*, in a book which the critics accepted as an absolute authority. 'There is something overwhelming about Dr. Gooch's knowledge,' said Mr. H. W. Massingham. And what is the opinion of this great liberal whose knowledge of Germany is overwhelming? That 'the cause of reaction has been strengthened by the conviction, not confined to lifelong monarchists, that parliamentary self-government requires a background of historical experience which Germany does not possess. . . . The test of the constitution is to be found, not in its conformity to ideal standards or foreign models, but in its capacity to secure the services of the ablest of its citizens, and to produce stable and efficient government.' In other words, Germany finds democracy impossible. So much for the great Teutonic nation.

The great Slav nation never even attempted parliamentary self-government. The fact is that Bolshevism is only Tsarism under another name, and now with another set of capitalists. Its system of bureaucracy under absolute masters was a paternal despotism, and a paternal despotism the Soviet still remains. In its philosophy it lays perhaps more emphasis on the community, less on the individual; it is hostile to religion, and especially to orthodox Christianity; but in government it is a system of absolute authority, supported by violence. In other words, the paternal hand is heavier. There never was any suggestion of democracy in Russia, and there never will be. It would be too palpable an absurdity. So much for the great Slav nation.

Austria-Hungary united the Teuton and the Slav, and with them the Magyar and the Czech, the Italian and the Turk. When that great Empire, perhaps the best governed and happiest in Europe, attempted democracy, it was — with the help of President Wilson — smashed to smithereens, as French politicians, before a shot was fired, had planned it should be. There is now very little democracy in its constituent parts. They look back with longing to the days before they ever played with that toy. The severest, because the deepest, cut ever made at that system has been made since the war by Professor Spann, the brilliant professor of political economy at the University of Vienna.

Everyone knows what has happened to democracy in Italy. The march on Rome was, in fact, a revolution against parliamentary self-government, and Italy's attempt at it is now admitted to have been a failure. Is it necessary to recall the origins, the intrigues, the instability, or the final failure of parliamentary government in Italy? Is there any need to point out what carries the Fascist Government through every crisis — the fact that its worst mistakes are better than the successes of the old system? Fascism has indeed chastised with whips, but parliaments chastised with scorpions, the scorpions of fraud and faction, stinging and poisoning the country's whole administrative, judicial, and financial system. The nation of Italy arose and threw off the yoke of democracy with a sense of exaltation, regardless of consequences. And no matter how little some Italians may like the Mussolini Government, there is one alternative they know it is quite useless to suggest — parliamentary self-government.

What had proved a success in Italy was next tried in Spain, a nation with not much more than half the population of Italy and France, and less

than half their wealth or power. But it was a field sufficient to prove the futility of government founded on the vote. There was a law in Spain that voters must vote; the fine for abstention from the polls was considerable. But it could not give the ministers a sense that they were really responsible to the people, who never worried about them, or occupy the administration with effective tasks. The King, who knew that his own position depended on some efficiency in the government, grew desperate. Justice and administration had both failed; the secret societies, with the weapons of strike and murder, had terrified the ministry. At last the King spoke out, in Cordoba, in 1922, the year before the Directorate came into power. 'The Crown is no longer endowed with responsibility,' he said, 'and — it is a very hard thing to say but very true — the parliament is endowed with the capacity of failing to perform its functions, the capacity of so acting that well-devised schemes to improve the condition of the country get no further. There is a lot of talking, but none of it shows any sign of a desire to do better. On the contrary, what is shown is an intention to wreck the schemes at the instance of political leaders. What is the end of it all? The Government that initiates the scheme falls; another comes into power; the same project is submitted anew to the Parliament by the new Government, and is wrecked by the very party that at first approved it.'

But if Spain was incapable of parliamentary government, what of France? France has a high culture, an economic tradition, and a sentiment of order. Napoleon established in France a social system well suited to the people, a system which encouraged also intensive agriculture. To this Napoleon III, after the revolution of 1848, added the franchise, independent of qualification. From a commercial point of view, France is flourishing. The low franc enables her to undersell her neighbors, and she finds employment for nearly three million foreign workmen. But her parliament is unworthy of her national traditions. Her financial system has been undermined by the unwillingness of her people to pay in taxes for the liabilities they have incurred; her ministries have been not infrequently in the hands of rascals; the mixture of parties makes politics a matter of endless accommodation; and so little sense of order rules in the Chamber of Deputies that in May 1925 a series of free fights took place in the big Chamber, between shouting and screaming members. That scene showed whether or not parliamentary government suited the most cultured of nations. But parliament, we are told, is an institution which the Latin nations have never understood. It is, as we have seen, an institution that no one has ever suggested for the great Slav nation; it is an institution intolerable to the temper of the Teutonic nation. In a remarkable interview with the Dane, Bogholm, published in the *Matin* of Paris, January 7, Prince Charles of Rumania rejects it as a failure there, and says that his contempt for it explains his abdication.

There remains one European country which has gloried in it — Great Britain. But why has parliamentary government been considered a glory in Great Britain? Because it did not really involve democracy; because, in a word, there never was parliamentary government. Parliament originated in a council of advisers to the king. It became an arrangement by which the owners of property were able to give administration the benefit of their instinct. It was the link between the government and the business man. It was only during the nineteenth

century that it even began to represent the owners of really small property, or to be in fact anything other than an accommodation between gentlemen. For in England the successful business man, as long as he does not mention his success, has always been accepted as a gentleman. The elected Parliament was, until 1832, under the absolute control of the representative owners of large property — the House of Lords. It was not until the reign of Victoria that the practical prerogatives of the Crown came to be nothing more than the machinery of arranged elections. It was not until 1911 that the Lords' veto was abolished; and there is still a property qualification.

But what is it that enables Parliament to work as well as it does in England? The fact that a governing class still survives; that it retains control of the political machines, including the bureaucracy; that the English social system gives an immediate recognition to success in any sphere; and that the whole greatness of England is built up on her trade and finance, which have given the country an enormous reserve of wealth. Until very recently parliaments and governments left this alone.

England exhibits, not the triumph of democracy, but an oblivion of it. Its parliamentary battles were those between two sets of commercial interests, or between a set of commercial interests and a body of soldiers or administrators — between capital in one form and capital invested in another. The glorious British Constitution was the free development of capital and enterprise on the simple principle of comparatively honest trade. Democracy, as one began by saying, was not a word on which Great Britain set much store; and when Great Britain began to use it, it began to face a series of crises.

This hurried glance over the great nations of Europe shows at once that democracy, in the sense of parliamentary self-government, never had any solid existence. It was a bubble, a fabric of fluid, soft soap, and wind. Fluid thought, trying to find a level surface; the soft soap of flattery; the wind of shibboleth and phrase — these were the fabric of the bubble of democracy. Politicians blew it out into a rainbow globe of racing colors, in which, in odd, unnatural broadenings and elongations, their own appearances took on a not unrecognizable reflection. It escaped from them as their cheeks were bursting, and coursed skyward with the breezes. Naïve admirers were delighted by its soarings, and fancied it arriving in the courts of heaven; but, as it began to move more or less idly on or up, it disappeared and dropped on the earth or in their faces, its sunrise glories shrunk to a drop of unsavory dew.

III

Where did the idea of democracy arise? It got little respect from those two foundations of the *philosophia perennis*, Plato and Aristotle. In the ninth book of the *Republic*, Plato refers to it as a want of government, which, like equality, offered great rewards to very unequal work. How many a deed of shame, he said, has man performed, and called it freedom! Aristotle thought likewise that democracy meant that any man could do as he liked if he called it freedom and equality. His *Politics* gives the first and final criticisms of democracy when he says that its equality is based on proportions of numbers, and not on proportions of worth and good.

That was the attitude of the philosophers. Christianity did not show itself more favorable. The idea of Saint

Augustine and of Saint Thomas Aquinas was to restore the Kingdom of God by virtue and moral guidance, by spiritual authority — not by trusting to the instinct of the crowd. The conflict of the Middle Ages was an attempt to adjust the spiritual with the temporal authority. The social system was based on the idea of function — that is to say, on the corporation, not on the vote.

It was the Renaissance that turned back to classical humanism and out of it evolved what the first great age of humanism had never known — the idea of the individual. Hobbes spoke of the individual as a brute. Rousseau, a hundred years later, rhapsodized over him as an angel. 'Man is born free,' said Rousseau, at the beginning of his most famous book, 'but everywhere he is in chains.' It was this apotheosis, not of man, but of men, which led to the French Revolution. It based its whole philosophy on the individual, and aimed at making society a contract between individuals. It spoke of liberty, but not in relation to the real foundations of liberty, which are truth and law. It spoke of equality, meaning not 'la carrière ouverte aux talents,' as Napoleon afterward defined it, but the refusal of privilege to talents. It spoke of fraternity, meaning not beneficence and social solidarity, but that men, whether or not they perform men's duties, have rights to the same things. It implies what democracy implies, an hypothesis which is absolutely false: that men, by the mere fact of growing up into men, are competent to decide about their government; that they are all born with judgment and power; and that they have rights, irrespective of their duties.

It is a fundamental mistake, as Prince Charles of Rumania said, to try to make anything of a creature devoid of natural talents, or to ignore the real difference between one man and another. A babe owes his existence, in the first place, not to himself, but to his parents; he owes his bringing up to them, to class, to school, to the whole system of education. He owes his importance to the work he does; and it is probably as part of an industry or a profession that he performs his duty to the State. It seems hardly logical that as a voter he should be treated as if he were simply an individual, and yet so treated that, though nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-eight individuals vote with him, and yet a majority of one in twenty thousand is against them, their voices count for nothing.

But the fact is that, with the possible exception of Switzerland, there is no country in Europe where his parliamentary representative really matters. His parliamentary representative obeys the behest, not of his vote, but of the party leader; indeed the voter also, wherever what is called parliamentary government is really working, does as he is told. He votes at the order of his party. A few, it is true, vote at one election and not at another, or vote first one way and then another, and thus appear to decide the government in power. Yet so inefficient is this system, as far as it concerns the country of the 'Mother of Parliaments,' that at the present moment, when the Conservatives have a majority unusually large, a majority of a hundred over the two other parties taken together, they do not really represent a majority of the electors.

Proportional representation would be juster, according to the principles of democracy, but the most democratic of European countries is still shy of it. A Cabinet Minister, discussing proportional representation with the present writer not long ago, said he thought that if there were a sweeping change of

that kind the electoral system would break down. In other words, an elected Parliament dares not grapple with the logical principles of election, so far is the British government from democracy. 'The parliamentary system,' wrote Mr. Lloyd George last August, discussing the crisis that theory of government was facing in England as in other parts of Europe, 'in the performance of its arduous task, is imperiled by the complexity of groups that interrupt the continuity of forces necessary to resolve complex problems and impede the choice of competent administrators. This is the supreme weakness of European democracy. In England it has rendered any progressive government almost impossible, compelling those who look for concrete results to consider other methods.'

Professor Spann sees other and deeper weaknesses: first, the appeal to the people makes the more radical leader stronger than the moderate one, and makes the demagogue, appealing to the lower instincts of the people, stronger than the man whose basis is insight and ideas; so that democracy becomes Machiavellianism turned upside down, and, instead of the stronger exploiting the weaker, the lower dominates the higher. Secondly, it means irresponsibility, since no one knows who the wirepullers really are. Thirdly, it is incapable of settling the contrariety in case of an opposition of fundamental principles, and in other cases it renders the State ineffective by breaking it into parties. Fourthly, since the State is not only the organ of administration but also a cultural unity, any choice other than the very best possible is really intolerable. We cannot leave the government to the chance action of natural forces. Reason and morals must rule.

But indeed democracy, apart from these intrinsic weaknesses, found — as Mr. Lloyd George pointed out — a stronger enemy in trades-unions. When it discovers that a majority can compel it to recognize these unions, and the unions can then threaten it or dictate to it, as they have done, then it becomes not only an absurdity but a death trap. From this point of view one cannot do better than quote the great Milanese newspaper, the *Corriere della Sera*, in a leading article of August 23, 1925, when it was still the protagonist of Italian democracy against Fascism. 'No liberalism,' said this leader, 'is more fatal and leads more swiftly to dictatorship than that which claims and maintains that it should place the freedom and the rights of the trades-unions above the supreme exigencies of national life. No, the better democracy, the more honest defense of the interests of a people and of its humblest classes, consists actually in preventing the excesses of categories which, owing to the delicacy of the task entrusted to them in the social organism, can blackmail the State — that is to say, the rest of the people.' The existence of trades-unions containing vast numbers of operatives, of which a government dependent on elections is afraid, has given democracy its death blow. As Dean Inge said, the phylactery of democracy is fly-blown; or, to go back to our still better metaphor, the proud, fragile bubble has burst in the politicians' faces, just while their blowing made its gyrations of soap-water swifter and showier than ever.

IV

But if democracy in Europe is collapsing, as it obviously is, what political economy is to replace it? A merely destructive criticism is a cheap affair. He is indeed a superficial man whose claim to notoriety is that he is a master of invective. The deeper mind not only

has a design to put in the place of what it criticizes; it looks into the error it is attacking, to see what truth it was attempting to express. It is to the credit of Europe that it is able to appreciate both of these demands upon its attitude toward democracy. It sees the truth at which the heresy was aiming; it sees the great ideal; and it conceives a sweeping constructive idea, which it is already beginning to put into practice.

It takes the word 'democracy' with the connotation Lincoln gave it — government of the people by the people for the people. It analyzes that famous sentence. Government of the people is a pleonasm, for all governments are governments of the people; we are not talking of governments of wild animals or governments of desert tracts. Government by the people has not yet been attained, and is not thought attainable. If it were attainable, it would mean that capacity and wisdom could be dominated by brute numbers. But there is a third meaning in the word 'democracy,' which, when analyzed, is valuable: government for the people, government in the interests of the people. Now such a government need not necessarily have any association with the vote, for even a despotism may be enlightened and benevolent. But a government certainly ought to be benevolent. Now there are two ways of obtaining benevolence; one is by moral influences, and the other is by agreement with those to whom the benevolence is offered.

At last we reach a valid meaning for democracy in Europe: it means that the benevolence of a government is to be attained, not merely by the character of the governors, but by a formal consultation with the governed. The vote gives public opinion an opportunity to express itself. Wherever there is an electoral system, wherever a government is called parliamentary, a courtesy is offered to the voters, a compliment is paid them, and their governors have a valuable opportunity of gauging their feelings. Now it is just that convenience, just this courtesy, which are at stake in democracy. And they are so important that no system will flourish which refuses them. The present problem of Europe is not to rid itself of public opinion, but to use it to the best advantage.

The ventures therefore are, first, to give the voters, once they are enlightened, a real in place of a pretended opportunity to express themselves; secondly, to found the unity of the State, not on the false theory that voters are individuals, but on the true theory that they have rights only in virtue of their function, which is corporate; so that the unified society — the State — may ordain to the common good the heterogeneous forces of production and industry. On the old democratic theory, the State, an absolute entity, suffering from the suicidal tendencies of exaggerated nationalism, everywhere weakened and disfigured by anomalies, put politicians and bureaucracy in the place of the governor, and proved what is always true, that *the less government there is, the better*. Yet the government must be powerful enough to have an absolute authority over the trades-union as well as over the individual. The requirement of the modern age is to evolve a system of government which, recognizing the great productive organizations out of which the complex and enormous system of our age has been evolved, will give them and their members consideration accordingly, yet reserve the authority to coördinate them with one another and with the functions both of leaders and of minorities.

Three dangers will still threaten such a State, as they threatened

democracy. One is the mania of nationalism, which ignores the international complexity and interdependence of modern nations through their commerce; the second is the mania of materialism, which obscures the fact that the governing reason, to be efficient, must be moral, and to be moral is generally religious; and the third is the mania of centralization, which forgets that there are not only corporate but also local interests, and that local self-government is not an absurdity. With the mob absolute, none know where they are. In the householder having a voice in the affairs of his town or district, the idea of self-government has a real validity.

Such is the theory of government which Europe is building into a solid structure, now that she has tired of blowing bubbles. Its peculiarity is its emphasis on duty. Its motto is: First men's duties, then their dues. It conceives society in terms of function. That principle, said John of Salisbury in the twelfth century, is the principle 'that a well-ordered constitution consists in the proper apportionment of functions to members, and in the apt condition, strength, and composition of each and every member; that all members must in their functions supplement and support each other.' And Europe's task is to coördinate this principle of functions with the authority of government, so that not the will of the people but the good of the people must prevail.

When Americans use the word 'democracy,' they think not merely of a theory of politics, but of their own national ideal. They associate it with their grand insistence that class distinction shall not be absolute; that men, as such, have dignity; that all must have an opportunity to express their power to act; and that the only ground for pride is excellence of work. These are the great principles inseparable from the greatness of the United States. All true systems of government must be built upon them. But Europe does not necessarily associate them with any definitions of democracy that have been given her — definitions which in theory and by experience she has in the last two or three years shown to be bubbles, because they burst.

In government the different nations of Europe are in their different ways working out another ideal, which is not founded on individualism, and is therefore neither democratic nor capitalist — an ideal which will not be attained till the State becomes that immortal feature of loveliness and perfection that Milton saw with a young man's vision. Instead of viewing men as divided, it sees them merged into families and interests. Instead of an abstraction, a man is one among many workers. Instead of a monstrous machine, the world is a verdant garden, waiting to be worked to the fertility man needs in it. Instead of stampeding herds, society is a complex, mobile, and subtle body, in which each constituent whole has a unique and necessary function. Its fabric is not the result of primitive forces of heterogeneous numbers, but of producers, learning their true advantage from the governing genius of wiser minds. Its principles are not the laws of supply and demand, but the dominance of right and reason. Its example and its end are not the play of natural tastes and passions, but the city of God. It realizes that no government can unaided make men perfect, and its heroes are those saints who, though poor, are making many rich. Its theme is not liberty, equality, and fraternity, but learning and justice and mercy. Its privilege is not idleness, but work.

FAVORED FARMERS

BY E. T. H. SHAFFER

I

For twenty years I earned my living as a small-town supply merchant, my field of operations covering a radius of thirty miles. My forbears, for many generations, had been large farmers in a distant state — planters, as one would say here, with sub-Potomac particularity. But because my father had been obliged to begin life anew, landless and without fortune, I was to learn farming vicariously. My early memories are not of long, wind-swept furrows, but of long, dusty counters extending down both sides of a barn-like wooden structure at a corner of the village streets. Brick, in those days, we knew only as a material proper for building chimneys; America had not yet evolved brick-store civilization in the remote provinces.

So with ploughs and planters and distributors and like gear I became familiar, but I knew them only in their new and shining state, fresh from the factory and sticky with vivid red and black paint. Also containers and fertilizers and various farm products were early friends of mine as they journeyed through our establishment between manufacturer and farmer or between farmer and distant market. Likewise the most intricate details of farming lore were of necessity mine, as a chief element of our commercial success consisted in our being able to function at all seasons as a bureau of general agricultural information. The circle around the big box stove that glowed red in the centre of the main storeroom was the farmers' community club; close within easy range of the sawdust-filled box stood or squatted the men. In the regions farther back, just beyond the firing line, were country-made rocking-chairs of unpainted hickory with cow-hide seats, where women might rock and soothe fretful babies with 'store bread' and at the same time exchange neighborhood gossip. Our inner office was a closed sanctum, to which the farmers were admitted one at a time to receive agricultural advice and commercial guidance.

In short, we functioned not only as merchants but as a community club, ladies' restroom, and farm demonstration office; only no one had yet invented these high-sounding names. It was all comprehended as 'gettin' advances and tradin'.' Our store also handled small farm products of many kinds. Eggs and chickens (sometimes in combination), butter, fresh and canned vegetables, home-cured meat, lard, beeswax, honey, cane syrup, hides, grain, and seed cotton were one and all legal tender in our rural emporium. Looking back, I realize that this branch of our business was similar to the community or curb market now maintained in many towns for the farmers. The chief difference was that under our old plan the farmer was assured of sale for all he carted to town; the ultimate disposal of the varied assortment was up to the merchant.

Farmer customers depended upon our advice in determining their crop, in selecting seed, and also in respect to the quantity and analysis of fertilizers. Our credit department regulated the extent of the individual's annual operations, making its decision after due consideration of the integrity and efficiency of the farmer, and often, in addition, an actual inspection of lands and equipment. In fact, in the South, thirty years ago, local agricultural enterprise depended almost entirely upon the 'factor' or supply merchant, who accomplished much of the work now carried on by state and Federal departments of agriculture, local and farm-loan banks, and state agricultural colleges. A similar condition probably existed then or earlier in other parts of the country.

I do not claim that our simple system functioned as scientifically as these later and more elaborate agencies, but somehow one heard less of discontent among farmers then than one hears now. For one thing, no one was ever encouraged then to produce more than there was an assured sale for, as the whole arrangement from start to finish was frankly a commercial one. Still, long years of business and personal contact naturally led to personal friendships, so that the supply merchant's commercial life was humanized by his intimate knowledge of the hopes and disappointments, the triumphs and failures, that formed the simple lives of his agricultural customers.

It was in the offices of successful supply merchants that I first heard preached practical doctrines of crop rotation, home production of home necessities, soil building, and live-stock raising on the small farm. Such instruction was not, of course, given from a spirit of pure altruism. In encouraging and enlightening the farmer customer, in extending him judicious credit, the merchant was seeking a profit — his own living. He knew that only by keeping each farmer a going concern could he hold his line of customers. Again, success of the farmers meant the general upbuilding of the community, and so indirectly benefited all business and property interests. But is there any practical assistance given the farmers of to-day without some similar hope of reward, direct or indirect?

Yet, taken by and large, we supply merchants were not viewed as benefactors or even as economic necessities by any class in the community. Even the farmer was taught by politicians of a certain type to regard us as a favored class, who neither toiled with our hands nor knew the heat of the midday sun, but who managed to gather incredible harvests where we had not sown. Many among the professional and political ranks, while personally our friends and neighbors, were prone to hold us up en masse as grasping middlemen who with wiles and cunning robbed the simple sons of the soil. Any instance of sharp practice or of usury on the part of some petty shopkeeper was blazoned far and wide as another bit of evidence that the merchant princes were fattening off the farmer. But, looking back now over a rather wide contact, I can recall no great fortunes and but few competencies amassed from factoring farmers. Bad crop years brought disaster alike to dealer and customer, but there seemed far more often another merchant ready to give the farmer another chance than jobber and banker ready to view lightly the failure of a merchant.

The men engaged in rural mercantile pursuits — that is, in supplying extensive credits to farmers — were as a rule rather above the average for those days in general and business education;

many were real community builders. As in all walks of life, there were found good men and bad. Competition and public opinion, however, soon terminated the careers of the flagrantly unscrupulous. Still, as I say, merchants were assumed to be heartless if not actually dishonest; farmers as a class were assumed to be hard-working and honest. After some years of intimate dealing with farmers I grew at times skeptical of this doctrine of universal agricultural integrity; farmers appeared to me like other men — no better, no worse.

For robbers and parasites, the old order of merchants had curious careers, since, as I have said, few made more than a decent living, while the majority ended in business misfortune. Yet no one ever introduced legislative measures for our relief; no one claimed that the merchant who toiled was entitled to a comfortable return. The only laws that I recall concerning us were regulations aimed to limit our profits on our own goods — competition being deemed inadequate to curb us — and the many and detailed rules for picking the commercial bones of those who fell by the wayside. And these pickings were many and constant. In the ceaseless warfare of commercial competition the weak, the inefficient, vanished beneath the seas of commerce, frequently without leaving a trace. Still none appeared to mourn the fallen. It was all a part of the game, and this constant functioning of the survival of the fittest probably maintained the worth and high standards of the old mercantile guild. Lawmakers who wept pearls of oratory at seasons of depression among farmers seemed able to view with equanimity the constant elimination of the merchants. I recall hearing a rural lawyer say, long ago, in commenting on some commercial failure: 'It's a good thing to thin them out; where there are so many merchants to be supported they have to charge the farmers higher prices for their goods.' If consistent in his reasoning, he must have believed that to wipe out all competition and leave but one storekeeper, preferably a dyspeptic old bachelor, in each community would have meant rock-bottom prices. His observation first led me to suspect that the legal mind sometimes differs from the commercial mind.

II

At length, as my physical welfare required a life more in the open air, I disposed of my mercantile interests and became a real dirt farmer. The moment that I made the change I discovered that I occupied a new position in the eyes of society — I might almost say of the law. But now, even though I am one of the 'poor' farmers, I cannot agree with all popular beliefs concerning my occupation. Let me say here that, while my transactions are now from the outside of the counter, I find that I face as honest a class of citizen as I did when I stood behind it.

I make an effort to conduct my farming operations with the same degree of prudence and judgment that I exercised in my store, and, taken year in and year out, I am making about the same income. Now, however, it is far easier for me to save my money. My dwelling is larger and better equipped than the one I owned when a merchant, but it is situated several miles outside the city limits. Not only is the tax rate lower here, but I soon discovered that no mere farmhouse is supposed to be returned at as high a value as a town house of the same cost. In all this there is of course a considerable saving to the owner, but a far greater saving is in the matter of

donations to public causes. When I was a merchant hardly a day passed but that I was asked to subscribe to some worthy object — to anything, to everything. It might be a new church (regardless of my own denomination), a lodge supper, a Chautauqua, or a new dog for the village blind man. I said that I was 'asked,' but that is a mere figure of speech; I would be gently but firmly held up by some good customer with the silent support of many other good customers. 'See the Merchants First' seems to be the slogan of those who raise funds in small towns. For one thing, a merchant is always easy to reach and easy to scare; and should one attempt the excuse of being without any cash, which might readily exempt a professional man, the committee can so often manage with something 'out of stock.'

But after the public learned that I had turned farmer I was never again called on. If subscriptions were mentioned in my presence my inability to respond was graciously taken for granted. Even my own church treasurer expressed great astonishment that I should continue my former contribution toward the minister's salary now that I was no longer 'in business.' Again, I find it a great satisfaction to realize that now all my fellow citizens, from Congressmen down, believe that as an agriculturist I am entitled to an assured and comfortable living for myself and my family. Not even my best friends seemed to feel this way about me when I was a mere merchant. And I find that I acquire merit now because I am supposed to be obliged to work harder than most other men. This attitude puzzled me at first, as now I take almost a full holiday from farm work on Saturdays, whereas this used to be a day of intense effort, often until midnight. Also there are certain seasons when there is almost nothing to be done on the farm aside from merely keeping the place together. Then I realized that merchants and other business men are only considered as working when at their places of business and during business hours. A farmer, on the other hand, having no set hours, is always at work, — that is, he is always a farmer, — one hundred and forty-four full hours each week, whether he is ploughing, trading horses, talking with friends, driving a Ford, or taking a nap.

Another saving is in the matter of sales licenses. I was once charged a good stiff sum annually for the privilege of selling my own goods in my own building on which I paid city taxes. Now the public generously provides me with a well-placed curb market — a shelter under which I may park my Ford, set up a booth, and dispose of my surplus small farm products. I am even better off than were the farmers of the earlier days. They possibly paid the local merchant a slight extra profit to cover the agricultural and commercial advice that they received along with their supplies. Now the public is taxed to pay experts who stand ready to assist me in any detail of my vocation. Should local agents be unable to cope with my problems, I can wire the distant state extension bureau and special experts will be sent to assist me in the field. A thoughtful Government has arranged that I can borrow money on longer terms and at lower rates than my merchant friends. When the market makes a sudden advance I am free to take full advantage of it without the slightest fear that I may be accused of profiteering, for who can estimate the cost of a commodity that I 'make myself.'

Formerly during periods of business depression I worried over my affairs, for I well knew that failure meant death to one's mercantile career. Now

I feel that wiser heads than mine are mindful of my needs. If the necessity should arise Congress would even repeal those troublesome old laws of supply and demand that tend to lower my living standards and would hoist the products of the nation's farms by the nation's boot-straps. At least it would discuss doing such things, and such talk in high places helps one through hard seasons. Also it is cheering to feel that the failure of one's crop is always ascribed to extraneous influences — the odium attaches to Providence and not to the business management of the farm.

So, having played a part in the game, as one might say, from both sides of the counter, I am convinced that the farmers constitute the privileged class in our American democracy.

III

But, lest my picture prove too alluring and cause a back-to-the-farm movement that will depopulate our centres of industry and commerce, let me hasten to add that there are still some slight adjustments necessary before Mother Earth becomes an agricultural heaven — even here in favored America. I must confess that there is discontent among us. One cause of this is the sadness of numbers — the knowledge that there are really too many of us. The law of the survival of the fittest, the weeding out of the weak and inefficient, that works so constantly in the commercial world should have fuller play in culling the tillers of the soil. Fewer operating concerns with a more easily controlled output would prove a cure for many of our present agricultural ills.

In industry, efficiency in production and distribution must of necessity be the most vital consideration. The welfare of worker, even of individual plant, while important, must occupy a secondary place. A plant or a mercantile establishment, poorly situated or inefficiently run, must be scrapped and the workers must seek other fields. But not so in our game of agricultural production. No one weeps or writes verses about a closed shop or an abandoned factory; but a deserted farm is regarded as a pathetic object to excite the pen of poets and the brush of artists, not as a mere economic error. Probably the staple crops of America could be produced more efficiently and economically through vast concentration of capital at suitable and strategic points, employing thousands of laborers at good wages on full time. But such a suggestion would bring even more protest in behalf of the small, independent, landowning farmer whom such a system would eliminate than was lavished on the individual worker who vanished at the coming of the modern textile plant. Personally I do not know that I should fancy it myself. Yet is there anyone to-day outside of a small band in India who desires to turn the world back to cottage looms and spinning frames?

Possibly it is because of my early commercial environment that I still tend to look upon farming in America as but one of our big business enterprises — many scattered workers engaged in the production of a certain line of goods. It seems to me that the public is burdened too greatly in supplying us with experts and equipment in the producing department of our business for the attention that is given to our rather inefficient selling end.

I read recently that a Western railway president said: 'A neighboring state is spending $300,000 a year for county agents to educate the farmer in the science of increased production. It is not spending a dollar to educate the

consumer either at home or abroad in the use of these products.' Let it be a question of increasing my production per acre, of making two blades of grass (pasture grass, of course), six bolls of cotton, or ten big potatoes grow in place of one, and I have at my command the entire departments of agriculture, state and national. They will supply me with endless data, and, if necessary, experts will come to assist me in the field. A convincing argument for the crushing expenditure for hard-surfaced roads is that they enable the farmers to widen the radii of their activity. Certain bulky and heavy commodities could, a few years ago, be grown only in close proximity to railway shipping points; now, with good highways and motor trucks, there is hardly any limit to one's field of operation. The result has been a slump in the price of farm lands in the formerly favorably situated sections and greater uncertainty in the profits to be expected in these once restricted crops. I am taught year in and year out that to be a better farmer I must produce more — and I am but one of the vast agricultural multitude in these United States.

But, curiously, I am finding increasing difficulty in turning my enlarged output profitably into cash. Confronted with a similar situation in my mercantile days, I should have promptly reduced my purchases and my stock; surplus stock meant financial death. But now, thanks to the paternalistic care of the Government in the producing department of our business, our potatoes, cabbage, oranges, apples, and other staples are not only of better quality but, on an average, in greater volume than ever before in history. In growing, gathering, packing, and even transportation the Government seems to have almost boundless power to assist us, but here its freedom of action terminates. The actual selling to the consumer of our products remains beyond the sphere of governmental activity and is a purely commercial transaction between individuals. Thus, in the end, the farmer is dependent upon his traditional foe, the merchant — commission, wholesale, retail, pushcart.

Realizing this, it is a comfort for me personally to feel that these commercial men are just folks like us farmers — not human devils with horns and tails, but fellow citizens trying to make honest livings as the necessary connecting link between the man who grows the potato and the man who eats it.

The basic trouble is that this ultimate commercial end of agriculture is not arranged on a sliding scale, but is equipped and managed only to handle the output of the average season. When some given commodity — say, apples, potatoes, oranges — happens to fetch a fancy price one season, every grower in America whose soil and situation will enable him to produce this particular article bends every effort to increasing his yield to the limit. If the hope of the multitude comes to happy fruition the article appears next season in vastly more than normal quantities, normal trade channels are clogged, and the grower sees his visioned extra profits vanish and very frequently must dump a large portion of his surplus.

Commission houses and retailers in the United States who handle a given farm product are adequately supplied by a normal crop. Our sudden abnormal offerings overtax their physical distributing equipment, and certainly it would be poor business judgment for them either to widen their circle of activity to a point which they could not under ordinary conditions maintain or to open new concerns to

assist us in moving an occasional bumper crop when we can give absolutely no guaranty of continued volume.

Still I know that beyond the sphere, the fixed circle, of these commercial distributors there are thousands of potential consumers who would gladly use our surplus at prices that would net us a pleasing profit, as the unusual volume is made with but little increased overhead. Yet how is the producer to make contact with these scattered potential consumers without disrupting the established channels of distribution upon which the producer's normal commercial welfare depends? So far, the most ambitious projects of coöperative marketing suggested either are purely local in their scope or else attempt simply to draw producer one step nearer to consumer, but throw him in the end on the commercial retailer.

A few years ago a neighbor of mine farther South had a bumper crop of oranges on his hands, but no buyers. In the shops of a near-by city he observed oranges retailing at an excellent price; so, after figuring on the transportation charges, he found that he could ship several cars to this and neighboring cities, employ men to sell them by the box or by the dozen direct from the cars at much less than the retailers were asking, and still have a fair margin left. In every place, however, the city authorities demanded a license for the protection of their local dealers, and this license was just enough to cancel his hoped-for profit. No one can criticize the action of the cities for the protection of their own merchants; yet because of it my friend dumped his surplus crop — nor did oranges become the poor man's meal in the city.

In my mercantile days, no matter how attractive the profit on some article, I never planned to increase my stock save as I saw probable sale. As a farmer I admit that my policy has undergone a change; of whatever sells well this season I strive blindly to produce all that I can next year, and so do most of my brothers of the soil. If we all succeed we all fail. We are told that growing food and other raw materials for the use of man is the chief aim and end of our noble calling. Our sales force is a class of alien, commercial men who are, we tell one another, making excessive profits and are hostile to our interests. We attempt to follow a phase of commercial life under modern complex economic conditions and yet strive to keep hold of antiquated, sentimental traditions handed down from a noncommercial age. Our many failures we ascribe to anything under the sun save unsound economic thinking on our part; and instead of seeking the remedy within, as would men caught in a similar dilemma in the financial or industrial world, we clamor for help from the only other line of activity that is not conducted by business men according to business rules — politics.

Politics, like farming, is supposed to function independently of modern economic and commercial rules, and this may account for the close bond that seems to exist between them. The unsuccessful farmer appeals to the lawmaker, and the politician is seldom unmindful of the trials and hardships of the 'poor farmer.'

A farmer is in reality the owner and chief executive of his industrial enterprise, yet he objects to incurring the risks and responsibilities that are the lot of other executives. He represents capital, yet craves the sheltered dependence enjoyed by labor in other branches of enterprise. He boasts of his independence, yet craves paternalistic oversight, an excess of which

has reduced the once noble red man to the blanket Indian. In our production department we have become almost wards of government; in our distribution department we are thrown on our own in a cold, hard commercial world; and the results are increasingly unhappy.

It has been frequently stated that no people has successfully maintained agricultural civilization in the face of world competition without slaves or peasants, but America declares that she will have neither. Her agricultural hope, then, lies in superorganization and the machine. Will there be a place in this new order for the small farmer?

SIAM

BY FRANCIS BOWES SAYRE

I

Midway between India and China lies the ancient and independent kingdom of Siam. Prior to the middle of the nineteenth century, hardy sailors, missionaries, and traders, rounding the Cape of Good Hope and adventuring beyond India, had occasionally made their way to Bangkok, and found a kingdom of Oriental splendor and pageantry, like a picture blown from the *Arabian Nights;* but not till the 1850's, when insistent traders, pressing forward their commercial conquests, procured the signing of a succession of treaties for their protection and advantage, did the sleeping kingdom first gain consciousness and begin to realize that the imperious forces of Western civilization must be reckoned with if Siam was to survive.

In 1868 there ascended the Siamese throne King Chulalongkorn — one of those inexplicable geniuses who make plausible the belief that history is made by a few outstanding men rather than by the play of ordinary forces. Convinced that Siam, to reach its maximum development, must break with much of the past and adopt the best of Western civilization, he set himself the task of creating a modern State. Not forgetting that true reform must begin at home, he sent his sons abroad to drink in the new ideas — one, the present King, to England to study at Oxford; another to a German military school; a third to Russia; a fourth to an American university. Thus from the four corners of the West transformation-working modern ideas were brought into Siam.

In the meantime, with characteristic energy he entered upon one reform after another. Realizing the grave social and economic evils flowing from the institution of slavery, then prevalent within the kingdom, he determined to end it altogether; and, in spite of his absolute power, no one could have planned wiser or more carefully considered measures. In order to avoid unnecessary injury to the existing economic system, he first passed a law in 1874 providing that all

children born of slaves after 1868 — the year of his accession to the throne — should become free upon reaching the age of twenty-one. (Slave children were not made free until the age of twenty-one, he explained, because otherwise no one would take an interest in the children.) New slaves could not be created. By this wise enactment slaveholders were not overnight deprived of their property, nor was a slave population suddenly and without preparation turned adrift upon the country. By a subsequent law, passed in 1905, every form of slavery within Siam, including debt bondage, was definitely and absolutely abolished.

In 1885 the King organized a postal service, and opened up telegraphic communication with foreign countries. In 1893 he opened the first line of railway in Siam — a slender beginning of only twenty kilometres. Thereafter, with a clear vision of the necessity of building trunk lines of railway in order to link the outlying provinces more closely with Bangkok and thus achieve greater national unity, and in order to bring Siam closer to the world trade routes touching at Singapore, he instituted a policy of vigorous railway development. As a result Bangkok, the capital, has to-day through rail communication with the important seaports of Singapore and Penang to the south, and with Chiengmai, one of the principal cities of Northern Siam, some seven hundred and fifty kilometres to the north. In comfortable sleeping and dining cars the traveler can to-day accomplish in twenty-five hours a journey which previously consumed several weeks. In conformity with this same policy, another trunk line, running from Bangkok to the Cambodian border on the east, is now being completed.

King Chulalongkorn reorganized the government from top to bottom, and replaced the former antiquated system with modern departments, headed by responsible ministers. He instituted radical changes in methods of revenue and rural administration. He built up a modern army, and created an efficient gendarmery service. He established a well-organized system of law courts, and created a royal commission to draft codes of laws based upon the best existing European legal systems. In order to utilize to the full the best Western ideas, he secured the assistance of expert foreign advisers, to lend their counsel and to help push wisely the work of progress. At the time of his death in 1910, this remarkable man had, without violent upheaval or the use of force, converted an ancient kingdom into a modern State, quick with progress and new hope, rapidly preparing itself to take its place in the Western family of nations.

II

The Siam of to-day, largely as a result of his work, is a country of vivid contrasts. With elephants and Buddhist temples and golden images and storybook palaces, with airplane mails and electric lights and ice plants and a modern university, indelibly Eastern in the thoughts and the lives of its ten million inhabitants, yet startlingly Western in the rapidity of its material development, it at once bewilders and fascinates. Bangkok streets are filled with motley throngs, some garbed in ancient native costumes of the East, others in the latest European fashions, and the children in no costume at all. The highways are crowded with Chinese rickshas, Indian gharris, and the latest types of American, English, French, and Italian automobiles. A hurrying Ford turns aside to give respectful room to an elephant slowly lumbering by. Native venders sell

their mystic amulets and charms against disease in the shadow of immaculate modern hospitals. The beating of the drums in an ancient temple is drowned out by the strident music of a neighboring temple of American movies. Uniformed traffic policemen clear the way for mediæval cremation processions. Native women, carrying their water jars as of old, gather around the city hydrants out of which a splendid modern supply system pours pure fresh water.

Most of Siam's present-day problems have grown out of her sudden transformation. New wine has been poured into old bottles; the forms of the past still survive to harass present and future undertakings. Constitutionally Siam is still an absolute monarchy; her sovereign still wields the unlimited power of an Oriental potentate. No parliament or legislative body exists; the King himself makes the laws and executes them, entirely unhampered by constitutional limitations. It is true that the business of the modern State has grown so enormous that the King is no longer able in person to exercise direction over all the affairs of the kingdom; the exigencies of the public business compel him to entrust much of it to Ministers of State. The present Ministries of Foreign Affairs, Finance, War, Marine, the Interior, Education, Commerce, and so on, are highly organized and even bureaucratic; they transact the complicated business of government along lines closely akin to those followed in Western democracies. Nevertheless, the sovereign's absolute power is never for a moment lost sight of. No legislation can be enacted, no statute can be changed, nor a treaty pass through even the preliminary stages of negotiation, without his personal approbation. In a country where parliamentary responsibility is unknown there can be no appeal for popular support of a minister's convictions; *vox dei est non vox populi sed vox regis.*

Since opposition to the monarch's desires can end only in dismissal, no minister dare undertake any important policy without first ascertaining the personal desires of his sovereign. Indeed, nothing of consequence in the kingdom can be undertaken without the royal consent. No member of the royal family would presume without the King's consent to contract a marriage or to undertake a foreign journey. Ministers of State are not permitted to leave Bangkok even for a week-end holiday without the ruler's special permission.

Were such absolute power in this day used tyrannically or capriciously, revolution would be certain, swift, deadly. But it is not so used. The King has ever regarded himself as in very truth the father of his people. As they belong to him, so in a sense his life belongs to them. The members of the royal family are not permitted to squander themselves in lives of idleness. Each is expected to contribute to the public welfare; many of the ablest of the Ministers of State are members of the royal family. The King himself consistently devotes a portion of each day to the careful study of state papers; one is never surprised to find upon documents and memoranda returned from the palace painstaking annotations and comments written in his own hand. As one comes to know him, one gets the picture of a sincere and earnest man, doing his best in the face of grave difficulties to promote the welfare of his people.

III

How to use the forms of Oriental absolutism as instruments of modern

progress and Western innovation constitutes one of Siam's unique problems. Under the rule of such a progressive monarch as King Chulalongkorn, the absolute power of the sovereign has not been without its manifest advantages. Yet the difficulties and dangers which attend the practical operation of such a form of government under present-day conditions are sufficiently serious to make her constitutional question one of the three leading problems of Siamese polity to-day.

Someone has labeled Siam's present form of government by the King's ministers as 'government by watertight compartments.' Since each ministry is responsible solely and directly to the King, and since there is no premier to shape and unify the programmes of the separate ministries, the inescapable result is a serious lack of coördination, which sometimes results in friction and inordinate delay. With respect to matters transcending the sphere of a single ministry, the difficulties are even more serious; in these progress must occasionally be sacrificed to the personal differences of the ministers or entirely lost in the division of responsibility.

Fresh illustrations are constantly arising. The Minister of the Interior, whose duty it is to suppress crime, formulated the policy of refusing, in so far as possible, to issue permits for the importation of revolvers, in order to lessen the number of shootings and violent assaults in the country. Complaints began to appear in the Foreign Adviser's office. The American Minister presented the case of the former United States Fish Commissioner, now engaged as an expert by the Siamese Government to study methods for the preservation of Siamese fish. Upon his arrival in Siam, he had requested permission to import a 'specimen' revolver, capable of shooting only fine shot, in order to secure specimens for the Smithsonian Institute in Washington; his request had been endorsed by high American officials and was seconded by the Siamese Minister of Agriculture. The gun, with appropriate ammunition, had been shipped by American authorities and was held at Hongkong, awaiting a Siamese permit to import. Months passed. The Ministry of the Interior, with its eye single to the reduction of crime, was deaf to all pleas. Before the matter could be straightened out formal memoranda had to be prepared, and lengthy interdepartmental letters pass back and forth between the Foreign Office and the Ministry of the Interior; and valuable weeks, which should have been utilized in the collection of specimens, were irrevocably lost.

Other complaints were not so easily satisfied. Many foreigners, pointing to the fact that the smuggling of revolvers could not be stopped and that wrongdoers could always procure them without serious difficulty, demanded the right to protect themselves against armed criminals; and when the Ministry of the Interior persisted in refusing them the right to import revolvers for their self-protection, they induced their Governments to make strong representations to the Siamese Minister of Foreign Affairs. The latter Minister felt the wisdom of avoiding the possibility of foreign complications and the risk of heavy indemnities; yet, because there was no premier to shape and assume responsibility for the larger questions of policy involved, the matter remained pending for months, with no ready solution apparent.

Difficulties of the same kind arise in graver matters. The Siamese Government for years has been definitely committed to the policy of gradual

opium suppression; but since legislative prohibition alone will clearly not stop opium smoking the problem of method is extraordinarily difficult and infinitely complex. Yet opium control has been divided between ministries entirely independent of each other and often following quite divergent views. At present the Ministry of Finance exercises control over the opium régie, and, through its customs department, over the prevention of private importation of opium into Siam. Yet the practical enforcement of the opium laws through arrest and prosecution rests with the Minister of the Interior, who is pessimistic as to the possibility of opium suppression until opium production in other countries can be put under effective international control. Again, Siam's international responsibilities under the International Opium Convention of 1912 rest upon the shoulders of the hopeful and forward-looking Minister of Foreign Affairs. Further progress in opium suppression awaits a definitely formulated plan; and no constructive plan grows out of the independent action of three Ministers, each viewing the question from his own peculiar point of view. There seems but one logical solution: His Majesty will in all probability shortly appoint a Royal Opium Commission, entirely independent of any ministry, with power to make a careful study of the problem as a whole, to formulate a concrete policy, and to administer the entire work of gradual opium suppression, to which the Siamese Government is definitely and sincerely committed.

The lack of any legislative body means that there is no way of measuring the extent or the strength of popular opinion, and it may cast upon the King a burden which he ought not to be called upon to assume. Ever since the new leaven has been at work the feeling against polygamy in Siam has become more and more widespread, particularly among the rank and file, who are for the most part unable to afford more than one family. The Royal Code Commission, charged with the formulation of a Siamese code of law, cannot proceed with the law of inheritance and of the family until a decision has been reached upon the fundamental question of monogamy or polygamy; and since under Siam's constitutional framework there can be no representative public discussion of the matter, the King must decide, alone and unaided. Yet no matter what his conception of progress may be, he in fact possesses more than one wife, as do many of the most powerful and influential of his close relatives. It follows inescapably that further legislation along the line of Western ideas in this matter is for the present impossible.

IV

In still another respect has Siam felt the practical difficulties and limitations of one-man rule. As the business of State has assumed more and more gigantic proportions, it has become increasingly manifest that the personal direction of every executive and legislative activity of government transcends the actual limitations of any one man's time or physical capacity. Either he will have insufficient time for the study of necessary state papers, or he will not be able to meet the representatives and understand the different views of divergent schools of thought. If the responsible head of the State is not freely and constantly accessible to the leaders of conflicting views, he may come under the dominant influence of a single group or clique, representing but one school of thought, and as a result form his judgments subject to the restricted view of that clique.

He may thus be cut off from invaluable counsels and information vitally necessary for the formation of correct decisions; and in so far as this takes place, sound government will be imperiled. Herein lies one of the real dangers in Siam to-day.

There is also the menace in every absolute monarchy of a possible future abuse of the sovereign's unlimited power. Fortunately for Siam, her present sovereign is so sincere in his concern for the people's welfare and so earnest in his work in their behalf that this danger is not a present one. Nevertheless, from the standpoint of permanent stability one must recognize the fact that probably no other form of government, if subjected to abuse, would under the influence of twentieth-century ideas so quickly provoke dangerous reaction or bloody revolution. With no safety valve of public discussion or parliamentary action, pent-up popular discontent or outraged feelings could find no outlet other than action by force.

The present ruler is not blind to these problems and dangers. He has no selfish wish to perpetuate absolute monarchism. The present form of government places upon the shoulders of any conscientious sovereign a terrible burden from which he can never hope to gain respite or relief, and King Rama VI would sincerely welcome a greater participation by his people in the hard task of government. The great present difficulty is that the rank and file of the Siamese people are as yet unfitted to share in such responsibilities. For centuries they have had no voice or part in the government; there has been nothing to stimulate their interest in public affairs or their understanding of Siamese problems; they have formed a politically dead and inert mass. With no political experience or education, they are not yet ready for full-blown Western democracy. King Rama VI cannot shut his eyes to the truth that the mere creation of a so-called parliament neither creates democracy nor necessarily advances the cause of free government. A parliament uncontrolled by an intelligent electorate may constitute an infinitely more dangerous and corrupt engine of tyranny than the most absolute of kings.

Here lies one of Siam's serious and ever recurring problems. It is not insoluble, and already the Government has initiated a well-planned system of general compulsory education. Nevertheless, its solution will require time and much patience and experience.

V

One of the lesser problems which arose out of the transformation of Siam was that of the administration of law.

When King Chulalongkorn ascended the throne justice was largely a personal matter: throughout most of the kingdom each governor or provincial chief maintained his own courts, wherein cases were decided rather in accordance with his own desires than with any fixed system of law or of equity. If Siam was to take its place in the Western family of nations, it was imperative that a code of law be formulated and a thoroughgoing reorganization of judicial administration be undertaken. This work of reorganization began with the establishment of the Ministry of Justice in 1892; this was followed by the organization of a carefully worked-out system of courts of first instance throughout the kingdom, appeal courts, and a Supreme Court at Bangkok.

The interesting question early presented itself as to whether the new law to be formulated should be based

primarily upon the English common law or upon the Continental codes, descended from the Roman law. The latter won the day; and in 1905 King Chulalongkorn appointed a royal commission, composed of Siamese and French jurists, to draft the new codes. Consequently the new Siamese written law is based very largely upon the Code Napoléon, and has a strong French flavor. In 1908 a new penal code was enacted; a large part of the civil code has been finished; and it is the hope of the code commissioners to complete their task within the next five years.

Since most of the Siamese judges have received their legal training in England and the majority of Siam's judicial advisers are English, the situation resulting from the adoption of a Continental system of law promises to be of more than passing interest. Will the administration of a Continental code of law by English-trained judges result in an English law modified by Continental legislation, or will Continental ideas gradually prevail and ultimately supplant the English legal conceptions prevailing at the present day? Probably much will depend upon whether Downing Street or the Quai d'Orsay cultivates the warmer political friendship with Siam during the next few decades.

Of even larger importance than her constitutional problem is Siam's international problem, springing from the passionate desire of her people for freedom and independence. The Siamese call themselves the *Thai* or 'Free.' Of all the tribes and peoples of Southern Asia, the Siamese are the only ones who have through the changes and vicissitudes of constant warfare maintained their entire independence and achieved modern statehood. The pathway to this achievement has not lain through a bed of roses. In the language of a popular proverb, 'Siam is a hare lying between a lion and a tiger.' Bordering Siam on the west and south lie Burma, British India, and the Malay States, backed by all the power and prestige of the British Empire. On the East lies French Indo-China, built up at the expense of neighboring States as part of the expanding colonial empire of France. Out of the very intensity of the imperial desires and jealousies of her powerful neighbors it has been the nice problem of Siamese foreign diplomacy to wrest her safety and independence. There have been dark times, when exquisite Siamese tact and forbearance have met with Western brutality and even the resort to Western guns; and Siam has had to learn that might sometimes plays a larger rôle than right and justice in the Western scheme of things.

Although the independence and international standing of Siam are now assured, there has remained the problem of how to win her freedom from the harassing provisions of outworn treaties made three quarters of a century ago.

In the middle of the last century, in the days when Siam was still almost untouched by Western progress, the Western nations secured treaties giving them the right to push their trade into Siamese dominions and to exempt their subjects from the jurisdiction of Siamese courts. As the object of those early treaties was to provide for unhampered trade, further provisions forbade the Siamese sovereign to levy export duties beyond a certain fixed schedule or import duties higher than three per cent. The early conditions which justified those treaties have now completely passed away; yet the treaties, containing no abrogation clauses, have been maintained against Siam, and, by means of extended interpretations imposed upon her, have

been enforced in an even more aggravated form. Not only were Europeans held to be exempt from Siamese courts; they were held exempt also from such Siamese laws as any treaty Power chose not to accept; and these exemptions were extended to include all Asiatics hailing from European colonies in Asia, such as Sumatra, Java, or Macao, and even all such foreign residents of Siam as the treaty Powers choose to enroll at their consulates as 'protégés.' Once Asiatic residents of Siam discovered a method of obtaining immunity from Siamese courts and Siamese law, abuses followed, so flagrant at times that the work of progress was hampered at every turn.

A few months ago a Chinese tailor of Bangkok appeared at the American legation. 'What do you want, Ling?' the American chargé asked him.

'Me wantee be Melican plotégé. You givee me paper cheap,' came back the answer.

The American chargé's eyes twinkled. He explained to Ling that American citizenship was not to be bought and sold across the counter.

'Why do you want to be an American?' he asked.

Ling knew the American chargé, and trusted him. His eyes half closed; then his face broke into a smile.

'Ling go North,' he whispered. 'Bling plenty opium into Bangkok. If no getee paper, policeman catchee me. You no givee me paper? Allee light. Ling know where to go.' And he was gone.

Even laws obviously framed to promote progress and reform meet with constant difficulty, by reason of foreign rights of exterritoriality. Some time ago Siam adopted a system of universal compulsory education. Complaints came to the Foreign Adviser that certain Asiatics were refusing to comply with the provisions of the education law. Local investigation proved that these residents of Siam had originally hailed from a European Asiatic colony and were therefore exempt from arrest. When the Adviser approached the Minister of the mother country, he was informed that it declined to accept the education law for its subjects. That ended the matter. Under the existing treaty provisions Siam could do nothing.

On another occasion the British Minister raised the question of the application of the same law to a community of Mohammedan residents of Northern Siam. They were of Burmese birth and therefore British subjects; but out of respect for the memory of Mohammed they objected to their girls being sent to school instead of doing penance through the sacred month of Ramadan, and they had induced the British Empire to take up the cudgels in their behalf. Fortunately the law was so wisely framed that, after some discussion and adjustment, a way was found for overcoming the objections and enforcing the law.

Similarly, Siam framed a statute for the protection of trade-marks and trade-names. After its enactment, however, it was found impossible to secure the consent of all the treaty Powers to its application to their subjects; and as it is chiefly foreigners who are guilty of infringements, it proved impossible to put the law into effect. As a result, Siam to-day is unable to punish piracies of trade-marks and trade-names.

Again, the same treaty provisions constitute one of the great sources of difficulty and hindrance in Siam's efforts to suppress opium smoking. Some years ago Siam passed a law forbidding the private importation of opium into Siam, in order gradually to

reduce the amount imported into the country. Time after time Siamese officials have worked up their cases and succeeded in capturing Chinese or other Asiatics smuggling large quantities of opium across the border, only to find that the smugglers carried foreign papers and were therefore exempt from Siamese jurisdiction. The keepers of gambling resorts shelter themselves behind the same kind of protection.

Often the complaints which come into the Foreign Adviser's office concerning evasions of law by foreign protégés give rise to very complicated questions of nationality. The defendant in a libel case alleges that he is a Javanese, and therefore a Dutch subject. Witnesses are procured and affidavits carefully prepared, showing that he has lived in a certain Siamese village from early childhood with Siamese parents; the written statements of close relatives, school companions, neighbors, and village headmen are gathered and put in evidence. The defendant then replies that he was brought from Java when a baby and given into the keeping of the Siamese couple, who are only his foster parents. His father has disappeared, but by virtue of his Javanese birth he claims exemption from Siamese jurisdiction, and his claim is supported by the Dutch legation. Through a maze of conflicting stories and counter-stories the inquiry runs, and the question of identity is clouded and befogged by the defendant's possession of several entirely different names by which he is known to different groups of people. All the while the wheels of justice in the Siamese courts must wait; inordinate delays follow; and at times justice is entirely thwarted.

In still another way has progress been checked by the restrictive provisions of the out-of-date treaties. At the time when they were made, the three-per-cent tariff restriction worked no injury, for the annual expenses of the backward State were small and easily met. But as Siam's many-sided progress demanded greater and greater expenditure, serious financial problems arose; and to-day the tariff clause greatly increases the difficulty of financing the expenditure which further progress demands. The securing of additional revenues from an increased tariff would not solve all Siam's financial problems, inasmuch as Siam is and always will be essentially an agricultural country and therefore will never enact a high tariff. Nevertheless, the removal of the three-per-cent limitation would materially aid her, and would at the same time remove an irritating restraint which seems as unnecessary to the welfare of foreign States as it is unjust to Siam.

VI

One of the lessons which Siam has had to learn to her cost through the course of many years is that great nations do not willingly relinquish, without compensation, rights gained over small nations. Countless efforts to rid herself of the burdensome treaty provisions have proved unavailing. In 1907 and in 1909 France and Great Britain agreed to modify the rigor of the early restrictions, but only in part and only for territorial compensations. At the conclusion of the Great War, after Siam had gallantly thrown in her lot with the Allies and had sent an expeditionary force to France, she again sought from her victorious allies, whose representatives were assembled at Versailles, the abrogation of the early treaty restrictions. The time seemed favorable, when the rights of small nations were being so loudly proclaimed.

Of all those present, President Wilson was the only one who acted upon her request. Recognizing Siam's remarkable progress, America in 1920 signed a new treaty with Siam, relinquishing the old exterritorial rights and agreeing to a renunciation of all tariff limitations as soon as other nations should do likewise. No compensation was asked for and none was received.

Since that time, so far as her international problems are concerned, Siam's future has greatly brightened. Owing to the constructive work of diplomatists on both sides, her relations with her immediate neighbors have within the last few years been greatly improved, and mutual understanding and respect have increased. A few months ago, Siamese officials arrested an opium smuggler on a sand bar on the Siamese side of the Mekong River, which forms part of the boundary between Indo-China and Siam. Local French officials claimed that French sovereignty had been outraged and the French Minister at Bangkok asked for an investigation. A score of years ago the incident might have developed ugly complications. As it was, careful investigation showed that the question depended upon the exact location of the Indo-Chinese boundary; and since, curiously enough, this has never been precisely determined, the two Governments have amicably agreed to let the matter rest until the more important boundary question is definitely settled. Because of many similar questions, negotiations are now well under way for the conclusion of an Indo-Chinese convention which, it is hoped, will remove all cause for future dispute and misunderstanding between the two Governments, and will pave the way for firm friendship and joint economic development.

As a result of America's action, European nations have also had to recognize the injustice of maintaining indefinitely the old treaty restrictions. Less than a year ago Japan ratified a treaty with Siam closely following the American treaty of 1920; and during the past year new gains have been made, which show an open-mindedness on the part of European nations such as even the most optimistic hardly dared hope for. During the past ten months new treaties similar to the American treaty of 1920 have been at last secured with France, Great Britain, Holland, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, and Sweden, abrogating the early treaties and restoring Siam's right of jurisdictional and fiscal autonomy. Similar treaties have been negotiated with Italy, Norway, and Belgium, and will doubtless soon be signed. With the ratification of these treaties, Siam will enter upon a new era, freed from the harassing restrictions which have bound her for more than half a century. New vistas open out; a new period dawns.

VII

One other problem of major importance vitally concerns the future of Siam. If money constitutes the sinews of war, no less does it constitute the sinews of peace; and upon the proper solution of Siam's financial problem depends in very large measure her future.

Siam's natural resources are very rich. In her fertile rice-fields lies her wealth. The annual rice production far exceeds the nation's needs; each year she exports $38,000,000 worth of rice, together with teak and other goods to the value of some $13,000,000. Her needs are few; her peasant population lives very simply and frugally, and the warmth of the climate makes expensive clothing or fuel unnecessary.

Her abundant natural wealth has always made easy the balancing of her budget; and out of the substantial surpluses which usually resulted each year was built up a handsome Treasury Reserve Fund, utilized largely for the financing of railway construction and irrigation works. But as the activities of her progressive government increased, as she pushed her railway development and land-reclamation schemes and built water-supply systems and electric lighting plants, as she entered upon costly educational undertakings and became engrossed in the manifold enterprises which spell progress, the annual expenditures have been steadily increasing, and in 1921 occurred the first deficit for a number of years. In 1923 another deficit appeared; and present indications are that, unless additional revenues can be procured from an increased tariff and a reduction can be effected in the present cost of government administration, further progress may be seriously curtailed.

A royal commission has been appointed by the King to grapple with this problem and to find the best means for its solution. Some of the ablest Siamese are now at work upon it. A tentative study of the problem would seem to indicate that either by reducing the extremely large amounts annually included in the civil list spent by His Majesty, or by reducing the sums annually spent by the army and navy, a way could be found with comparative ease for balancing the budget without curtailing the further progress of the kingdom.

The future of Siam largely depends upon the solution of her constitutional, her international, and her financial problems. Because she has the will to master them, and not the passive fatalism which allows them to master her, she is a country of hope. Her problems are not so difficult as those of most Eastern countries; none of them is insoluble. She has rich natural resources, and she has a population lovable and of sterling worth. If Europe will but allow her by unhampered self-development to make her own peculiar contribution to the progress of the world, the world will be the richer for Siam. All those who genuinely believe in the rights of small nations and who build their hope on the progress of mankind will wish her Godspeed in her gallant efforts.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A PLEA FOR THE CLASSICS

It is one of the inconveniences of man's superiority that, though he shares with the animals the necessity for sleep, his higher intelligence has invented clothing, and this clothing, by habit and convention, must be taken off at night and put on again in the morning. When the custom began is now impossible to discover, for the earliest history of the race is written in its bones, and the shrewdest scientist cannot tell from a man's skeleton what clothes, if any, he used to wear over it, or how often he changed them. One must believe, either by Genesis or by evolution, that our earliest ancestors wore nothing; and so the story starts with a perfect economy of time and attire, and ends — at present — with a vicious circle of monotonous repetitions.

Each night myself
I must undress,
Each morning
Dress again.
Swift run the hours
(More or less)
Till bedtime comes,
And then
Each night myself
I must undress,
Each morning
Dress again.
The sun climbs high,
The sun descends,
The customary
Evening ends,
And then —
Once more myself
I must undress
To sleep
And dress again.

It is a matter of simple arithmetic (as mine must be) to discover that an octogenarian has spent at least 50,000 hours at this business of taking off and putting on clothes.

I am less concerned with the unescapable monotony of this circle, which, as it were, surrounds my sleep, and around which I am doomed daily to travel, than with the waste of precious time compelled by this unavoidable exercise. Certainly I have no wish to sleep in my clothes, or to affront the sun and the public in the simpler garments dedicated to the night. For greater comfort in bed, and to avoid attracting embarrassing attention out of it, I jog round my circle with reasonable philosophy. What does disturb me — and I have often thought of it while undressing — is the realization of what I might be doing if I did not have to undress. It cannot be said, for instance, that I am in any way improved by what I am doing, for each morning, when the circle is completed, I am, with a remarkable exactitude, just where I was when I started the night before; it is not like doing my physical exercises, for in this case, although next morning I look in vain in the mirror for any visible sign of improvement, reason tells me that something has been accomplished. Nor again is it like the autosuggestion nowadays so widely practised before going to bed, for one *can* go to bed without doing the autosuggestion. More than that, we live in an age of self-improvement, and can hardly take up a magazine, or open our mail, without having our attention called to the importance of utilizing all available time for that purpose.

I received only the other day an

account of four men who sat in the University Club of a Middle-Western city, three of whom were college graduates, while the fourth had had only a common school education, which he had wisely enlarged by reading fifteen minutes a day in the well-known *Harvard Classics*. This man talked, and the others listened — as well they might, for he had apparently traveled widely, knew something about science, and was quite at home with history, biography, essays, and the drama. He was a man, I read also, who 'writes in a style of unusual simplicity and persuasiveness — such a style as only comes to a man from reading the works of master writers. Men like to talk to him because he has somehow gained the rare gift of thinking clearly and talking interestingly.'

Naturally I felt a hopeless ambition to be like that myself; and then it appeared further that I too could do it, as a quarter of a million Americans have proved, if I followed his example. A few minutes of pleasant reading each day, and wherever I go afterward (unless, of course, I happen to run into one of those quarter of a million Americans) I, like him, will be listened to and envied.

Yet I find it difficult to get the fifteen minutes, and so must many another honest fellow who would like to be listened to and envied. Doubtless we fritter them away, a minute here and a minute there; anyway, it seems impossible for us to herd them together. We remain mere bumps on the social log. But, whatever else we do, we must undress at night and dress again in the morning — and there, all together, are more than fifteen minutes when, if we cannot read, we are quite able to listen. If an installment of the *Classics* were broadcast at bedtime, we could be taking in while we were taking off; if another installment were broadcast just after we got up, we could be taking in while we were putting on. And when we went out into the busy world of men and women we should be listened to, at first perhaps with surprise and annoyance, but by degrees, day by day and week by week, with increasing wonder and envy. As we took off our clothes we should travel, stocking in hand, down the Nile with Herodotus — so the situation was presented to me, though without the stocking — or around the Horn with Dana; unbuttoning our collars before the bureau mirror, we should see, beyond and behind the stupid features that we know so well, the great Grecian dramas in the amphitheatre of Athens; barefooted, in our pajamas, we should stand beside Columbus on the Santa Maria at that thrilling moment when America trembled before discovery. And when the installment was finished — there we should be, all undressed and ready to hop into bed!

It seems quite feasible; nor is it a real objection, as the reader may at first think, that we do not all go to bed at the same time. It would be better for us if we did; and the broadcasting of the *Classics* might by imperceptible degrees, and without arousing the natural rebellion that would be caused by a Constitutional amendment, introduce a wholesome uniformity. Nor is it desirable that everybody should listen to the installments: there must be some left to listen to us. Having tuned in and got undressed, a man would just naturally turn in and go to sleep after hearing a selection of classical literature. But would he — I seem to hear a reader questioning — wake up in time to tune in next morning? Unquestionably yes, for this cautious question misses one of the most valuable results of the innovation, in that it assumes erroneously that a normal

man is capable of an abnormal period of sleep.

I am reminded of Mr. Boswell, his lament over the pain of getting himself up in the morning, and his pathetic conviction that there ought to be something he could take for it. 'As I imagine,' he said, 'that the human body may be put, by the operation of other substances, into any state in which it has ever been; and as I have experienced a state in which rising from bed was not disagreeable, but easy, nay, sometimes agreeable, I suppose that this state may be produced, if we knew by what.' The significant thing in this lament is that Mr. Boswell admitted occasions when getting up had been easy, nay, sometimes agreeable. In the Middle Ages, when artificial illumination was poor and the manner of life presented comparatively few topics for conversation, people went to bed with the chickens, got up with the chickens, and that was all there was to it. No troubadour plucked his harp to accompany a humorous ditty about the difficulty of getting up in the morning. But in Boswell's time, although illumination was not much better, there were many more incentives for sitting up — books, playhouses, clubs, conversations with Dr. Johnson, et cetera. The abbreviation of normal sleep that characterizes our own civilization was already operative on Mr. Boswell; and I only wonder that Dr. Johnson did not reply to him, 'Why, sir, it may be produced by going to sleep eight good hours before you mean to get up.' Broadcast, as they would be, under sound scientific advice, the morning installment of the *Classics* would allow for eight hours of sleep after the bedtime selection, and nearly everybody would wake up by natural inclination. The benefits of this regular and restful sleep need no exposition; and a nation whose people had widely and voluntarily followed this practice would make the rest of the world wonder.

There is another point that should be considered.

In many cases, no doubt, there is already a fifteen-minute reading of the *Classics* at bedtime, and these readers would have to stop until the broadcasting caught up with them. But the important thing is that little or nothing would be added to the time already required for physical exercise, autosuggestion, and correspondence. We live, as I have said, in an age of self-improvement — of exercise for the body, reading and correspondence courses for the intellect, and autosuggestion for the subconscious mind. It is a flowering of the printing press in many blossoms which may be, and are, picked in quantity in our bookstore gardens; and any honest, ambitious man, by dint of brief but regular periods of bedtime study or practice, may hope to mobilize his mid-brain, reduce his waist measure, enlarge his general culture, improve his health, or acquire useful proficiency in any chosen vocation. Steadily the horizon widens, and the race steps forward. Yet it is not so very long since men knew nothing at all about their subconscious minds, and kept fit physically in order, if the necessity arose, to kill each other as expeditiously as possible and with the minimum of personal risk.

In those days a man undressed, said his prayers, blew out his candle, and popped into bed. Some — for we are sadly mistaken if we assume that religious practice was even then universal — omitted the prayers. Many, I believe, still go to bed with the same heedless directness. The man who goes to bed in what might be called the ultramodern manner — who reads his *Classics*, does his exercises, studies his

correspondence course, puts in a reasonable spell of autosuggestion before getting into bed, and finishes off with his formula and his knotted string just as he goes to sleep — is probably rare compared with those who have chosen and who pursue a single line of self-improvement. And some nights, with the best of intentions, it must happen that he is a little delayed in reaching his bedchamber. He winds his alarm clock, sets it at the ultimate moment when he must get up, and sees plainly that, according to the wise physicians and their confounded eight hours of sleep, he ought really to be snug in bed and soundly asleep already. But it can't be helped, and the sooner he begins his programme the better. So off coat and vest! Off necktie and collar, with a mental note for to-morrow, 'Collar button under left-hand side bureau, probably pretty far back. Will need stick. Rolled under while taking off collar last night. A little annoyed, but kept my temper. This should help me keep temper under other circumstances.' He takes off his trousers. He stands on the bottom of the right leg with his left foot, dexterously withdrawing his right foot; and then he stands on the bottom of the left leg with his right foot and, with equal dexterity, withdraws his left leg. That he accomplishes this without falling over does not astonish him. He will get undressed first, he tells himself, and sit down to his correspondence course in his comfortable dressing gown; and then his exercises; and then down the Nile with Columbus, or all aboard the Santa Maria with Christopher Herodotus; and then his autosuggestion; and then to bed, not forgetting his knotted string. He gets off a shoe. One shoe off, and the other shoe on, hey diddle diddle, my son John — Ahhhhhhhhh! Yesssssss! *Exactly!* Just the time (he continues, speaking to himself in a low, hard voice) for this devil-begotten shoestring to tie itself in a hard knot! He sits down on the floor to work the better at the knot; and now, indeed, he has a golden opportunity to practise his autosuggestion while he undresses himself. 'I am calm,' he will perhaps say, 'oh, quite calm. I am serene and untroubled and in no hurry at all. I am master of myself, and will soon be master of my shoestring. Day by day in every way this darn knot is getting looser and looser.' It may well be, I grant you, that this is too much self-improvement for a man to manage at once.

But the broadcasting of the *Classics* at bedtime would certainly vary and enrich the now monotonous process of taking off and putting on our clothes. In my own case, for example, I should not only travel daily around the familiar circle, but I should progress steadily in a definite forward direction toward an ever more distinguished status in any company.

MY ROSE FIELD IN HOLLYWOOD

When I was very little, I lived among the Mennonites and I was exceedingly modest. With a buttercup or a violet in my hand, I would stand, wide-eyed, and think, 'When I am big, I will own a flower field; it shall be my very own!'

From my Hollywood balcony I could look through the palm trees and see Japanese gardeners silently working in the rose field at dusk. Sometimes I could smell the leaf mould subtly mingled with a breath of perfume. Little brown men moved whirling sprinklers about and, stooping in the pathways, did mysterious things to earth and plant.

Waking in the rosy dawn to greet the

sun, I would sniff the sweet, keen air and quickly dress, that I might have an hour to walk in the cool brown aisles and behold the glory of the roses. There were several vacant lots in this heart of a Hollywood street, which had been rented — as most of the other vacant lots had been — by the thrifty Japanese, for flower-raising. Quick-growing, quick-selling sweet peas, in long, high-trellised rows of mauve and gold, rose and blue, glorified most of the lots, but this acre of land was covered with roses.

I never knew what they raised them for. I never saw anyone come to the field except one or two gardeners, and I am sure the flowers were never picked. The first rows, nearest the street, were dwarf plants, the dead-white roses always cool-looking, not very fragrant, smelling much like the earth. Next came rows of faintly pink roses — open-faced, flat blossoms with a hundred or more crinkly petals, like rosettes of taffeta. There were thick rows of rich La France, the stately Paul Neyron and the gracious Madame Du Barry, and proud, distinctive roses I had never known. There were clouds of dusky Jacqueminots of the texture of silk velvet, with an overwhelming luxury of perfume that one fairly drank as he inhaled. On one side of the field grew a great bush fully six feet high and at least thirty feet in circumference, upon which bloomed hundreds of creamy tea roses.

But at the end of the lot, almost hidden, was the mystery of the place. Here bloomed roses great as large orchids, formed almost like orchids — roses with six or seven great curled petals. Some were of apricot shades, with deep, golden hearts and heavy-burdened stamens. There were lavender-pink shades with orange chenille hearts, petals waxy as orange blossoms and as drunkenly sweet. These gorgeously exotic flowers had thick, brittle, thornless stems and bright-green, sharp-edged leaves.

On my way to the studio, I used to step from the street to the fragrant paths and slowly walk from plant to plant. I would drop to my knees and touch gently with my lips their velvety blooms, drinking in a bit of their fragrant breath. By way of service, I picked off a brown leaf when I could find one; but there were almost no withered leaves in this field of a thousand roses. Walking softly about, I would dream I was in a Rose Heaven, and that it was all, all my own. I loved each lovely plant with a passionate tenderness.

Sometimes I asked one of the dreamers from the studio to come with me and see my rose field, but I never picked a flower or allowed another so to trespass.

One morning, as I sat on my heels with hands folded in my lap, in an ecstasy of delight before some special beauty, a Japanese gardener popped up before my very eyes and, with rapid little apologetic salaams, said, 'Peek wan! Peek wan!'

I was startled and felt like a guilty child. I gasped, 'I have never picked any — any — any!' shaking my head from side to side and throwing my arms wide, showing empty palms, in an expansive gesture.

Again he bent rapidly in the middle, and repeated urgently, 'Peek wan! Peek wan!'

I did pick one quickly, the first one my hand fell to, saying, 'I thank you — thank you very, very much, sir!' And I may have bowed somewhat as he did, for I never could talk to the Japanese without unconsciously returning their little salaams; and then I hastened away. I had never before seen anyone in the field in the morning, and at night I had waited until I was sure

the gardeners had left before I went a-walking there.

For several days I stayed away; and then, lured by a fragrant wind, I timidly stepped again into the cool, fragrant paths, but I was always thinking that in some unknowable way little Japanese gardeners might be concealed behind the smallest bushes.

One afternoon a great limousine stopped before my house. When I went to the door, a gracious Japanese gentleman bowed deferentially before me, and in the gentlest of voices asked: 'Are you the lady who walks in the roses?'

I felt the blood rush to my brow. This gentle-voiced person suspected me of trampling on his lovely flowers! I swallowed and said, 'Yes, sir; but I did not pick any. I only — ' He raised a hand and said, 'No, no. But you are the lady who goes there?'

'I often do go there, sir, but I have never — '

Again he gently interrupted me, saying, 'No, no. Pardon, pardon, madame, but you are the lady. I have come to tell you that the roses — they are all yours.'

I looked at him in speechless amazement. Mine! 'Why —'

'I came to tell you,' he gently insisted, 'that we go now, and the roses — they are all yours, to pick, to smell, to do with as you like, madame. Good-bye!' He beamed upon me.

I could scarcely believe it. I almost let him go without a word.

'Oh, but, sir, I — I thank you.'

He graciously bent his head and smiled. 'You are most, most welcome. Good day and good-bye.'

I did not know whether to run across the street and announce from the centre of the rose field to the listening universe that it was all, all mine, or to close the door and weep a thousand thousand tears.

There were no more little brown gardeners in the dusk, or even in the early dawn. The hose and even the water pipes disappeared. But the field was well soaked and the garden had not yet reached the zenith of blooming. I picked hundreds of long-stemmed roses and filled my sunny rooms; I carried bushel-basket bundles of precious rose-treasure to the studios; but, for all my picking, never did my field appear to have lost one flower. It reminded me of the Scriptural verse: 'Prove me now . . . if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.'

I began to carry water early in the mornings and through the dusk. I cut countless dozens of perfect buds from the tea-rose bush, but always it was full of blooms. Timidly I cut the orchid roses, one by one, and placed them in fitting vases in my cool rooms. They seemed to exhale a mystic aura, before which my spirit did reverent homage. They were the mystery of the rose field. When they had come into perfect bloom, the work was finished.

Strange new neighbors stood on front lawns with hose or rake in hand, faces ever turned toward me with puckered brows of amazement for my coming and going. With flushed cheeks, I tried to pretend I did n't notice.

Gradually the dark, damp paths faded to dry fawn dust, but still the hardy plants sent forth precious buds. Then, one night, hurrying home from the studio, I found that excavation had begun in the field, and every plant had perished as if it had been but a Jimson weed. But that fair garden shall bloom forever in my heart. Its perfume pervades my very soul. You see, my childish dream came true. When I grew big, I did own a flower field. It was all my very own!

A BRIDGE OR TWO

I HAVE always liked bridges — whether for the water that swirls under, as Melville suggests in *Moby Dick*, or for the structures themselves, I cannot say. But this I know: given a free hour for a walk, my way would take me, not to the open fields and the stretch of road, but down into the ill smells of wharves and the dirty reach of backwater, to the barges and tugs tied under bridges, or to the middle of some steel span which cuts from shore to a liberty of mid-river daring, where water slips between arches and ships pass and repass at my feet. Bridges exhilarate. A sailor must feel the same on the mizzen; a rower on the jumping current of narrow streams; a pilot looking over the prow of a great liner getting home from sea.

As I say, whether bridges take power from the waters they arch or from the gauntness of steel bands in mid-air, I do not know. The charm is there; and that should, anyway, be quite enough. It is present in new bridges and in old, in wooden bridges and in steel suspension. There is as much satisfaction in weak, swaying spans as in strong ones.

I like the old bridge at Seventh Street. It satisfies me, not because it will carry thunderous traffic in the years to come, — already it has been condemned as an inadequate creation of a half-century ago, — and not because, when a big boat is to go by, it gyrates upon one leg with the mad fling of an immense harlequin, as I am told bridges in Chicago sometimes do. Such antics would be suicide for its stiff and rheumatic steel trusses. It does take me to work in the morning and to my home every night, but this is unimportant. I could go home across the Sixth Street span with more assurance and a deal more speed. Neither do I like it, as some poet might, for its beauty or for a hidden suggestion of tawny strength. Poor thing! A six-ton truck and two street cars make it groan and tremble; and as for beauty, its narrow iron rails and its awkward end towers are like the bony anatomy of some vagabond living without enough bread.

But this is why I like it. In the evening, when I go home, traffic floods across its narrow width. A jam of autos thunders over it; one street car grinds in the yellow wake of two or three ahead. Crowds of six-o'clock stenographers and clerks strain home to Allegheny and warm suppers. Underneath it the currents tug at stone pillars and whirl round the central span. Above and below, countless forces are pulling at it — and at its rusted shackle bolts, at its old steel rods, at its narrow beams, and at its flood-worn masonry. As I have said, supercilious city inspectors have marked it for death. Yet in winter and summer, in snowstorms and thundershowers, year in and year out, it carries its evening rush and its unfair load, and blinks valiantly at the oily river with its red and green signal lights. It is old, — ugly, if you will, — without reason for existence; but it does exist. It goes on doing its duty and is damned for its struggles. What more could be said for a bridge?

Yet bridges have qualities other than tragic endurance. They have efficiency, and picturesque beauty, the ability to meet all requirements, and the power of stirring the imagination. That is why the Brady Street bridge across the Monongahela is as great a favorite of mine as it was of Pennell's, who sketched it one misty day when it was all smoke and black lines. At night it is at its best, when the half-lights and shadows of Soho add a

background of mystery to its geometric symmetry. From the Boulevard of the Allies it fills the street and river below with vague black marks and dark blotches. Like Mirza's bridge, it is founded upon this substantial earth and leads out into the mist. When I am on it, I look along its beams and I try to trace its course to the other shore, but the end is lost in the dancing reflections and will-o'-the-wisps that gleam and sparkle in the channel, and I begin to think of it as a fairy bridge — until a three-ton truck thunders past with scarcely a vibration of the arched floor on which I stand. Street cars rumble along; four refuse wagons jerk past in a line; touring cars and sedans weave in and out impatiently; an ambulance with yellow flag and red signal light rings a nervous way through the jam of traffic. I look at my bridge again. It is no longer a thing of mists and phosphorescent haze; it is steel, it is concrete and stone. It leads from factories here to factories there. It is a link in a chain of mills unfortunately separated by water.

Below my place at the rail, one black roof after another rises; black stacks varying like the pipes of some infernal organ stick up. From one chimney purple tongues lick out into vivid greens; a bright pink runs the length of another. It rises from gold-and-white steam at its base like the pistil of some giant flower, blooming for the moment and dying with the fall of the flame. Across the river, five miles up, another blast is poured. The light rises; it spreads into the black sky, breaks into showers of gold sparks, flickers along the dull waves of the river. I look out through the bridge at strange colors. I see a midnight sun crossed and cut by sombre bars of enclosing steel. This, I tell myself, is not the real world. This bridge, this strength, this flaming beauty, this is the spirit of steel — steel which men make with hatred and curse with the familiarity of the lover.

Efficiency and beauty, ugly crudeness and tenuous delicacy, I find them all about me in the bridges I see or walk to look at in passing. I can go from one to the other, from the little spur bridge at the refinery to the great Point Bridge where the ancient rivers join, and I never weary. Perhaps it is an obsession, a love of color which I centre improperly about definite things. Sometimes I know that this is so. When I go over bridges in street cars and strain my head around to watch the place that I am crossing, I see my neighbor reading the *Saturday Evening Post*, and the conductor talking to the telegraph messenger next to him. Bridges to them must be a means from one place to another. Are they right and am I madly trailing clouds of glory? I sometimes wonder. Then I see a girl turn round in her seat to glance up along the beams of a bridge to its middle span of steel rods. She looks out up the river where a dredger ploughs frothily along the green water. She looks long and hard at the house boats and factories. Then I feel better. 'Ah, my dear,' I remark, 'you too have the fever. You too should be out walking. You are one of the wise.' But I never say this aloud.

Some day I may; and I am hoping for an understanding response. I could not well bear up if she should say, 'Do I look as if I wanted company? Of all the nerve!' After all, she might only be thinking of the next payment on her fur coat; but I hope she will be gracious, for bridges, it seems to me, should make brothers of us all.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

THE Puritan minister who led his brethren in worship on the Sabbath and skun them at horse-trading between times set an example that has brought prosperity to the descendants of his flock. A minister of quite another color, **Reinhold Niebuhr**, of a large Evangelical Church in Detroit, leads us on an illuminating inquiry into the causes of American success and the price Fate charges for it. ¶Irishman by instinct, novelist, and critic, **Francis Hackett** lives in France, perhaps because between the two countries there is, as he says, 'an extraordinary, a pervasive, moral similarity.' ¶With Pauline hardihood, the **Reverend Harcourt Johnson** undertook a mission as adventurous as it was necessary. ¶Long active in the suffrage movement in England, author of that widely discussed book, *Sex and Common Sense*, and assistant preacher at the City Temple, London, from 1917 to 1920, **A. Maude Royden** is reputed to be the most eloquent woman in England to-day. **Oswald Couldrey** is a veteran of the Indian Educational Service, where he was distinguished as the late Principal of Rajahmundry College. ¶After a tried and true service on the *New York Times* and other important papers, **Silas Bent** has risen to be a special writer at large. That people who live in glass houses should n't throw stones at reporters is one of the morals of his paper.

* * *

It was to **Amory Hare** (who has since moved her home to Cynwyd) that John Masefield wrote the following lines: —

> There was a young girl from Philadelphia
> Who wrote little poems very well-phia.
> If ever she should die,
> I would lay me down and cry,
> And gloomily toll a little bell-phia.

To his study of the Civil War, and especially to his biography of *Robert E. Lee the Soldier*, **Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice** has brought a wide experience in strategy and command. Mentioned in dispatches seven times, General Maurice in 1915 was brevetted and made Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff. ¶At the front, where he served as a war correspondent, and on his more peaceful excursions about the earth, **Sir W. Beach Thomas** has observed what fear means to the bravest of us — and to the most timid. ¶Typically enough, from Yarmouth, Maine, **Isabel Hopestill Carter** sends us her first contribution.

* * *

On many bookshelves **Sara Teasdale** has made a secure place for herself among the lyrical poets. She is the author of *Rivers to the Sea*, *Flame and Shadow*, and other volumes. ¶Provoked by Dr. Leuba's explanation of 'The Weaker Sex' in the April *Atlantic*, **Dr. Faith Fairfield**, of Smith College, gives other and more temporary reasons for such inferiority as modern woman admits. **George O. May**, a recognized authority in his field, is president of the National Bureau of Economic Research. ¶With her Muse and her husband, **Frances Lester Warner** has left Pittsburgh for Paris, though not without first promising to send us a description of 'The Terrestrial Globe, a Cosmic Survey, in 10 pp.' ¶Any child and most parents will appreciate the charming gravity with which **Annie Webster Noel** follows and applauds the happiest of household dramas.

* * *

An English student of affairs, long resident in Italy, **Robert Sencourt** wrote us in advance of his manuscript:—

> I came back a few weeks ago from a tour in Italy and Germany. In the spring, as you know, I was in Spain, and for the present I am in England. In all these countries, as it seems to me, and in France as well, the belief in democracy which was so strong in President Wilson's heyday has been rejected in more or less dramatic

circumstances, and other theories of government are taking the place it has had to give up.

The nature of these 'dramatic circumstances' was described by Mr. Sencourt in the May *Atlantic*. **E. T. H. Shaffer's** opinions on the present farming situation are the result of twenty years' service as a rural supply merchant, and, latterly, the complementary experience of a planter at Walterboro, S. C. **Francis Bowes Sayre** is Professor of Law at Harvard University, and has recently concluded his highly successful mission as Advisor to the late King of Siam. His paper was written shortly after his return and before the death of King Rama VI.

* * *

In support of Annie Webster Noel's sensitive delineation of 'Child Drama' in this present issue comes this genuine tragedy written by Marion Joy Morgan, aged nine years, after seeing a performance of *Romeo and Juliet*. 'I'm afraid it's a little bit like *Romeo and Juliet*,' she told her mother, 'though I changed it all I could.'

Act I Sien I.

On the Street of Arestele a small town in Rome. Enter Promithus and Odyssues.

Odyssues: 'How now, brave Promithus, is it that thou art not gone unto Palos to tell him of your trobels?'

Promithus: Ah! Odyssues it is not my wish to consult with Palos. I would much rather wander all my life than tell my trobels even to wise Palos.

Odyssues: Thow art doing rong Thou Shouldst be in his presence now (they are rudly broken in on by Abdella Paloses Servant)

Haste ye! Haste ye! to the cell of Palos He Awaits thou.

Prom: 'I go. Farewell Odyssies.

'Farewell Promithus said Odyssies.

Curtian

End of sien 1 act 1.

Act 1 Sien 2.

The Cell of Palos.

Palos sitting on a bench. Enter Promithus.

Palos 'So Thou art come at Last.

Promithus — Merrily I am come but only for a short stay.

Palos Out with your trobels my boy.

Promethius, 'I am sorely in Love with Mistella and she with me, yet our famileys are not friends there has been war between them for many a year. Mistella craves to make it known openly that we love each other. Mistella's father hath said she shouldst marry the Young Count Cestralla. He loves her she dost not love him. I will seek her tonight by the fontian. She dost alyways go for a drink.

Palos: yes bring your fair Mistella here at the hour of 9.

Promithus: I would that thou wouldst marry us.

Palos: That I will Fair Promithus

Curtian

End of Sien two Act one.

Act 2 Sien ONE.

The Public Square in Arestell

Promithus waiting by the fountian Enter Young Count Cestrella

Count: What! Ho! methinks it is Promithus

Promithus Does it chanst to be thou Cestrella Thou Houty unfair Vagabond.

Promithus draws sowrd So does Cestrella

Prom. I will pierce thou to the heart thou unwanted rouge. Sowrd fight begins.

Enter a Slave of Promithus and the Count. They start fighting. Enter father of each and Ladies. They don't fight the Ladies shriek and run to the background. Enter Every one else in the Play.

Enter Palos. up rising Hand. Halt! Dos't Ye not remember what I have taught Thou. Men kneel put down sowrd and depart.

Curtian.

Act 2 Sien 2.

Clock strikes eight, enter Promithus and Mistella

Promithus — Haste Ye! Fair Mistella. We are awaited by Palos in his cell.

Mistella O Promithus I Would that We were Married.

Prom. That is our biseness, We are to be married at the Hour of Nine It is now Four and twenty minuets past eight.

(They walk in silence in quiet a while)

Prom. We are here at Paloses Mistella

Mistella — Thank God we arrived in a nick of time.

Palos — Welcom! Art thou ready yet Fair Mistella.

Mistella — Verrily I have alyways been wanting to marry.

Palos — I prononce you man and wife.

(They are huging all the time.)

Curtian.

* * *

Advice to a bent young professor.

East Orange, N. J.

Dear Atlantic, —

I wonder how many college professors feel as does Mr. George Boas, according to his article in your March issue. If the majority do, then

God pity our students! And if there is justification for that feeling, God pity our professors! 'Us professors,' I should say, since I have lately returned to the 'professoriat' after a ten years' sojourn in business. Though these years were not unprofitable financially, I like to estimate their yield in terms of the spirit, and to feel that I am now in possession of experience which gives me some basis of comparison when I think about my job and my colleagues.

Mr. Boas, if I understand him, regards it as impossible for the man whom he calls 'sophisticated' — though he describes what I should prefer to call 'the man of independent mind' — to be happy in university teaching; impossible because of his enforced association with immature minds, since this association results in his being misunderstood, and in his yielding to the temptation to court popularity among the unintelligent and to become intellectually atrophied.

Now immature minds are not, I have discovered, confined solely within college walls; and those within are, on the average, brighter than those without; at least students' minds are generally so. The 'sophisticated' man is pretty sure to be obliged to mingle with immature minds in company of any sort. Some of the men who run our big businesses he would find unbelievably childish, with trivial interests, petty jealousies, and foolish ambitions. Professional men would seem to him to be living a decidedly narrow life. Artists, aside from their work, would appear to be merely grown-up boys. As for politics' bringing our sophisticated man in contact with persons of mature wisdom, he has merely to read of the doings of our Congressmen to be disillusioned. These men's interests are different from, but not necessarily bigger than, ours; their outlook is not the same as ours, but it may be no loftier. If professors think business men 'inherently swine,' business men in turn have the utmost contempt for the academic mind; and professional men look upon teachers as those unable to succeed in the sciences or arts in which they give instruction.

No, it is not only in teaching that the 'sophisticated' man would find it hard to be happy: he would meet much the same problem in any occupation that brings one in contact with many other minds. And teaching has an advantage in that so many of these immature minds belong to young persons who have come to college with the purpose — in part, at least — of exposing themselves to association with the 'sophisticated' man. What an opportunity for him! Unless, indeed, he desires to escape the common misery of being misunderstood and the common temptation to 'slump,' in which case he will flee to a hermit's cell. And even there, I fancy, he may at times be made unhappy by the suspicion that there is an immature mind around somewhere.

M. I. W.

* * *

Expressive of the many letters that have come to us in appreciation of Lucien Price's 'Olympians in Homespun' is this vernal note from the West.

University of Colorado

Dear Atlantic, —

'A single green thing blooms in the desert.' And this green thing is an offshoot of the paper, 'Olympians in Homespun,' the first article, in place and in significance, of your April number. I had been reading all day papers from my college classes, and, a little weary in spirit, I picked up the magazine, which at intervals I had been nibbling on of late. I read the first four pages with a queer delight — not that the material was in itself singularly novel: I had grown up myself in the days of buggies and kerosene lamps and heroic toil, if not entirely of things Olympic — and I reread sentences; my mind began to lift. I read the whole article through, and turned back to read it again. Then I reached for my red-ink pen (sure sign of more than pleasure in my reading) to bracket a few descriptions, to underline a few memorable phrases. Here was something to dream over, to think about — something of *Licht, Liebe, Leben*. My spirit winged out into the shining reality of those pages. I turned at last to the Contributors' Column to find out what manner of man could write of life like that; and I found the editors' note and the author's letter. And now I merely want to say that a 'green thing grows in the desert,' that life is again suddenly illuminated. Thank Mr. Price for his splendid 'Olympians in Homespun.'

Edna Davis Romig

* * *

This modern Marco Polo, a reader of Atlantic publications (when they can overtake him), sends one of our editors a comic-opera account of his adventures.

Dear Atlantic, —

Many, many times I wanted to write to you, but when roaming about as I have for the last year or more one does get little chance to sit down and answer letters. I greatly appreciate your kind letter congratulating me on our successful mission to Yunnan, but alas, my object, for which I have endured so much, I have not been able to achieve — viz., reaching the Amneh Ma chin. This was due to the war which broke out between the Moslems of Sining

and the Tibetans south of the Kuku Nor, which even involved the Ngolok tribes who have their abode at the foot of the Amneh Ma chin. The Living Buddha of Labrang, who promised me a lama escort to Kadja gambo on the Yellow River, from which monastery it is four days to the Amneh Ma chin, had to flee for his life and is even now with the Ngura tribe south of the Amneh Ma chin in exile, out of which he can for the present not emerge if he does not want to be a *dead* Buddha instead of a Living one. I have made friends with General Machi of Sining and, since a living god cannot help me, General Ma, *the devil*, will. He is hard pressed, however, for the time being by the *Christian* General Feng's lieutenants, who are after his scalp, so you see I am between the devil, the Buddha, and the Christian General, if one can be between three things, and the Amneh Ma chin is a long way off.

Time will tell and I have hopes the devil will win, for he, Machi of Sining, is the only one who will be able to help me get there. Once there the worry will be how to get out.

The war lasted all summer last year and four thousand Tibetans were killed, General Ma offering a reward of three dollars for every Tibetan head. They were much in demand and were brought to Labrang by his satellites, his Moslem soldiers, who would ride into town with from fifteen to twenty heads tied to their saddles, the heads later gracing the walls of the military barrack like garlands of roses. Unfortunately they were not always the heads of warriors, but of innocent women and children, as no distinction was made. We explored in the Tebbu country south of the Minshan on the edge of nowhere; there we were attacked by a band of Tebbus. I may not say outlaws, since there is no law except that which they represent themselves. One of my men was shot in the arm. We managed to drive the Tebbu Knights off and I played doctor to mine injured assistant during a terrific electrical storm, with the lightning striking the limestone crags around me at the top of a fourteen-thousand-foot mountain. It reminded me of some act of the *Götterdämmerung* or *L'amore dei tre re*. It was dark, and the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled. We extricated ourselves as best we could.

Our next opera act was staged on the lake of the Kuku Nor on September 21. I took a delightful dip in the 'azure lake' — elevation 10700, *no waikiki*, temperature 42° F. and the air much colder. After a gorgeous sunset my Moslem soldiers, who were sent to protect me, coldly told me there were robbers about, and added that they were afraid they would have to turn me over to Heaven for protection as they would not be at home when the robbers would deign to pay me a formal call. I spent a vigil with my boys, fearing that my noble escort would later introduce the robbers and divide the spoils. It was not a very pleasant night, especially as Heaven added to the anxiety by letting loose all the winds pent up somewhere on the Kuku Nor at 2 P.M., which kept us busy holding down our tents with all our might to prevent a sailing party on the lake. But you know the proverb, 'Unkraut verdirbt nicht,' and so we are all still alive and happy, ready to try again. This part of the world is now what Merry England must have been during the Norman conquest and the adventurous sojourn of Richard of Anjou, only that here there are no rules prescribed for the behavior of warriors in battle. Now I sit in a peaceful lamasery, the great lamasery of Choui, ruled over by a prince who nevertheless is subject to a Chinese magistrate some distance from here. In this sanctum I sit and await the spring to sally forth once more.

J. F. Rock

* * *

By their challenge of our national concept of thrift, Mr. Foster and Mr. Catchings have roused business men and economists to a like investigation. One of many, this sensible letter adds fuel to the argument.

April 20, 1926

To the Editor of the Atlantic, —

'The Dilemma of Thrift,' discussed in your April number, is not new. Long ago it engaged the attention of Solomon and, wisely, he wrote: 'There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.' Which goes to emphasize the great law of compensation, and its counterpart: a price must be paid for everything.

No man can beat the game of life. There is no such thing as something for nothing. We must give to get, sow to reap, seek to find. No investment — no dividends. No advertising — no trade. No buyers — no sellers, no sales, and no business. The miser is an enemy of the general welfare, and of his own likewise.

There is probably no better illustration of scattering and yet increasing than of money spent for advertising. At first blush it seems just like buying blue sky, and yet under modern scientific methods it is not an 'expense' but an investment and may be carried as such on a balance sheet. The most spectacular example the business world has ever known, probably, is the case of the Dodge car. Fifty millions for goodwill, created mainly by advertising in a few brief years.

So far as the individual is concerned the problem is not so much one of thrift or of spending as of common sense. What is needful is a well-arranged budget that maintains at a nice

balance all the different phases of the disposition of one's income. A judicious scattering or spending, and a withholding or saving what is 'meet.'

The circumstances and conditions of different persons are so various that no detailed rules can be made which will fit every case. Each one must be the judge and the arbiter of his own programme and the result will be according to his wisdom or lack of it.

WALTER N. CARROLL

* * *

New uniforms for new thoughts.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Concerning 'Uniforms for Thoughts,' by Margaret Lynn, in the March *Atlantic*, is n't it a merciful thing that uniforms for thoughts have been furnished us? Are n't we spared much distress thereby?

My friend has a colored butler. He is knock-kneed. 'But dem knees won't be so apparient when I gits my uniform on,' he says. A uniform for him is a most beneficent friend.

Or, to take the case of the much-quoted Henry in Margaret Lynn's article, his biographer regrets that all his means of expression are already laid out for him. No matter what his inner thought may be, he can only reply 'Whattee' or 'Wut' or 'Wha-at' or 'What-ty.' Suppose, as his author suggests, that these clumsy opacities were swept away from him and he should speak in all the beauty and clarity that come to him as part of his inheritance — what would happen? Suppose his mother calls 'Henry!' and he desires in his reply to get away from banal platitudes and to embody his impatience of feminine control! Instead of the glossy 'Wha-at?' he would call back, 'What the devil do you want *now?*' But would not this natural expression, instead of freeing his spirit, be more apt to fill him with a rebellious though not very dim forecast of coming events?

When he is feeling masculine and independent he now retorts a businesslike 'Wut?' Would it make him freer in spirit were he to discard this carcass of an ancient fancy and give back something once rich in imagination and logic: 'Oh, now, forget it, old lady — and chase yourself'?

Are n't uniforms admirable things at times? 'Let us say grace,' utters Father at the Sunday dinner table. Silence descends upon us. It is Butler's moment of alleged communication between God and man. Yet who can say what that moment of silent grace means to each one? As we lift our heads Father says crisply, 'I hope that carving knife is sharp.' Mother, thinking of the new cook, whispers to the waitress, 'Tell the cook not to unbox the ice cream yet.' Looking slyly down at my gown, I think, 'Certainly that dry cleaner did a good job on this dress.' Undoubtedly our inner feeling is one of thanksgiving to God that He is going to give us a good dinner. And the kindly uniform of that thought is spread over our features. Yes — thank God again for uniforms.

Do we not constantly employ different uniforms for the same thoughts? Richard Grant White, father of Stanford White, cited a maiden lady at whose house he took table board when in college. This lady used to say at the table, 'Will you kindly assist me to the butter?' And White, looking down the table, would mutter to his chum, 'Say, there. Shy the grease.' Are we so limited that we must always see each other through the same veil created by the same words?

A teacher was trying to pound the spelling book into a small boy. She failed until she hit upon an idea. 'Come,' she cried joyously, 'let us disarrange the alphabet.' The trick was turned. Spelling became a delightful game to the boy. Why accuse us of being so hidebound in expression that we cannot wriggle free?

Give us uniforms for our thoughts. But let us renew them often. New uniforms for these new days.

AUGUSTA PRESCOTT

* * *

The Sahara of Utopia.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The value of Mr. Johnson's thoughtful and honest discussion of the problems of Prohibition in the February *Atlantic* would have been much increased if he had explained how, if 'it is a safe prediction that the illicit liquor-traffic will be finally overcome only when and where education in temperate living strongly reënforces the arm of the law,' Prohibition can be justified until the process of education is completed.

No adequate presentation of conditions, certain and probable, which would result from rigidly enforced Prohibition has ever been made. This must be done before a thorough understanding of the problem is possible, since it is generally assumed for the sake of argument that all the effects of alcohol are evil, which they are not. I do not mean an oration such as every temperance orator can and does make without a moment's thought, but a scientific inquiry along biologic, psychologic, and sociologic lines. Mr. Johnson's previous success would suggest him as a proper selection for the purpose, but if he feels that he has already suffered sufficient abuse for his efforts to present a candid statement of facts, I would whisper in the editorial ear that such an article, in competent hands, would be very readable and might prove a valuable contribution to a much debated question.

MEDICUS

"Shoemaker Dankin spent his
breath in proving that God doesn't
exist, and has life in proving
that he does". p. 635

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